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TORONTO

SELECT PROSE OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JACOB ZEITLIN, Ph.D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

New York

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1916

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Set up and electrotyped. Published March, 1916.

\$1.50

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

MAR 24 1916
© Cl. A 427370

No 1.

MS. A. 1. 25. 16.

PREFACE

SOME one has estimated that Southey's total production in poetry and prose would fill not far from two hundred octavo volumes. All of his writings, Southey himself had no doubt, would be reverently assembled by a grateful posterity as a fitting monument to his genius and industry. More moderate persons believed that at least a dozen volumes of good prose matter could be gathered from his abundant stock. But the passage of time has shown one possibility to be as remote as the other. It is doubtful whether anybody since Southey's death has taken the trouble even to read through all his prose. Of reprints in the last fifty years there have been, aside from the "Life of Nelson," a volume of sketches of English Sea Heroes from the "Naval History of England" and one of selections from "The Doctor." No attempt like the present has ever been made to give a representation of Southey's prose based on a survey of his entire output—reviews and all.

In restricting this selection to a single volume the first consideration had to be its readableness. The aim has been to sustain the remark of Professor Oliver Elton that "there is room for a pleasing and varied anthology from his prose works." Only such passages have been chosen as justify themselves intrinsically. Their representative character has been a secondary consideration, but it has fortunately been possible to give specimens of Southey's prose in a considerable variety of aspects, to suggest nearly all

the forms in which he worked, and to give an impression of his mode of life, his opinions, and his character.

In the first selection the reader will have a glimpse of Southey in his favorite environment, letting his mind stray fondly among his cherished books. Then comes a series of descriptions of the lake country which, says Professor Elton, are Southey's best title to be called a "lake poet." Southey's personal feelings and tastes have ample play in these passages, and hardly less in "The Doctor," though this book aims to tell a story and to present character.

In the selections from "The Doctor," which constitute about half the bulk of the volume, considerable liberty has been taken with the arrangement of the chapters for the purpose of bringing into a somewhat closer proximity the episodes of the narrative framework. The establishment of something like continuity in the treatment of the events is in the opinion of the editor a decided gain, and it is really the only practicable scheme in a volume of selections. Those chapters whose connection with the general plan is of the slightest, which are introduced merely as the casual opinions and reflections of Dr. Dove or as digressions by the author, are placed at the end. There is enough even in the new arrangement to give an impression of the rambling, desultory vein in which the work was conceived and executed. The rest of the material is expository.

In the choice of historical and biographical passages preference was given, for the sake of freshness, to less familiar themes, even when their composition and style was not up to Southey's highest standard. The "Life of Bayard" has been reproduced from the *Quarterly Review* with the omission of some characteristic digressions, generally antiquarian in

interest, with which Southey is often prone to break up the course of his narrative. It represents his interest in themes of moral and heroic appeal and is a pleasant specimen of the quaint, archaic coloring of his prose. The account of the siege of Zaragoza and of the uprising at Marvam are among the most spirited examples of Southey's narrative style and they have an additional substantive value in reflecting his attitude toward the France of Napoleon.

The description of the Jesuit system in Paraguay will offer as good an illustration as can be given in a brief compass of Southey's skill in treating impartially and attractively a subject which is beset with controversial difficulties and in which he might have been expected to succumb to his strong anti-Catholic prejudices. The passage on the Manufacturing System is to be viewed as an expression of Southey's feelings about crying abuses rather than as a fair statement of existing conditions.

Finally there are added a series of excerpts from the Common-Place Books, detached sentences and paragraphs of miscellaneous observations and reflections on life, literature, and society, sometimes of a sharpness and depth not paralleled in his other writings.

The introduction aims to give—what has not hitherto been available—a systematic account of the external history of Southey's prose writings. It sets forth his position as a writer on political and economic questions and his connection with periodical literature. It sketches the genesis of his undertakings in Spanish literature, history, biography, and informal prose, and describes the fate that overtook his separate ventures.

It is hoped for this volume that it will gain a new hearing for Southey's prose among all lovers of liter-

ature and that it will provide an incentive for the study of Southey in college courses from which he has hitherto been excluded by the want of adequate facilities for presentation.

The following editions have been utilized in making up the text: "Letters of Espriella," second edition, 1808; "Colloquies of Sir Thomas More," second edition, 1831; "The Doctor," first edition in seven volumes, 1834-47, and the one-volume edition by J. W. Warter, 1849; "History of the Peninsular War," quarto edition; for the "History of Brazil," the "Life of Bayard," and the "Common-Place Book," only a single text exists. The editor has permitted himself an occasional alteration in spelling and punctuation, and has added in footnotes translations of the numerous quotations from foreign languages.

The materials which have been utilized in the introduction are specifically referred to in the footnotes. Chief among them are, of course, the two well-known collections of letters: "The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey," edited by his son, Charles Cuthbert Southey, London, 1849-1850, in six volumes (referred to in the footnotes as *Life*), and the "Select Letters," edited by his son-in-law, J. W. Warter, 1856, in four volumes (referred to as *Warter*). The editor owes a general debt of encouragement and stimulation in the performance of his task to the pages of discerning appreciation of Southey's prose in Professor Oliver Elton's "Survey of English Literature." To Professor Stuart P. Sherman he wishes to express his thanks for some useful suggestions in regard to the introduction and text.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS,
January 22, 1916.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	v
INTRODUCTION	1
Life	4
Political and Economic Ideas	11
Reviewing and Criticism	25
Spanish Literature	39
History	44
Biography	57
Miscellaneous Prose	62
Conclusion — Style — Reputation	68

SELECTIONS

THE LIBRARY	77
SCENES FROM THE LAKE COUNTRY	87
Keswick Lake	87
Wasdale	89
Walla Crag	92
Derwentwater	98
Blencathra — Threlkeld Tarn — The Cliffords	102
Phenomena of the Lake Country	119
THE DOCTOR, ETC.	123
Elucidation from Henry More and Dr. Watts. An incidental opinion upon Horace Walpole. The stream of thought “floweth at its own sweet will.” Pictures and books. A saying of Mr. Pitt’s concerning Wilberforce. The author explains in what sense it might be said that he sometimes shoots with a long bow	123
Birth and parentage of Doctor Dove; with the description of a yeoman’s house in the West Riding of Yorkshire a hundred years ago	131

THE DOCTOR, ETC.

PAGE

A collection of books none of which are included amongst the publications of any society for the promotion of knowledge religious or profane. Happiness in humble life	136
Rustic philosophy. An experiment upon moonshine	143
A kind master and a happy schoolboy	149
One who was not so wise as his friends could have wished, and yet quite as happy as if he had been] wiser.	
Nepotism not confined to popes	151
Showing how the young student fell in love,—and how he made the best of his misfortune	156
Of the various ways of getting in love. A chapter containing some useful observations, and some beautiful poetry	160
The author's last visit to Doncaster	164
A truce with melancholy. Gentlemen such as they were in the year of our Lord 1747. A hint to young ladies concerning their great-grandmothers	167
Society of a country town. Such a town a more favourable habitat for such a person as Dr. Dove than London would have been	170
Transition in our narrative preparatory to a change in the Doctor's life. A sad story suppressed. The author protests against playing with the feelings of his readers. All are not merry that seem mirthful. The scaffold a stage. Don Rodrigo Calderon. Thistlewood. The world a masquerade, but the Doctor always in his own character	176
Rash marriages. An early widowhood. Affliction rendered a blessing to the sufferers; and two orphans left, though not destitute, yet friendless	186
A lady described whose single life was no blessedness either to herself or others. A veracious epitaph and an appropriate monument	190
A scene described which will put some of those readers who have been most impatient with the author in the best of humour with him	194
More concerning love and the dream of life	197
An early bereavement. True love its own comforter.	
A lonely father and an only child	200
Mr. Bacon's parsonage. Christian resignation. Time and change. Wilkie and the monk in the Escorial	204

THE DOCTOR, ETC.

PAGE

A remarkable example, showing that a wise man, when he rises in the morning, little knows what he may do before night	209
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	216
A transitional chapter, wherein the author compares his book to an omnibus and a ship, quotes Shakespeare, Marco Antonio de Camos, Quarles, Spenser, and somebody else, and introduces his readers to some of the heathen gods, with whom perhaps they were not acquainted before	223
Difference of opinion between the Doctor and Nicholas concerning the hippogony or origin of the foal dropped in the preceding chapter	227
Obsolete anticipations; being a leaf out of an old almanac which, like other old almanacs, though out of date is not out of use	230
Rowland Dixon and his company of puppets	237
Quack and no quack, being an account of Doctor Green and his man Kemp	246
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	250
Matrimony and razors. Light sayings leading to grave thoughts. Uses of shaving	258
A poet's calculation concerning the time employed in shaving, and the use that might be made of it. The Lake poets Lake shavers also. A protest against Lake shaving	264
The poet's calculation tested and proved	267
An anecdote of Wesley, and an argument arising out of it, to show that the time employed in shaving is not so much lost time; and yet that the poet's calculation remains of practical use	271
The Doctor's ideas of luck, chance, accident, fortune, and misfortune. The Duchess of Newcastle's distinction between chance and fortune, wherein no-meaning is mistaken for meaning. Argument in opinion between the	

THE DOCTOR, ETC.	PAGE
philosopher of Doncaster and the philosopher of Norwich.	
Distinction between unfortunately ugly and wickedly ugly.	
Danger of personal charms	276
Opinions of the Rabbis. Anecdote of Lady Jekyll and a tart reply of William Whiston's. Jean D'Espagne. Queen Elizabeth of the quorum quorum quorum gender. The society of gentlemen agree with Mahomet in supposing that women have no souls, but are of opinion that the devil is an hermaphrodite	280
Value of women among the Afghans. Ligon's History of Barbadoes, and a favourite story of the Doctor's therefrom. Claude Seissel, and the Salic Law. Jewish thanksgiving. Etymology of mulier, woman, and lass;—from which it may be guessed how much is contained in the limbo of etymology	285
Variety of stiles	292
A wishing interchapter which is shortly terminated, on suddenly recollecting the words of Cleopatra,—“Wishers were ever fools”	296
St. Pantaleon of Nicodemia in Bithynia—his history, and some further particulars not to be found elsewhere	298
The Story of the Three Bears	305
Memoir of the cats of Greta Hall	310
THE LIFE OF BAYARD	319
THE PENINSULAR WAR	365
The siege of Zaragoza	365
The uprising at Marvam	386
THE SYSTEM OF THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.	391
THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM	416
OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE	
BOOKS	424
Personal Reflections	424
Literature	426
Politics	434
Economics	434
Religion and the State	435

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INTRODUCTION

FEW persons have ever found it possible to speak of Southey with any great degree of detachment. The character of "saint" half sneeringly fixed on him by one of his contemporaries almost stands realized in the loving pages of Dowden's biography — the man of exemplary home life, fulfilling perfectly the duties of husband, father, friend, tender and kind and devoted to his own, humane and generous to strangers who called on his resources (already sufficiently strained to meet the needs of a frugal household economy), a man of impeccable honor unstained by the common worldly corruptions, living a life of bookish industry and self-denial in the pursuit of the highest literary and moral ideals. These admirable and endearing traits fade considerably before the dry light of Leslie Stephen's scrutiny. Though his judgment is not blind to Southey's merits and though he treats his failings with a kindly indulgence, yet the impression left by his sketch is that of a small intellect and a large self-conceit, a narrow vision and an enormous self-complacency, a great activity and an insignificant achievement.¹ The difference between Dowden's estimate and that of Sir Leslie is perhaps only a difference of emphasis conditioned by individual points of view, but it is nevertheless suggestive of the mixed feelings which Southey arouses

¹ *Studies of a Biographer*, vol. IV.

in the least biassed readers. Even when it is only a question of the merits of his achievement, the judgments are likely to be as far apart as Thackeray's eulogy when he says of Southey that "no man has done more for literature by his genius, his labors, and his life,"¹ and the extravagant contempt of Bagehot, who pronounces him "an industrious and calligraphic man, who might have earned money as a clerk and yet worked all his days for half a clerk's wages, at occupation much duller and more laborious."²

That it is the latter verdict toward which posterity leans is proved by the neglect in which practically all of Southey's prose has been allowed to remain. And the result is in a great degree due to the exaggerated claims which Southey himself made for his work. His inability to estimate the nature of its value has provoked his critics to deny him his just measure of recognition. The enormous volume of his output, too, — most of it in service of the occasion — has discouraged students from attempting a detailed appraisal of its entirety and from glean- ing those pages that are unspoiled by time as the memorial of a prose style universally admired for its classic purity and grace. The object of the follow- ing pages is to survey Southey's activities in prose, to pass in review his numerous contributions, through periodicals and separate publications, on literature, on travels, on history and biography, on politics and economics, on church and state. Such a sur- vey will reveal the importance of Southey's work in his own day, will explain the nature of the prestige which he enjoyed, and, while it will fully account for his not being read now (save in his letters and the

¹ *Works*, ed. Trent and Henneman, XXV, 113.

² *Literary Studies*, ed. Hutton, I, 50.

Life of Nelson), it should at the same time justify the attempt made in the body of this volume to restore to life the pages of entertaining self-portrayal, of spirited narrative, and delightful description which are concealed among his works.

LIFE

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born August 12, 1774, the son of a Bristol linendraper. His early education was conducted at Bath under the eyes of a maiden aunt, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, a lady whose benevolence was qualified by an imperious temper. At her house the boy was allowed to indulge a propensity for omnivorous reading. He first attended certain minor schools and in 1788 was entered at Westminster School. Here he developed very earnest opinions on the subject of flogging and expressed them ironically in the school magazine, *The Flagellant*. The authorities felt that their dignity had been injured and Southey was privately expelled. He went up to Oxford and on account of his offence was refused admittance at Christ Church College, but accepted by Balliol, November 3, 1792. At Oxford Southey pursued such avocations as he found congenial. He devotedly read Epictetus and began the composition of his first epic, "Joan of Arc." In June, 1794, he met Coleridge and was fired by that poet's scheme for an ideal community which was to be established on the banks of the Susquehanna. Both Coleridge and Southey having been already disappointed in their hopes of the French Revolution, they thought to find the realization of their youthful dreams in a country unspoiled by human institutions. A few hours of labor would suffice to assure them their sustenance and the rest of the time might be spent in intellectual discourse or godlike meditation. Be-

fore the material details of this plan could be arranged Southey had become engaged to Edith Fricker, and in November, 1795, he definitely abandoned Pantisocracy, to the great displeasure of Coleridge, and married Miss Fricker. It is hard to decide whether he displayed more judgment in abandoning Pantisocracy than rashness in the marriage. He assumed his responsibility with no apparent means of support and without even the resource of a profession. He had refused to accede to the wishes of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, at whose expense he had gone to Oxford, that he prepare himself for the ministry. He had Unitarian leanings at this time which prevented him from subscribing conscientiously to the articles of the Church of England. Immediately after the wedding he left his wife in the care of the sisters of Joseph Cottle, the Bristol publisher and patron of men of letters, and sailed with Mr. Hill, who was Chaplain to the British Factory at Lisbon, for a tour of Portugal and Spain. On his return he settled at Bristol and wrote his "Letters from Spain and Portugal."

His immediate wants were now relieved by an annuity of £160 from his friend Charles Wynn, but a profession had to be chosen nevertheless, and so Southey with an unwilling spirit removed to London and applied himself to the study of law. At the same time he established a connection with various newspapers and periodicals, wrote verses for the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week, contributed miscellaneous articles to the *Monthly Magazine* and criticism to the *Critical Review*, and worked rapidly at his long epics "Madoc" and "Thalaba." He had already settled down to his routine of unceasing labor in which he allowed himself no other relief than to

change from one kind of work to another. His health was breaking under the strain and to save himself Southey left England with his wife for a year's stay in Portugal, where the climate restored his spirits. During this stay he began the earnest collection of books and materials for his scholarly labors on the history and literature of the Peninsula. Before he returned to England (May, 1801), "Thalaba" had been published and "The Curse of Kehama" begun, and his mind had become filled with ambitious literary projects, creative and scholarly, which would require a lifetime for their execution. He abandoned all thoughts of law, resumed reviewing, and even accepted an appointment as private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. This post, however, he held for less than a year.

In 1803 Southey went to visit Coleridge at Greta Hall in Keswick and decided to settle there. In the following year Coleridge virtually abandoned his family to Southey's care and the latter bore the burden uncomplainingly for twenty-five years. At Keswick Southey remained during the rest of his life. It was not long before he became attached to the locality. Here he experienced the domestic joys and sorrows which for him were the heart and center of life. His affections wound themselves about the place with a tenacity of which he was himself hardly aware till there was some occasion for a trip to London or elsewhere, and then he would suffer the most poignant attacks of homesickness and longing for his beloved wife and children. Here he collected the impressive library in which he took a lover's pride and in which he was able to work with but few of those annoying interruptions to which a man of letters is

subject in the city. From Keswick the flow of his publications in prose and verse, through books and periodicals, went on uninterruptedly: epic poems and occasional verses, translations of some mediæval romances, new editions of others, historical and biographical works, works on politics and society and religion, critical reviews and anthologies — some composed for glory, some for profit, and not a few from disinterested friendship. His profit was derived almost entirely from the periodicals. He wrote for the *Critical Review* till 1804 and for the *Annual Review* from its foundation in 1802 till 1807 or 1808. From 1808 till 1810 he contributed the historical section to the *Edinburgh Annual Register* at £400 a year. In 1809 he began his work for the *Quarterly Review*, which he was instrumental in establishing as a rival to the *Edinburgh Review* and for which he wrote without interruption to the end of his life.

In 1807 Southey received a government pension which netted him about £150, but this he immediately offset by resigning the annuity which he had been enjoying from Wynn. In 1813, however, his fixed income was augmented by something like £100 when he was created Poet Laureate at the suggestion of Walter Scott, who had declined the honor for himself. This was the entire extent to which Southey profited by his services to the government. Repeatedly during his life he rejected offers of positions having secure and comfortable salaries attached to them — a severe temptation to a man with a large family for whose wants he was never able to provide a year in advance. On two occasions he was asked to found a government journal, in 1817 he was invited to join in editing *The Times*

at a salary of £2,000 and part of the profits, and in 1818 he was offered the post of Librarian to the Advocates Library of Edinburgh. Each time Southey deliberately considered the matter in every aspect, weighing his fitness for the work required of him as well as the sacrifice of favorite labors and of independence which he would have to make. His decision was in each case dictated by high principles. He preferred to continue his hand-to-mouth existence, and it was not till 1835 that he was relieved from anxiety on account of his daily bread by a pension of £300 from Sir Robert Peel. The offer of a baronetcy which accompanied this pension was declined by Southey with modest dignity.

Serene as was the course of Southey's life for the most part, it was not altogether untroubled. His unbending opinions and vehement expressions on questions of politics and morality often exposed him to the attacks of his opponents, and on two occasions his experiences were particularly vexatious. The first was in 1817 and was connected with the surreptitious publication of "Wat Tyler," a youthful poem filled with violent republican sentiments differing glaringly from Southey's maturer views. A certain Member of Parliament, William Smith by name, took advantage of the ludicrous contrast and stood up in the House of Commons with the poem in one hand and in the other a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, and proceeded to read parallel passages illustrating the change in Southey's position. Southey made vain efforts to have the poem suppressed and raged eloquently against William Smith but did not succeed in improving his case materially. He was unfortunate a second time in giving provocation to Byron. On the occasion of the death of George

III Southey fulfilled his Laureate duties by writing a commemorative poem, "The Vision of Judgment," but went to a rather injudicious extreme in representing the apotheosis of that decayed monarch. In a preface to the poem he made a bitter attack on the "Satanic School" of poetry, which led to an exchange of personalities between Byron and Southey and culminated in Byron's "Vision of Judgment," a parody of such irresistible and merciless wit that it has fixed upon Southey an unfortunate reproach against which the mere literal truth is helpless.

But Southey's great sorrows did not spring from such sources. The death of children was his deepest grief. Before 1816 he had lost two infant daughters and in that year he suffered the tragic affliction of his life when his favorite son, Herbert, died in his tenth year. On this boy of extraordinary beauty and promise Southey had lavished his strongest affection and about him he had built a father's fondest dreams. His death shook Southey to the inmost roots of his nature and extinguished the spark of vital ambition. His wonted lightness of spirits from this time forth seemed to give way to a settled apathy. He resolved never again to attach himself too warmly to any object for fear of the pain which he might suffer from its loss. The son, Cuthbert, who was born to him three years later, never held the place in his father's heart which had been filled by Herbert. Domestic distress became Southey's daily companion when, in 1834, his wife became insane and lingered on hopelessly for three years. Under the strain of this ordeal and his incessant mental labor his own brain began to show signs of decay. In 1839 he married Caroline Bowles, with

whom he had carried on a literary correspondence for twenty years. To her lot fell the duty of taking care of the invalid when, soon after their marriage, Southey's mind completely failed him. He lived for nearly four years in a helpless but peaceful and gentle condition. He died March 21, 1843.

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC IDEAS

THERE is more than the usual proportion of truth in the popular conception of Southey as a reactionary. He was by temperament a conservative of the conservatives. All his affections and prejudices were firmly rooted in a bygone age. Progress, he thought, was confined to the material and mechanical spheres and held out no prospect of an increase in human happiness. He had begun life in a country blessed with the best form of government the world had ever known, a government which secured to its subjects the greatest degree of liberty compatible with human weakness and which was sanctioned by association with the purest of all Christian churches. Its institutions had fostered the noblest intellects, the greatest poets. Under them the people had dwelt in virtue, happy in the performance of their duty to home and country, secure of the rightful reward which their blessed religion held in store for them. "Happy are they," he exclaims in a lovely passage which deserves to be rescued from a dusty oblivion, "who grow up in the institutions of their country, and share like brethren in the feelings of the great body of their countrymen! The village spire is that point amid the landscape to which their eye reverts oftenest and upon which it reposes longest and with most delight. They love the music of the Sabbath bells, and walk in cheerfulness along the church path which their fathers trod before them. They are not soured by the sight

of flourishing institutions which they think evil, and therefore wish to overthrow; neither are they tempted to seek in the sullen consolations of spiritual pride a recompense for the advantages from which their own error excludes them. Their ways are in light and in sunshine, their paths are pleasantness and peace!"¹

If men were only wise their single effort would be directed toward making permanent such a state of affairs. But now a disquieting spirit was abroad in the land. The talk was not merely of change, but of revolution. Ruin was threatened to all the noble institutions that made enviable the life of an Englishman. It was as if the legions of Satan had proclaimed a new war against the Children of Light. Nothing was safe from the assault of the "anarchists." And so he girded his loins to combat in defence of the good old order, and for many years he was honored by his associates as one of their bravest champions. As the new generation grew up and Southey saw the men of his own party carried ahead by the irresistible momentum of the Opposition, he dug his own feet more firmly into the ground, resolved to die standing though the whole world should fly from its base. The figure which he makes in the years after Catholic Emancipation grows more and more pathetic, — all his gods falling about him, left far behind by his former associates, receiving from friends and enemies alike the kind of respect which is offered to one who has perhaps done much useful work in his day but whose opinions on subjects of importance no longer matter.

In his youth Southey flirted with some current revolutionary principles which later returned to plague him. They procured him the reputation

¹ *Quarterly Review*, x, 139.

of renegade and apostate. The reputation, however, was not altogether deserved. He touched pitch, but the defilement was not serious. His "Wat Tyler" and Pantisocracy were momentary aberrations induced by the infectious ardor of Coleridge's society. He did not permit the poem to see the light and he was the first to abandon the allurements of Utopia on the Susquehanna. The republicanism to which he now and then alludes as late as 1807 is of a very intangible quality and runs along easily with some High Tory doctrines. Southey vindicated his political change of front by the same argument as Wordsworth and other deeply rooted conservatives. His hopes had soared with the progress of the French Revolution, but the excesses which had followed in its wake disillusioned him of his aspirations. He saw demonstrated the incapacity of the people for self-rule, and even before Napoleon had begun to cast his ominous shadow over France and the rest of Europe, he withdrew to the shelter of established British institutions. Experience, he says (by this time he must have been twenty-two), has taught him that the improvement of man is a delusion. The best service he could render society was like Noah to ascend the ark and cherish his own virtuous life apart, "to preserve a remnant which may become the whole."¹ This is a plain prose version of the ideal of liberty for the individual spirit which Wordsworth and Coleridge chanted in lofty verse in the "Prelude" and "France," and which they tried to imagine was a substitute for the thwarted desire of the masses to enjoy a portion of this world's happiness. In Southey the process of reaction was accompanied by hardly any of the philo-

¹ *Life*, I, 317.

sophic enlargement or the spiritual purgation which the views of Coleridge and Wordsworth underwent. Wordsworth withdrew altogether from the turmoil of active politics and Coleridge kept discharging hazy speculations over the heads of his dazed admirers. But Southey remained nearer the common level. At first he found comfort for the misfortunes of humanity in the conviction that England was not as bad as other countries. What he saw on his visit to Spain and Portugal made him thank God that he was an Englishman. But the course of events in Europe provided him with a stronger support for his principles. The growing power of Napoleon, his subjugation of one European state after another, and the apparent extinction of the popular will in France, stimulated in patriotic Englishmen the idea that the conditions of true freedom were to be realized only in accordance with the principles of the British constitution and that their country was the natural champion of the liberties of Europe. "I did not fall into the error of those," says Southey in defending himself against the charge of political apostasy, "who, having been the friends of France when they imagined that the cause of liberty was implicated in her success, transferred their attachment from the republic to the military tyranny in which it ended, and regarded with complacency the progress of oppression because France was the oppressor. They had turned their faces toward the east in the morning to worship the rising sun, and in the evening they were looking eastward still, obstinately affirming that still the sun was there. I, on the contrary, altered my position as the world went round."¹ Hazlitt made the sharp

¹ *Essays, Moral and Political*, II, 21.

and ready retort that the Poet Laureate continued to gaze westward long after the sun had risen again in the east. For whatever the arguments which he might discover to account for his opinions, it is clear that they were founded in a set of mental habits with which revolutionary ideas of any kind did not assort.

There is nothing more striking than the precocious fixity of Southey's mental attitude. His earliest letters reveal the moral young prig. At Oxford in his nineteenth year he is shocked by the prevailing looseness of conduct and regards himself too much to run into any of the common vices. "I have not yet been drunk nor mean to be so." It is not recorded of him that he ever was. He sets forth impressively the arguments against atheism and preaches lessons of stoical virtue to his friends. The influence of Epictetus, who is frequently in his mouth, is noticeable in his pure and sober ideals of conduct, though of the exalted austerity of the great stoic there are but vague traces either in the active or the contemplative life of Southey. His ideal of philosophy he found in the British divines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His worldly ambition aspired to nothing further than "£200 a year and the comforts of domestic life." While hardly savoring of the inwardness of stoicism, this is sufficiently modest and restrained. In reality his characteristic virtues are those of a good Christian — a warm faithfulness in the performance of his duty to God and man as he understood that duty, a touching patience under the sufferings imposed by God's inscrutable dispensation, and implacable hostility to the Devil and all his earthly agencies. This Christianity clearly colors his political sympathies at a very early

period. It is in the year 1793 that he composes an ode to commemorate the death of "Charles the Martyr" and suggests for its motto, "His virtues plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of his taking off."¹ It would have been strange if with his sensibility and his general benevolence he should have escaped altogether the contagion which seized the generous-minded youth of England when Godwin showed them how all evil could be banished from the earth. But he cast the spell off lightly and without much trace of mental struggle.

There is no rational consistency in Southey's views on the organization of society. One gets the notion that there is no reason why all should not be well in the world, yet that somehow or other things were far from well, and the explanation (apart from original sin) was only to be found in the refusal of men to conform to the code of life which produced such contentment in the poet's own little circle at Keswick. The ingredients of happiness were all present if mankind only knew how to utilize them. This was a principle of faith with Southey and not a matter of reasoned conviction. Questions that many persons treated as debatable were for him unassailable postulates, as, for example, "that revealed religion is true, that the connection between Church and State is necessary, that the Church of England is the best ecclesiastical establishment which exists at present, or has yet existed, . . . that a revolution would destroy the happiness of one generation and leave things at last worse than it found them."² In this manner he dogmatized on problems which engaged the efforts of serious thinkers, and from these and

¹ *Life*, I, 174.

² *Ibid.*, V, 308.

similar postulates proceeded all his ideas on politics and government.

We may be pardoned for giving a fuller statement of these ideas, puerile as they sometimes are, because Southey placed a high value on them and because he was for many years looked upon as a spokesman of the Conservative cause. In the first place he believed that "under no possible or conceivable form of government" could more perfect individual liberty exist, and for political freedom, he asks, "in what other age or country, since the beginning of the world, has it ever been so secured?"¹ In fact, he was at one time very much of the opinion that it was too well secured for the Radicals in England, and in 1816 he was clamoring valiantly for a muzzling of the Liberal press and the suppression of Habeas Corpus. Not only the laws but their actual operation left nothing to be desired. Never has there been "a body of representatives better constituted than the British House of Commons — among whom more individual worth and integrity can be found, and more collective wisdom; or who have more truly represented the complicated and various interests of the community, and more thoroughly understood them."² What then is the sense of agitating for Parliamentary Reform? The popular representatives are now against the ministry. If all representatives were to be elected by the people, it is obvious that they would all be against the ministry. Therefore, he avers with syllogistic conclusiveness, "the direct road to anarchy is by Parliamentary Reform."³ Moreover, "there are but few political evils left for government to amend in this fortunate

¹ *Essays, Moral and Political*, I, 26.

² *Ibid.*, I, 381.

³ *Ibid.*, I, 10.

country," hardly anything save perhaps some improvement in the game-laws and the restriction of alehouses.¹ The betterment in the condition of the masses is to be brought about by religious and moral agencies, by the individual efforts of the benevolent rather than by public action.

Though he seems to speak here of religious and moral agencies as independent of the political organization, yet he is forever insisting on the necessary connection between Church and State. The welfare of the State depended on the support of the Church: therefore Southey had at heart the cause of popular education and refused his sympathy to those who feared that the people might be overeducated. "It is as impossible that a man, whatever may be his condition in life, can be too learned and too wise, as it is for him to be too healthy, too active, and too strong."² But always provided that his education be based on religion, and that the official religion of the state. "That national education ought to be conducted upon the principles of national religion, however the enemies of that religion may rail against the axiom, is so self-evident, that none but those who are besotted with sectarian bigotry, or who having clearer heads have yet more mischievous intentions, can possibly dispute it. . . . Thus should we perpetuate as far as is possible by human means that constitution of church and state which is the pride and strength of England. *Esto perpetua* is the prayer which every true and enlightened patriot must breathe for that constitution: the way to render it perpetual is by training up the children of the people from generation to generation in the way they

¹ *Essays, Moral and Political*, I, 218.

² *Quarterly Review*, xxxix, 126.

should go.”¹ This is the reason for his unmeasured bitterness toward Catholic Emancipation: because the Catholic Church also was historically identified with a political system and this system was irreconcilable with the safety and independence of the English government.

Such were the political doctrines which Southey preached in season and out, before and after his association with the Tories. For it was never with him a question of thoroughgoing adherence to a partisan programme. He did not understand loyalty to party as a virtue, and of the time-serving spirit he had not the slightest taint. When the *Quarterly Review* was established as an organ of government opinion, he was enlisted among its contributors because, aside from the fluency of his pen on miscellaneous topics, he was known to be ardently in favor of the war against Napoleon — at that time the most important political issue. He then wrote with all the strictness of his convictions and not with an eye to what might be thought at headquarters. He criticised the conduct of the war with a layman's abandon. Often his views did not square with party principles and were suppressed or modified by the editor. Very commonly his suggestions were more drastic than even a reactionary government dared to approve. In the troubled years which immediately followed Waterloo, Southey attained the summit of his influence as a political writer. The popular disturbances of this period stirred him to a despairing eloquence, and when a new journal was thought of to help the *Quarterly* to stem the onrushing tide, Southey was invited by representatives of government to undertake it. Though he refused

¹ *Ibid.*, vi, 302-4.

to take charge, he was ready to support such a journal in spite of the inconveniences and perils to which he would be subjected.¹ His poetic imagination slightly magnified the perils. It actually conjured up for him a picture of bloodthirsty Hazlitt and truculent Leigh Hunt demanding Robert Southey's head from an English Committee of Public Safety. The dread of the guillotine was vividly before him for many years, for was there any man whom the "Whigs and Anarchists" feared more and on whom they would sooner avenge themselves in the event of a revolution?

But whereas the practical men of the party soon recovered from their panic and began to accommodate themselves to the inevitable course of events, Southey in his impregnable seclusion continued to pour forth lamentations on the degeneracy of the age. His credit with the public may have been shaken by the laughter to which the pirated publication of his youthful sin, "Wat Tyler," had exposed him and by the controversy with William Smith, M.P., to which that publication gave rise. On top of that came his absurd "Vision of Judgment" and the unlucky quarrel with Byron, against whose unscrupulous wit Southey's honest indignation offered little protection. Signs of weariness begin to appear among his friends. The Tory *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is generally friendly, indulges in a burst of brutal frankness and declares that "a man would as soon take his opinions from his grandmother as from the Doctor."² In 1825 Southey himself modestly expresses a suspicion that his importance to the *Review* is very little, but that is because readers are now looking for amusement rather than solid instruction.³

¹ *Life*, IV, 205, 209.

² xv, 209.

³ *Life*, V, 239.

Murray, the publisher, would perhaps like to shake himself free but is prevented by personal regard for the man and the usefulness of his services in other branches of publication. The letters tell of disagreements patched up, of incivilities atoned for, of articles postponed, of attempts to reduce pay successfully resisted. Though the significance of these episodes is hardly to be misunderstood, to Southey it seems that he is emerging triumphant. At any rate he does not think of giving up the struggle. He challenges the attention of the country with a new literary production, "The Colloquies of Sir Thomas More," in order to impress on it the danger to its precious institutions, and Murray coldly informs him that "the sale would have been tenfold greater if religion and politics had been excluded from them!"¹ (The exclamation point is Southey's.) He persuades Murray to reprint the essays from the *Quarterly* containing his political doctrines, because "they are in the main as applicable now as when they were written,"² but the public is more deaf to the repetition than it was to the original warning. The two modest little 12mos did not repay the cost of publication. And now that Catholic Emancipation has been enacted into law and Parliamentary Reform is not as remote as it once seemed, Southey heaves a sigh for the passing of the Georgian age, "in part the happiest, in part the most splendid, and altogether the most momentous age of our history. We are entering," he adds, "upon a new era, and with no happy auspices."³ But it was after Reform was realized that Southey received the offer of a baronetcy and had bestowed on him a pension which for

¹ *Ibid.*, VI, 73.

² *Ibid.*, VI, 142.

³ *Correspondence with Caroline Bowles*, 201.

the first time set him free from the worry of earning his daily bread. It nowhere appears that he perceived the irony of his fortune.

Southey's views on economic questions were as purely emotional as on politics, but his feelings here served him to better purpose. He must be given an honorable place as a forerunner of Carlyle and Ruskin in the attack on the gross one-sidedness of the new science. His attitude toward Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham was neither reasoned nor judicious, any more than Carlyle's. He knew nothing about economics, as the *Edinburgh Reviewers* repeatedly pointed out, but it required no special knowledge to realize that the unqualified acceptance of the current doctrines was subversive of fundamental human claims. It needs no research to prove that the treatment of men as manufacturing animals pure and simple is not consonant with any well-ordered social scheme. He was moved by pity for the misfortunes of the poor and he gave expression to his feelings in some of his earliest prose in the *Critical* and *Annual Reviews*, as well as in the "Letters of Espriella." In its account of this book the *Edinburgh Review* commented on the sentimental quality of its economics and added the observation, "that there must be in all countries, where the population and the arts of civilized life have reached a certain point, a class of men who pass their days in labor for a pittance barely adequate to their subsistence, and who, of course, must be continually liable to want and misery, from accidents, and the follies and vices incident to human nature."¹ This represents the philosophic resignation of a class which balanced its own good against the sufferings of others. The cold-blooded-

¹ xi, 379.

ness of such a point of view amply excuses any excess of feeling in those who assailed it. Though we may, therefore, not admit Southey as a competent witness when he charges the economists with confused logic, we must give him credit for pressing home a much needed truth when he rebukes Malthus for "writing advice to the poor for the rich to read,"¹ or when he calls the "Wealth of Nations" a hard-hearted book which measures the importance of man "not by the sum of goodness and of knowledge which he possesses, not by the virtues and charities which should flow towards him and emanate from him, not by the happiness of which he may be the source and centre, not by the duties to which he may be called, not by the immortal destinies for which he is created; but by the gain which can be extracted from him, by the *quantum of lucre* of which he can be made the instrument."² While Macaulay and others like him were "pointing with pride" to the industrial progress of the country, Southey's sympathy was aroused by the human sacrifices through which it was achieved and his eye was sharpened for the terrible consequences which would result if the system were unchecked. The reforms which he demanded had reasonable aims — to make possible the carrying on of the system "consistently with the well-being of the persons employed in it, with health and good morals — with wholesome intervals for rest and recreation, as well as for schooling — with the rights of human nature, the most indubitable and sacred of all rights."³ He lent an ear to the socialistic schemes of Owen of Lanark and the Saint Simonites, in so far as they were concerned with improving the condi-

¹ *Annual Review*, ii, 301.

² *Essays, Moral and Political*, I, 111.

³ *Quarterly Review*, li, 279.

tion of the lower orders, though he was strongly opposed to their levelling tendencies. He always asserted that the poor were too poor, but the rich, he maintained, could not be too rich, and the sanctity of property was for him as much a cardinal axiom as it was for the professional economists. Yet his utterances contain a clear forecast of the industrial conflicts of the later nineteenth century and a warning of catastrophe unless the physical and moral condition of the laboring classes is bettered. His words sometimes sound like the commonplace of present-day social and industrial propaganda, and they are the antithesis of the smug satisfaction with which the Liberal school of *laissez-faire* treated the great problem. He lived to see the first-fruits of his labors. Lord Shaftesbury, it is pointed out by Leslie Stephen, applied to Southey as a disciple to one of his chief teachers when he took up the subject of factory legislation.¹ There was, perhaps, something of class prejudice in Southey's attacks on the manufacturers. Though the poor suffered greatly from the Corn Laws, Southey vigorously opposed their repeal on the ground that they would injure the landed gentry, in whose prosperity, he believed, that of the whole nation was involved.²

¹ *Studies of a Biographer*, IV, 78.

² *Quarterly Review*, li, 228-79.

REVIEWING AND CRITICISM

THE medium through which Southey chiefly gave out his political and other opinions was the reviews. Reviewing constitutes a large proportion of his writing and it was the steadiest and most important source of his income. When he first entered the lists as a contributor to the *Critical Review* in 1798, the trade was not very remunerative. The rate was four or five guineas a sheet at the most, and the articles were not long. But the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews* created a market for much longer articles at rates beginning with ten guineas a sheet and soon rising much higher. Southey himself in time came to receive from the *Quarterly* the flat sum of £100 for an article of average length, that is, of three or four sheets, and on special occasions even more. For his paper on the Catholic question in 1829 he received £150.¹ This will explain why he swallowed many scruples, why he overlooked many of Murray's displeasing policies and put up with the meddlesome editing of Gifford, why he sacrificed the time which should have been devoted to gathering the laurels of immortality, and continued writing reviews to the end. Very seldom was one of those quartos on which he spent years of labor as profitable as a month's work for the *Quarterly Review*. And the income was indispensable for the support of his large household.

Southey had very lofty ideas of what reviewing should be. The reviewer, he thought, should have

¹ *Warter*, IV, 121.

at least as much knowledge of the subject as the author whom he presumed to judge, otherwise he was immoral.¹ He should treat every author with the same humane consideration, with the same regard for his sensibilities, as he would show to a guest in his home. The tone of bitterness which Jeffrey adopted toward Montgomery he looked upon as brutal and inexcusable. Southey's letters are thickly sown with condemnations of the prevailing practice of Reviews in general and of every Review in particular, nor is he sparing in self-reproach for his own share in the unprincipled business. He professes contempt and loathing for the craft and is threatening on the slightest provocation to wash his hands of it completely, but on the other hand he consoles himself with the thought that there are unpleasanter ways of earning a living. "It is after all better than pleading in a stinking court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; . . . better than calculating profits and loss on a counter."² Of course all such protestations contain an element of pose, and it is clear that he became attached to reviewing by something more than the need of earning his living. William Taylor of Norwich, who spent nearly all his time in reviewing, was in the habit of making similar complaints, yet when for any reason the occupation was interrupted, he floundered about like a fish on land. Reviewing was not uncongenial to Southey's literary habits in general, and he sometimes confesses it. At least he says, "it is well for me that I like reviewing well enough to feel nothing irksome in the employment," and that is probably an understatement of his case.³

When Southey began reviewing the profession

¹ *Life*, II, 352.

² *Ibid.*, II, 301.

³ *Ibid.*, VI, 56.

enjoyed very small prestige. The *Monthly Review* and the *Critical* were then the leading periodicals, and whatever might be the value of the scientific, philological, or theological matter that comprised their chief bulk, their literary department was without distinction. Of the regular contributors of that time William Taylor, who wrote for the *Monthly Review*, was the most respectable. For him indeed the claim is made of having founded the mode of reviewing in which the substance of the volume under consideration is enlarged or corrected from the reviewer's own store of information, or made the occasion of an independent set of observations. Southey, too, saw the opportunity afforded by this medium for discharging at small cost of labor the accumulations of learning which he had begun to gather. As he had no great respect for the organ to which he first contributed, he did not spend excessive pains on his articles. "The *Critical* is so miserably bad," he says in one of his moments of severity, "that indolently as I write myself, I am almost ashamed to be in such company."¹ Even extreme editorial liberties did not ruffle his indifference. What he prided himself on was absolute honesty, a humane temper, and generous appreciation of new talent in however humble a degree. Humane censure and generous appreciation are two qualities which often help to distinguish his reviews from a colorless mass, in the *Critical Review* and elsewhere. This periodical contains from Southey's pen not only the review, celebrated for its uniqueness, of Landor's "Gebir," but also overflowing appreciations of Robert Bloomfield and Joanna Baillie, besides many kind notices of poets who never emerged into fame.

¹ Robberds, *Memoir of William Taylor*, I, 300.

Though he apparently took so little pride in his work for the *Critical*, Southey did not abandon it till he found another outlet in the *Annual Review*, established by Arthur Aikin in 1802. In this journal William Taylor was his chief coadjutor, all the other writers, according to Southey, being below contempt.¹ But while the usual disparaging references are not wanting, there is also evidence that he was beginning to find more satisfaction in his task. He occasionally singled out an article of particular excellence for the attention of his correspondents, and he urged Grosvenor Bedford to get the *Annual Reviews* "because without them my operas are very incomplete," and because they contain "more of the tone and temper of my mind than you can otherwise get at."² Both the scope of the reviews and their characteristic virtues are comprised in the statement which he made when about to join the ranks of the *Quarterly*: "I believe myself to be a good reviewer in my own way, which is that of giving a succinct account of the contents of the book before me, extracting its essence, bringing my own knowledge to bear upon the subject, and, where occasion serves, seasoning it with those opinions which in some degree leaven all my thoughts, words and actions. . . . Voyages and travels I review better than anything else, being well read in that branch of literature; better, indeed, than most men. Biography and history are within my reach."³ There is curiously no mention in this passage of literary criticism, though the *Annual Review* contains the most judicious literary reviews that Southey ever wrote, notably on the 1802 volume of Landor's poems, on Godwin's Chaucer, Hayley's Cowper, and Ritson's Romances.

¹ *Life*, III, 127.

² *Ibid.*, III, 42.

³ *Ibid.*, III, 183.

The discursive length of his articles was sometimes complained of, but to this Southey paid no heed.

Southey's reputation for learning and ability had gained him an invitation to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and in spite of his detestation of the principles and the spirit with which that organ was conducted he was on the point of accepting when it seemed that it was going to pass into the hands of his own publisher, Longman. But the change of ownership did not come about, so Southey preserved his self-respect and waited for the launching of the rival journal by the government. At the close of his life he flattered himself that it was his refusal to join the *Edinburgh* that indirectly laid the foundation for the *Quarterly Review*.¹ But the surroundings even of the *Quarterly Review* were not altogether congenial. Southey at first felt a little uncomfortable at finding himself in the company of Gifford and Ellis, whose butt he had been in the early *Anti-Jacobin* days. He did not approve all the policies of the government which was supporting the periodical and he entertained fears and suspicions as to the freedom of the *Review* from ministerial control. Yet he hoped that this disadvantage would be offset by his own reputation for free and fearless thinking: the editor would doubtless understand his own interest and allow him unrestricted utterance of his views and principles.² What Southey particularly rejoiced in, however, was the prospect of crossing foils on equal terms with the writers of the *Edinburgh*. He delighted to show his superiority over Sidney Smith on the subject of Hindoo Missions³ and to see the effect which his own articles produced on the Bristol

¹ *Warter*, IV, 510.

² *Life*, III, 198.

³ *Warter*, II, 145; *Life*, III, 234.

Church of England Tract Society.¹ As his sense of power grew he resolved to attack the enemy by taking up "those very subjects which he has handled the most unfairly, and so to treat them as to force a comparison which must end in our favor."² So he would not only shake the credit of their organ but pay off some of his numerous personal obligations to the *Edinburgh Review*. (It was the mistaken policy of the *Quarterly Review* in general to flatter its rival by indiscriminately taking the opposite side of any opinion advanced in the *Edinburgh*.) The credit and repute which Southey gained in the early years of this connection were, in fact, so considerable that he was commonly suspected of a much greater share in the counsels of the *Review* than he really enjoyed. Articles and opinions were frequently attributed to him with which he was wholly out of sympathy. To him was credited a very large, if not the largest share of the early success and permanent reputation of the periodical.

To be sure, he also came in for a large measure of censure. He undertook to write on such a large range of subjects that his knowledge of them could not be thorough. His erudition in most matters was notable for its width rather than its exactness. His ignorance of practical politics and economics has already been noticed, but it may be illustrated once more by his views on America, which, kindly meant though they were, provoked laughter by their naïve innocence. The road to the salvation of the United States, he thought, lay in a national debt, a hereditary nobility, and an established church: he forgot to include a Poet Laureate, was the caustic observation of an American critic. Ineptitude like

¹ *Warter*, II, 248-9.

² *Life*, III, 316.

this on important subjects was sure to attract unflattering notice. In matters of less import his competence was also frequently questioned. In knowledge of natural history, which he had to make use of in reviews of travels, he stood condemned. His literary criticism achieved the incongruous combination of perversity with tameness resulting from an excessive benevolence exercising itself upon insipid subjects. Censorious persons also complained that he emptied his note-books into his articles with little provocation. This is the unfavorable side of the picture.

The inner history of his connection with the *Quarterly Review* is also a checkered one. The troubles of Southey with Gifford and Murray form an interesting episode in his own life and throw a valuable side-light on the relation between managers and authors. In the beginning Southey is quite complacent. Of course absolute authority with respect to any alteration must always be vested in the editor.¹ He even expresses an amused appreciation of the skill with which Gifford emasculates an article.² Before many years, however, the amusement gives way to irritation and anger as the writer sees his logical arrangements dislocated, his happy phrases garbled, editorial opinions inserted in awkward contradiction of his own in other parts of the same paper.³ On one occasion he finds in the proofs an interpolation, erroneous as to facts, made at the suggestion of no less a personage than the Duke of Wellington. With becoming dignity he insists on the substitution of the original statement, but when the *Review* arrives, behold! there is another interpolation,

¹ *Ibid.*, III, 221.

² *Ibid.*, III, 226.

³ *Ibid.*, IV, 58; *Warter*, II, 393-5.

contrary to his own expressed opinion, in a part of the article which he had not seen in proof.¹ He protests stoutly and is paid with soothing words and promises of amendment. These promises, of course, are repeated just as frequently as they are broken, and it is not till 1821 that a paper of his, the *Life of Cromwell*, appears practically without mutilation — the only instance of the kind which Southey has recorded. Sometimes there is even an attempt to suggest to him what opinion on a given subject would be pleasing to the powers, but such approaches are sure to meet with an indignant rebuff.² His strongest expressions of opinion, his best practical suggestions are weakened, he thinks, out of "pity to the Terrors of Ministers."³ Indeed Southey finds himself between two fires. Gifford complains that he is too liberal while Murray thinks him too bigoted.⁴ But he will not accommodate himself to the fancies of either. Murray in general becomes an occasion of greater bitterness than his editor. To be sure he pays liberally, but he is correspondingly exacting. When he sends a particularly generous sum he intimates that such prices can be paid only for articles that produce a "decided impression" and even presumes to offer hints on the tone of future reviews. Southey only deigns to reply that he might be spending his time far more worthily and, from an elevated point of view, more profitably than by writing for the *Quarterly* at the highest prices.⁵ Whatever might happen to his essays after they left his hands, it never occurred to him to submit to the dictation of conditions from any source, and he proves his independence by deliberately refusing a request from

¹ *Warter*, III, 4-6.

² *Ibid.*, III, 34.

³ *Ibid.*, III, 62.

⁴ *Ibid.*, III, 417.

⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 103.

Murray for an article on the times.¹ If Murray attempts to express his dissatisfaction or resentment by a reduction of pay, he is courteously but promptly recalled to a sense of his meanness and of his obligations to literature.² Southey found an additional grievance in the publisher's relations with Byron. Not satisfied with standing sponsor for the unspeakable "Don Juan," Murray had declined to open the pages of his Review for a wholesome chastisement of the pernicious vices of that fiend incarnate, and further aggravated his offence by printing a laudatory account of the blasphemous "Cain"!³ Such conduct must disgust and alienate his best disposed supporters. Southey is quite willing to consider a proposal to establish a new review which shall shake the foundations of the *Quarterly* as the latter had once shaken that of the *Edinburgh*. In spite of the sacrifice of great undertakings that it would involve and in spite of his consciousness of not being qualified for managing anything, he is almost ready to assume the editorship. At any rate he is deterred by no scruples of consideration for Murray.

Compared with his feelings for the publisher at this time, his tone toward Gifford assumes great kindness. Amidst his annoyance and irritation he had always expressed a warm personal regard for that greatly abused editor, but now Gifford was ailing and there was a prospect of his early retirement. With no uncharitable thought in his mind, Southey looked forward to a change in the management, with the hope that the new editor would consult his opinions and treat his articles with greater deference. He was a little surprised and immensely gratified when his own candidate, John Coleridge, was ap-

¹ *Ibid.*, III, 159.

² *Ibid.*, III, 168.

³ *Ibid.*, III, 335-48.

pointed to succeed Gifford. But his gratification was short-lived, for in the course of a year Coleridge was himself superseded by John Gibson Lockhart, and Southey's complaints began anew. He had been prejudiced against Lockhart by what he had heard of his exuberant activities in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but even when he found that personally the new editor was worthy of his regard, he could not accommodate himself to his policies. Lockhart, according to Southey's standards, did not have enough "root" in his principles and was too susceptible to revolutionary ideas — a dangerous weakness for the head of a government organ. The sad truth was that the new generation had arrived at power and Southey's influence had waned. His pen was still useful to the *Quarterly* on such subjects as the Catholic question and the Corn Laws, as well as on miscellaneous topics, and Southey still needed the revenue; therefore the frequent disturbances terminated in some sort of understanding. The last reference that occurs in Southey's letters to his relations with the *Quarterly* is of an affront. "The story is not worth telling," he says pathetically; "it was a piece of disrespectful ill-usage which I resent not upon either Lockhart or Murray, but upon the *Review* personified."¹

Southey's literary reviews call for some special comment in spite of what has already been observed about their weakness. On a close examination this weakness is seen to be chiefly the effect of a systematic policy which raises an interesting question of ethics. Does the reviewer owe a greater duty to the author or to the reading public? Southey decided the question in favor of the author; he thought the public

¹ *Warter*, IV, 408.

would take no harm even if it were deceived into buying an innocuous and worthless volume. He used to account for his own taciturnity as induced by the dread of Coleridge's loquacity; by the same token his critical insipidity was probably a reaction against the pungency of Jeffrey, from which he had personally suffered. Its contrast with the prevailing tone is its most interesting feature. In this particular Scott alone resembled him. It can be demonstrated as easily as the sum of two and two that his benevolence prevented Southey from exercising whatever share of the critical faculty he enjoyed.

His first critical, perhaps it is better to say *anti-critical*, principle was that "goodness is a better thing than genius."¹ It followed that every display of filial or fraternal piety, of religious sentiment or devotion to duty, was more deserving of encouragement than any amount of originality or power or brilliancy in which the former qualities were inconspicuous. As he could not endure the idea of giving pain and was aware of what reviewing phrases went for, he made it his aim to deal out such milk-and-water praise as would do no harm, "to speak of smooth versification, and moral tendency, etc., etc."² In the *Critical Review* he bestowed free praise on Robert Bloomfield's "Rural Tales,"³ but privately to Coleridge he wrote, "I have reviewed his Poems with the express object of serving him; because if his fame keeps up to another volume, he will have made money enough to support him comfortably in the country; but in a work of criticism how could you bring him to the touchstone?"⁴ To Montgomery's

¹ *Life*, III, 67.

³ Second Series, xxxv, 67.

² *Ibid.*, II, 198.

⁴ *Life*, II, 190.

poems he applied the most extravagant epithets of appreciation and, because they overflowed with pure and pious feelings and had already been severely handled in the *Edinburgh Review*, he managed to conceal his real disappointment over them.¹ He knew that Hayley's "Memoirs" was "a poor, insipid book"² and that his poetry was forever dead, but was not Hayley "a gentleman and a scholar, and a most kind-hearted and generous man?" Moreover he remembered with gratitude that it was to Hayley he owed his first introduction to Spanish literature and he therefore felt it a duty to review his work with respect and kindness.³ And so he constantly wreaked himself on subjects unworthy of a serious critic, on the "diligent talents, early acquirements, and domestic happiness" of Barré Charles Roberts,⁴ on the piety of Lucretia Davidson, an American girl who wrote some verses and died before she was seventeen,⁵ or on the happier fate of the English servant-girl, Mary Colling, who leads him into an excursus on uneducated poets in general.⁶ If Southey could have had his way, he would have reduced all the criticism in the *Quarterly* to his own innocuous standard. He lamented its tendency to imitate the tone and temper of the *Edinburgh* criticism; he was so disgusted with a certain review of Lady Morgan that he exclaimed, "I would rather have cut off my right hand than have written anything so unmanly and so disgraceful!"⁷ Even when there were faults to be reprehended he would have adopted a conciliatory manner and by giving free praise have led the straying gently into the right

¹ *Quarterly Review*, vi, 405; *Life*, IV, 33.

³ *Life*, V, 179. ⁴ *Quarterly Review*, xii, 509.

⁶ *Ibid.*, xlvii, 80.

² *Warter*, III, 427.

⁵ *Ibid.*, xli, 289.

⁷ *Warter*, III, 79.

path. "Keats," he says, "might have been won in that manner, and perhaps have been saved. So I have been assured."¹ It was no wonder that he early gained the reputation of being a sort of disinterested press-agent. To his lot, he complained, generally fell the worthless poems of some good-natured person whom he knew,² and in time applications for his services from strangers became so frequent that, in order to avoid giving offence to any one, he resolved not to review the work of any living poet.³ In all his labors of love he only once succeeded in leaving a permanent impression on the public, and that was in editing, with a prefatory Life, the Remains of Kirke White. His verdict on this poet, however generous, has in some measure been approved by posterity.

Whether there were really latent in Southey critical powers which were stifled by his goodness of heart, it is not possible to decide. He sometimes delivered himself with force and insight, as in some casual remarks on Landor's earlier poetry: "He is strong, but it is an unwieldy strength. Verse painting is his talent; he makes me see, but he never makes me feel; and he is always trying to make me think, and often makes shallow water look deep by muddying it."⁴ But such utterances are rare and occur chiefly among the scattered sentences of his *Commonplace Books*. Against them can be cited frequent critical errors, such as the extravagance (which he shared with Scott) of associating Joanna Baillie with Shakespeare,⁵ to say nothing of his delusion concerning his own poetry. He appeared at his best in purely anti-

¹ *Life*, V, 203.

² II, 197.

³ *Life*, VI, 193.

⁴ *Atlantic Monthly*, lxxxix, 40.

⁵ *Critical Review*, 2d Series, xxxvii, 200-212.

quarian criticism — in his scholarly review of Ritson's Romances¹ or in the contribution of hints and facts in the manner of the rising school of historical criticism. In his reviews of Hayley and of Dr. Sayers he wove in much of his abundant information on the obscurer phases of literature. He was looked upon as the proper person to take up the history of English poetry where Warton had left off, but the continuation for which he accepted terms from the publishers remained among his unexecuted projects. There is reason to suppose that if he had carried it out it would have contained much curious matter but undistinguished. He professed a disinclination to ambitious subjects: "Shakespeare and Milton I leave to be written about by young men who wish to display themselves."² In his treatment the great objects would have been blotted out by a multitude of specks. That his history would have been seasoned with independence and with more than a grain of perversity may be gathered from the defence of Flecknoe against the satire of Dryden which appears in his "Omniana."³ But it would have suffered from the same lack of a philosophic principle which weakened all of his greater works and would hardly have attained the authority of his forerunner. The sum of Southey's criticism would have to be called negligible, if it were not for his contribution to the knowledge of Spanish literature.

¹ *Annual Review*, ii, 515.

² *Warton*, IV, 93.

³ No. 62.

SPANISH LITERATURE

WITH his first tour of Portugal and Spain in 1795 began Southey's interest in the affairs of the Peninsula which was to give rise to his most ambitious undertakings in prose. Its immediate literary result was the volume of "Letters Written during a Residence in Spain and Portugal" concerning which Southey's excuse that "they were only published from necessity"¹ may be accepted as sufficient. One striking piece of wisdom Southey did bring back. He was so sickened at the intolerance to which he was everywhere a witness, at the refusal of sectaries to see that "opposite opinions may exist without affecting moral character" that he resolved never to judge of Man by his principles.² Had this resolve but taken firm root in his mind, what a deal of recrimination he would have been spared! It was on his second visit (1800-1801) that he began storing up materials for a monumental history of the country which was already projected in his mind.

But though the historian in Southey was at this period already becoming prominent, his creative energies were still chiefly absorbed in poetry. It was natural, therefore, that his first serious scholarly work should reflect this interest and that the poetic material of the Peninsula should be the first to receive his attention. He made English versions of some of the most famous Spanish romances and so transformed them as to give them almost the rank of independent

¹ *Warter*, I, 42.

² *Letters Written in Portugal*.

creations. "Amadis of Gaul" is reduced in his treatment to half its bulk by the elimination of repetitions, prolixities, and digressions. The abridgment is done with taste and literary feeling, but it is the taste and literary feeling of a pure-minded Englishman of the nineteenth century. Southey's object was to give a faithful representation of the manners and morality of chivalry, but his version is absolutely faithful only in externals. The description of a knight's apparel, the details of a tournament, and matters pertaining to war in general are more faithfully reproduced than the passions and feelings of the actors. Southey's scrupulous morality balks at the mediæval conventions of love and tames many a scene of passionate ardor to the sober level of his own restraint. Along with a good deal of its coarseness the old romance thereby loses its sensuous warmth and its unsophisticated honesty of tone. But in spite of this loss it is well entitled to the praise that Ticknor gave it when he called it the only form of the story that can be read in English.

The "Chronicle of the Cid" deserves more unqualified applause. Southey here set himself the more difficult task of combining a variety of materials from ancient chronicle and later history, from epic and ballad, and of weaving them into a uniform texture for the illustration of mediæval manners and customs, as in the "Amadis." To this work he applied himself with a superior zest. The "Amadis" had interested him comparatively little. The favorable reception which it had everywhere been accorded, compared with the critical coldness toward "Thalaba," had even nettled him. The readiness of people to praise it he attributed to the modest pretension of the work, which was too humble to excite

any person's envy, whereas the grandeur of "Thalaba" aroused the jealousy of the literary tribe. "Praise and fame," he remarked in this connection, "are two very distinct things. Nobody thinks the higher of me for that translation, or feels a wish to see me for it, as they do for 'Joan of Arc' and 'Thalaba.'" ¹ But of "The Cid" he speaks as a very favorite work.² He is impressed with the poetic quality of the material — romance has nothing finer than the proceedings of the Cortes at Zamora, poetry nothing superior to its living pictures.³ He feels that his translation improves so much on the original as to be unique in its kind.⁴ The language, too, in itself poetical, becomes more poetical by necessary compression. The Spaniards will be pleased at the fame that their Campeador is beginning to enjoy in England, and Coleridge is perfectly delighted with the work.⁵ This enthusiasm needs to be discounted a little. Some of the earlier portions of Southey's narrative have too little to do with the exploits of the Cid, and the miraculous events following the Cid's death, derived from late legends, are not in harmony with the fresh realism of the main narrative. Instead of reproducing the life of a given age, Southey has mixed up modes of thinking and feeling appropriate to diverse periods. The style, too, occasionally displays its joints. One is often able to recognize where the more exalted tone of the poetic source interrupts the sober historical flow. But these imperfections, though they detract somewhat from its value as a finished work of art, weigh slightly in the balance against the intrinsic interest of the materials, the general skill of the composition, and the graceful

¹ *Life*, II, 359.

² *Walter*, I, 382.

³ *Life*, III, 127.

⁴ *Ibid.*, III, 166.

⁵ *Ibid.*, III, 171.

simplicity of the style. For the translation of all these old romances Southey had adopted the manner of Malory and the sixteenth century chroniclers. He imitated their artless syntax which, while it lacks a sense of the period, is capable, in its sensitiveness to the harmony of the phrase or comma, of the most characteristic cadences of English prose. Euphony is the quality of this kind of prose at its best, and euphony is the one quality, after simplicity, which Southey always aimed at in his prose. This syntax, purified of its disorder, combined with the old vocabulary of chivalry to produce that tone of archaic quaintness which charms all readers of Southey's translations.

This was pioneering work, yet the century that has elapsed has not superseded it. On the more purely scholarly side also Southey's achievements were, for a pioneer, considerable and to a certain extent even of permanent value. Critics writing at large have often condemned his scholarship as loose and unmethodical when judged by modern standards. An appraisal of this phase of his work must depend on the judgment of experts, and it is gratifying to find a methodical German investigator pronouncing a favorable verdict on Southey's knowledge of Spanish.¹ His understanding of the problems connected with "The Cid" is not quite on a level with that of his contemporaries on the continent, but in his discussion of "Amadis of Gaul" and "Palmerin of England" — (Southey had revised and half retranslated the existing English version of the latter romance by Anthony Monday) — he stands distinctly

¹ Ludwig Pfandl, "Robert Southey und Spanien": *Revue Hispanique*, xxviii, 1-315. The statements that follow lean on the authority of this detailed monograph.

superior. In tracing the authorship of "Palmerin of England" he made a contribution which, though assailed by succeeding critics, has now been firmly reëstablished. In addition Southey contributed an article on Portuguese literature to one of the early numbers of the *Quarterly Review* which was immediately translated into Portuguese and served Ticknor as a compendious outline for his more detailed study.¹ Ticknor again expressed his obligation to a *Quarterly* article of Southey's when he wrote his chapter on Lope de Vega. He was therefore paying no lip-homage when he declared that "Mr. Southey's name is one that must always be mentioned with peculiar respect by scholars interested in Spanish literature."²

¹ Ticknor, *History of Spanish Literature*, II, 163 n.

² *Ibid.*, I, 13 n.

HISTORY

THE important work to which Southey repeatedly makes allusion when complaining of the time wasted on reviews is the writing of history. Of the genuineness of his calling for this work he felt even more secure, if that is possible, than of his poetic inspiration. When the poetic fire began to wane, he clung to history as his sure hold on immortality. Poets there had been before him, but no one had yet combined the exacting requisites of the historian in anything like the measure possessed by himself. "Industry, judgment, genius; the patience to investigate, the discrimination to select, the power to infer and to enliven"¹ — by the aid of these qualities he would give an example of how history should be written such as "the world had never yet seen." Southey also set a just value on "a power of intellectual transmigration with which few persons are gifted." His ideas on this point are quite modern and permanently valuable. "The author," he says, "if he would deal justly toward those whose actions he professes to record, should go back to their times, and, standing where they stood, endeavor, as far as is possible, to see things as they appeared within their scope of vision, in the same light, and from the same point of view, and through the same medium."² This virtue on which he prided himself was not, however, an ideal of objective detachment. It was modified — Southey would say strengthened — by his strict religious principles. In this respect he felt a towering

¹ *Life*, II, 242.

² *Quarterly Review*, x, 91.

superiority over infidel historians like Hume and Gibbon. He cordially despised "that miserable state of Pyrrhonism which in these days assumes the name of liberality" and which would regard devotion to a special set of religious dogmas as a narrowing factor. On the contrary, "the more religious a historian is, the more impartial will be his statements, the more charitable his disposition, the more comprehensive his views, the more enlightened his philosophy. In religion alone is true philosophy to be found; the philosophy which contemplates man in all his relations, and in his whole nature; which is founded upon a knowledge of that nature, and which is derived from Him who is the Beginning and the End."¹

Among other pathetic ironies of Southey's life it is not the least that the great *opus* in which all the characteristic excellences of the historian were to be supremely exemplified was never accomplished, and its fragments have never seen the light. Circumstances had fixed his attention on Portugal, where he thought he saw a vast undeveloped theme. An ambitious plan had entered his head in 1799 and thenceforth to the very day of his sad collapse the subject was uppermost in his mind. The scale of the project is most imposing: it was to be in ten or twelve quarto volumes and to include not only the history of European Portugal, but the story of the Portuguese in Asia and South America, of the Jesuits in Japan, the literary history of Spain and Portugal, and a history of the Monastic Orders.² The subject, he feels, is worthy of all the pains that can be bestowed on it. The annals of Portugal are "fertile beyond all others in circumstances of splendid and tragic story."³

¹ *Ibid.*, xxxvii, 197. ² *Life*, II, 305. ³ *Peninsular War*, I, 107.

The more he dwells on it, the more its grandeur expands: "No history has ever yet been composed that presents such a continuous interest of one kind or another, as this would do, if I should live to complete it. The chivalrous portion is of the very highest beauty; much of what succeeds has a deep tragic interest; and then comes the gradual destruction of a noble national character brought on by the cancer of Romish superstition."¹ The mass of folios that needs to be digested might terrify an ordinary student, but Southey attacks them with eagerness and zest, in order to give an added lustre to his fame by producing something unsurpassed for thorough research and range of materials.² The interest of the narrative is to be heightened by the novelty of introducing the manners of the age and people.³ The style is to be plain, compressed, unornamented, uniting strength with perspicuity.⁴ In short, it is to be "one of the most curious books of its kind that has ever yet appeared"⁵ and will of itself justify him in having chosen literature for his life's pursuit.⁶ It may, if it have but half the success of Gibbon, yield important profit, but it cannot fail to bring him enduring fame.⁷ He can hardly restrain his impatience to see it in print. "The day when I receive the first proof-sheet will be one of the happiest of my life."⁸ About no other work does Southey speak with such warmth of feeling. Long interruptions do not avail to abate his enthusiasm. Amid all the distractions of more pressing demands the thought of it steals in to stimulate and encourage. "Just now I am taking a treat at my great history," he writes

¹ *Life*, VI, 192.

⁴ *Ibid.*, I, 145.

⁷ *Ibid.*, I, 145.

² *Ibid.*, IV, 111.

⁵ *Life*, IV, 9.

⁸ *Life*, II, 341.

³ *Warter*, I, 99.

⁶ *Warter*, I, 337.

in 1815.¹ Age comes on and brings with it a melancholy concern lest the completion of the work be too long delayed,² but still there is no flagging of purpose. It is always the work which he has most at heart, always the next to go to press, — for the material is two-thirds or three-fourths digested and it is only a matter of recomposing in the process of transcribing what has long since been written.³ And just as the shades are about to envelop him he is in good heart and hope, “never in better mood for setting about what has been for so many years among the main objects which I have had in view.”⁴ This dream of forty years must be recorded as a dream.⁵

What Southey’s History of Portugal would have been like, it is unfair to judge by his History of Brazil, the only section of the great plan that was ever carried out. He was led to take this up first not on account of any superior attraction in the subject, but because of the great political interest in South American affairs. Napoleon had just seized Spain, and the fear of the British was that he would get control of the American colonies. Apparently Grenville, who was then in the Cabinet and who knew Southey as the school-friend of his nephew, Charles Wynn, urged him to take advantage of the popular curiosity and get immediately to work on Brazil. But it is clear that Southey was not deceived as to the intrinsic interest of the materials. “Bare and

¹ *Warter*, II, 399.

² *Ibid.*, IV, 220.

³ *Life*, VI, 74, 158, 191, 270.

⁴ *Warter*, IV, 573, 575.

⁵ An episode of the History appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1810 (Vol. 3, Part 2, pp. i-li) with the title “History of Lope de Aguirre,” and was expanded into a small book, *The Expedition of Orsua and the Crimes of Aguirre* (1821). It is an admirable piece of narrative.

insipid" is how he characterizes them, and he adds with a sigh that there is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear.¹ He is sure that the public will be disappointed, fancying that a fine country must have a fine history, and he is quite resigned to its unpopularity.² Not that the book will be without distinctive merits. It will bring together a great mass of information, a great deal which will be interesting as a book of travels, a greater body of facts respecting savage life than can be found in any other single work, "and what has never yet been given, a perfectly fair account of the Jesuits in Paraguay."³ The result, he knows, is such "that there does not exist, in this or in any other language, so full an account of any country from the earliest times, of its rise, progress, geography, the manners of its aborigines, and its actual state at the point of time when the writer concludes, as I shall have prepared of Brazil."⁴ These claims, considerable as they are, are not exorbitant. In moments of exaltation following the completion of his ten years' labor, Southey unfortunately made some other claims, which have been more generally remembered, in the somewhat grandiloquent peroration appended to his *History* and in a letter to Chauncey Townshend proclaiming that "ages hence it will be found among those works which are not destined to perish, and secure for me a remembrance in other countries as well as in my own; that it will be read in the heart of South America, and communicate to the Brazilians, when they shall have become a powerful nation, much of their own history which would otherwise have perished,

¹ *Warter*, II, 98.

² *Ibid.*, II, 193; *History of Brazil*, last paragraph; *Life*, IV, 353.

³ *Warter*, II, 193.

⁴ *Ibid.*, III, 130.

and be to them what the work of Herodotus is to Europe." ¹

Southey's account has all the virtues of an agreeably written source book, not the least of these virtues being its comparative freedom from partisan prejudices. He does often obtrude his theological convictions on the innocent savages, but in the form of tags and scarcely in a way to vitiate the narrative. Speaking, for example, of the extinction of certain South American tribes, he is provoked to generalize as follows: "Thus it is with savages; through sin they have originally lapsed into the savage state; and they who reject civilization when it is placed within their reach, if they escape from other agents of destruction, perish by the devices of their own heart, to which they are abandoned." ² The fulness of the history may damage it as a book of entertainment but must be of service to the special student, and its accuracy has not been impeached. The minuteness with which Southey treats all the skirmishes between settlers and natives or the brawls between Portuguese and Hollanders, as if they involved momentous decisions, is indeed tedious, but there are sometimes passages of animated narrative such as the summary of Hans Stade's adventures among the Tupinambas ³ or the reduction of the Nheengaibas by Vieyra, ⁴ and descriptive accounts, even more interesting, of the customs of the Tupinambas ⁵ or Tapuyas ⁶ and of the communities established by the Jesuits in Paraguay. ⁷ The style has the usual unobtrusive merits of Southey's prose, never arresting by flashes of brilliancy but rising adequate to the

¹ *Life*, IV, 354.

² III, 394.

³ *Ibid.*, I, 191-220.

⁴ *Ibid.*, II, 519-526.

⁵ *Ibid.*, I, 248-261.

⁶ *Ibid.*, I, 399-404.

⁷ *Ibid.*, II, 333-376.

subject wherever a heightened interest demands it. It is worth observing that though the late Professor Lounsbury singled out the "History of Brazil" as a book which no one, presumably of his generation, had read,¹ it was at one time unexpectedly overpraised in the *Edinburgh Review*, which spoke of its "glowing descriptions of the marvels of tropical nature, the picturesque features of savage life, and chivalrous adventures of European settlers."² This, it should be remarked in all justice, was after Southey's death.

Southey's other large historical work was also an outcome of his interest in the affairs of Spain and Portugal, in this case strengthened by his staunch British patriotism. He was an eager witness to the awakening of the Iberian countries from their long lethargy and of their remarkable and unlooked for resistance to the usurpation of Napoleon. He has the credit of predicting that the Spanish adventure would prove the ruin of Napoleon. He glorified the struggle of Spain for its independence as one "of the same eternal and unfading interest as the wars of Greece against Xerxes,"³ a subject worthy of the pen of any historian. He really began to write the story of the Peninsular War while the conflict was in progress, that being the principal theme of the bulky historical sections which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. Here he not only presented the facts with the fulness of a work of reference, but freely criticised what he conceived to be the misconduct and incapacity of the ministry, and spoke his opinion impartially of all. He quoted with satisfaction a remark of Jeffrey's, made in

¹ *Yale Review*, Jan. 1915.

² xciii, 400.

³ *Peninsular War*, III, 485 (ch. 23).

ignorance of Southey's authorship, that the first volume of the *Register* contained the best piece of contemporary history he had seen in twenty years.¹ With the triumphant close of Wellesley's campaign, he began to think of putting his materials into a permanent form. When he applied to the conquering general for the use of his documents, that officer refused, apparently distrusting a layman's ability to treat military matters intelligently. Southey suspected that what the duke really feared was that he would give too much credit to the Spaniards and fail to make the history a full-length portrait of himself.² He deplored the duke's poor judgment but determined to go on with the history nevertheless. "Let who will write his military history, it is in my book that posterity will read of his campaigns."³ The world unfortunately judged otherwise. When Southey's work was two-thirds published, the authorized history of the war by Colonel Napier, himself a participant in the campaigns, began to appear, and the doom of the earlier book was sealed.

Though it did not deserve to be sneered at as "a mere bookselling speculation,"⁴ the shortcomings of Southey's book were exactly those which Wellington had anticipated, and they were brought into clear relief by Napier's version of the same events. That the latter was a scientific and fair-minded account may be inferred from the censure which it met from Coleridge. "It is a specimen," he says, "of the true French military school: not a thought for the justice of the war — not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion. All

¹ *Life*, III, 319.

² *Ibid.*, 74.

³ *Correspondence with Caroline Bowles*, 73.

⁴ *Edinburgh Review*, xlix, 392.

is looked at as a mere game of exquisite skill, and the praise is regularly awarded to the most successful player. . . . I declare I know no book more likely to undermine the national sense of right and wrong in matters of foreign interference than this work of Napier's."¹ The *Quarterly Review* devoted four unusually long articles to the chastisement of Napier, largely for his partiality toward the French and his prejudice against the Spaniards.² On none of these grounds could exception be taken to Southey. He guided his narrative by the very strictest principles of British morality, he could not be exceeded in his detestation and abhorrence of everything connected with the French, and he idealized the conduct of the Spaniards though it involved the disparagement of his own countrymen. But even when these prejudices were viewed as virtues, they could not atone for an inadequate command of the facts and for a complete failure, of which military men must be the judges, to understand the significance of an action or the purpose of a campaign.³ Much good writing this book, like all of Southey's books, was sure to contain. The story of the siege of Zaragoza is the most vivid piece of narrative that Southey ever composed, the writing of which made his pulse beat faster. It may be placed alongside the brilliant passages of the more picturesque historians of the nineteenth century, the masterpieces of Macaulay, of Motley, and of Parkman.

More successful than his large undertakings were his two comparatively modest works on English history, the "Book of the Church" and the "Naval History of England." They were both conceived as

¹ *Table Talk*, June 26, 1831. ² lvi, 131, 437; lvii, 492; lxi, 51.

³ *Quarterly Review*, lxxxviii, 241.

popular manuals and not as works of research. The former was intended for use in the schools of the Church Establishment and the latter as one of the numbers of Longman's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. To be sure they both far exceeded the limits of the original plan. As usual, Southey could not altogether restrain the "peri of his steed from expatiating on the plain of prolixity,"¹ but on the whole there is no great amount of encumbrance. They are thoroughly readable books, bearing in their narrative vigor and fluency the closest resemblance to the "Life of Nelson." In the "Book of the Church" the section recounting the quarrel between Becket and Henry II and the story of the martyrdoms from William Sautre to Archbishop Laud are carried along with an unflagging interest. The considerable number of editions which this book enjoyed is evidence of the attractiveness of its style, but it made no additions to the existing knowledge of the subject and its interpretations of facts and persons were warped by Southey's High Church convictions. The "Naval History" ran into five 12mo volumes without attaining completion and was perhaps on that account less popular, but its contents have a decidedly superior value. It is chiefly concerned with the seamen of Elizabeth's reign, and Southey's unequalled knowledge of the Spanish historians of that period was here of the greatest service. Not only did it afford him information generally inaccessible, but it provided him with a perspective by which the idealized heroes of the Armada could be much more judiciously estimated. The actions of Drake and of Hawkins, of Essex and of Raleigh are recorded with a fidelity, impartiality, and sanity which fixes the

¹ *Warton*, III, 387.

character of these worthies and divests them of the false glamour of romance which has gathered about them. The biographical sketches of which this History is composed have been frequently admired and some of them in recent years reprinted as specimens of "the finest portrait gallery of Elizabethan sea heroes in the English language."¹ Mr. David Hannay credits Southey with bringing to his studies of Elizabethan seamen a general knowledge that has never been equalled by any other English writer, with unerring tact in selecting his authorities and extraordinary dexterity in interweaving them. His account of the Armada, he says, is as full as it could be made on the evidence accessible to him, and but little remains to be added.² Furthermore, it should be remembered to the credit of Southey's impartiality that the story of the great British triumph is told without any bluster; there is not wanting even a word of respect and honor for the dignity of Philip's behavior when he received the news of the defeat of his armament and commanded thanks to be given, throughout Spain, to God and his saints that the defeat was no greater.³

Southey also planned a compendious history of England to correspond to the "Book of the Church" and a larger work on the reign of George III.⁴ Had he written them they would undoubtedly have had the same virtues and the same defects as the "Book of the Church." His views on the course of English history stand out all too clearly in sundry articles in the *Quarterly Review*. In reviewing Hallam's "Constitutional History" he presents an interesting but

¹ *English Seamen*, edited by David Hannay, London, 1895.

² Cf. *Quarterly Review*, clxxxi, 3. ³ *Naval History*, II, 368.

⁴ *Warter*, III, 417.

now unfamiliar interpretation of the Great Rebellion. The financial difficulties of Charles the First's reign he explains as the fault of Parliament and not of the king. "The intolerance and persecution were not on the side of the laws and the establishment, but of the puritans; there was no design of subverting the liberties of the nation, but there was a settled purpose of overthrowing the church and the monarchy; the king appealed to the laws, and his opponents to the prejudices, the passions, and the physical force of the people."¹ Strafford was a patriot, Laud a saint, Charles a martyr. Hampden and Pym were disappointed place-seekers and unprincipled demagogues, Cromwell a man of many virtues who sacrificed to earthly greatness his peace of mind and hope of heavenly reward.² In another article Southey has left the equally remarkable clue which would have guided him in writing of the "Age of George III": "The age of the Antonines was the happiest of which any remembrance has been preserved in ancient history; that of the Georges has been the happiest in later times; altogether so in our own country, and, during the greater part of its continuance, throughout the whole of the European states. We have seen the termination of that age — not of the dynasty with which it began, nor (let us trust in God's mercy!) of those blessings which, through the accession of that dynasty, were preserved for our forefathers, and for us — and for our children, unless, by any *laches* on our part, we suffer their inheritance to be cut off."³ All that the world has lost in these unwritten books is possibly another review by Macaulay. Southey was most successful when he

¹ *Quarterly Review*, xxxvii, 238.

² *Ibid.*, xxv, 279-347.

³ *Ibid.*, xlv, 262.

had no great principles to illustrate, no philosophic clue to guide him. That is why the "History of Brazil" and the "Naval History" are useful contributions to the subjects of which they treat and are the only residuum of many years of devoted toil.

BIOGRAPHY

IN the kindred province of biography Southey's success was greater than in history. The largest part of the "Naval History," indeed, is cast in biographical form and might more fittingly be listed among his achievements under the present head. His manner of treating his materials was both sympathetic and judicious. No fairer mode of approach can be imagined for a biographer than Southey's plan "to account for the actions of men by their own principles and represent them as the persons represent them to themselves."¹ In this way justice is assured to the subject of the biography while there is nothing to prevent the author from expressing his individual judgment of the motives and actions which he has passed in review. There is always the danger that actions may be misunderstood and motives wrongly imputed, but with Southey's scrupulousness in the treatment of documents this danger was reduced to a minimum. Naturalness and spontaneity are distinctive qualities of his biographies. The story seems to be telling itself, simply and unpretentiously. The character is not deliberately and formally analyzed, but revealed step by step in his words and deeds. Whatever personal bias may exist is either inherent in the choice of the subject or lightly superposed, as in the moral reflections on the South American savages, but it is not allowed to permeate the narrative.

¹ Robberds, *Memoir of William Taylor*, II, 347.

The "Life of Nelson" is the single work of Southey which has won universal acclaim. Greeted with unanimous approval on its first appearance, it early gained the reputation of a literary classic and has to this day retained its unassailable eminence. Not that it is in the specialist's sense an authoritative life. Southey understood as little of naval strategy as he did of land manœuvres—he walked among sea terms, he said, as carefully as a cat among crockery—and the technical history of Nelson's sea-battles was left for Admiral Mahan to describe. But the value of Southey's work was not thereby impaired. It is still the book to which the general reader will go for the story of the exploits of England's greatest hero told directly and simply, yet with a warmth of patriotic interest and a sincerity of admiration which are exactly suited to the occasion. This triumph of artistic prose Southey accomplished almost unintentionally. The task, he said, was an imposed one, quite out of his way, and his own share in it merely to arrange in clear and continuous form materials "in themselves full of character, picturesque, and sublime."¹ Had he been allowed his own way, he would probably have approached the task in the same spirit as the Peninsular War and have produced an equally abortive result. He would have crammed his outline with a mass of uninteresting documents and intruded abundant digressions on naval and military matters in general. His materials, he is quoted as saying, would have extended to ten times the bulk.² Fortunately both the size of the work and the time of completion were firmly fixed by Murray, and so he was saved from spoiling a masterpiece.

¹ *Life*, IV, 9, 17.

² *Quarterly Review*, lxxxviii, 239.

The "Life of Wesley," which next to the "Nelson" — though at a long distance — was his most successful biography, is an example of Southey's tendency to inclusiveness. This book is more properly a history of the Methodist movement than a biography of its founder. The stories of George Whitefield and of the Moravians are introduced in great detail. Southey's design was to display the conditions which fostered the religious revival of the eighteenth century and he therefore drew on everything which was likely to illustrate it. He speaks of the pains which were required to collect the pieces for this "tesselated tablet," but the epithet does not give an impression of the skill with which the materials were blended. There is no patchwork; the related subjects are not introduced in the form of digressions but fused into a continuous narrative with the main theme. Fully as much as on the score of composition the book is entitled to praise for its fair-mindedness. Of course it did not satisfy the Methodists, but it was also censured on the other side for devoting superfluous labor and attaching too much importance to a subject so trifling and contemptible. The criticism shows that Southey was rendering a useful service in making the ruling classes aware of the serious significance of the religious movement among the humble masses of England.

In writing the "Life of Cowper" Southey was hampered by copyright restriction on many letters which were being utilized in a rival biography. He characteristically tried to make up the deficiency by introducing long chapters of literary history about Churchill and Colman and Bonnell Thornton.

Southey also composed many brief biographical sketches in the shape of introductory essays or

Quarterly articles. To the former class belong the lives of Kirke White, John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, and the collection of "Lives of the Uneducated Poets." Of the *Review* biographies, the "Life of Cromwell" was later separately reprinted, but some of the others have a more curious interest. There is, to begin with, a very entertaining account of William Huntington, S.S. (Sinner Saved), a fanatical preacher who, "when the unnamed part of his apparel was worn out, used to pray for a supply and receive a new pair, as he represented it, by the special interposition of Providence."¹ There is also a charmingly written narrative of the life of Bayard, the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, in which Southey's early fondness for chivalry is reanimated and he indulges in that pleasant vein of archaic English which he had developed in the "Amadis of Gaul" and "The Cid."² The sketch of Marlborough strikes one by its glorification of the duke's character, which approaches, according to Southey, "in all his relations, public and private, almost as nearly as human frailty will allow, to the model of a great patriot, a true statesman, and a consummate general."³ Finally, in his account of John Evelyn, Southey embodied an ideal of old-fashioned beauty which he cherished in his heart of hearts and summed it up in the most beautiful and stately sentence he ever wrote: "For an English gentleman he is the perfect model. Neither to solicit public offices, nor to shun them, but when they are conferred to execute their duties diligently, conscientiously, and fearlessly; to have no amusements but such as being laudable as well as innocent, are healthful alike for the mind and for the body,

¹ *Quarterly Review*, xxiv, 462-510.

² *Ibid.*, xxxii, 355-397.

³ *Ibid.*, xxiii, 1-73.

and in which, while the passing hour is beguiled, a store of delightful recollection is laid up; to be the liberal encourager of literature and the arts; to seek for true and permanent enjoyment by the practice of the household virtues — the only course by which it can be found; to enlarge the sphere of existence backward by means of learning through all time, and forward by means of faith through all eternity, — behold the fair ideal of human happiness! And this was realized in the life of Evelyn.”¹

¹ *Ibid.*, xix, 54.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

SOUTHEY produced three works of miscellaneous prose — the “Letters of Espriella,” “Sir Thomas More: Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,” and “The Doctor.” In the first of these he adopted the device, familiar in the eighteenth century, of criticising the manners and institutions of his own country from the point of view of a fictitious foreign visitor. The disguise was very unskillfully preserved. In spite of his sympathy with Spain, it was impossible for Southey to free himself from his tight British skin. The discussions of political and social conditions, of the manufacturing system, of the Quakers and Methodists, of the Swedenborgians and the reigning religious quacks are conducted in his characteristically dogmatic vein. His admirable descriptions of the Lake Country, too, express the love of a native, and the style has the same qualities and defects as in his other works. A very similar range of topics, with the same set of opinions, is to be found in the Colloquies, written about a score of years later. The dramatic device is not much happier than in “Espriella.” One recognizes Southey’s great interlocutor in his domestic virtues, his humanism, and perhaps even his humor, but one fails to get a glimpse of the clear intellect, the bold vision, the far-seeing idealism of the author of “Utopia.” There are, however, in this book many more pages of beautiful writing, the

fruit of a larger experience of life's hopes and sorrows. The favorite spots of his Lake country are once more described, but now a spirit of melancholy reminiscence hovers over them. All the pleasures of his domestic and book-filled existence are subdued to a tone of poetic sadness with no touch of bitterness to detract from their ingratiating charm. His private confidences in his walks and in his library still make delightful reading after his opinions on serious questions have all passed away into oblivion.

"The Doctor" is a work of altogether different pretensions and the greatest favorite with Southey. "Espriella" and the Colloquies were intended for the instruction of his contemporaries; "The Doctor" was undertaken primarily to afford recreation from severer labors as well as to provide a receptacle for many odds and ends of learning and information which could not conveniently be disposed of elsewhere. Incidentally it was to serve for the entertainment, and probably also for the profit, of future generations. The notion of such a book occurs in Southey's correspondence as early as 1805 when he urges his friend Bedford to the composition of a book of sublime nonsense, requiring "more wit, more sense, more reading, more knowledge, more learning, than go to the composition of half the wise ones in the world."¹ In another letter² he sends him a chapter for insertion in the proposed work. As his friend did not respond to repeated goading, Southey determined to carry out the idea himself. For a groundwork he adopted the story of Dr. Daniel Dove and his horse Nobs. This story, which he had first heard from Coleridge, was a favorite in his household, and its humor lay in making it as long-winded as possible.

¹ *Life*, II, 337.

² *Warter*, II, 362.

What the initial idea grew to is best told in Southey's own words: "The author began it in his blithest years, with the intention of saying, under certain restrictions, *quidlibet de quolibet*, and making it a receptacle for his shreds and patches; beginning in jest, he grew more and more in earnest as he proceeded; he dreamed over it and brooded over it — laid it aside for months and years, resumed it after long intervals, and more often latterly in thoughtfulness than in mirth; fancied, perhaps, at last, that he could put into it more of his mind than could conveniently be produced in any other form."¹ He had no doubt that the result was a great and unusual book: "Such a variety of ingredients I think never before entered into any book which had a thread of continuity running through it. I promise you there is as much sense as nonsense there. It is very much like a trifle, where you have whipped cream at the top, sweetmeats below, and a good solid foundation of cake well steeped in ratafia. You will find a liberal expenditure of long-hoarded stores, such as the reading of few men could supply; satire and speculation; truths, some of which might beseem the bench or the pulpit, and others that require the sanction of the cap and bells for their introduction. And, withal, a narrative interspersed with interludes of every kind, yet still continuous upon a plan of its own, varying from grave to gay, and taking as wild and yet as natural a course as one of our mountain streams."² To round out his estimate of the work, it should be observed that he saw in it "a little of Rabelais, but not much; more of Tristram Shandy, somewhat of Burton, and perhaps more of Montaigne," with a *quintum quid* predominating.³

¹ *Life*, VI, 268.² *Ibid.*, V, 190.³ *Ibid.*, VI, 269.

From this self-appreciation, needless to say, very large deductions have to be made. No one has succeeded in detecting any essential resemblance in "The Doctor" to Rabelais or Sterne, to Burton or Montaigne. Miscellaneous as are the materials of these writers and whimsically vagrant their methods, their writings are all pervaded by a shaping personality and held together by a consistent bond of thought and feeling. Southey's materials seem to have passed through no process of fusion. Too large a proportion of the contents is colorless and intractable to any kind of literary handling, is nothing more, in short, than a bald transcription from his commonplace books. The places are not many where three or four successive chapters can be read with a sustained interest. As numerous as the pedantic diversions, and much more annoying, are the attempts at humor which are apparently dictated by some traditional demand for comic contrast or relief, but have no visible justification other than they might gain by being successful. A passage of quiet reflection or of straightforward and artless narrative is sure to be followed by a loud outbreak of animal spirits, crude horseplay, or sheer vulgar nonsense. The severe chastisement which has been visited on Southey for his numerous offences of this kind is on the whole deserved. He goes about his task of creating wit with an elaborateness that looks like malice. He spins a tasteless joke out in a dozen pages or loads down a slightly whimsical notion with a mass of heavy pedantry; he puns as tediously as an Elizabethan and finds delight in the most childlike accumulation of words and sounds. There can be no doubt that he is enjoying himself as hugely as any child all the while, but the effect on the reader is

either yawn-provoking or merely painful. Still, one ought not to be blinded, by a just resentment, to a recognition of the genuine sense of fun with which Southey was gifted and which on occasion he indulged without any violation of good taste. He is at his best when giving vent to a mood of quiet playfulness. His pedantry serves him well in a mediæval disquisition on the inferiority of woman, and he applies his elaborateness successfully to the calculation, interesting in the age of efficiency, of the time consumed in shaving. There was a vein of drollery in him which combined with his innocence of heart and goodness of nature to produce such pleasant and winsome passages as the Memoir of the Cats of Greta Hall. These elements, too, are a large ingredient in the Story of the Three Bears, for which Southey's anticipation that he would be blest by all who love to tell stories to their children has been fully realized.

From speaking of the defects of "The Doctor" we have insensibly been led to mention some of its entertaining episodes. Though the Story of the Three Bears might alone suffice to redeem the book from oblivion, there are many other things in it, shining like so many bits of gold in a heap of dross, that are worthy of the labor required to extricate them. When the first two volumes were published in 1834, some of the reviewers treated them as a novel because of the overshadowing attractiveness of the chapters concerned with the narrative of Daniel Dove. The number of volumes in time grew to seven, but the story of Daniel Dove and Mrs. Dove made no material progress, and those earlier chapters remained the most attractive in the book. They reflect from a new angle Southey's amiable character, his tastes,

his ideals of English life and conduct, much as his other writings do, but in a more concentrated manner and with touches of dramatic vividness. They introduce the reader to an old-fashioned English homestead with its curious and old-fashioned assortment of books. The persons who live in it from one generation to another are old-fashioned in their simple, kindly, uninquiring humanity. They think in an old-fashioned way and they make love in an old-fashioned way, — which is a way unknown in the novels of any generation — without sentimentality and without passion. For their sweet naturalness and idyllic charm, the love story of Leonard and Margaret and the winning of Deborah Bacon by the Doctor are entitled to a place of distinction in English prose. In addition to these episodes there are pages of observation and reflection which, if they are never profound, are often sensible and agreeable, their vein being that of the eighteenth century essayists seasoned with a quaint, antique sauce borrowed from the graver writers of the seventeenth. These passages, combined with some scattered through his other works, make up a body of mixed prose on the strength of which Southey may claim a position of respect among the writers of the familiar essay.

CONCLUSION

THE foregoing summary, if it has led to no general reversal of judgment on the bulk of Southey's prose, has at least tried to bring into relief the many admirable things in it which are commonly buried in a sweeping censure of the whole. By his activity in behalf of the literature of the Peninsula, Southey has contributed two notable romances for the enjoyment of English readers and has played the part of a pioneer in the modern study of Spanish and Portuguese literature. He produced histories all of which are distinguished by passages of excellent and entertaining writing, while some are permanently valuable for the quantity of unprecedented research which they embody. He wrote biographies of distinctive merit and one of them has become a classic. In his miscellaneous works he gave play to moods of fancy and reflection with occasional happy results and left an image of a serene existence which smells sweetly to after ages, of a life constant in its devotion to a high sense of duty, lovable in the piety of its domestic relations and in its wider humanity. His personal virtues speak more appealingly in the intimate passages of the Colloquies and "The Doctor" than they do in his private letters. Paradoxical as it may sound, the letters very seldom reveal the intimate charm of Southey's confidences to the public. They are nearly all letters of news; his ideas and opinions appear in them abundantly, but

in the form of flat, categorical statements. The reader misses in them the atmosphere of leisurely reflection, the tone of quiet rumination.

The sum that has thus been placed to Southey's credit is not a mean one. It establishes a claim to remembrance for what his contemporaries united in calling the most "elegant and classical" prose of his time. The praises of Southey's style are often enough repeated, in empty echoes, perhaps, of its once sounding fame. The epithets "elegant and classical" had a significance in the mouths of his contemporaries which they would not have now. A generation which had just begun to taste the glitter and novelty and elaborateness of Hazlitt and Lamb and De Quincey, which had not yet been led away by the brilliant rhetoric of Carlyle and Ruskin, but still looked back to the eighteenth century for its ideal patterns, naturally regarded purity and propriety as the great excellences. In the fundamental virtues of style Southey could hardly be surpassed. His own oft-repeated precept to those who sought advice on the art of writing is contained in the familiar lesson of all text-books, to think of the subject and let the expression take care of itself. This, at any rate, is the initial process in his practice and results in simplicity and perspicuity. It is generally followed by a process of refinement in which "every sentence is then weighed upon the ear, euphony becomes a second object, and ambiguities are removed."¹ On that quality of euphony which in Latin rhetoric is called "numerousness," Southey set a utilitarian value. "Numerous prose," he says, in distinguishing it from poetic prose, "not only carries with it a charm to the ear but affords such

¹ *Life*, VI, 99.

facility to the utterance, that the difference between reading aloud from a book so composed, or from one which has been written without any feeling of numerousness on the writer's part, is as great and perceptible as the difference between traveling upon an old road, or a macadamised one." "Numerous prose and poetical prose," he observes, "are things as different as gracefulness and affectation."¹ "Clearness" and "euphony" — it requires only "force" to complete the familiar formula, and this term occurs in Southey's theory only less insistently than the other two. The three combined are excellent preservatives of good matter, but they do not suffice to exalt into memorable relief the individual substance of a writer's personality. Of this, also, Southey had more than an inkling, for he cited the superiority of Tacitus and Sallust over Livy to illustrate the advantage of "a little peculiarity of style" in helping to nail down the matter to the memory.² In his own *Commonplace Books* there are many detached sentences, figurative, sparkling, pointed, epigrammatic which testify to his possession of a power held in restraint in his formal writing. But he feared any tendency to an extreme and dreaded the growth of a mannerism. He condoned an original style in persons in whom it was associated with original mental powers, in Sir Thomas Browne, in Dr. Johnson, or in Gibbon,³ but shunned to fall into the errors of an imitator. Through the rejection of all the more conspicuous ornaments, his style becomes what Professor Elton calls it — achromatic. It has harmony, and it often has animation, but it is destitute of color and of richness, of nearly everything that distinguished his romantic contemporaries.

¹ *The Doctor*, Interch. 17. ² *Life*, II, 194. ³ *Ibid.*, V, 240.

Southey succeeded in keeping his poetic muse at a safe distance while composing in the lower harmony.

Southey maintained that his style moulded itself to whatever subject it was applied, that it varied for each work that he undertook.¹ But the force of this claim is diminished by the comparative narrowness of his range. Narrow it must be called in relation to stylistic demands, for most of his writings fall under simple exposition and historical narrative. Within this field the variety of topics did call for some differences of treatment. It has already been pointed out how he created a quaintly archaic style for his Spanish romances from the old English chroniclers. In other instances it is interesting to observe how dexterously he accommodates his manner to that of the sources which he is handling. In the "Naval History," when he recounts the exploits of Sir Walter Manny, it is as if Froissart himself were writing.² He falls naturally into the same vocabulary and structure of sentence; he assumes the same simplicity of tone and chivalrous spirit. He tells an old legend of a merman³ or the popular story of the blacksmith and Hubert de Burgh with all the naïve credulity of a mediæval narrator.⁴ This was not the result of deliberate imitation but of a sympathetic adaptability. Macaulay thought that the "Life of Nelson" was practically ready-written in the materials which Southey had the good sense or luck not to spoil. He does not give him sufficient credit for the power of raising himself to the height of a heroic argument such as he loftily displays not alone in the "Life of Nelson" but in the description of the sieges of Zaragoza in the "Peninsular War." The style, on the whole, was as flexible as the subjects de-

¹ *Warton*, I, 404.

² Ch. V.

³ I, 116.

⁴ I, 195.

manded, but Southey did not call upon it to display a wide gamut of feelings and ideas. He had no spiritual complexities to unriddle, no conflicts of strong emotions to resolve into a harmony, no shades and refinements of intellectual subtlety to illuminate. For his vision everything was simple; he knew unhesitatingly the right from the wrong, he loved wholeheartedly and he hated wholeheartedly. His pleasures were honest and wholesome, his ideals sincere and straightforward, and this is the character reflected by his personal prose — a serene and simple harmony subdued to an even tone of gracefully measured discourse. The strain is single but it is worthy of recollection.

Southey's fame is not what it was in his own time, and yet there is a fallacy in citing his fate to illustrate the liability of great contemporary reputations to decay. There would be little exaggeration in saying that the balanced judgment of his accomplishment does not at present differ from the balanced judgment that could have been obtained in his own day. His name necessarily loomed large because of his limitless activity in many fields, — in poetry, because of the novelty of his theories and the strangeness of his themes, — in prose, because he was a prolific writer in an acceptable and agreeable style on topics of immediate popularity and practical interest. But the mark of mortality was on most of his subjects, ephemeral contributions to periodicals, and histories such as time inevitably supersedes. The recognition of Southey's solid talents was joined with no illusion as to the elements of endurance in his work. It is not necessary to go to the *Edinburgh Review* to find his powers discounted. His imperfect information on some of the subjects on which he presumed to

write with authority, his dogmatism, his prejudices, his painful efforts at humor, and above all, the deficiency of his reasoning faculty — everything, in fact, that vitiates his work for posterity — are often enough touched on in *Blackwood's Magazine*. "Never truly was such a mistake," that Tory champion once remarked, "as for him to make his appearance in an age of restlessly vigorous thought, disdainful originality of opinion, intolerance for long-windedness, and scorn of mountains in labor."¹ Only the circumstance of his personal connection prevented Southey from becoming equally the butt for the *Quarterly Review*. When in his anxiety to preserve the anonymity of "The Doctor," he positively denied his authorship to Lockhart, the latter in innocent good faith wrote a review which, while recognizing generously the better features of the work, delivered some home truths which must have occasioned exquisite torture to Southey. He might overlook or even be flattered by abuse from a political rival, but to have his own organ tell him that "two-thirds of his performance look as if they might have been penned in the vestibule of Bedlam," and to be rebuked there for his bitter sneers at Lord Byron, for his "clumsy and grossly affected contempt for Mr. Jeffrey," and for "the heavy magniloquence of his self-esteem" — all this could hardly have been pleasant to a man with a much thicker skin.² It was in the *Quarterly Review*, too, that Southey's pretensions were examined with the most critical coldness after his death and that his talents were assigned a secondary place.³ The balance is restored, curiously enough, by the posthumous appreciation of the *Edinburgh Review*, which spoke of Southey as

¹ xv, 209.

² li, 68-96.

³ lxxxviii, 246.

“a writer and a man of whom England has reason to be proud,”¹ and again as “one whose failings are written in water and whose virtues are recorded on tablets more enduring than monumental brass.”² This is praise for the man provoked by a perusal of his letters, of those letters by which he has chiefly held his place in the succeeding years. But the combined utterances clearly proclaim the unprejudiced verdict of his own generation, and the verdict has stood essentially unaltered. Southey's character rose buoyant while the mass of his prose labor was allowed to sink by its natural weight. The general submersion has, however, involved some matter of pleasant pith which it may be deemed an act of piety to restore to the eyes of men. In this act no reversal of existing estimates is implied. Taken in connection with the whole of the foregoing account, it should, however, show that the prestige which Southey enjoyed was natural and well merited and that something of him still remains for lovers of good prose to enjoy.

¹ lxxxvii, 369.

² xciii, 372.

SELECTIONS

THE LIBRARY

I WAS in my library, making room upon the shelves for some books which had just arrived from New England, removing to a less conspicuous station others which were of less value and in worse dress, when Sir Thomas entered. You are employed, said he, to your heart's content. Why, Montesinos, with these books, and the delight you take in their constant society, what have you to covet or desire?

MONTESINOS

Nothing, — except more books.

SIR THOMAS MORE

*Crescit, indulgens sibi, dirus hydrops.*¹

MONTESINOS

Nay, nay, my ghostly monitor, this at least is no diseased desire! If I covet more, it is for the want I feel and the use which I should make of them. "Libraries," says my good old friend George Dyer, a man as learned as he is benevolent, — "libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, might bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use."² These books of mine, as you well know, are not drawn

¹ The malignant dropsy grows by pampering itself.

² *History of Cambridge*, vol. i, p. 6.

up here for display, however much the pride of the eye may be gratified in beholding them; they are on actual service. Whenever they may be dispersed, there is not one among them that will ever be more comfortably lodged, or more highly prized by its possessor; and generations may pass away before some of them will again find a reader. — It is well that we do not moralize too much upon such subjects, —

For foresight is a melancholy gift,
Which bares the bald, and speeds the all-too-swift.

H. T.

But the dispersion of a library, whether in retrospect or in anticipation, is always to me a melancholy thing.

SIR THOMAS MORE

How many such dispersions must have taken place to have made it possible that these books should thus be brought together here among the Cumberland mountains!

MONTESINOS

Many, indeed; and in many instances most disastrous ones. Not a few of these volumes have been cast up from the wreck of the family or convent libraries during the late Revolution. Yonder *Acta Sanctorum* belonged to the Capuchines, at Ghent. This book of St. Bridget's Revelations, in which not only all the initial letters are illuminated, but every capital throughout the volume was coloured, came from the Carmelite Nunnery at Bruges. That copy of Alain Chartier, from the Jesuits' College at Louvain; that *Imago Primi Sæculi Societatis*, from their college at Ruremond. Here are books from Colbert's library; here others from the Lamoignon one. And

here are two volumes of a work,¹ not more rare than valuable for its contents, divorced, unhappily, and it is to be feared, for ever, from the one which should stand between them; they were printed in a convent at Manila, and brought from thence when that city was taken by Sir William Draper; they have given me, perhaps, as many pleasurable hours, (past in acquiring information which I could not otherwise have obtained), as Sir William spent years of anxiety and vexation in vainly soliciting the reward of his conquest.

About a score of the more out-of-the-way works in my possession belonged to some unknown person, who seems carefully to have gleaned the book-stalls a little before and after the year 1790. He marked them with certain ciphers, always at the end of the volume. They are in various languages, and I never found his mark in any book that was not worth buying, or that I should not have bought without that indication to induce me. All were in ragged condition, and having been dispersed, upon the owner's death, probably as of no value, to the stalls they had returned; and there I found this portion of them, just before my old haunts as a book-hunter in the metropolis were disforested, to make room for the improvements between Westminster and Oxford Road. I have endeavoured, without success, to discover the name of their former possessor. He must have been a remarkable man; and the whole of his collection, judging of it by that part which has come into my hands, must have been singularly curious. A book is the more valuable to me

¹ Chronicles of the bare-footed Franciscans in the Philipines, China, Japan, &c. I am indebted for this very curious book to the kindness of my friend Sir Robert Harry Inglis.

when I know to whom it has belonged, and through what "scenes and changes" it has past.

SIR THOMAS MORE

You would have its history recorded in the fly leaf, as carefully as the pedigree of a race-horse is preserved.

MONTESINOS

I confess that I have much of that feeling in which the superstition concerning relics has originated; and I am sorry when I see the name of a former owner obliterated in a book, or the plate of his arms defaced. Poor memorials though they be, yet they are something saved for awhile from oblivion; and I should be almost as unwilling to destroy them, as to efface the *Hic jacet* of a tombstone. There may be sometimes a pleasure in recognizing them, sometimes a salutary sadness.

Yonder Chronicle of King D. Manoel, by Damiam de Goes, and yonder General History of Spain, by Esteban de Garibay, are signed by their respective authors. The minds of these laborious and useful scholars are in their works; but you are brought into a more personal relation with them when you see the page upon which you know that their eyes have rested and the very characters which their hands have traced. This copy of Casaubon's Epistles was sent to me from Florence, by Walter Landor. He had perused it carefully, and to that perusal we are indebted for one of the most pleasing of his Conversations: these letters had carried him in spirit to the age of their writer, and shown James I. to him in the light wherein James was regarded by contemporary scholars; and under the impression thus produced, Landor has written

of him in his happiest mood, calmly, philosophically, feelingly, and with no more of favourable leaning than justice will always manifest when justice is in good humour and in charity with all men. The book came from the palace library at Milan, — how, or when abstracted, I know not; but this beautiful dialogue would never have been written had it remained there in its place upon the shelf, for the worms to finish the work which they had begun. Isaac Casaubon must be in your society, Sir Thomas, — for where Erasmus is, you will be, and there also Casaubon will have his place among the wise and the good. Tell him, I pray you, that due honour has in these days been rendered to his name by one who, as a scholar, is qualified to appreciate his merits, and whose writings will be more durable than monuments of brass or marble.

SIR THOMAS MORE

Is there no message to him from Walter Landor's friend?

MONTESINOS

Say to him, since you encourage me to such boldness, that his letters could scarcely have been perused with deeper interest by the persons to whom they were addressed, than they have been by one, at the foot of Skiddaw, who is never more contentedly employed than when learning from the living minds of other ages; one who would gladly have this expression of respect and gratitude conveyed to him; and who trusts that, when his course is finished here, he shall see him face to face.

Here is a book with which Lauderdale amused himself, when Cromwell kept him prisoner in Windsor

Castle: he has recorded his state of mind during that imprisonment by inscribing in it, with his name, and the dates¹ of time and place, the Latin word *Durate*, and the Greek *Οἰστέον καὶ ἐλπιστέον*.² — Here is a memorial of a different kind inscribed in this “Rule³ of Penance of St. Francis, as it is ordered for religious women.” — “I beseech my deare mother humbly to accept of this exposition of our holy rule, the better to conceive what your poor child ought to be, who daly beges your blessing. Constantia Francisco.” — And here in the Apophthegmata, collected by Conrad Lycosthenes, and published after drastic expurgation, by the Jesuits, as a common-place book, some Portugueze has entered a hearty vow⁴ that he would never part with the book, nor lend it to any one. — Very different was the disposition of my poor old Lisbon acquaintance, the Abbé, who, after the old humaner form, wrote in all his books (and he had a rare collection) *Ex libris Francisci Garnier, et amicorum*.⁵

SIR THOMAS MORE

How peaceably they stand together, — Papists and Protestants side by side!

MONTESINOS

Their very dust reposes not more quietly in the cemetery. Ancient and Modern, Jew and Gentile, Mohammedan and Crusader, French and English, Spaniards and Portugueze, Dutch and Brazilians,

¹ The date is 22 Oct. 1657. The book is *Pia Hilaria Angelini Gazai*, of which an edition in two volumes, 12mo, was that year published in London by R. Pepper, of Christ's College, Cambridge.

² One must bear and hope.

³ Douay, 1644.

⁴ *Faço voto a Jesu Christo da não largar este livro da mão e emprestalhe a alguem.* Anno Dni. 1664.

⁵ From the library of Francis Garnier and his friends.

fighting their old battles, silently now, upon the same shelf: Fernam Lopez and Pedro de Ayala; John de Laet and Barlæus, with the historians of Joam Fernandes Vieira; Fox's Martyrs and the Three Conversions of Father Persons; Cranmer and Stephen Gardiner; Dominican and Franciscan; Jesuit and *Philosophe* (equally misnamed); Churchmen and Sectarians; Roundheads and Cavaliers!

Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is nature's secretary, the philosopher:
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers; and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.

DONNE.

Here I possess these gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations, laid up in my garners: and when I go to the window there is the lake, and the circle of the mountains, and the illimitable sky.

SIR THOMAS MORE

*Felicemque voco pariter studiique locique!*¹

MONTESINOS

— *meritoque probas artesque locumque.*²

The simile of the bees,

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,*³

has often been applied to men who made literature their profession; and they among them to whom worldly wealth and worldly honour are objects of ambition, may have reason enough to acknowledge its applicability. But it will bear a happier application, and

¹ I call you blessed alike in your studies and your situation.

² And justly do you approve both my pursuits and situation.

³ So (like the) bees you make honey but not for yourselves.

with equal fitness; for, for whom is the purest honey hoarded that the bees of this world elaborate, if it be not for the man of letters? The exploits of the kings and heroes of old, serve now to fill story books for his amusement and instruction. It was to delight his leisure and call forth his admiration that Homer sung, and Alexander conquered. It is to gratify his curiosity that adventurers have traversed deserts and savage countries, and navigators have explored the sea from pole to pole. The revolutions of the planet which he inhabits are but matters for his speculation; and the deluges and conflagrations which it has undergone, problems to exercise his philosophy, — or fancy. He is the inheritor of whatever has been discovered by persevering labour, or created by inventive genius. The wise of all ages have heaped up a treasure for him, which rust doth not corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal. — I must leave out the moth, — for even in this climate care is required against its ravages.

SIR THOMAS MORE

Yet, Montesinos, how often does the worm-eaten volume outlast the reputation of the worm-eaten author!

MONTESINOS

Of the living one also; for many there are of whom it may be said, in the words of Vida, that —

— *ipsi*
Saepe suis superant monumentis; illaudatique
Extremum ante diem fatus flevere caducos,
Viventesque suæ viderunt funera famæ.¹

¹ Themselves often survive their own monuments; unpraised, before they died they have wept their perished fruits, and while they lived they saw the obsequies of their own fame.

Some literary reputations die in the birth; a few are nibbled to death by critics, — but they are weakly ones that perish thus, such only as must otherwise soon have come to a natural death. Somewhat more numerous are those which are overfed with praise, and die of the surfeit. Brisk reputations, indeed, are like bottled twopenny, or pop, — “they sparkle, are exhaled, and fly,” — not to heaven, but to the Limbo. To live among books, is in this respect like living among the tombs; — you have in them speaking remembrances of mortality. “Behold this also is vanity!”¹

SIR THOMAS MORE

Has it proved to you “vexation of spirit” also?

MONTESINOS

Oh no! for never can any man’s life have been past more in accord with his own inclinations, nor more answerably to his own desires. Excepting that peace which, through God’s infinite mercy, is derived from a higher source, it is to literature, humanly speaking, that I am beholden, not only for the means of subsistence, but for every blessing which I enjoy; — health of mind and activity of mind, contentment, cheerfulness, continual employment, and therewith continual pleasure. *Suavissima vita indies sentire se fieri meliorem;*² and this as Bacon has said, and

¹ “If,” says Bishop Bull, “we would have our hearts brought off to God, and the serious pursuit of eternal things, let us daily study the vanity of this world. Study it, did I say? — There seems little need of study, or deep search into this matter. This is a thing that thrusts itself upon our thoughts, so that we must think of it, unless we thrust it from us.” — Vol. i, p. 211.

² It is a most sweet life to perceive ourselves growing in virtue from day to day.

Clarendon repeated, is the benefit that a studious man enjoys in retirement. To the studies which I have faithfully pursued, I am indebted for friends with whom, hereafter, it will be deemed an honour to have lived in friendship; and as for the enemies which they have procured to me in sufficient numbers, — happily I am not of the thin-skinned race: they might as well fire 'small shot at a rhinoceros, as direct their attacks upon me.¹ *In omnibus requiem quaesivi*, said Thomas à Kempis, *sed non inveni nisi in angulis et libellis.*² I too have found repose where he did, in books and retirement, but it was there alone I sought it: to these my nature, under the direction of a merciful Providence, led me betimes, and the world can offer nothing which should tempt me from them.

“SIR THOMAS MORE,” Colloquy XIV.

¹ “*De odio improborum adversus pietatem, non est quod te tantopere moveat: hoc debeat, si hoc novum esset, bonos primum nunc ab improbis lacessi. A Deo incipiunt; in nos mitiores esse non possunt. Ego in hac militiâ veteranus sum.*” Scaliger, Isacio Casaubono. Epist. p. 165. (In the hatred of the wicked against piety there is nothing which should so greatly disturb you: it might if it were something new, if good men were now for the first time assailed by the wicked. They begin with God and cannot be gentler toward us. I am a veteran in this kind of campaigning.)

² I have sought repose everywhere, but I have not found it save in retirement and books.

SCENES FROM THE LAKE COUNTRY

KESWICK LAKE

THE Lake of Keswick has this decided advantage over the others which we have seen, that it immediately appears to be what it is. Winandermere and Ulswater might be mistaken for great rivers, nor indeed can the whole extent of either be seen at once; here you are on a land-locked bason of water, a league in length, and about half as broad, — you do not wish it to be larger, the mirror is in perfect proportion to its frame. Skiddaw, the highest and most famous of the English mountains, forms its northern boundary, and seems to rise almost immediately from its shore, though it is at the nearest point half a league distant, and the town intervenes. One long mountain, along which the road forms a fine terrace, reaches nearly along the whole of its western side; and through the space between this and the next mountain, which in many points of view appears like the lower segment of a prodigious circle, a lovely vale is seen which runs up among the hills. But the pride of the Lake of Keswick is the head, where the mountains of Borrodale bound the prospect, in a wilder and grander manner than words can adequately describe. The cataract of Lodore thunders down its eastern side through a chasm in the rocks, which are wooded with birch and ash trees. It is a little river, flowing from a small lake upon the mountains about a league distant. The water, though there had been heavy rains, was not adequate to the chan-

nel; — indeed it would require a river of considerable magnitude to fill it, — yet it is at once the finest work and instrument of rock and water that I have ever seen or heard. At a little public-house near, where the key of the entrance is kept, they have a cannon to display the echo; it was discharged for us, and we heard the sound rolling round from hill to hill, — but for this we paid four shillings, — which are very nearly a peso duro. So that English echoes appear to be the most expensive luxuries in which a traveller can indulge. It is true there was an inferior one which would have cost only two shillings and sixpence; but when one buys an echo, who would be content for the sake of saving eighteenpence, to put up with the second best, instead of ordering at once the super-extra-double-superfine?

We walked once more at evening to the Lake side. Immediately opposite the quay is a little island with a dwelling-house upon it. A few years ago it was hideously disfigured with forts and batteries, a sham church, and a new druidical temple, and except a few fir-trees the whole was bare. The present owner has done all which a man of taste could do in removing these deformities: the church is converted into a tool-house, the forts demolished, the batteries dismantled, the stones of the druidical temple employed in forming a bank, and the whole island planted. There is something in this place more like the scenes of enchantment in the books of chivalry than like anything in our ordinary world, — a building the exterior of which promised all the conveniences and elegancies of life, surrounded with all ornamental trees, in a little island the whole of which is one garden, and that in this lovely lake, girt round on every side with these awful mountains. Imme-

diately behind it is the long dark western mountain called Brandelow: the contrast between this and the island which seemed to be the palace and garden of the Lady of the Lake, produced the same sort of pleasure that a tale of enchantment excites, and we beheld it under circumstances which heightened its wonders, and gave the scene something like the unreality of a dream. It was a bright evening, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. There was not a breath of air stirring, — not a wave, a ripple or wrinkle on the lake, so that it became like a great mirror, and represented the shores, mountains, sky and clouds so vividly that there was not the slightest appearance of water. The great mountain-opening being reversed in the shadow became a huge arch, and through that magnificent portal the long vale was seen between mountains and bounded by mountain beyond mountain, all this in the water, the distance perfect as in the actual scene, — the single houses standing far up in the vale, the smoke from their chimneys, — every thing the same, the shadow and the substance joining at their bases, so that it was impossible to distinguish where the reality ended and the image began. As we stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds and the sun seemed lying under us; we were looking down into a sky, as heavenly and as beautiful as that overhead, and the range of mountains, having one line of summit under our feet and another above us, were suspended between two firmaments.

LETTERS OF ESPRIELLA, XLII.

WASDALE

HAVING reached the highest point, which is between Scafell and Great Gabel, two of the highest

mountains in England, we saw Wasdale below bending to the south-west, between mountains whose exceeding height we were now able to estimate by our own experience, — and to the west the sea appeared through an opening. The descent may without exaggeration be called tremendous; not that there is danger, but where any road is possible, it is not possible to conceive a worse. It is, like the whole surface round it, composed of loose stones, and the path serpentizes in turns as short and as frequent as a snake makes in flight. It is withal as steep as it can be to be practicable for a horse. At first we saw no vegetation whatever; after a while only a beautiful plant called here the stone-fern or mountain parsley, a lovely plant in any situation, but appearing greener and lovelier here because it was alone. The summits every where were wrapt in clouds; on our right, however, we could see rocks rising in pinnacles and grotesque forms, — like the lines which I have seen a child draw for rocks and mountains, who had heard of but never seen them, or the edge of a thunder cloud rent by a storm. Still more remarkable than the form is the colouring; the stone is red; loose heaps or rather sheets of stones lay upon the sides, — in the dialect of the country they call such patches *screes*, and it is convenient to express them by a single word: those which the last winter had brought down were in all their fresh redness, others were white with lichens; here patches and lines of green were interposed. At this height the white lichen predominated, but in other parts that species is the commonest which is called the geographical from its resemblance to the lines of a map; it is of a bright green veined and spotted with black, — so bright as if nature, in these the first rudiments of vegetation,

had rivalled the beauty of her choicest works. Wasdale itself, having few trees and many lines of enclosure, lay below us like a map.

The Lake was not visible till we were in the valley. It runs from north-east to south-west, and one mountain extends along the whole of its southern side, rising not perpendicularly indeed, but so nearly perpendicular as to afford no path, and so covered with these loose stones as to allow of no vegetation, and to be called from them *The Screes*. The stream which accompanied our descent was now swoln into a river by similar mountain torrents descending from every side. The dale is better cultivated at the head than Borrodale, being better drained; and the houses seemed to indicate more comfort and more opulence than those on the other side the mountain; but stone houses and slate roofs have an imposing appearance of cleanliness which is not always verified upon near inspection. Ash-trees grow round the houses, greener than the pine, more graceful, and perhaps more beautiful, — yet we liked them less: — was this because even in the midst of summer the knowledge that the pine will not fade influences us, though it is not directly remembered?

The rain now ceased, and the clouds grew thinner. They still concealed the summits, but now began to adorn the mountain, so light and silvery did they become. At length they cleared away from the top, and we perceived that the mountain whose jagged and grotesque rocks we had so much admired was of pyramidal shape. That on the southern side of the dale head, which was of greater magnitude, and therefore probably, though not apparently, of equal height, had three summits. The clouds floated on its side, and seemed to cling to it. We thought our shore

tamer than the opposite one, till we recollected that the road would not be visible from the water; and presently the mountain which had appeared of little magnitude or beauty while we passed under it, became on looking back the most pyramidal of the whole, and in one point had a cleft summit like Parnassus; thus forming the third conical mountain of the group, which rose as if immediately from the head of the Lake, the dale being lost. But of all the objects *the screes* was the most extraordinary. Imagine the whole side of a mountain, a league in length, covered with loose stones, white, red, blue and green, in long straight lines as the torrents had left them, in sheets and in patches, sometimes broken by large fragments of rocks which had unaccountably stopt in their descent, and by parts which, being too precipitous for the stones to rest on, were darkened with mosses, — and every variety of form and colour was reflected by the dark water at its foot: no trees or bushes upon the whole mountain, — all was bare, but more variegated by this wonderful mixture of coloring than any vegetation could have made it.

LETTERS OF ESPRIELLA, XLIII.

WALLA CRAG

IT is no wonder that foreigners, who form their notions of England from what they see in its metropolis, should give such dismal descriptions of an English November; a month when, according to the received opinion of continental writers, suicide comes as regularly in season with us as geese at Michaelmas, and green pease in June. Nothing indeed can be more cheerless and comfortless than a common November day in that huge overgrown city; the streets

covered with that sort of thick greasy dirt, on which you are in danger of slipping at every step, and the sky concealed from sight by a dense, damp, oppressive, dusky atmosphere, composed of Essex fog and London smoke. But in the country November presents a very different aspect: there its soft, calm weather has a charm of its own; a stillness and serenity unlike any other season, and scarcely less delightful than the most genial days of Spring. The pleasure which it imparts is rather different in kind than inferior in degree: it accords as finely with the feelings of declining life as the bursting foliage and opening flowers of May with the elastic spirits of youth and hope.

But a fine day affects children alike at all seasons as it does the barometer. They live in the present, seldom saddened with any retrospective thoughts, and troubled with no foresight. Three or four days of dull sunless weather had been succeeded by a delicious morning. My young ones were clamorous for a morning's excursion. The glass had risen to a little above change, but their spirits had mounted to the point of settled fair. All things, indeed, animate and inanimate, seemed to partake of the exhilarating influence. The blackbirds, who lose so little of their shyness even where they are most secure, made their appearance on the green, where the worms had thrown up little circles of mould during the night. The smaller birds were twittering, hopping from spray to spray and pluming themselves; and as the temperature had given them a vernal sense of joy, there was something of a vernal cheerfulness in their song. The very flies had come out from their winter quarters, where, to their own danger and my annoyance, they establish themselves behind the books, in the folds of

the curtains, and the crevices of these loose window-frames. They were crawling up the sunny panes, bearing in their altered appearance the marks of uncomfortable age; their bodies enlarged, and of a greyer brown; their wings no longer open, clean, and transparent, but closed upon the back, and as it were encrusted with neglect. Some few were beginning to brush themselves, but their motions were slow and feeble: the greater number had fallen upon their backs, and lay unable to recover themselves. Not a breath of air was stirring; the smoke ascended straight into the sky, till it diffused itself equally on all sides and was lost. The lake lay like a mirror, smooth and dark. The tops of the mountains, which had not been visible for many days, were clear and free from snow: a few light clouds, which hovered upon their sides, were slowly rising and melting in the sunshine.

On such a day, a holyday having been voted by acclamation, an ordinary walk would not satisfy the children:—it must be a scramble among the mountains, and I must accompany them;—it would do me good, they knew it would;—they knew I did not take sufficient exercise, for they had heard me sometimes say so. One was for Skiddaw Dod, another for Causey Pike, a third proposed Watenlath; and I, who perhaps would more willingly have sate at home, was yet in a mood to suffer violence, and making a sort of compromise between their exuberant activity and my own inclination for the chair and the fireside, fixed upon Walla Crag. Never was any determination of sovereign authority more willingly received: it united all suffrages: Oh yes! yes! Walla Crag! was the unanimous reply. Away they went to put on coats and clogs, and presently were

ready each with her little basket to carry out the luncheon, and bring home such treasures of mosses and lichens as they were sure to find. Off we set; and when I beheld their happiness, and thought how many enjoyments they would have been deprived of, if their lot had fallen in a great city, I blest God who had enabled me to fulfil my heart's desire and live in a country such as Cumberland.

The walk on which we had agreed had just that degree of difficulty and enterprize wherein children delight and may safely be indulged. I lived many years at Keswick before I explored it; but it has since been a favourite excursion with all my guests and resident friends who have been active and robust enough to accomplish the ascent. You leave the Borrodale road about a mile and a half from the town a little before it opens upon the terrace, and, crossing a wall by some stepping stones, go up the wood, having a brook, or what in the language of the country is called a beck, on the right hand. An artist might not long since have found some beautiful studies upon this beck, in its short course through the wood, where its craggy sides were embowered with old trees, the trunks of which, as well as their mossy branches, bent over the water: I scarcely know any place more delightful than this was in a sultry day, for the fine composition of the scene, its refreshing shade and sound, and the sense of deep retirement;—but the woodman has been there! A little higher up you cross a wall and the elbow of a large tree that covers it; you are then upon the side of the open fell, shelving down to the stream, which has worked for itself a narrow ravine below. After a steep ascent you reach one of those loose walls which are common in this country; it runs across the

side of the hill, and is broken down in some places; the easier way, or rather the less difficult, is on the inner side, over loose and rugged stones, the wreck of the crags above. They are finely coloured with a yellow or ochrey lichen, which predominates there, to the exclusion of the *lichen geographicus*: its colour may best be compared to that of beaten or unburished gold; it is richly blended with the white or silvery kind, and interspersed with stone-fern or mountain-parsley, the most beautiful of all our wild plants, resembling the richest point lace in its fine filaments and exquisite indentations.

The wall ends at the ravine; just at its termination part of it has been thrown down by the sheep or by the boys, and the view is thus opened from a point which, to borrow a word from the Tourist's Vocabulary, is a remarkable station. The stream, which in every other part of its course has worn for itself a deep and narrow channel, flows here for a few yards over a level bed of rock, where in fine weather it might be crossed with ease, then falls immediately into the ravine. A small ash tree bends over the pavement, in such a manner that, if you wish to get into the bed of the stream, you must either stoop under the branches, or stride over them. Looking upward there, the sight is confined between the sides of the mountain, which on the left is steep and stony, and on the right precipitous, except that directly opposite there are some shelves, or rather steps of herbage, and a few birch, more resembling bushes than trees in their size and growth; these, and the mountain rill, broken, flashing, and whitening in its fall where it comes rapidly down, but taking in the level part of its course a colour of delightful green from the rock over which it runs, are the only objects. But on looking back, you be-

hold a scene of the most striking and peculiar character. The water, the rocky pavement, the craggy sides, and the ash tree, form the foreground and the frame of this singular picture. You have then the steep descent, open on one side to the lake, and on the other with the wood, half way down and reaching to the shore; the lower part of Derwentwater below, with its islands; the vale of Keswick, with Skiddaw for its huge boundary and bulwark, to the North; and where Bassenthwaite stretches into the open country, a distance of water, hills, and remote horizon, in which Claude would have found all he desired, and more than even he could have represented, had he beheld it in the glory of a midsummer sunset.

This was to be our resting-place, for though the steepest ascent was immediately before us, the greater part of the toil was over. My young companions seated themselves on the fell side, upon some of the larger stones, and there in full enjoyment of air and sunshine opened their baskets and took their noon-day meal, a little before its due time, with appetites which, quickened by exercise, had outstript the hours. My place was on a bough of the ash tree at a little distance, the water flowing at my feet, and the fall just below me. Among all the sights and sounds of Nature there are none which affect me more pleasantly than these. I could sit for hours to watch the motion of a brook: and when I call to mind the happy summer and autumn which I passed at Cintra, in the morning of life and hope, the perpetual gurgling of its tanks and fountains occurs among the vivid recollections of that earthly Paradise as one of its charms.

When I had satisfied myself with the prospect, I took from my waistcoat pocket an Amsterdam

edition of the *Utopia*, given me for its convenient portability by one of my oldest and most valued friends. It is of the year 1629, and is the smallest book in my possession, being not four inches long, and less than two in breadth: — Mr. Dibdin would shudder to see how some nefarious binder has cut it to the quick. Brief as this little work is, it has introduced into our language a word the meaning of which is understood by thousands and tens of thousands who have never read the fiction from whence it is derived; while volumes upon volumes of metaphysical politics have sunk into the dead pool of oblivion, without raising even a momentary bubble upon its surface. I read till it was time to proceed; and then putting up the book, as I raised my eyes, — behold, the author was before me.

“SIR THOMAS MORE,” Colloquy VI.

DERWENTWATER

THE best general view of Derwentwater is from the terrace, between Appleshwaite and Milbeck, a little beyond the former hamlet. The old roofs and chimnies of that hamlet come finely in the foreground, and the trees upon the Ormathwaite estate give there a richness to the middle ground, which is wanting in other parts of the vale. From that spot, I once saw three artists sketching at the same time; William Westall (who has engraved it among his admirable views of Keswick), Glover, and Edward Nash, my dear, kind-hearted friend and fellow-traveller, whose death has darkened some of the blithest recollections of my latter life. I know not from which of the surrounding heights it is seen to most advantage; any one will amply repay the labor of

the ascent; and often as I have ascended them all, it has never been without a fresh delight. The best near view is from the field adjoining Friar's Crag. There it is, that if I had Aladdin's lamp or Fortunatus's purse, — (with leave of Greenwich Hospital be it spoken,) I would build myself a house.

Thither I had strolled on one of those first genial days of spring which seem to affect the animal, not less than the vegetable creation. At such times, even I, sedentary as I am, feel a craving for the open air and sunshine, and creep out as instinctively as snails after a shower. Such seasons, which have an exhilarating effect upon youth, produce a soothing one when we are advanced in life. The root of an ash tree, on the bank which bends round the little bay, had been half bared by the waters during one of the winter floods, and afforded a commodious resting place, whereon I took my seat, at once basking in the sun, and bathing as it were in the vernal breeze. But delightful as all about me was to eye, and ear, and feeling, it brought with it a natural reflection, — that the scene which I now beheld was the same which it had been and would continue to be, while so many of those, with whom I had formerly enjoyed it, were past away. Our day dreams become retrospective as we advance in years, and the heart feeds as naturally upon remembrance in age, as upon hope in youth.

“Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?” (LAMB)

I thought of her whom I had so often seen plying her little skiff upon the glassy water, — the Lady of the Lake. It was like a poet's dream, or a vision of romance, to behold her, — and like a vision or a dream she had departed!

O gentle Emma, o'er a lovelier form
 Than thine, earth never closed; nor e'er did Heaven
 Receive a purer spirit from the world!

I thought of D.¹ the most familiar of my friends during those years when we lived near enough to each other for familiar intercourse; — my friend, and the friend of all who were dearest to me; — a man of whom all who knew him will concur with me in saying, that they never knew nor could conceive of one more strictly dutiful, more actively benevolent, more truly kind, more thoroughly good; — the pleasantest companion, the sincerest counsellor, the most considerate friend, the kindest host, the welcomest guest. After our separation, he had visited me here three summers: with him it was that I had first explored this Land of Lakes in all directions; and again and again should we have retraced our steps in the wildest recesses of these vales and mountains, and lived over the past again, if he had not, too early for all who loved him —

Began the travel of eternity.

I called to mind my hopeful H——,² too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot; — in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

“With whom, it seemed, my very life
 Went half away.

But we shall meet, — but we shall meet
 Where parting tears shall never flow;
 And when I think thereon, almost
 I long to go!”³

¹ Charles Danvers.

² His son Herbert. See Introduction, p. 9.

³ These lines are quoted from a little volume, entitled *Solitary Hours*, which, with the “Widow’s Tale,” etc., of the same authoress, I recommend to all admirers of that poetry that proceeds from the heart.

“Thy dead shall live,” O Lord! “together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust! for Thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead!”

Surely to the sincere believer death would be an object of desire instead of dread, were it not for those ties, — those heart-strings — by which we are attached to life. Nor indeed do I believe it is natural to fear death, however generally it may be thought so. From my own feelings I have little right to judge; for, although habitually mindful that the hour cometh, and even now may be, it has never appeared actually near enough to make me duly apprehend its effect upon myself. But from what I have observed, and what I have heard those persons say whose professions lead them to the dying, I am induced to infer that the fear of death is not common, and that where it exists, it proceeds rather from a diseased or enfeebled mind, than from any principle in our nature. Certain it is that, among the poor, the approach of dissolution is usually regarded with a quiet and natural composure which it is consolatory to contemplate, and which is as far removed from the dead palsy of unbelief, as it is from the delirious raptures of fanaticism. Theirs is a true unhesitating faith; and they are willing to lay down the burthen of a weary life in the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality. Who indeed is there that would not gladly make the exchange, if he lived only for himself, and were to leave none who stood in need of him, no eyes to weep at his departure, no hearts to ache for his loss? The day of death, says the Preacher, is better than the day of one’s birth, — a sentence to which whoever has lived long, and may humbly

¹ Isaiah, xxvi, 19.

hope that he has not lived ill, must heartily assent. The excellent Henry Scougal used to say that "abstracted from the will of God, mere curiosity would make him long for another world." How many of the ancients committed suicide from the mere weariness of life, a conviction of the vanity of human enjoyments, or to avoid the infirmities of old age! This, too, in utter uncertainty concerning a future state; not with the hope of change, for in their prospect there was no hope; but for the desire of death.

"SIR THOMAS MORE," Colloquy IX.

BLENCATHRA — THRELKELD TARN — THE CLIFFORDS

OF the very many tourists who are annually brought to this Land of Lakes by what have now become the migratory habits of the opulent classes, there is a great proportion of persons who are desirous of making the shortest possible tarrance in any place; whose object is to get through their undertaking with as little trouble as they can, and whose inquiries are mainly directed to find out what it is not necessary for them to see; happy when they are comforted with the assurance, that it is by no means required of them to deviate from the regular track, and that that which can not be seen easily, need not be seen at all. In this way our *οἱ πολλοὶ* take their degree as Lakers.

Nevertheless, the number of those who truly enjoy the opportunities which are thus afforded them, and have a genuine generous delight in beholding the grander and lovelier scenes of a mountainous

region, is sufficient to render this a good and wholesome fashion. The pleasure which they partake conduces as much to moral and intellectual improvement, as to health, and present hilarity. It produces no distaste for other scenes, no satiety, nor other exhaustion than what brings with it its own remedy in sound sleep. Instead of these, increase of appetite grows here by what it feeds on, and they learn to seek and find pleasure of the same kind in tamer landscapes. They who have acquired in these countries a love of natural scenery, carry with them in that love a perpetual source of enjoyment; resembling in this respect the artist, who, in whatever scenes he may be placed, is never at a loss for something from which his pencil may draw forth a beauty, which uncultivated eyes would fail to discover in the object itself. In every country, however poor, there is something of "free Nature's grace"; wherever there is wood and water, wherever there are green fields, — wherever there is an open sky, the feeling which has been called forth, or fostered among the mountains, may be sustained. It is one of our most abiding as well as of our purest enjoyments, — a sentiment which seems at once to humble and exalt us, which from natural emotions leads us to devotional thoughts and religious aspirations, grows therefore with our growth, and strengthens when our strength is failing us.

I wonder not at those heathens who worshipped in high places. There is an elasticity in the mountain air, which causes an excitement of spirits, in its immediate effect like that of wine when, taken in due measure, it gladdens the heart of man. The height and the extent of the surrounding objects seem to produce a correspondent expansion and elevation

of mind;¹ and the silence and solitude contribute to this emotion. You feel as if in another region, almost in another world. If a tourist in this country inquires which of our mountains it may be worth his while to ascend, he may be told any, or all. Helvellyn and Skiddaw and Blencathra, Scawfell and Great Gable, Hindsgarth and Causey Pike, each is unlike all the others in the prospect that it presents, each has features of its own, and all may well repay the labour of ascending them.

There is little or nothing of historical or romantic interest belonging to this region. In this respect it is very unlike the Scotch Border, where Sir Walter can entertain his guests during a morning ride with tales of murders, executions, house-besieging and house-burning, as parts of family history belonging to every homestead of which he comes in sight. The Border history is of no better character on the English side; but this part of the country was protected by the Solway, and by its natural strength, nor does it appear, at any time after it became English, to have been troubled with feuds. The English Barons, indeed, were by no means so often engaged in private wars as their Scottish neighbours, or the nobles on the

¹ This feeling has never been more feelingly expressed than by Burnet in his fine chapter, *de Montibus*. "*Præter Cælorum faciem, et immensa spacia ætherea, stellarumque gratissimum aspectum, oculos meos atque animum nihil magis delectare solet quam Oceanum intueri, et magnos montes terræ. Nescio quid grande habent et augustum uterque horum, quo mens excitatur ad ingentes affectus et cogitationes: summum rerum Authorem et Opificem indè faciliè contuemur et admiramur, mentemque nostram, quæ cum voluptate res magnas contemplatur, non esse rem parvam cum gaudio recognoscimus. Et quæcumque umbram infiniti habent, ut habent omnia quæ non faciliè comprehendimus, ob magnitudinem rei, et sensus nostri plenitudinem, gratum quendam stuporem animo affundunt.*" — *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, l. i. c. 9.

Aside from the face of the Heavens and the vast regions of the air and the most pleasing sight of the stars, nothing is wont to delight my eyes and spirit more than to gaze at the ocean and the great

continent; their contests were with the Crown, seldom with each other, and never with their vassals. Those contests were carried on at a distance from our Lake-land, where the inhabitants, being left in peace, seem to have enjoyed it, and never to have forfeited its blessings by engaging in the ways, and contracting the disposition of marauders. They had, therefore, neither ballad heroes, nor ballad poets, happy in having afforded no field for the one, and no materials of this kind for the other.

A heap of stones is the doubtful¹ monument of a battle which, in the middle of the tenth century, put an end to the kingdom of the Cumbrian Britons; after a war in which the victorious allies must have been actuated by any motive rather than policy; the King of South Wales having united with Edmund the Elder against a people of his own race, and Edmund giving the little kingdom, when they had conquered it, to the King of Scotland. That heap at Dunmailraise is our only historical monument, if such it may be called. There is something more for the imagination in knowing that three centuries earlier, the old bard, Llywarc Hen, was a prince of Cumbria, or of a part² thereof. He is said to have

mountains of the earth. Both have a kind of grandeur and augustness by which the mind is aroused to great feelings and contemplations: through them we readily behold and marvel at the great Creator and Artificer of all things, and we perceive with joy that our mind, as it contemplates great things with pleasure, is itself of no slight consequence. Whatever has the shadow of the infinite, such as all things have which we do not easily comprehend, because of its vastness and the fullness of our sensation imparts a certain pleasing amazement to the mind.

¹ Doubtful, because it is at the division of the two counties, upon the high road, and on the only pass, and may very probably have been intended to mark the division.

² Argoed, which, according to Mr. Owen, was part of the present Cumberland: it lay west of the Forest of Celyddon, and was bordered by that wood to the east, as the name implies.

attained the extraordinary age of an hundred and fifty; and, having been driven from his own country, to have died near Bala, at a place which is still called after him, the Cot¹ of Llywarc the Aged. From his own lamentations we know that he had four-and-twenty sons, "wearing the golden chain, leaders of battles, men that were valiant opposers of the foe," and that he lived to see them all slain! St. Herbert, our only Saint, is less remarkable among saints than Llywarc among poets; the single circumstance of his life that has been remembered, or invented of him, is that of his dying at the same hour with his absent friend St. Cuthbert, according to their mutual wish and prayer. From St. Herbert down to the tragedy of Lord Derwentwater, (who was connected with this country only by his possessions and his title,) our local history has nothing that leads a traveller to connect the scenes through which he is passing with past events,—one of the great pleasures of travelling, and not the least of its utilities. The story of the Shepherd Lord Clifford affords a single exception; that story, which was known only to a few antiquaries, till it was told so beautifully in verse by Wordsworth, gives a romantic interest to Blencathra.

They who would ascend this mountain, should go from Keswick about six miles along the Penrith road, then take the road which branches from it on the left, (proceeding along the mountain side toward Heskett Newmarket), and begin to ascend a little way farther on by a green shepherd's path, distinctly marked, on the left side of a gill. That path may be followed on the mountain toward a little stream which

¹ Pabell Llywarc Hen, in the parish of Llanvor, in which church, according to tradition, he was buried.

issues from Threlkeld Tarn;¹ you leave it, keeping the stream on the right, and mount a short and rugged ascent, up which a horse may be led without difficulty; and thus, with little fatigue, the Tarn is reached. A wild spot it is as ever was chosen by a cheerful party where to rest, and to take their merry repast upon a summer's day. The green mountain, the dark pool, the crag under which it lies, and the little stream which steals from it, are the only objects; the gentle voice of that stream the only sound, unless a kite be wheeling above, or a sheep bleats on the fell side. A silent, solitary place; and such solitude heightens social enjoyment, as much as it conduces to lonely meditation.

Ascending from hence toward the brow of the mountain, you look back through the opening, where the stream finds its way, to a distant view of the open country about Penrith, with the long line of Cross-fell bounding it. When the brow is reached, you are on the edge of that bold and rugged front which Blencathra presents when seen from the road to Matterdale, or from the Vale of St. John's. A portion of the hill, (Hall-fell it is called,) somewhat pyramidal in shape, stands out here like an enormous buttress, separated from the body of the mountain on all sides by deep ravines. These have apparently been formed by some water-spout, bursting upon what was once the green breast of the mountain, and thus opening water-courses, which the rain and storms have continually been deepening. In looking down these ravines from the brow you have a sense

¹ Absurd accounts have been published both of the place itself, and the difficulty of reaching it. The Tarn has been said to be so deep that the reflection of the stars may be seen in it at noon day, — and that the sun never shines on it. One of these assertions is as fabulous as the other, — and the Tarn, like all other Tarns, is shallow.

of perfect security; there is not even an appearance of danger; and yet, if the whole depth below were one precipice, the effect could not be grander. At the foot is the cultivated valley, where the Glenderamaken, collecting the waters of Blencathra from the north and east, winds along to join St. John's Beck, and form with it the Greta. In front are the Ullswater mountains. The Vale of St. John's and Nathdale open into the subjacent valley; you look over Nathdale fell, which divides them, and beyond it Leatheswater is seen, in its length, extending between Helvellyn and its own fells. Derwentwater is to the right of this, under the western side of those fells, and the semicircle is everywhere closed by mountains, range behind range. My friend, William Westall, who has seen the grandest and loveliest features of nature in the East Indies and in the West, with the eye of a painter, and the feeling of a poet, burst into an exclamation of delight and wonder when I led him to this spot.

From Linthwaite Pike, which is the highest point of Blencathra, keeping along the brow, you pass in succession the points called Lilefell, Priestman and Knott Crag. They who perform the whole excursion on foot, may descend from hence, in a south-westerly direction, to the Glenderaterra, cross that rivulet by a wooden bridge, and return to Keswick through Brundholm wood, by a very beautiful road, commanding views of the Greta in its manifold windings below, and, farther on, of the town, the lake, and the whole line of mountains from the Borrodale fells to Withop. But for women, and those from whom time has taken the superfluous strength of youth, it is better to be provided with carriages to the point where the ascent is commenced, and to

rejoin them at the village of Threlkeld, descending, after they have passed Knott Crag, upon that village by a green shepherds' path. The path is not immediately perceptible from the heights, but, by making toward the village, you come upon it, and on so steep a declivity it is a great relief. Threlkeld, when it is approached by the high road on either side, or from the Vale of St. John's, appears one of the least agreeable of our villages; it presents no character of amenity or beauty, and seems rather to be threatened by the mountain,¹ than sheltered by it. Very different is its appearance when you descend upon it from Highbrow-fell by this green and pleasant path. Then, indeed, the village is beautiful; not merely as a habitable human spot, the first which we reach upon issuing from some wild and uncultivated solitude, but in itself, and its position. The mountain, as thus seen, appears to protect and embosom it; in front there is the cheerfulness and the fertility of the open valley; old sycamores extend their deep shade over some of the long low-roofed outhouses; there is the little chapel to complete the

¹ Blencathra is indeed at times an ill neighbour to this poor village. Waterspouts are either more frequent there, or from their effects have been more frequently observed, than on any other of our mountains, except it be Helvellyn, on the side of the Vale of St. John's. When they break, the houses are deluged, the fields covered with stones and gravel, the bridges sometimes blown up, and the road rendered impassable. Some years ago I went to the village on the day after one of these Bursts, as they are significantly called. The people were clearing their houses of the wreck which had been deposited there by the water in its passage, and all the furniture from the lower rooms was set out in the street, as if there had been a general distress. Three parallel channels had been formed on the slope of the great buttress (Hall-fell) where the cloud discharged its whole weight of waters; and these were from five to six feet deep, and eighteen wide. We knew at Keswick that a waterspout had fallen in this direction, because the Greta had risen suddenly, and was unusually discoloured.

picture, and sanctify, as it were, the scene; and there is the music of the mountain stream, accompanying the latter part of the descent, in unison with all the objects, and with the turn of mind which those objects induce.

Here was the family seat of that good Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who, after John Lord Clifford (the Clifford of Shakespere's dramas) was slain at Ferrybridge, and his lands seized, and his posterity attainted by the triumphant House of York, married his widow, Margaret Bromflett, Baroness Vesey, and was, as the records of the family say, "a very kind and loving husband to her," helping to conceal her two sons. The youngest was sent beyond sea, and died, while yet a child, in the Low Countries. Henry, the elder, who was about six or seven years old when his father was killed, "she committed to the care of certain shepherds whose wives¹ had served her, which shepherds and their wives kept him concealed sometimes at Lonsborrow in Yorkshire, (which was part of her inheritance,) and sometimes in Cumberland, (here among these mountains,) and elsewhere, for the space of almost four-and-twenty years." There he was bred up as a shepherd's boy "in a very mean condition," and thus "miraculously preserved," for, "had he been known to be his father's son and heir, he would either have been put in prison, or put to death, so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being such a desperate commander in the battle against the House of York."

¹ "Which shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family, attending the nurse that gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to submit to that mean condition; where they infused into him the belief that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone."

The Shepherd Lord was the happiest of his race ; and, falling upon peaceful times after his restoration, was enabled to indulge the peaceful and thoughtful disposition which his early fortunes had produced.

“Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead ;
Nor did he change ; but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales and every cottage hearth ;
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more :
And ages after he was laid in earth,
‘The Good Lord Clifford’ was the name he bore.”

(WORDSWORTH)

His history is not more remarkable in itself, than in the contrast which it affords to that of his ancestors, so many of whom had rendered themselves eminent by their activity and their ability in turbulent times. The property which they possessed in this part of England was originally granted by William the Conqueror to one of the Norman chiefs, Ranulph de Meschiens, who married William’s niece, the sister of Hugh Lupus. From his sister it descended to Hugh de Morville, one of the murderers of Thomas-a-Becket, and having been forfeited in consequence of that crime, was granted by King John to Robert de Veteripont, who was the son of Morville’s sister : “the favour of that king, and the marriage of Idonea”¹

¹ It is upon a later personage of the same family that Fuller in his quaint way remarks, “the first and last I meet with of that Christian name, though proper enough for women, who are to be ‘meet helps’ to their husbands.”

his wife, (who was a great heiress,) and his own industry, (for he was of an active knowing spirit,) were the three steps which raised his fortunes to the height they attained." He was, indeed, one of the most distinguished men of his age, and to him Appleby and Brough, with all their appendages, and the Sheriffwick of Westmoreland, were granted in perpetuity. He died in peace, at a good old age, a rare fortune for men of his station in those days; his son also came to a natural death, dying young; the grandson fell in battle on the side of Simon de Montfort, either at Lewes or at Evesham, and thus the estates escheated a second time to the Crown. They were restored to his two daughters, one of whom dying without issue, they past in marriage with the other to the Cliffords, who in consequence removed from the Wye to the Eden.¹ The Cliffords took their English appellation from their castle upon the Wye; they were descended from the Dukes of Normandy, and already the story of Rosamond had given a romantic celebrity to the name. The first of the family, who settled in Westmoreland, built the greater part of Brougham Castle; he was surprized in Hawarden Castle by the Welsh Prince David, and taken prisoner, being mortally wounded. His son and successor fell at Bannockburn.

Roger Lord Clifford, who came next in succession, had the worse fortune, according to the Chroniclers, of being drawn and hanged at York, but in good company, and in no discreditable cause, the other persons who suffered at that time being John Lord Mowbray, and Sir Gosein d'Eeuill. There are few

¹ "Some back friends to this country," says Fuller, "will say that, though Westmoreland hath much of Eden (running clear through it,) yet hath it little of delight therein."

old family trees, especially of the coronet-bearing kind, which have not a pendant from some of their branches: but though this Roger had done as much to deserve the honours of political martyrdom as any other bold baron of that rebellious age, the Chroniclers are certainly mistaken in saying that he attained a consummation so devoutly to be deprecated. A feeling of humanity such as is seldom read of in civil wars, and especially in those times, saved him from execution, when he was taken prisoner with Lancaster and the rest of his confederates at Boroughbridge. He had received so many wounds in the battle, that he could not be brought before the judge for the summary trial, which would have sent him to the hurdle and the gallows. Being looked upon, therefore, as a dying man, he was respited from the course of law; time enough elapsed, while he continued in this state, for the heat of resentment to abate, and Edward of Caernarvon, who, though a weak and most misguided prince, was not a cruel one, spared his life; — an act of mercy which was the more graceful, because Clifford had insulted the royal authority in a manner less likely to be forgiven than his braving it in arms. A pursuivant had served a writ upon him in the Barons' Chamber, and he made the man eat the wax wherewith the writ was signed, "in contempt, as it were, of the said king."

He was the first Lord Clifford that was attainted of treason. His lands and honours were restored in the first year of Edward III., but he survived the restoration only a few weeks, dying in the flower of his age, unmarried; but leaving "some base children behind him, whom he had by a mean woman who was called Julian of the Bower, for whom he built a little house hard by Whinfell, and called it Julian's Bower, the

lower foundation of which standeth, and is yet to be seen," said the compiler of the family records, an hundred and fifty years ago, "though all the walls be down long since. And it is thought that the love which this Roger bore to this Julian kept him from marrying any other woman." Poets, this story is for you; the marriage of the brother who succeeded to his titles and estates contains something for the antiquaries. His wife, Isabella de Berkeley, was sister to Thomas Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, in which castle, two years after it had rung with "shrieks of death," when the tragedy of Edward II was brought to its dreadful catastrophe there, the marriage was performed. She had for her portion a thousand pounds and fifty marks, to be paid by three equal instalments in three years, and secured to her by recognizance, "toward the raising of which portion her brother levied aid of his freeholders." Her wedding apparel was "a gown of cloth of brunny scarlett, or brown scarlett, with a cape furred with the best miniver, Lord Berkeley and his lady being, for the honour of the said bride, apparelled in the like habit. And the bride's saddle, which she had then for her horse, cost five pounds in London."

This Robert lived a country life, and "nothing is mentioned of him in the wars," except that he once accompanied an army into Scotland. It is however related of him, that when Edward Balliol was driven from Scotland, the exiled king was "right honourably received by him in Westmoreland, and entertained in his castles of Brougham, Appelby and Pendragon;" in acknowledgement for which hospitality Balliol, if he might at any time recover the kingdom of Scotland out of his adversaries' hands, made him a grant of Douglas Dale, which had been granted to his

grandfather who fell in Wales. The Hart's-horn tree in Whinfell park, well known in tradition, and in hunters' tales, owes its celebrity to this visit, though the tale¹ which belongs to it is, beyond all doubt, apocryphal. The horns were nailed up in the tree in honour of the royal guest who had seen the animal killed there; and there they remained more than three centuries, "growing, as it were, naturally in the tree," till, in the year 1648, one of the branches was broken off by some of the army, and, ten years afterwards, the remainder was taken down by some mischievous people secretly in the night; "so now," says the Countess of Pembroke, noticing this act of mischief in her Diary, "there is no part thereof remaining; the tree itself being so decayed, and the bark of it so peeled off, that it cannot last long; whereby we may see Time brings to forgetfulness many memorable things in this world, be they ever so carefully preserved, for this tree with the Hart's horn in it was a thing of much note in these parts." And then, according to her custom of applying scripture on all occasions that any way touched her, she refers to the third chapter of Ecclesiastes.

¹ That "they ran the stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfel Park to Red Kirk in Scotland, and back again to this place, when, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side — and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side." In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and, the dog being named Hercules, this rhyme was made upon them:

Hercules killed Hart a-greese,
And Hart a-greese killed Hercules.

Nicolsson and Burn remark, when they tell the story, that a course to Nine Kirks, instead of into Scotland, might be far enough, from some parts of the park, for a greyhound to run. But the tale is of later invention than the Countess's time; she simply says that the King hunted the stag to death, — and certainly he would not have hunted him into Scotland.

Roger had remained unmarried, because his illicit connection with a woman of low birth had produced a true and faithful love. Robert lived seventeen years with his wife, whose bridal magnificence was thought worthy of being described in the records¹ of the Berkeley family; and his high-born widow married again so soon after his decease, that the second husband, Sir Thomas de Musgrave, paid into the Exchequer a fine of £200, for the trespass which he had committed in marrying her; it being forbidden by the canon law, then much in use in England, to remarry *intra annum luctûs*,² without a special dispensation from the Sovereign. His eldest son, at the age of sixteen, fought with the Black Prince, when he won his spurs at Cressy; he died, as is supposed, in France, without issue, leaving a brother to succeed him. This brother, Roger Lord Clifford, "was accounted one of the wisest and gallantest men of all the Cliffords of his race, by the consent of those antiquaries who knew most of the story of England, and have seen most of the records and leger books thereof." He was often in the wars, both in France and in Scotland; he repaired the ancient castles which had been the seats of his forefathers; he left a greater estate in lands than most of them; and he was the longest possessor of those lands of any before him, or after him, till the Shepherd Lord. It was his fortune, also, to be the first Lord Clifford of Westmoreland and Skipton, that ever lived to be a grandfather. He obtained from Edward III. two weekly markets and two fairs in the year for the town of

¹ "All which particulars are cited by Mr. — Smith's book of the records of the Lord Berkeley, in written hand, which he faithfully collected out of the records of that Castle, and out of the Tower of London."

² Within the year of mourning.

Kirkby Stephen. His wisdom was shown in keeping himself free from troubles during those troublesome times at the latter end of King Edward III.'s reign, and in the beginning of King Richard II.'s.

His eldest son, Thomas, was less prudent; he was one of Richard II.'s loose favourites, and in consequence fell into such displeasure with the Parliament, that he was in the number of those persons who were banished from the Court, and proscribed from the King's service; — a great grief to his father, who died presently after his disgrace. The son survived him little more than two years; impatient of inaction, and probably with the hope, also, of redeeming his character in a holy war, he went to fight against the Pagans in what was then called Spruce, and was there slain,¹ leaving an infant son. That son deserved and enjoyed the good opinion of Henry V., and held the office of Butler at the coronation of his Queen. He was bound by articles to carry over to the French wars two hundred men-at-arms, consisting of three knights, forty-seven esquires, and an hundred-and-fifty archers; one-third of them on foot, the rest horsemen; the knights were to be allowed two shillings a day, the esquires one, the archers sixpence, Clifford himself four shillings. In the flower of his age he was slain there, at the siege of Meaux, by a quarrel from a crossbow. Then ensued civil wars, in which the old Lord Clifford, so called² when only forty years of age, because he had a son who was in the field, fell at St. Alban's; and that son, to whom Shaks-

¹ His father-in-law, Lord Ross, crusading in a different direction, died the same year, on his return from the Holy Land, "in the city of Paphos, in the isle of Cyprus."

² To the mistake, into which this has misled Shakspeare, we are indebted for a beautiful passage :

peare has given a worse renown than he¹ deserves, at Ferrybridge.

How often must that sweet strain of melancholy reflection, which Shakspeare has so beautifully expressed for Henry VI., have passed through the mind of the Shepherd Lord, in his humble state, when thinking of his ancestors, and comparing his own consciousness of perpetual danger² with the security of his low-born associates!

“O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;

“Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?”

The old play, which Shakspeare follows, calls him

“aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house,”

but has not the farther inaccuracy of representing him as having grown old in peace. This Lord Clifford was far from having past a peaceful youth. He had done “brave service in the wars in France, at the assault and taking of the strong town of Ponthoise, when and where he and his men were all clothed in white by reason of the snow, and in that manner surprised the town. He also valiantly defended the same town against the assaults then and there given by the French King Charles VII.”

¹ Rutland was in his eighteenth year, and barbarous as it was to refuse him quarter, there is a wide difference between killing a youth of that age in the field, and butchering a boy of twelve years old. Hall has misled Shakspeare and the author of the old play here.

² Cromwell had this feeling. “I can say in the presence of God,” said he in one of his speeches, “in comparison of whom we are but poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my wood side, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertook such a government as this is!” Mr. Towell Rutt (to whom history is indebted for the publication of Burton's Journal) calls this “one of the Protector's favourite common-places.” I do not doubt that Oliver Cromwell often felt as he then expressed himself, and that the tears, which accompanied the expression, came from a deeper source than hypocrisy can reach.

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times ;
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece ;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, and months and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

"SIR THOMAS MORE," Colloquy XII.

PHENOMENA OF THE LAKE COUNTRY

1808. Oct. 30. What a morning! hard frost, bright sunshine, and a wind not perceptible otherwise than by its keen coldness, bending the smoke of the newly kindled fires, which has risen high through the stillness, — and blending it with the mist which runs under the mountains, beginning at Thornthwate, till it comes round under Wallow and meets the smoke of the town: the fell summit shining above it in sunshine.

1809. June 2. Snow upon all the hills and the vale of St. John's covered with it: a thing never before remembered. Within a fortnight grass which had then been buried beneath the snow was mown.

Common-Place Book, IV, 538-539.

1st Feb. 1814. I heard the ice thunders this morning. Edith and Herbert compared it to the

howling of wild beasts. It was neither like thunder nor the sound of the wind, but a long, moaning, melancholy sound, rising and dying away, beyond measure mournful: and to any one crossing the ice, inexpressibly awful and appalling. Every now and then came a crash, and a splash of waters. We staid half an hour listening to it. The children were very much impressed. It was the more extraordinary, as there had been no thaw, and the night had been severe. It was between eight and nine o'clock.

Common-Place Book, IV, 534.

July, 1822. I was on the lake with Lightfoot, between the General's Island and St. Herbert's, and nearly midway between the east and west sides. The water was perfectly still, and not a breath of air to be felt. We were in fine weather, but on the eastern side a heavy shower was falling, within a quarter of a mile of us, and the sound which it made was louder than the loudest roaring of Lodore, so as to astonish us both. I thought that a burst had happened upon Walla Crag, and that the sound proceeded from the ravines bringing down their sudden torrents. But it was merely the rain falling on the lake when everything was still.

Ibid., IV, 7.

Sept. 28, 1824. At seven, the glass was at the freezing point, and the potatoes had been frost nipt during the night. The lake, covered with a thick cloud reaching about half way up Brandelow — the town half seen through a lighter fog — the sky bright and blue.

By the time I reached the road to the lake, the fog was half dissolved, throwing a hazy and yellowish light over Skiddaw and the vale of Keswick. From

Friar's Crag the appearance was singularly beautiful, for between that point and Stable Hill and Lord's Island, the water was covered with a thin, low, floating, and close fitting cloud, like a fleece. Walla Crag was in darkness, and the smoke from Stable Hill passed in a long current over a field where shocks of corn were standing, the field and the smoke in bright sunshine. Beyond Lord's Island, the lake was of a silvery appearance along the shore, and that appearance was extended across, but with diminished splendour, the line passing above Ramp's Holm, and below St. Herbert's — when it met the haze.

The rooks on St. Herbert's were in full chorus. What little air was stirring was a cold breath from the north. That air rippled the lake between Finkle Street and our shore, and where the sun shone upon the ripple through the trees of the walk, and through the haze, the broken reflection was so like the fleecy appearance of the fog from the crag, as for a moment to deceive me.

Ibid., IV, 517.

At the edge of the frozen lake, opposite to Lord's Island, the frost had formed little crystalline blossoms on the ice wherever there was the point of a rush to form a nucleus. These frost flowers were about the size of the little blue flower with the orange eye, and exceedingly beautiful, bright as silver.

Ibid., IV, 8.

3 March, 1829. The lake perfectly still in a mild clear day; but at once a motion began upon it between the Crag and Stable Hill, as if an infinite number of the smallest conceivable fish were lashing it with their tails. What could possibly occasion this,

neither I, nor Bertha and Kate, who were with me, could discover or imagine. It abated gradually.

Common-Place Book, IV, 8.

I noticed a very pretty image by the side of a little and clear runlet, the large buttercups on its margin moved when there was no wind, rocked by the rapid motion of its stream.

Ibid., IV, 8.

THE DOCTOR

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

*Vorrei, disse il Signor Gasparo Pallavicino, che voi ragionassi un poco piu minutamente di questo, che non fate; che en vero vi tenete molto al generale, et quasi ci mostrate le cose per transitio.*¹

IL CORTEGIANO.

HENRY MORE, in the Preface General to the collection of his philosophical writings, says to the reader, "if thy curiosity be forward to inquire what I have done in these new editions of my books, I am ready to inform thee that I have taken the same liberty in this Intellectual Garden of my own planting, that men usually take in their natural ones; which is, to set or pluck up, to transplant and inoculate, where and what they please. And therefore if I have rased out some things, (which yet are but very few) and transposed others, and interserted others, I hope I shall seem injurious to no man in ordering and cultivating this Philosophical Plantation of mine according to mine own humour and liking."

Except as to the rasing out, what our great Platonist has thus said for himself, may here be said for

¹ I wish, said the Lord Gasparo Pallavicino, that you would discourse somewhat more minutely of this matter, for you are holding too much to the generality, and are indicating the points as if casually.

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's words have been made to suit my purpose; and when he afterwards speaks of "so many lines altered, so many things interlined, and so many paragraphs and pages here and there inserted," the circumstances which he mentions as having deceived him in computing the extent of his work, set forth the embarrassment which the commentators will find in settling the chronology of mine.

The difficulty would not be obviated were I, like Horace Walpole, — (though Heaven knows for no such motives as influenced that posthumous libeller,) — to leave a box containing the holograph manuscript of this Opus in safe custody, with an injunction that the seals should not be broken till the year of our Lord, 2000. Nothing more than what has been here stated would appear in that inestimable manuscript. Whether I shall leave it as an heir-loom in my family, or have it deposited either in the public library of my Alma Mater, or that of my own College, or bequeath it as a last mark of affection to the town of Doncaster, concerns not the present reader. Nor does it concern him to know whether the till-then-undiscoverable name of the author will be disclosed at the opening of the seals. An adequate motive for placing the manuscript in safe custody is, that a standard would thus be secured for posterity whereby the always accumulating errors of the press might be corrected. For modern printers make more and greater blunders than the copyists of old.

In any of those works which posterity will not be "willing to let perish," how greatly would the interest be enhanced, if the whole history of its rise and progress were known, and amid what circumstances, and with what views, and in what state of mind, certain parts were composed. Sir Walter, than whom no man ever took more accurate measure of the public taste, knew this well; and posterity will always be grateful to him for having employed his declining years in communicating so much of the history of those works which obtained a wider and more rapid celebrity than any that ever preceded them, and perhaps than any that ever may follow them.

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

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

But in every original work which lives and deserves to live, there must have been some charms which no editorial diligence can preserve, no critical sagacity recover. The pictures of the old masters

suffer much when removed from the places for which, (and in which, many of them,) they were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other 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 deterioration in even a short lapse of time. In such works as in pictures, there are often passages which once possessed a peculiar interest, personal and local, subordinate to the general interest. The painter introduced into an historical piece the portrait of his mistress, his wife, his child, his dog, his friend, or his faithful servant. The picture is not, as a work of art, the worse where these persons were not known, or when they are forgotten: but there was once a time when it excited on this account in very many beholders a peculiar delight which it can never more impart.

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

Mr. Pitt used to say of Wilberforce that he was not so single minded in his speeches as might have been expected from the sincerity of his character, and as he would have been if he had been less 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, dis-

cover; 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 συνετοῖσιν.¹

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

ἔμοι μὲν ὦν Μοῖσα καρτερῶ-
-τατον βέλος ἀλκᾷ τρέφει.²

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.

¹ Under my arm I bear many swift arrows in my quiver carrying meaning to the wise. PINDAR, O. 2, 152.

² But the Muse keeps for me a shaft stronger in might.

PINDAR, O. 1, 179-80.

*Or c'est assez s' estre esgaré de son grand chemin:
j'y retourne et le bats, et le trace comme devant.*¹

INTERCHAPTER X.

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

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.*²

HORACE L. 4, OD. 9.

Daniel, the son of Daniel Dove and of Dinah his wife, was born near Ingleton in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Monday the twenty-second of April, old style, 1723, nine minutes and three seconds after three in the afternoon; on which day Marriage came in and Mercury was with the Moon; and the aspects were $\square \text{ } \frac{1}{2} \text{ } \text{♀}$: a week earlier, it would have been a glorious Trine of the Sun and Jupiter; — circumstances which were all duly noted in the blank leaf of the family Bible.

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

¹ Enough now of wandering from the high road; I return to it and tread it, and follow it as before. BRANTOME.

² Not him may you truly call happy who possesses much wealth; more truly does he claim the title to happiness who knows how to enjoy wisely the rewards of the Gods and to endure harsh poverty, and who fears shame worse than death.

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

The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which had been placed there were now themselves half buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite, wheeling above, were the only sounds which

were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung.

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

D
D + M
A.D.
1608.

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

The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the

ground floor. As you entered the kitchen there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest in the best kitchen which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon, the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door, on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The Lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the Prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the Lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. The other print which ornamented the room had been purchased from a like feeling, though the cause was not so immediately

apparent. It represented a Ship in full sail, with Joseph, and the Virgin Mary, and the Infant on board, and a Dove flying behind as if to fill the sails with the motion of its wings. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two Peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely thus described by Landor:—

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

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

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

*Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
Quem non mordaci resplendens gloria fuco
Solicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus,
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu
Exigit innocuae tranquilla silentia vitae.*¹

POLITIAN.

Happily for Daniel, he lived before the age of Magazines, Reviews, Cyclopædias, Elegant Extracts and Literary Newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vender. His books were few in number, but they were all weighty either in matter or in size. They consisted of the *Morte d'Arthur* in the fine black-letter edition of Copeland; *Plutarch's Morals* and *Pliny's Natural History*, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat, and both translated by that old worthy *Philemon*, who for the service which he rendered to his contemporaries and to his countrymen deserves to be called the best of the *Hollands*, without disparaging either the *Lord* or the *Doctor* of that appellation. The whole works of *Joshua Sylvester* (whose name, let me tell thee reader in passing, was accented upon the first syllable by his contemporaries, not as now upon the second); — *Jean Petit's History of the Netherlands*, translated and continued by *Edward Grimeston*, another worthy

¹ Blessed is he in spirit and most like unto the gods themselves whom glory glittering with sharp deceit does not allure nor the false joys of wanton luxury, but who allows the days to proceed noiselessly and, unhampered by refinement, lives out the tranquil peace of an innocent life.

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

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

and Poitiers and Najara; yet on the whole he preferred it to Barnes's story, believed in Sir Tor, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lamorack as entirely as in Sir John Chandos, the Captal de Buche and the Black Prince, and liked them better.

Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth, and poets derive any satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it, Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester, however, was reserved for a Sabbath book; as a week-day author Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a syllabub. He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves; the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar, that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magifico* is a maxim which will not in all cases hold good. There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art, — with whatsoever is truly great and excellent. Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated (as such things always are) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his

own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

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

more about the Greeks, than nine-tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine-tenths of the schoolmasters also.

Our good Daniel had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men. In fact he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself any thing. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun and wind and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought indeed that if he had had grammar learning in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining in this natural reflection.

Never indeed was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had

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

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

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

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

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

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

His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On th' ireful ocean (as the winds do blow)
With sudden tempest is not overwhurled,
To seek his sad death in another world:
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas

No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
 Than that which waters with its silver current
 His native meadows: and that very earth
 Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY. AN EXPERIMENT UPON MOONSHINE

*Quien comienza en juventud
 A bien obrar,
 Señal es de no errar
 En senetud.*¹

PROVERBIOS DEL MARQUES DE SANTILLANA.

¹ When one begins by working well in his youth, it is a sign that he will not go wrong in old age.

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

It was not however for this, — for he was as little given to talk of his opinions as to display his reading, — but for his retired habits, and general character, and some odd practices into which his books had led him, that he was commonly called Flossofer Daniel by his neighbours. The appellation was not affixed in derision, but respectfully and as his due; for he bore his faculties too meekly ever to excite an envious or an ill-natured feeling in any one. Rural Flossofers were not uncommon in those days, though in the progress of society they have disappeared like Crokers, Bowyers, Lorimers, Armourers, Running Footmen, and other descriptions of men whose occupations are gone by. But they were of a different order from our Daniel. They were usually Philomaths, Students in Astrology, or the Cœlestial Science, and not unfrequently Empirics or downright Quacks. Between twenty and thirty almanacs used to be published every year by men of this description, some of them

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

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

Daniel was too far advanced in life to fall in friendship; he felt a certain degree of attractiveness in this person's company; there was, however, so much of what may better be called reticence than reserve in his own quiet habitual manners, that it would

have been long before their acquaintance ripened into any thing like intimacy, if an accidental circumstance had not brought out the latent sympathy which on both sides had till then rather been apprehended than understood. They were walking together one day when young Daniel, who was then in his sixth year, looking up in his father's face, proposed this question: "Will it be any harm, Father, if I steal five beans when next I go into Jonathan Dowthwaites, if I can do it without any one's seeing me?"

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

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

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

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

"Daniel," said the Father, "those can be no lawful charms that begin with stealing; I could tell thee

how to cure thy warts in a better manner. There is an infallible way, which is by washing the hands in moonshine, but then the moonshine must be caught in a bright silver basin. You wash and wash in the basin, and a cold moisture will be felt upon the hands, proceeding from the cold and moist rays of the moon."

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

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

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

Accordingly the parties met at the appointed hour. Mambrino's helmet, when new from the armourer's, or when furbished for a tournament, was not brighter than Guy had rendered the inside of the barber's basin. Schoolmaster, Father and Son retired to a place out of observation, by the side of the river, a wild stream tumbling among the huge stones which it had brought down from the hills.

On one of these stones sate Daniel the elder, holding the basin in such an inclination toward the moon that there should be no shadow in it; Guy directed the boy where to place himself so as not to intercept the light, and stood looking complacently on, while young Daniel revolved his hands one in another within the empty basin, as if washing them. "I feel them cold and clammy, Father!" said the boy. (It was the beginning of November). "Aye," replied the father, "that's the cold moisture of the moon!" "Aye!" echoed the schoolmaster, and nodded his head in confirmation.

The operation was repeated on the two following nights; and Daniel would have kept up his son two hours later than his regular time of rest to continue it on the third if the evening had not set in with clouds and rain. In spite of the patient's belief that the warts would waste away and were wasting, (for Prince Hohenlohe could not require more entire faith than was given on this occasion,) no alteration could be perceived in them at a fortnight's end. Daniel thought the experiment had failed because it had not been repeated sufficiently often, nor perhaps continued long enough. But the Schoolmaster was of opinion that the cause of failure was in the basin: for that silver being the lunar metal would by affinity assist the influential virtues of the moonlight, which finding no such affinity in a mixed metal of baser compounds, might contrariwise have its potential qualities weakened, or even destroyed when received in a brassen vessel, and reflected from it. Flossofer Daniel assented to this theory. Nevertheless as the child got rid of his troublesome excrescences in the course of three or four months, all parties disregarding the lapse of time at first, and afterwards fairly forgetting

it, agreed that the remedy had been effectual, and Sir Kenelm, if he had been living, might have procured the solemn attestation of men more veracious than himself that moonshine was an infallible cure for warts.

CHAPTER VII.

A KIND SCHOOLMASTER AND A HAPPY SCHOOLBOY

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

EUPHUES.

From this time the two Flossofers were friends. Daniel seldom went to Ingleton without looking in upon Guy, if it were between school hours. Guy on his part would walk as far with him on the way back, as the tether of his own time allowed, and frequently on Saturdays and Sundays he strolled out and took a seat by Daniel's fireside. Even the wearying occupation of hearing one generation of urchins after another repeat *a-b-ab*, hammering the first rules of arithmetic into leaden heads, and pacing like a horse in a mill the same dull dragging round day after day, had neither diminished Guy's good-nature, nor lessened his love for children. He had from the first conceived a liking for young Daniel, both because of the right principle which was evinced by the manner in which he proposed the question concerning stealing the beans, and of the profound gravity (worthy of a Flossofer's son) with which he behaved in the affair of the moonshine. All that he saw and heard of him tended to confirm this favourable prepossession; and the boy, who had been taught to read in the Bible

and in Stowe's Chronicle, was committed to his tuition at seven years of age.

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

There are some boys who take as much pleasure in exercising their intellectual faculties, as others do when putting forth the power of arms and legs in boisterous exertion. Young Daniel was from his childhood fond of books. William Dove used to say he was a chip of the old block; and this hereditary disposition was regarded with much satisfaction by both parents, Dinah having no higher ambition nor better wish for her son, than that he might prove

like his father in all things. This being the bent of his nature, the boy having a kind master as well as a happy home, never tasted of what old Lily calls (and well might call) the wearisome bitterness of the scholar's learning. He was never subject to the brutal discipline of the Udals, and Busbys, and Bowyers, and Parrs, and other less notorious tyrants who have trodden in their steps; nor was any of that inhuman injustice ever exercised upon him to break his spirit, for which it is to be hoped Dean Colet has paid in Purgatory; — to be hoped, I say, because if there be no Purgatory, the Dean may have gone farther and fared worse. Being the only *Latiner* in the school, his lessons were heard with more interest and less formality. Guy observed his progress with almost as much delight and as much hope as Daniel himself. A schoolmaster who likes his vocation feels toward the boys who deserve his favour, something like a thrifty and thriving father toward the children for whom he is scraping together wealth; he is contented that his humble and patient industry should produce fruit not for himself, but for them, and looks with pride to a result in which it is impossible for him to partake, and which in all likelihood he may never live to see. Even some of the old Phlebotomists have had this feeling to redeem them.

CHAPTER VIII.

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

There are of madmen as there are of tame,
All humoured not alike. — Some
Apish and fantastic;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image

So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.

DEKKER.

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

William Dove escaped these aggravations of calamity. He escaped also that persecution to which he would have been exposed in populous places where boys run loose in packs, and harden one another in impudence, mischief and cruelty. Natural feeling, when natural feeling is not corrupted, leads men to regard persons in his condition with a compassion not unmixed with awe. It is common with the country people when they speak of such persons to point significantly at the head and say *'tis not all there*;—

words denoting a sense of the mysteriousness of our nature which perhaps they feel more deeply on this than on any other occasion. No outward and visible deformity can make them so truly apprehend how fearfully and wonderfully we are made.

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

The professed and privileged fool was generally characterised by a spice of knavery, and not unfrequently of maliciousness: the unnatural situation in which he was placed, tended to excite such propensities and even to produce them. William had shrewdness enough for the character, but nothing of this appeared in his disposition; ill-usage might perhaps have awakened it, and to a fearful degree, if he had proved as sensible to injury as he was to kindness. But he had never felt an injury. He could not have been treated with more tenderness in Turkey (where a degree of holiness is imputed to persons in his condition) than was uniformly shown him within the little sphere of his perambulations. It was surprizing how much he had picked up within that little sphere. Whatever event occurred, whatever tale was current, whatever traditions were preserved, whatever superstitions were believed, William knew

them all; and all that his insatiable ear took in, his memory hoarded. Half the proverbial sayings in Ray's volume were in his head, and as many more with which Ray was unacquainted. He knew many of the stories which our children are now receiving as novelties in the selections from Grimm's *Kinder und Haus-Märchen*, and as many of those which are collected in the Danish Folk-Sagn. And if some zealous lover of legendary lore, (like poor John Leyden, or Sir Walter Scott,) had fallen in with him, the Shakesperian commentators might perhaps have had the whole story of St. Withold; the Wolf of the World's End might have been identified with Fenris and found to be a relic of the Scalds: and Rauf Collyer and John the Reeve might still have been as well known as Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslie.

William had a great fondness for his nephew. Let not Protestants suppose that Nepotism is an affection confined to the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church. In its excess indeed it is peculiarly a Papal vice, — which is a degree higher than a Cardinal one; but like many other sins it grows out of the corruption of a good feeling. It may be questioned whether fond uncles are not as numerous as unkind ones, notwithstanding our recollections of King Richard and the Children in the Wood. We may use the epithet nepotious for those who carry this fondness to the extent of doting, and as expressing that degree of fondness it may be applied to William Dove: he was a nepotious uncle. The father regarded young Daniel with a deeper and more thoughtful, but not with a fonder affection, not with such a doting attachment. Dinah herself, though a fond as well as careful mother, did not more thoroughly

— delight to hear
Her early child mis-speak half-uttered words ;¹

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

¹ DONNE.

crag, he would rather, (satirist as he was,) have left Ralph unsatirized, than have vilified one of the wildest and sweetest of nocturnal sounds.

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

CHAPTER X.

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

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

*E pure che mi diate piena fede,
De la dubbiezza altrui poco mi cale.¹*

RICCIARDETTO.

Dear Ladies, I can neither tell you the name of the Burgemeester's Daughter, nor of the Burgemeester himself. If I ever heard them they have escaped

¹ It is courtesy, lovely ladies, to believe when he who writes or speaks might be suspected of a lie in saying something too strange and fine. Therefore whoever listens to this story of mine and thinks it neither a fable nor a novel but a thing of very truth, as it is indeed, will make me well content with him. And if only you give me your full trust I care little for the doubts of the rest.

my recollection. The Doctor used to say his love for her was in two respects like the small-pox; for he took it by inoculation, and having taken it, he was secured from ever having the disease in a more dangerous form.

The case was a very singular one. Had it not been so it is probable I should never have been made acquainted with it. Most men seem to consider their unsuccessful love, when it is over, as a folly which they neither like to speak of, nor to remember.

Daniel Dove never was introduced to the Burge-meester's Daughter, never was in company with her, and, as already has been intimated, never spoke to her. As for any hope of ever by any possibility obtaining a return of his affection, a devout Roman Catholic might upon much better grounds hope that Saint Ursula, or any of her Eleven Thousand Virgins would come from her place in Heaven to reward his devotion with a kiss. The gulph between Dives and Lazarus was not more insuperable than the distance between such an English Greeny at Leyden and a Burgemeester's Daughter.

Here, therefore, dear Ladies, you cannot look to read of

*Le speranze, gli affetti,
La data fe', le tenerezze, i primi
Scambievoli sospiri, i primi sguardi.*¹

Nor will it be possible for me to give you

*— l' idea di quel volto
Dove apprese il suo core
La prima volta a sospirar d' amore.*²

¹ The hopes, the passions, the plighted vow, the endearments, the first exchange of sighs, the first communion of the eyes. METASIA.

² The idea of that countenance from which his heart learned for the first time to sigh of love. METASIA.

This I cannot do; for I never saw her picture, nor heard her features described. And most likely if I had seen her herself, in her youth and beauty, the most accurate description that words could convey might be just as like Fair Rosamond, Helen, Rachael, or Eve. Suffice it to say that she was confessedly the beauty of that city, and of those parts.

But it was not for the fame of her beauty that Daniel fell in love with her: so little was there of this kind of romance in his nature, that report never raised in him the slightest desire of seeing her. Her beauty was no more than Hecuba's to him, till he saw it. But it so happened that having once seen it, he saw it frequently, at leisure, and always to the best advantage: "and so," said he, "I received the disease by inoculation."

Thus it was. There was at Leyden an English Presbyterian Kirk for the use of the English students, and any other persons who might choose to frequent it. Daniel felt the want there of that Liturgy in the use of which he had been trained up: and finding nothing which could attract him to that place of worship except the use of his own language, — which, moreover, was not used by the preacher in any way to his edification, — he listened willingly to the advice of the good man with whom he boarded, and this was that, as soon as he had acquired a slight knowledge of the Dutch tongue, he should, as a means of improving himself in it, accompany the family to their parish church. Now this happened to be the very church which the Burgemeester and his family attended: and if the allotment of pews in that church had been laid out by Cupid himself, with the forepurpose of catching Daniel as in a pitfall, his position

there in relation to the Burgemeester's Daughter could not have been more exactly fixed.

"God forgive me!" said he; "for every Sunday while she was worshipping her Maker, I used to worship her."

But the folly went no farther than this; it led him into no act of absurdity, for he kept it to himself; and he even turned it to some advantage, or rather it shaped for itself a useful direction, in this way: having frequent and unobserved opportunity of observing her lovely face, the countenance became fixed so perfectly in his mind, that even after the lapse of forty years, he was sure, he said, that if he had possessed a painter's art, he could have produced her likeness. And having her beauty thus impressed upon his imagination, any other appeared to him only as a foil to it, during that part of his life when he was so circumstanced that it would have been an act of imprudence for him to run in love.

I smile to think how many of my readers, when they are reading this chapter aloud in a domestic circle, will *bring up* at the expression of *running in love*; — like a stage-coachman, who, driving at the smooth and steady pace of nine miles an hour on a macadamized road, comes upon some accidental obstruction only just in time to check the horses.

Amorosa who flies into love; and Amatura who flutters as if she were about to do the same; and Amoretta who dances into it, (poor creatures, God help them all three!) and Amanda, — Heaven bless her! — who will be led to it gently and leisurely along the path of discretion, they all make a sudden stop at the words.

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

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

BURTON.

Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean to say another, or bolt out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men, who merely for want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterwards passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established themselves in the profession, if not in the belief, of some pernicious doctrine or opinion, to their own great injury and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth.

There may be an opposite fault; for indeed upon the agathokakological globe there are opposite qualities always to be found in parallel degrees, north and south of the equator.

A man may dwell upon words till he becomes at length a mere precisian in speech. He may think of their meaning till he loses sight of all meaning, and

they appear as dark and mysterious to him as chaos and outer night. "Death! Grave!" exclaims Goethe's suicide, "I understand not the words!" and so he who looks for its quintessence might exclaim of every word in the dictionary.

They who cannot swim should be contented with wading in the shallows: they who can may take to the deep water, no matter how deep, so it be clear. But let no one dive in the mud.

I said that Daniel fell in love with the Burge-meester's Daughter, and I made use of the usual expression because there it was the most appropriate: for the thing was accidental. He himself could not have been more surprized if, missing his way in a fog, and supposing himself to be in the Breedestraat of Leyden, where there is no canal, he had fallen into the water; — nor would he have been more completely over head and ears at once.

A man falls in love, just as he falls down stairs. It is an accident, — perhaps, and very probably a misfortune; something which he neither intended, nor foresaw, nor apprehended. But when he runs in love it is as when he runs in debt; it is done knowingly and intentionally; and very often rashly, and foolishly, even if not ridiculously, miserably, and ruinously.

Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to — I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment, — than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives,

without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so: but when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

Falling in love and running in love are both, as every body knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love itself is imprudent, that is to say, where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend, though the remembrance of the Burgemeester's daughter was too vivid in his imagination for him ever to run in love, or at that time deliberately to walk into it, as he afterwards did, — under such circumstances, I say, he took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall not relate it in this place.

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages, are between those who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, — take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English Poets; and if ye doubt upon the strength of my opinion

whether Daniel deserves such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the Laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb.

Ah ! I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt ; when as we sat and sighed
 And looked upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we ailed, — yet something we did ail ;
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look : and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness ;
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Take also the passage that presently follows this ; it alludes to a game which has long been obsolete, — but some fair reader I doubt not will remember the lines when she dances next.

And when in sport with other company
 Of nymphs and shepherds we have met abroad,
 How would she steal a look, and watch mine eye
 Which way it went ? And when at Barley-break
 It came unto my turn to rescue her,
 With what an earnest, swift and nimble pace
 Would her affection make her feet to run,
 And further run than to my hand ! her race
 Had no stop but my bosom, where no end.
 And when we were to break again, how late
 And loth her trembling hand would part with mine ;
 And with how slow a pace would she set forth
 To meet the encountering party who contends
 To attain her, scarce affording him her fingers' ends !¹

CHAPTER LIII.

¹ HYMEN'S TRIUMPH.

THE AUTHOR'S LAST VISIT TO DONCASTER

*Fuere quondam hæc sed fuere!
 Nunc ubi sint, rogitas? Id annos
 Scire hos oportet scilicet. O bonæ
 Musæ, O Lepôres — O Charites meræ!
 O gaudia offuscata nullis
 Litibus! O sine nube soles!*¹

JANUS DOUZA.

I have more to say, dear Ladies, upon that which to you is, and ought to be, the most interesting of all worldly subjects, matrimony, and the various ways by which it is brought about; but this is not the place for saying it. The Doctor is not at this time thinking of a wife: his heart can no more be taken so long as it retains the lovely image of the Burgemeester's Daughter, than Troy-town while the Palladium was safe.

Imagine him, therefore, in the year of our Lord 1747, and in the twenty-sixth year of his age, returned to Doncaster, with the Burgemeester's Daughter, seated like the Lady in the Lobster, in his inmost breast; with physic in his head and at his fingers' ends; and with an appetite for knowledge which had long been feeding voraciously, digesting well, and increasing in its growth by what it fed on. Imagine him returned to Doncaster, and welcomed once more as a son by the worthy old Peter Hopkins and his good wife, in that comfortable habitation which I have heretofore described, and of which (as was at the same time stated) you may see a faithful representation in Miller's History of that good town; a faithful representation, I say, of what it was in 1804;

¹ Once these things were — ah, they were! Where are they now, you ask? These years ought to know that. O favoring Muses, O Pleasant ones — Oh ye pure Graces! O joys undarkened with strife! O suns unobscured by clouds!

the drawing was by Frederic Nash; and Edward Shirt made a shift to engrave it; the house had then undergone some alterations since the days when I frequented it; and now!—

Of all things in this our mortal pilgrimage one of the most joyful is the returning home after an absence which has been long enough to make the heart yearn with hope, and not sicken with it, and then to find when you arrive there that all is well. But the most purely painful of all painful things is to visit after a long, long interval of time the place which was once our home;— the most purely painful, because it is unmixed with fear, anxiety, disappointment, or any other emotion but what belongs to the sense of time and change, then pressing upon us with its whole unalleviated weight.

It was my fortune to leave Doncaster early in life, and, having passed *per varios casus*, and through as large a proportion of good and evil in my humble sphere, as the pious Æneas, though not exactly *per tot discrimina rerum*, not to see it again till after an absence of more than forty years, when my way happened to lie through that town. I should never have had heart purposely to visit it, for that would have been seeking sorrow; but to have made a circuit for the sake of avoiding the place would have been an act of weakness; and no man who has a proper degree of self-respect will do any thing of which he might justly feel ashamed. It was evening, and late in autumn, when I entered Doncaster, and alighted at the Old Angel Inn. “The *Old Angel!*” said I to my fellow-traveller; “you see that even Angels on earth grow old!”

My companion knew how deeply I had been indebted to Dr. Dove, and with what affection I cher-

ished his memory. We presently sallied forth to look at his former habitation. Totally unknown as I now am in Doncaster, (where there is probably not one living soul who remembers either me, or my very name), I had determined to knock at the door, at a suitable hour on the morrow, and ask permission to enter the house in which I had passed so many happy and memorable hours, long ago. My age and appearance, I thought, might justify this liberty; and I intended also to go into the garden and see if any of the fruit trees were remaining, which my venerable friend had planted, and from which I had so often plucked and ate.

When we came there, there was nothing by which I could have recognized the spot, had it not been for the Mansion House that immediately adjoined it. Half of its site had been levelled to make room for a street or road which had been recently opened. Not a vestige remained of the garden behind. The remaining part of the house had been re-built; and when I read the name of R. DENNISON on the door, it was something consolatory to see that the door itself was not the same which had so often opened to admit me.

Upon returning to the spot on the following morning I perceived that the part which had been re-built is employed as some sort of official appendage to the Mansion House; and on the naked side-wall now open to the new street, or road, I observed most distinctly where the old tall chimney had stood, and the outline of the old pointed roof. These were the only vestiges that remained; they could have no possible interest in any eyes but mine, which were likely never to behold them again; and indeed it was evident that they would soon be effaced as a deformity, and the

naked side-wall smoothed over with plaster. But they will not be effaced from my memory, for they were the last traces of that dwelling which is the *Kebla* of my retrospective day-dreams, the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of my dearest recollections; and, like an apparition from the dead, once seen, they were never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER LV.

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

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

MIDDLETON.

Well might Ben Jonson call bell-ringing “the poetry of steeples!” It is a poetry which in some heart or other is always sure to move an accordant key; and there is not much of the poetry, so called by courtesy because it bears the appearance of verse, of which this can be said with equal truth. Doncaster since I was one of its inhabitants had been so greatly changed, — (improved I ought to say, for its outward changes had really been improvements,) — that there was nothing but my own recollections to carry me back into the past, till the clock of St. George’s struck nine, on the evening of our arrival, and its chimes began to measure out the same time in the same tones which I used to hear as regularly as the hours came round, forty long years ago.

Enough of this! My visit to Doncaster was incidentally introduced by the comparison which I could not choose but make between such a return,

and that of the Student from Leyden. We must now revert to the point from whence I strayed, and go farther back than the forty years over which the chimes, as if with magic, had transported me. We must go back to the year 1747, when gentlemen wore sky-blue coats, with silver button holes and huge cuffs extending more than half way from the middle of the hand to the elbow, short breeches just reaching to the silver garters at the knee, and embroidered waistcoats with long flaps which came almost as low. Were I to describe Daniel Dove in the wig which he then wore, and which observed a modest mean between the bush of the Apothecary and the consequential foretop of the Physician with its depending knots, fore and aft; were I to describe him in a sober suit of brown or snuff-coloured dittos, such as be-seemed his profession, but with cuffs of the dimensions, waistcoat-flaps of the length, and breeches of the brevity before mentioned; Amorosa and Amatura and Amoretta would exclaim that love ought never to be named in connection with such a figure, — Amabilis, sweet girl, in the very bloom of innocence and opening youth, would declare she never could love such a creature, and Amanda herself would smile, not contemptuously, nor at her idea of the man, but at the mutability of fashion. Smile if you will, young Ladies! your great-grandmothers wore large hoops, peaked stomachers, and modesty-bits¹; their riding-habits and waistcoats were trimmed with silver, and they had very gentleman-like perukes for riding in, as well as gentleman-like cocked hats.

¹ Probably the same as the Modesty-piece. Johnson quotes the following from the Guardian. "A narrow lace which runs along the upper part of the stays before, being a part of the tucker, is called the *Modesty-piece*." — *in v.* WARTER.

Yet, young Ladies, they were as gay and giddy in their time as you are now ; they were as attractive and as lovely ; they were not less ready than you are to laugh at the fashions of those who had gone before them ; they were wooed and won by gentlemen in short breeches, long flapped waistcoats, large cuffs, and tie-wigs ; and the wooing and winning proceeded much in the same manner as it had done in the generations before them, as the same agreeable part of this world's business proceeds among yourselves, and as it will proceed when you will be as little thought of by your great-grand-daughters as your great-grand-mothers are at this time by you. What care you for your great-grand-mothers !

The law of entails sufficiently proves that our care for our posterity is carried far, sometimes indeed beyond what is reasonable and just. On the other hand, it is certain that the sense of relationship in the ascending line produces in general little other feeling than that of pride in the haughty and high-born. That it should be so to a certain degree, is in the order of nature and for the general good : but that in our selfish state of society this indifference for our ancestors is greater than the order of nature would of itself produce, may be concluded from the very different feeling which prevailed among some of the ancients, and still prevails in other parts of the world.

He who said that he did not see why he should be expected to do any thing for Posterity, when Posterity had done nothing for him, might be deemed to have shown as much worthlessness as wit in this saying, if it were any thing more than the sportive sally of a light-hearted man. Yet one who "keeps his heart with all diligence," knowing that "out of it are the issues of life," will take heed never lightly to enter-

tain a thought that seems to make light of a duty, — still less will he give it utterance. We owe much to Posterity, nothing less than all that we have received from our Forefathers. And for myself I should be unwilling to believe that nothing is due from us to our ancestors. If I did not acquire this feeling from the person who is the subject of these volumes, it was at least confirmed by him. He used to say that one of the gratifications which he promised himself after death, was that of becoming acquainted with all his progenitors, in order, degree above degree, up to Noah, and from him up to our first parents. “But,” said he, “though I mean to proceed regularly step by step, curiosity will make me in one instance trespass upon this proper arrangement, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Adam and Eve.”

CHAPTER LVI.

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

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

DONNE.

Such then as Daniel Dove was in the twenty-sixth year of his age we are now to consider him, settled at Doncaster, and with his way of life chosen, for better for worse, in all respects ; except, as my female readers will remember, that he was neither married, nor engaged, nor likely to be so.

One of the things for which he used to thank God was that the world had not been all before him where to choose, either as to calling or place, but that both had been well chosen for him. To choose upon such just motives as can leave no rational cause for after repentance requires riper judgment than ought to be expected at the age when the choice is to be made; it is best for us therefore at a time of life when, though perhaps we might choose well, it is impossible that we could choose wisely, to acquiesce in the determination of others, who have knowledge and experience to direct them. Far happier are they who always know what they are to do, than they who have to determine what they will do.

*Bisogna far quel che si deve fare,
E non già tutto quello che si vuole.*¹

Thus he was accustomed to think upon this subject.

But was he well placed at Doncaster?

It matters not where those men are placed, who, as South says, "have souls so dull and stupid as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction." Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in the metropolis or in a village, will go on in the ordinary way, conforming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more to those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world of their own, with the whole powers of the head and of the heart too (if they have one) intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit: — if they have a heart I say, for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh.

¹ One must do what he ought and not everything which he wishes.
PANANTI.

In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision, and sympathy, and external excitement seem almost indispensable. Just as large towns are the only places in which first-rate workmen in any handicraft business can find employment, so men of letters and of science generally appear to think that nowhere but in a metropolis can they find the opportunities which they desire of improvement or of display. These persons are wise in their generation, but they are not children of light.

Among such persons it may perhaps be thought that our friend should be classed; and it cannot be doubted that, in a more conspicuous field of action, he might have distinguished himself, and obtained a splendid fortune. But for distinction he never entertained the slightest desire, and with the goods of fortune which had fallen to his share he was perfectly contented. But was he favourably situated for his intellectual advancement? — which, if such an inquiry had come before him concerning any other person, is what he would have considered to be the question-issimus. I answer without the slightest hesitation, that he was.

In London he might have mounted a Physician's wig, have ridden in his carriage, have attained the honours of the College, and added F.R.S. to his professional initials. He might, if Fortune opening her eyes had chosen to favour desert, have become Sir Daniel Dove, Bart., Physician to his Majesty. But he would then have been a very different person from

the Dr. Dove of Doncaster, whose memory will be transmitted to posterity in these volumes, and he would have been much less worthy of being remembered. The course of such a life would have left him no leisure for himself; and metropolitan society, in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength.

It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere, except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes, where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it, or in other words, with how little wisdom it is used.

After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere, and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found, right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues, — for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly-favoured nation, notwithstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.

The society then of Doncaster, in the middle of the last century, was like that of any other country town which was neither the seat of manufactures, nor of a Bishop's see; in either of which more information of a peculiar kind would have been found,—more active minds, or more cultivated ones. There was enough of those eccentricities for which the English above all other people are remarkable, those aberrations of intellect which just fail to constitute legal insanity, and which, according to their degree, excite amusement or compassion. Nor was the town without its full share of talents; these there was little to foster and encourage, but happily there was nothing to pervert and stimulate them to a premature and mischievous activity.

In one respect it more resembled an episcopal than a trading city. The four kings and their respective suits of red and black were not upon more frequent service in the precincts of a cathedral, than in the good town of Doncaster. A stranger who had been invited to spend the evening with a family there, to which he had been introduced, was asked by the master of the house to take a card as a matter of course; upon his replying that he did not play at cards, the company looked at him with astonishment, and his host exclaimed — “What, Sir! not play at cards? the Lord help you!”

I will not say the Lord helped Daniel Dove, because there would be an air of irreverence in the expression, the case being one in which he, or any one, might help himself. He knew enough of all the games which were then in vogue to have played at them, if he had so thought good; and he would have been as willing, sometimes, in certain moods of mind, to have taken his seat at a card-table, in houses where card-playing

did not form part of the regular business of life, as to have listened to a tune on the old-fashioned spinnet, or the then new-fashioned harpsichord. But that which as an occasional pastime he might have thought harmless and even wholesome, seemed to him something worse than folly when it was made a kill-time, — the serious occupation for which people were brought together, — the only one at which some of them ever appeared to give themselves the trouble of thinking. And seeing its effects upon the temper, and how nearly this habit was connected with a spirit of gambling, he thought that cards had not without reason been called the Devil's Books.

I shall not, therefore, introduce the reader to a Doncaster card-party, by way of showing him the society of the place. The Mrs. Shuffles, Mrs. Cuts, and Miss Dealems, the Mr. Tittles and Mrs. Tattles, the Humdrums and the Prateapaces, the Fribbles and the Feebles, the Perts and the Prims, the Littlewits and the Longtongues, the Heavyheads and the Broadbelows, are to be found everywhere.

"It is quite right," says one of the Guessers at Truth, "that there should be a heavy duty on cards: not only on moral grounds; not only because they act on a social party like a torpedo, silencing the merry voice and numbing the play of the features; not only to still the hunger of the public purse, which, reversing the qualities of Fortunatus's, is always empty, however much you may put into it; but also because every pack of cards is a malicious libel on courts, and on the world, seeing that the trumpery with number one at the head, is the best part of them; and that it gives kings and queens no other companions than knaves."

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

This breaks no rule of order.
 If order were infringed then should I flee
 From my chief purpose and my mark should miss.
 Order is Nature's beauty, and the way
 To Order is by rules that Art hath found.

GWILLIM.

The question "Who was the Doctor?" has now, methinks, been answered, though not fully, yet sufficiently for the present stage of our memorials, while he is still a bachelor, a single man, an imperfect individual, half only of the whole being which by the laws of nature, and of Christian polity, it was designed that man should become.

The next question therefore that presents itself for consideration relates to that other, and as he sometimes called it better half, which upon the union of the two moieties made him a whole man. — Who was Mrs. Dove?

The reader has been informed how my friend in his early manhood, when about-to-be-a-Doctor, fell in love. Upon that part of his history, I have related all that he communicated, which was all that could by me be known, and probably all there was to know. From that time he never fell in love again; nor did he ever run into it; but as was formerly intimated, he once caught the affection. The history of this attachment I heard from others; he had suffered too deeply ever to speak of it himself; and hav-

ing maturely considered the matter I have determined not to relate the circumstances. Suffice it to say that he might at the same time have caught from the same person an insidious and mortal disease, if his constitution had been as susceptible of the one contagion, as his heart was of the other. The tale is too painful to be told. There are authors enough in the world who delight in drawing tears; there will always be young readers enough who are not unwilling to shed them; and perhaps it may be wholesome for the young and happy upon whose tears there is no other call.

Not that the author is to be admired, or even excused, who draws too largely upon our lachrymal glands. The pathetic is a string which may be touched by an unskilful hand, and which has often been played upon by an unfeeling one.

For my own part, I wish neither to make my readers laugh nor weep. It is enough for me, if I may sometimes bring a gleam of sunshine upon thy brow, Pensoso; and a watery one over thy sight, Buonallegra; a smile upon Penserosa's lips, a dimple in Amanda's cheek, and some quiet tears, Sophronia, into those mild eyes, which have shed so many scalding ones! When my subject leads me to distressful scenes, it will, as Southey says, not be

— my purpose e'er to entertain
The heart with useless grief; but, as I may,
Blend in my calm and meditative strain
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real pain.¹

The maxim that an author who desires to make us weep must be affected himself by what he writes, is too trite to be repeated in its original language. Both authors and actors, however, can produce this

¹ Tale of PARAGUAY.

effect without eliciting a spark of feeling from their own hearts; and what perhaps may be deemed more remarkable, they can with the same success excite merriment in others, without partaking of it in the slightest degree themselves. No man ever made his contemporaries laugh more heartily than Scarron, whose bodily sufferings were such that he wished for himself

— à toute heure
Ou la mort, ou santé meilleure: ¹

And who describes himself in his epistle to Sarazin, as

*Un Pauvret
Très-maigret;
Au col tors,
Dont le corps
Tout tortu,
Tout bossu,
Suranné,
Décharné,
Est réduit
Jour et nuit
A souffrir
Sans guerir
Des tourmens
Véhémens.²*

It may be said perhaps that Scarron's disposition was eminently cheerful, and that by indulging in buffoonery he produced in himself a pleasurable excitement, not unlike that which others seek from strong liquors, or from opium; and therefore that his example tends to invalidate the assertion in support of which it was adduced. This is a plausible objection; and I am far from undervaluing the philosophy

¹ At every hour either death or better health.

² A poor lean fellow, with twisted neck, whose crooked body, humped, aged, dried, is reduced to suffer by day and night violent, incurable torments.

of Pantagruelism, and from denying that its effects may, and are likely to be as salutary, as any that were ever produced by the proud doctrines of the Porch. But I question Scarron's right to the appellation of a Pantagruelist; his humour had neither the height nor the depth of that philosophy.

There is a well-known anecdote of a physician, who being called in to an unknown patient, found him suffering under the deepest depression of mind, without any discoverable disease, or other assignable cause. The physician advised him to seek for cheerful objects, and recommended him especially to go to the theatre and see a famous actor then in the meridian of his powers, whose comic talents were unrivalled. Alas! the comedian who kept crowded theatres in a roar was this poor hypochondriac himself!

The state of mind in which such men play their part, whether as authors or actors, was confessed in a letter written from Yarmouth Gaol to the Doctor's friend Miller, by a then well-known performer in this line, George Alexander Stevens. He wrote to describe his distress in prison, and to request that Miller would endeavour to make a small collection for him, some night at a concert: and he told his sad tale sportively. But breaking off that strain, he said; "You may think I can have no sense, that while I am thus wretched I should offer at ridicule! But, Sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportionate levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer a patient approaches to dissolution."

It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful. Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold.

In case of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence, this is not surprizing; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz when he was at the point of death desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, "The Lord will say to me presently, my friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up! (*muy arropado*) and I shall reply, Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off."

The author who relates this anecdote remarks that *o morrer com graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto mão*: the observation is good but untranslatable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour "strong in death"; perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed. Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation; as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air

that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!

The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the Father Confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement beyond all doubt was purely habitual, as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

A personage in one of Webster's Plays says,

I knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before,
And if he did, it only was to speak.

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well known fact which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact, which whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known), on the night after the sentence,

and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell, was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour, to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins!

All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players, — when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen any where except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life. There is a wide difference indeed in the performers, as there is at a masquerade between those who assume a character, and those who wear dominoes; some play off the agreeable, or the disagreeable for the sake of attracting notice; others retire as it were into themselves; but you can judge as little of the one as of the other. It is even possible to be acquainted with a man long and familiarly, and as we may suppose intimately, and yet not to know him thoroughly or well. There may be parts of his character with which we have never come in contact, — recesses which have never been opened to us, — springs upon which we have never touched. Many there are who can keep their vices secret; would that all bad men had sense and shame enough to do so, or were compellèd to it by the fear of public opinion! Shame of a very different nature, — a moral shamefacedness, — which, if not itself an instinctive virtue, is near akin to one, makes those who are endowed with the best and highest feelings, conceal them from all common eyes; and for our performance of religious duties, — our manifestations of piety, — we have been warned that what of this kind is done to be seen of men, will not be rewarded openly before men and angels at the last.

If I knew my venerable friend better than I ever knew any other man, it was because he was in many respects unlike other men, and in few points more unlike them than in this, that he always appeared what he was, — neither better nor worse. With a discursive intellect and a fantastic imagination, he retained his simplicity of heart. He had kept that heart unspotted from the world; his father's blessing was upon him, and he prized it beyond all that the world could have bestowed. Crowe says of us,

Our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at our work
We wear a worse for thrift!

It was not so with him; his better mind was not as a garment to be put on and off at pleasure; it was like its plumage to a bird, its beauty and its fragrance to a flower, except that it was not liable to be ruffled, nor to fade, nor to exhale and pass away. His mind was like a peacock always in full attire; it was only at times indeed, (to pursue the similitude,) that he expanded and displayed it; but its richness and variety never could be concealed from those who had eyes to see them.

— His sweetest mind
'Twi'x mildness tempered and low courtesy,
Could leave as soon to be, as not to be kind.
Churlish despite ne'er looked from his calm eye,
Much less commanded in his gentle heart;
To baser men fair looks he would impart;
Nor could he cloak ill thoughts in complimentary art.¹

What he was in boyhood has been seen, and something also of his manlier years; but as yet little of the

¹ PHINEAS FLETCHER.

ripe fruits of his intellectual autumn have been set before the readers. No such banquet was promised them as that with which they are to be regaled. "The booksellers," say Somner the antiquary, in an unpublished letter to Dugdale, "affect a great deal of title as advantageous for the sale; but judicious men dislike it, as savouring of too much ostentation, and suspecting the wine is not good where so much bush is hung out." Somebody, I forget who, wrote a book upon the titles of books, regarding the title as a most important part of the composition. The bookseller's fashion of which Somner speaks has long been obsolete; mine is a brief title promising little, but intending much. It specifies only the Doctor; but his gravities and his levities, his opinions of men and things, his speculations moral and political, physical and spiritual, his philosophy and his religion, each blending with each, and all with all, these are comprised in the &c. of my title-page, — these and his Pantagruelism to boot. When I meditate upon these I may exclaim with the poet: —

Mnemosyne hath kiss'd the kingly Jove,
And entertained a feast within my brain.¹

These I shall produce for the entertainment of the idle reader, and for the recreation of the busy one; for the amusement of the young, and the contentment of the old; for the pleasure of the wise, and the approbation of the good; and these when produced will be the monument of Daniel Dove. Of such a man it may indeed be said that he

Is his own marble; and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than Death's Cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court!²

¹ ROBERT GREEN.

² MIDDLETON.

Some of my contemporaries may remember a story once current at Cambridge, of a luckless undergraduate, who being examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining master, moved less to compassion by the impenetrable dullness of the man than to anger by his unreasonable complaint, tore off about an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon that all he knew!

And yet bulky books are composed, or compiled by men who know as little as this poor empty individual. Tracts and treatises and tomes, may be, and are written by persons, to whom the smallest square sheet of delicate note paper, rose-coloured, or green, or blue, with its embossed border, manufactured expressly for ladies' fingers and crow-quills, would afford ample room, and verge enough, for expounding the sum total of their knowledge upon the subject whereon they undertake to enlighten the public.

Were it possible for me to pour out all that I have taken in from him, of whose accumulated stores I, alas! am now the sole living depository, I know not to what extent the precious reminiscences might run.

*Per sua gratia singulare
Par ch' io habbi nel capo una sequenza,
Una fontana, un fiume, un lago, un mare,
Id est un pantanaccio d' eloquenza.¹*

Sidronius Hosschius has supplied me with a simile for this stream of recollections.

¹ By his singular grace, I seem to have in my head a run, a fountain, a stream, a lake, a sea, that is to say, a huge flux of eloquence.
MATTEO FRANZESI.

*Æstuat et cursu nunquam cessante laborat
 Eridanus, fessis irrequietus aquis !
 Spumeus it, fervensque, undamque supervenit unda ;
 Hæc illam, sed et hanc non minus ista premit.
 Volvitur, et volvit pariter, motuque perenni
 Truditur à fluctu posteriore prior.*

As I shall proceed

*Excipiet curam nova cura, laborque laborem,
 Nec minus exhausto quod superabit erit.¹*

But for stores which in this way have been received, the best compacted memory is like a sieve; more of necessity slips through than stops upon the way; and well is it, if that which is of most value be what remains behind. I have pledged myself, therefore, to no more than I can perform; and this the reader shall have within reasonable limits, and in due time, provided the performance be not prevented by any of the evils incident to human life.

At present, my business is to answer the question
 "Who was Mrs. Dove?"

CHAPTER LXXI.

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

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

HERBERT.

¹ The Eridanus billows and rages in its never ceasing course with the restless commotion of its troubled waters. Foaming it goes and surging, and wave topples over wave. Each drives the other with equal force, beats and is beaten back, and in the continual motion the first wave is crowded by that behind. . . . A new care and a new trouble will take the place of the old, and that which will remain will be no less than what is overpast.

Mrs. Dove was the only child of a clergyman who held a small vicarage in the West Riding. Leonard Bacon, her father, had been left an orphan in early youth. He had some wealthy relations by whose contributions he was placed at an endowed grammar-school in the country, and having through their influence gained a scholarship to which his own deserts might have entitled him, they continued to assist him — sparingly enough indeed — at the University, till he succeeded to a fellowship. Leonard was made of Nature's finest clay, and Nature had tempered it with the choicest dews of Heaven.

He had a female cousin about three years younger than himself, and in like manner an orphan, equally destitute, but far more forlorn. Man hath a fleece about him which enables him to bear the buffetings of the storm; — but woman when young, and lovely, and poor, is as a shorn lamb for which the wind has not been tempered.

Leonard's father and Margaret's had been bosom friends. They were subalterns in the same regiment, and being for a long time stationed at Salisbury, had become intimate at the house of Mr. Trewbody, a gentleman of one of the oldest families in Wiltshire. Mr. Trewbody had three daughters. Melicent, the eldest, was a celebrated beauty, and the knowledge of this had not tended to improve a detestable temper. The two youngest, Deborah and Margaret, were lively, good-natured, thoughtless, and attractive. They danced with the two Lieutenants, played to them on the spinnet, sung with them and laughed with them, — till this mirthful intercourse became serious, and knowing that it would be impossible to obtain their father's consent, they married the men of their hearts without it. Palmer and Bacon were

both without fortune, and without any other means of subsistence than their commissions. For four years they were as happy as love could make them; at the end of that time Palmer was seized with an infectious fever. Deborah was then far advanced in pregnancy, and no solicitations could induce Bacon to keep from his friend's bed-side. The disease proved fatal; it communicated to Bacon and his wife; the former only survived his friend ten days, and he and Deborah were then laid in the same grave. They left an only boy of three years old, and in less than a month the widow Palmer was delivered of a daughter.

In the first impulse of anger at the flight of his daughters and the degradation of his family, (for Bacon was the son of a tradesman, and Palmer was nobody knew who,) Mr. Trewbody had made his will, and left the whole sum which he had designed for his three daughters, to the eldest. Whether the situation of Margaret and the two orphans might have touched him is perhaps doubtful, — for the family were either light-hearted or hard-hearted, and his heart was of the hard sort; but he died suddenly a few months before his sons-in-law. The only son, Trewman Trewbody, Esq., a Wiltshire fox-hunter, like his father, succeeded to the estate; and as he and his eldest sister hated each other cordially, Miss Melicent left the manor-house, and established herself in the Close at Salisbury, where she lived in that style which a portion of 6000*l.* enabled her in those days to support.

The circumstance which might appear so greatly to have aggravated Mrs. Palmer's distress, if such distress be capable of aggravation, prevented her perhaps from eventually sinking under it. If the

birth of her child was no alleviation of her sorrow, it brought with it new feelings, new duties, new cause for exertion, and new strength for it. She wrote to Melicent and to her brother, simply stating her own destitute situation, and that of the orphan Leonard; she believed that their pride would not suffer them either to let her starve or go to the parish for support, and in this she was not disappointed. An answer was returned by Miss Trewbody informing her that she had nobody to thank but herself for her misfortunes; but that notwithstanding the disgrace which she had brought upon the family, she might expect an annual allowance of ten pounds from the writer, and a like sum from her brother; upon this she must retire into some obscure part of the country, and pray God to forgive her for the offence she had committed in marrying beneath her birth and against her father's consent.

Mrs. Palmer had also written to the friends of Lieutenant Bacon, — her own husband had none who could assist her. She expressed her willingness and her anxiety to have the care of her sister's orphan, but represented her forlorn state. They behaved more liberally than her own kin had done, and promised five pounds a-year as long as the boy should require it. With this and her pension she took a cottage in a retired village. Grief had acted upon her heart like the rod of Moses upon the rock in the desert; it had opened it, and the well-spring of piety had gushed forth. Affliction made her religious, and religion brought with it consolation and comfort and joy. Leonard became as dear to her as Margaret. The sense of duty educed a pleasure from every privation to which she subjected herself for the sake of economy; and in endeavouring to fulfil

her duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her, she was happier than she had ever been in her father's house, and not less so than in her marriage state. Her happiness indeed was different in kind, but it was higher in degree. For the sake of these dear children she was contented to live, and even prayed for life; while if it had respected herself only, Death had become to her rather an object of desire than of dread. In this manner she lived seven years after the loss of her husband, and was then carried off by an acute disease, to the irreparable loss of the orphans, who were thus orphaned indeed.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

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

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

GOFF.

Miss Trewbody behaved with perfect propriety upon the news of her sister's death. She closed her front windows for two days; received no visitors for a week; was much indisposed, but resigned to the will of Providence, in reply to messages of condolence; put her servants in mourning, and sent for Margaret that she might do her duty to her sister's child by breeding her up under her own eye. Poor Margaret was transferred from the stone floor of her mother's cottage to the Turkey carpet of her aunt's parlour.

She was too young to comprehend at once the whole evil of the exchange ; but she learned to feel and understand it during years of bitter dependence, unalleviated by any hope, except that of one day seeing Leonard, the only creature on earth whom she remembered with affection.

Seven years elapsed, and during all those years Leonard was left to pass his holidays, summer and winter, at the grammar-school where he had been placed at Mrs. Palmer's death : for although the master regularly transmitted with his half-yearly bill the most favourable accounts of his disposition and general conduct, as well as of his progress in learning, no wish to see the boy had ever arisen in the hearts of his nearest relations ; and no feeling of kindness, or sense of decent humanity, had ever induced either the fox-hunter Trewman or Melicent his sister, to invite him for Midsummer or Christmas. At length in the seventh year a letter announced that his school-education had been completed, and that he was elected to a scholarship at — College, Oxford, which scholarship would entitle him to a fellowship in due course of time : in the intervening years some little assistance from his *liberal benefactors* would be required ; and the liberality of those *kind friends* would be well bestowed upon a youth who bade so fair to do honour to himself, and to reflect *no disgrace upon his honourable connections*. The head of the family promised his part, with an ungracious expression of satisfaction at thinking that "thank God, there would soon be an end of these demands upon him." Miss Trewbody signified her assent in the same amiable and religious spirit. However much her sister had disgraced her family, she replied, "please God it should never be said that she refused to do her duty."

The whole sum which these wealthy relations contributed was not very heavy, — an annual ten pounds each: but they contrived to make their nephew feel the weight of every separate portion. The Squire's half came always with a brief note desiring that the receipt of the enclosed sum might be acknowledged without delay, — not a word of kindness or courtesy accompanied it: and Miss Trewbody never failed to administer with her remittance a few edifying remarks upon the folly of his mother in marrying beneath herself; and the improper conduct of his father in connecting himself with a woman of family, against the consent of her relations, the consequence of which was that he had left a child dependent upon those relations for support. Leonard received these pleasant preparations of charity only at distant intervals, when he regularly expected them, with his half-yearly allowance. But Margaret meantime was dieted upon the food of bitterness, without one circumstance to relieve the misery of her situation.

At the time, of which I am now speaking, Miss Trewbody was a maiden lady of forty-seven, in the highest state of preservation. The whole business of her life had been to take care of a fine person, and in this she had succeeded admirably. Her library consisted of two books; Nelson's Festivals and Fasts was one, the other was "the Queen's Cabinet unlocked;" and there was not a cosmetic in the latter which she had not faithfully prepared. Thus by means, as she believed, of distilled waters of various kinds, May-dew and butter-milk, her skin retained its beautiful texture still, and much of its smoothness; and she knew at times how to give it the appearance of that brilliancy which it had lost. But that was a

profound secret. Miss Trewbody, remembering the example of Jezebel, always felt conscious that she was committing a sin when she took the rouge-box in her hand, and generally ejaculated in a low voice, the Lord forgive me! when she laid it down: but looking in the glass at the same time, she indulged a hope that the nature of the temptation might be considered as an excuse for the transgression. Her other great business was to observe with the utmost precision all the punctilios of her situation in life; and the time which was not devoted to one or other of these worthy occupations, was employed in scolding her servants, and tormenting her niece. This employment, for it was so habitual that it deserved the name, agreed excellently with her constitution. She was troubled with no acrid humours, no fits of bile, no diseases of the spleen, no vapours or hysterics. The morbid matter was all collected in her temper, and found a regular vent at her tongue. This kept the lungs in vigorous health; nay, it even seemed to supply the place of wholesome exercise, and to stimulate the system like a perpetual blister, with this peculiar advantage, that instead of an inconvenience it was a pleasure to herself, and all the annoyance was to her dependents.

Miss Trewbody lies buried in the Cathedral at Salisbury, where a monument was erected to her memory worthy of remembrance itself for its appropriate inscription and accompaniments. The epitaph recorded her as a woman eminently pious, virtuous, and charitable, who lived universally respected, and died sincerely lamented by all who had the happiness of knowing her. This inscription was upon a marble shield supported by two Cupids, who bent their heads over the edge, with marble tears larger

than grey pease, and something of the same colour, upon their cheeks. These were the only tears which her death occasioned, and the only Cupids with whom she had ever any concern.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

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

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

ROBERT WILMOT.

When Leonard had resided three years at Oxford, one of his college-friends invited him to pass the long vacation at his father's house, which happened to be within an easy ride of Salisbury. One morning, therefore, he rode to that city, rung at Miss Trewbody's door, and having sent in his name, was admitted into the parlour, where there was no one to receive him, while Miss Trewbody adjusted her head-dress at the toilette, before she made her appearance. Her feelings while she was thus employed were not of the pleasantest kind toward this unexpected guest; and she was prepared to accost him with a reproof for his extravagance in undertaking so long a journey, and with some mortifying questions concerning the business which brought him there. But this amiable intention was put to flight, when Leonard, as soon as she entered the room, informed her that having accepted an invitation into that neighbourhood from his friend and fellow-collegian, the son

of Sir Lambert Bowles, he had taken the earliest opportunity of coming to pay his respects to her, and acknowledging his obligations, as bound alike by duty and inclination. The name of Sir Lambert Bowles acted upon Miss Trewbody like a charm; and its mollifying effect was not a little aided by the tone of her nephew's address, and the sight of a fine youth in the first bloom of manhood, whose appearance and manners were such that she could not be surprized at the introduction he had obtained into one of the first families in the county. The scowl, therefore, which she brought into the room upon her brow, passed instantly away, and was succeeded by so gracious an aspect, that Leonard, if he had not divined the cause, might have mistaken this gleam of sunshine for fair weather.

A cause which Miss Trewbody could not possibly suspect had rendered her nephew's address thus conciliatory. Had he expected to see no other person in that house, the visit would have been performed as an irksome obligation, and his manner would have appeared as cold and formal as the reception which he anticipated. But Leonard had not forgotten the playmate and companion with whom the happy years of his childhood had been passed. Young as he was at their separation, his character had taken its stamp during those peaceful years, and the impression which it then received was indelible. Hitherto hope had never been to him so delightful as memory. His thoughts wandered back into the past more frequently than they took flight into the future; and the favourite form which his imagination called up was that of the sweet child, who in winter partook his bench in the chimney corner, and in summer sate with him in the porch, and strung the fallen blossoms

of jessamine upon stalks of grass. The snowdrop and the crocus reminded him of their little garden, the primrose of their sunny orchard-bank, and the blue bells and the cowslip of the fields wherein they were allowed to run wild and gather them in the merry month of May. Such as she then was he saw her frequently in sleep, with her blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls: and in his day-dreams he sometimes pictured her to himself such as he supposed she now might be, and dressed up the image with all the magic of ideal beauty. His heart, therefore, was at his lips when he inquired for his cousin. It was not without something like fear, and an apprehension of disappointment, that he awaited her appearance; and he was secretly condemning himself for the romantic folly which he had encouraged, when the door opened, and a creature came in, — less radiant, indeed, but more winning than his fancy had created, for the loveliness of earth and reality was about her.

“Margaret,” said Miss Trewbody, “do you remember your cousin Leonard?”

Before she could answer, Leonard had taken her hand. “’Tis a long while, Margaret, since we parted! — ten years! — But I have not forgotten the parting, — nor the blessed days of our childhood.”

She stood trembling like an aspen leaf, and looked wistfully in his face for a moment, then hung down her head, without power to utter a word in reply. But he felt her tears fall fast upon his hand, and felt also that she returned its pressure.

Leonard had some difficulty to command himself, so as to bear a part in conversation with his aunt, and keep his eyes and his thoughts from wandering. He accepted, however, her invitation to stay and

dine with her with undissembled satisfaction, and the pleasure was not a little heightened when she left the room to give some necessary orders in consequence. Margaret still sate trembling and in silence. He took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and said in a low, earnest voice, "dear dear Margaret!" She raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, "dear Leonard!" and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity.

CHAPTER LXXV.

MORE CONCERNING LOVE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

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

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

I will not describe the subsequent interviews between Leonard and his cousin, short and broken but precious as they were; nor that parting one in which hands were plighted, with the sure and certain knowledge that hearts had been interchanged. Remembrance will enable some of my readers to portray the scene, and then perhaps a sigh may be heaved for the days that are gone: Hope will picture it to others, — and with them the sigh will be for the days that are to come.

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood: a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had

contributed to keep him frugal at College, by calling forth a pardonable if not a commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as a contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her Aunt, and his resolution was made to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist. They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting; the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt; for love, when it deserves that name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own, — a second birth, — dimly, but yet in some degree, resembling that which is effected by Divine Love when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope, — an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet sounds and pleasant objects of nature had im-

parted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was open now to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful; with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with that which was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing, — which said system improves handwritings by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and spelt worse: but letter writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life, — perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilization has given us. There was then no mail coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between; but when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was as an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own;

So proud a thing it was for him to wear
 Love's golden chain,
 With which it is best freedom to be bound.¹

Happy, indeed, if there be happiness on earth, as
 that same sweet poet says, is he,

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
 Where fairest virtues fairest beauties grace,
 Then in himself such store of worth doth find
 That he deserves to find so good a place.¹

This was Leonard's case; and when he kissed the
 paper, which her hand had pressed, it was with a con-
 sciousness of the strength and sincerity of his affec-
 tion, which at once rejoiced and fortified his heart.
 To Margaret his letters were like summer dew upon
 the herb that thirsts for such refreshment. When-
 ever they arrived, a head-ache became the cause or
 pretext for retiring earlier than usual to her chamber,
 that she might weep and dream over the precious
 lines:—

True gentle love is like the summer dew,
 Which falls around when all is still and hush;
 And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
 With odours, herb and flower and bank and bush.
 O love!—when womanhood is in the flush,
 And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
 His first-breathed word and her half-conscious blush,
 Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring.²

CHAPTER LXXVII.

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.

¹ DRUMMOND.

² ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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!¹

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 passed away, the very intensity of Leonard's affection became a source of consolation. Margaret had been to him a purely ideal object during the years of his youth; death had again rendered her such. Imagination had beautified and idolized her then; faith sanctified and glorified her now. She had been to him on earth all that he had fancied, all that he had hoped, all that he had desired. She would again be so in heaven. And this second union nothing could impede, nothing could interrupt, nothing could dissolve. He had only to keep himself worthy of it by cherishing her memory, hallowing his heart to it while he performed a parent's duty to

¹ SHAKESPEARE.

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.¹

The same feeling which from his childhood had refined Leonard's heart, keeping it pure and undefiled, had also corroborated the natural strength of his character, and made him firm of purpose. It was a saying of Bishop Andrews that "good husbandry is good divinity;" "the truth whereof," says Fuller, "no wise man will deny." Frugality he had always practised as a needful virtue, and found that in an especial manner it brings with it its own reward. He now resolved upon scrupulously setting apart a fourth of his small income to make a provision for his child, in case of her surviving him, as in the natural course of things might be expected. If she should be removed before him, — for this was an event the possibility of which he always bore in mind, — he had resolved that whatever should have been accumulated with this intent, should be disposed of to some other pious purpose, — for such, within the limits to which his poor means extended, he properly considered this. And having entered on this prudential course with a calm reliance upon Providence in case his hour should come before that purpose could be accomplished, he was without any earthly hope or fear, — those alone excepted, from which no parent can be free.

The child had been christened Deborah after her maternal grandmother, for whom Leonard ever

¹ MASSINGER.

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; ¹

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! ²

That resemblance which was strong in childhood lessened as the child grew up; for Margaret's countenance had acquired a cast of meek melancholy during those years in which the bread of bitterness had been her portion; and when hope came to her, it was that "hope deferred" which takes from the cheek its bloom, even when the heart, instead of being made sick, is sustained by it. But no unhappy circumstances depressed the constitutional buoyancy of her daughter's spirits. Deborah brought into the world the happiest of all nature's endowments, an easy temper and a light heart. Resemblant therefore as the features were, the dissimilitude of expression was more apparent; and when Leonard contrasted in thought the sunshine of hilarity that lit up his daughter's face, with the sort of moonlight loveliness which had given a serene and saint-like character to her mother's, he wished to persuade himself that

¹ DRYDEN.

² ISAAC COMNENUS.

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 LXXIX.

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

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

SHAKESPEARE.

In a Scotch village the Manse is sometimes the only good house, and generally it is the best ; almost, indeed, what in old times the Mansion used to be in an English one. In Mr. Bacon's parish, the vicarage, though humble as the benefice itself, was the neatest. The cottage in which he and Margaret passed their childhood had been remarkable for that comfort which is the result and the reward of order and neatness : and when the reunion which blessed them both rendered the remembrance of those years delightful, they returned in this respect to the way in which they had been trained up, practised the economy which they had learned there, and loved to think how entirely their course of life, in all its circumstances, would be after the heart of that person, if she could behold it, whose memory they both with equal affection cherished. After his bereavement it was one of the widower's pensive pleasures to keep everything in the same state as when Margaret was living. Noth-

ing was neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for their crumbs were fed as duly for her sake, as they had formerly been by her hands.

There was no superstition in this, nor weakness. Immoderate grief, if it does not exhaust itself by indulgence, easily assumes the one character, or the other, or takes a type of insanity. But he had looked for consolation, where, when sincerely sought, it is always to be found; and he had experienced that religion effects in a true believer all that philosophy professes, and more than all that mere philosophy can perform. The wounds which stoicism would cauterize, religion heals.

There is a resignation with which, it may be feared, most of us deceive ourselves. To bear what must be borne, and submit to what cannot be resisted, is no more than what the unregenerate heart is taught by the instinct of animal nature. But to acquiesce in the afflictive dispensations of Providence, — to make one's own will conform in all things to that of our Heavenly Father, — to say to him in the sincerity of faith, when we drink of the bitter cup, "Thy will be done!" — to bless the name of the Lord as much from the heart when He takes away, as when He gives, and with a depth of feeling of which, perhaps, none but the afflicted heart is capable, — this is the resignation which religion teaches, this the sacrifice which it requires.¹ 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

¹ This passage was written when Southey was bowing his head

settled sorrow, nor even that melancholy which sorrow leaves behind. Gibbon has said of himself, that as a mere philosopher he could not agree with the Greeks, in thinking that those who die in their youth are favoured by the Gods :

*Ὅν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.*¹

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

under the sorest and saddest of his many troubles. He thus alludes to it in a letter to me, dated October 5, 1834.

"On the next leaf is the passage of which I spoke in my letter from York. It belongs to an early chapter in the third volume; and very remarkable it is that it should have been written just at that time." WALTER.

¹ He whom the gods love dies young.

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.¹*

All things here are subject to Time and Mutability :

*Quod tibi largâ dedit Hora dextrâ,
Hora furaci rapiet sinistrâ.²*

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

¹ Vainly is an altar dedicated to Fortune while she stays with us ! When she fails, this altar will receive no prayers. WALLIUS.

² What the Hour gave thee with its generous right hand the Hour will snatch from thee with its thievish left. CASIMIR.

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

*Miser, chi speme in cosa mortal pone;
Ma, chi non ve la pone?*¹

When Wilkie was in the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, in the Refectory there, an old Jeronomite said to him, "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly three-score years; during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another, — all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows!"²

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,"

¹ Wretched is he who places his hope in mortal things; but who does not place it there? PETRARCH.

² See the very beautiful lines of Wordsworth in the "Yarrow Revisited." The affecting incident is introduced in "Lines on a Portrait." WALTER.

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.
Εἶδωλ’, ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.¹

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.²

CHAPTER XCVII.

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

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

ROBERT GREENE.

One summer evening the Doctor on his way back from a visit in that direction, stopped, as on such opportunities he usually did, at Mr. Bacon’s wicket, and looked in at the open casement to see if his friends were within. Mr. Bacon was sitting there alone, with a book open on the table before him; and looking round when he heard the horse stop, “Come in Doctor,” said he, “if you have a few minutes to spare. You were never more welcome.”

¹ I see that we are naught but images, all we who live, or an empty shadow. SOPHOCLES.

² SPENSER.

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 un-

protected, 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 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 depended, I had never till now fully acknowledged to myself."

"You have never then mentioned it to Deborah?"

"In no other way than by sometimes incidentally speaking of the way of life which would be open to her, in case of her being unmarried at my death."

"And you have made up your mind to part with her?"

"Upon a clear conviction that I ought to do so; that it is best for herself and me."

"Well then, you will allow me to converse with her first, upon a different subject. — You will permit me to see whether I can speak more successfully

for myself, than you have done for Joseph Hebblethwaite. — Have I your consent?”

Mr. Bacon rose in great emotion, and taking his friend's hand pressed it fervently and tremulously. Presently they heard the wicket open, and Deborah came in.

“I dare say, Deborah,” said her father, composing himself, “you have been telling Betsy Allison of the advantageous offer that you have this day refused.”

“Yes,” replied Deborah; “and what do you think she said? That little as she likes him, rather than 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 which 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!’”

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

*Un mal que se entra por medio los ojos,
Y va se derecho hasta el corazon;
Alli en ser llegado se torna aficion,
Y da mil pesares, plazeres y enojos:
Causa alegrias, tristezas, antojos;
Haze llorar, y haze reir,
Haze cantar, y haze planir,
Da pensamientos dos mil a manojos.¹*

QUESTION DE AMOR.

“Nobs,” said the Doctor, as he mounted and rode away from Mr. Bacon’s garden gate, “when I alighted and fastened thee to that wicket, I thought as little of what was to befall me then, and what I was about to do, as thou knowest of it now.”

Man has an inward voice as well as an “inward eye,”² a voice distinct from that of conscience. It is the companion, if not “the bliss of solitude;”² 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.

¹ A malady that enters through the eyes and goes directly to the heart. Having arrived at its inmost chamber it turns into affection, and causes a thousand sorrows, pleasures and pains. It produces joy, sadness and longing; it makes you weep and laugh, sing and wail; it gives rise to two thousand reflections and more.

² WORDSWORTH.

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,*¹

Argalia's horse, Rubicano, that

*Un che volesse dir lodando il vero,
Bisogno aria di parlar piu ch' umano.*²

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?

¹ This brave and fair courser.

² One who would speak the truth in his praise would need eloquence more than human.

*Virtutem solidi pectoris hospitam
Idem portat equus, qui dominum.*¹

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 dreamed that the inclination would ever proceed. They had not fallen in love with each other; nor had they run in love, nor walked into it, nor been led into it, nor entrapped into it; nor had they caught it.

¹The same horse that bears the master bears the virtue that inhabits the firm breast. CASIMIR.

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 Mahommedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mahommedan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, "how far, my boy, is it to Frying Pan?" The boy replied, "you be in the Pan now."

So it was with the Doctor and with Deborah; — they found themselves in love, as much to their surprise as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the Pan, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

There's a chain of causes
Link'd to effects, — invincible necessity
That whate'er is, could not but so have been.¹

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.*"² Opportunity, which makes thieves,³ makes lovers also, and is the greatest

¹ DRYDEN.

² THOMAS LODGE.

³ *Tilfald gJOR Tjufen.* Swedish proverb. WARTER.

of all match-makers. And when opportunity came, the Doctor,

*Per ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente,¹*

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.²

His first love, as the reader will remember, came by inoculation, and was taken at first sight. This third and last, he used to say, came by inoculation also; but it was a more remarkable case, for eleven years elapsed before there was an appearance of his having taken the infection. How it happened that an acquaintance of so many years, and which at its very commencement had led to confidence, and esteem, and familiarity, and friendship, should have led no farther, may easily be explained. Dove, when he first saw Deborah, was in love with another person.

He had attended poor Lucy Bevan from the eighteenth year of her age, when a tendency to consumption first manifested itself in her, till the twenty-fifth, when she sunk under that slow and insidious malady. She, who for five of those seven years, fancied herself during every interval, or mitigation of the disease, restored to health, or in the way of recovery, had fixed her affections upon him. And he who had

¹To obey him whom reason must always obey. PULCI.

²Who has time and waits for time, loses time. SERAFINO DA L'AQUILA.

gained those affections by his kind and careful attendance upon a case of which he soon saw cause to apprehend the fatal termination, becoming aware of her attachment as he became more and more mournfully convinced that no human skill could save her, found himself unawares engaged in a second passion, as hopeless as his first. That had been wilful; this was equally against his will and his judgment: that had been a folly, this was an affliction. And the only consolation which he found in it was, that the consciousness of loving and of being beloved, which made him miserable, was a happiness to her as long as she retained a hope of life, or was capable of feeling satisfaction in anything relating to this world. Caroline Bowles, whom no authoress or author has ever surpassed in truth, and tenderness, and sanctity of feeling, could relate such a story as it ought to be related, — if stories which in themselves are purely painful ought ever to be told. I will not attempt to tell it: — for I wish not to draw upon the reader's tears, and have none to spare for it myself.

This unhappy attachment, though he never spoke of it, being always but too certain in what it must end, was no secret to Mr. Bacon and his daughter: and when death had dissolved the earthly tie, it seemed to them, as it did to himself, that his affections were wedded to the dead. It was likely that the widower should think so, judging of his friend's heart by his own.

Sorrow and Time will ever paint too well
The lost when hopeless, all things loved in vain.¹

His feelings upon such a point had been expressed for him by a most prolific and unequal writer, whose

¹ ROBERT LANDOR.

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.¹

The knowledge that the Doctor's heart was thus engaged at the time of their first acquaintance, had given to Deborah's intercourse with him an easy frankness which otherwise might perhaps not have been felt, and could not have been assumed ; and the sister-like feeling into which this had grown underwent no change after Lucy Bevan's death. He meantime saw that she was so happy with her father, and supposed her father's happiness so much depended upon her, that to have entertained a thought of separating them (even if the 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

¹ WITHER.

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.¹

CHAPTER CV.

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

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

HENRY TAYLOR'S Statesman.

Dear impatient readers, — you whom I know and who do not know me, — and you who are equally impatient, but whom I cannot call equally dear, because you are totally strangers to me in my out-of-cog character, — you who would have had me hurry on

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought, —²

you will not wonder, nor perhaps will you blame me now, that I do not hasten to the wedding-day. The day on which Deborah left her father's house was the saddest that she had ever known till then ; nor was there one of the bridal party who did not feel that this was the first of those events, inevitable and

¹ BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

² SHAKESPEARE.

mournful all, by which their little circle would be lessened, and his or her manner of life or of existence changed.

There is no checking the course of time. When the shadow on Hezekiah's dial went back, it was in the symbol only that the miracle was wrought: the minutes in every other horologe held their due course. But as Opifex of this opus, I, when it seems good unto me, may take the hour-glass from Time's hand and let it rest at a stand-still, till I think fit to turn it and set the sands again in motion. You who have got into this my omnibus, know that like other omnibuses, its speed is to be regulated, not according to your individual, and perhaps contrariant wishes, but by my discretion.

Moreover, I am not bound to ply with this omnibus only upon a certain line. In that case there would be just cause of complaint, if you were taken out of your road.

*Mas estorva y desabre en el camino
Una pequeña legua de desvio
Que la jornada larga de continuo.¹*

Whoever has at any time lost his way upon a long journey can bear testimony to the truth of what the Reverend Padre Maestro Fray Marco Antonio de Camos says in those lines. (I will tell you hereafter, reader, (for it is worth telling,) why that namesake of the Triumvir, when he wrote the poem from whence the lines are quoted, had no thoughts of dedicating it, as he afterwards did, to D. Juan Pimentel y de Requesens.) But you are in no danger of being bewildered, or driven out of your way. It is not in a

¹ On a journey a little league out of the way annoys and disturbs one more than a long day's travel in the direct route.

stage coach that you have taken your place with me, to be conveyed to a certain point, and within a certain time, under such an expectation on your part, and such an engagement on mine. We will drop the metaphor of the omnibus, — observing, however, by the bye, which is the same thing in common parlance as by the way, though critically there may seem to be a difference, for by the bye might seem to denote a collateral remark, and by the way a direct one; observing, however, as I said, that as Dexter called his work, or St. Jerome called it for him, *Omnimoda Historia*, so might this opus be not improperly denominated. You have embarked with me, not for a definite voyage, but for an excursion on the water; and not in a steamer, nor in a galley, nor in one of the post-office packets, nor in a man-of-war, nor in a merchant-vessel; but in

A ship that's mann'd
With labouring Thoughts, and steer'd by Reason's hand.
My Will's the seaman's card whereby she sails;
My just Affections are the greater sails,
The top sail is my fancy.¹

Sir Guyon was not safer in Phædria's "gondelay bedecked trim" than thou art on "this wide inland sea," in my ship

That knows her port and thither sails by aim;
Ne care, ne fear I how the wind do blow;
Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow,
Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn.²

My turn is served for the present, and yours also. The question who was Mrs. Dove? propounded for future solution in the second Chapter P. I., and for immediate consideration at the conclusion of the 71st

¹ QUARLES: *mutatis mutandis*.

² SPENSER.

Chapter and the beginning of the 72nd, has been sufficiently answered. You have been made acquainted with her birth, parentage, and education; and you may rest assured that if the Doctor had set out upon a tour, like Cœlebs, in search of a wife, he could never have found one who would in all respects have suited him better. What Shakespeare says of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch might seem to have been said with a second sight of this union :

Such as she is
 Is this our Doctor, every way complete;
 If not complete, O say, he is not she:
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he.
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence
 Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.

You would wish me perhaps to describe her person. Sixty years had "written their defeatures in her face" before I became acquainted with her; yet by what those years had left methinks I could conceive what she had been in her youth. Go to your looking-glasses, young ladies,—and you will not be so well able to imagine by what you see there, how you will look when you shall have shaken hands with Three-score.

One of the Elizabethan minor-poets, speaking of an ideal beauty, says,

Into a slumber then I fell,
 When fond Imagination
 Seemed to see, but could not tell,
 Her feature, or her fashion.
 But even as babes in dreams do smile,
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,
 So I awaked, as wise this while,
 As when I fell a-sleeping.

Just as unable should I feel myself were I to attempt a description from what Mrs. Dove was when I knew her, of what Deborah Bacon might be supposed to have been, — just as unable as this dreaming rhymer should I be, and you would be no whit the wiser. What the disposition was which gave her face its permanent beauty you may know by what has already been said. But this I can truly say of her and of her husband, that if they had lived in the time of the Romans when Doncaster was called Danum, and had been of what was then the Roman religion, and had been married, as consequently they would have been, with the rites of classical Paganism, it would have been believed both by their neighbours and themselves that their nuptial offerings had been benignly received by the god Domicius and the goddesses Maturna and Gamelia; and no sacrifice to Viriplaca would ever have been thought necessary in that household.

CHAPTER CX.

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

— his birth day, the eleventh of June
When the Apostle Barnaby the bright
Unto our year doth give the longest light.

BEN JONSON.

“It’s as fine a foal as ever was dropped,” said Nicholas; — “but I should as soon thought of dropping one myself!”

“If thou hadst, Nicholas,” replied the Doctor, “’twould have been a foal with longer ears, and a cross upon the shoulders. But I am heartily glad that it has happened to the Mare rather than to

thee; for in the first place thou wouldst hardly have got so well through it, as, with all my experience, I should have been at a loss how to have rendered thee any assistance; and secondly, Nicholas, I should have been equally at a loss how to account for the circumstance, which certainly never could have been accounted for in so satisfactory a manner. The birth of this extraordinary foal supports a fact which the wise ancients have attested, and the moderns in their presumptuous ignorance have been pleased to disbelieve; it also agrees with a notion which I have long been disposed to entertain. But had it been thy case instead of the Mare's it would have been to no purpose except to contradict all facts and confound all notions."

"As for that matter," answered Nicholas, "all my notions are struck in a heap. You bought that Mare on the 29th of July, by this token that it was my birth-day, and I said she would prove a lucky one. One, — two, — three, — four, — five, — six, — seven, — eight, — nine, — ten, —" he continued, counting upon his fingers, — "ten Kalendar months, and to-day the eleventh of June; — in all that time I'll be sworn she has never been nearer a horse than to pass him on the road. It must have been the Devil's doing, and I wish he never did worse. However, Master, I hope you'll sell him, for, in spite of his looks, I should never like to trust my precious limbs upon the back of such a misbegotten beast."

"*Unbegotten*, Nicholas," replied the Doctor; "*unbegotten*, — or rather begotten by the winds, — for so with every appearance of probability we may fairly suppose him to have been."

"The Winds!" said Nicholas. — He lifted up the lids of his little eyes as far as he could strain them,

and breathed out a whistle of a half minute long, beginning in C alt and running down two whole octaves.

“It was common in Spain,” pursued Dr. Dove, “and consequently may have happened in our less genial climate, but this is the first instance that has ever been clearly observed. I well remember,” he continued, “that last July was peculiarly fine. The wind never varied more than from South South East to South West; the little rain which fell descended in gentle, balmy showers, and the atmosphere never could have been more full of the fecundating principle.”

That our friend really attached any credit to this fanciful opinion of the Ancients is what I will not affirm, nor perhaps would he himself have affirmed it. But Henry More, the Platonist, Milton’s friend, undoubtedly believed it. After quoting the well-known passage upon this subject in the *Georgics*, and a verse to the same effect from the *Punics*, he adds, that you may not suspect it “to be only the levity and credulity of Poets to report such things, I can inform you that St. Austin, and Solinus the historian, write the same of a race of horses in Cappadocia. Nay, which is more to the purpose, Columella and Varro, men expert in rural affairs, assert this matter for a most certain and known truth.” Pliny also affirms it as an undoubted fact: the foals of the Wind, he says, were exceedingly swift, but short-lived, never outliving three years. And the Lampongs of Sumatra, according to Marsden, believe at this time that the Island Engano is inhabited entirely by females, whose progeny are all children of the Wind.

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

If

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

MIDDLETON.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "by reading one book ;" "meaning," says Bishop Taylor, "that an understanding entertained with several objects is intent upon neither, and profits not." Lord Holland's poet, the prolific Lope de Vega, tells us to the same purport :

*Que es estudiante notable
El que lo es de un libro solo.
Que quando no estaban llenos
De tantos libros ajenos,
Como van dexando atras,
Sabian los hombres mas
Porque estudiavan en menos.¹*

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,

¹ The true student is he who is the student of a single book. For when they were not full of so many strange books as they now leave trailing behind them, men knew more because they studied in less.

— 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.

It if be proposed to Sir Humphry Davy he will smile too, and perhaps blush also. The Laureate will observe a careless silence; Mr. Wordsworth a dignified one. And Professor Porson, if he were not gone where his Greek is of no use to him, would accept credit for it, though he would not claim it.

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

“My little more than nothing” Jeffrey the second, — (for of the small Jeffreys, Jeffrey Hudson must always be the first) — will look less when he pops upon his own name in its pages. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan is Jeffrey the third: he must have been placed second in right of seniority, had it not been for the profound respect with which I regard the University of Glasgow. The Rector of Glasgow takes precedence of the Mayor of 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 strangle 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.¹

Then the discussion that this book will excite among blue stockings, and blue beards! The stir! the buzz! the bustle! The talk at tea tables in the country, and *conversazione* in town, — in Mr. Murray's room, at Mr. Longman's dinners, in Mr. Hatchard's shop, — at the Royal Institution, — at the Alfred, at the Admiralty, at Holland House! Have you seen it? — Do you understand it? Are you not disgusted with it? — Are you not provoked at it? — Are you not delighted with it? Whose is it? Whose can it be?

Is it Walter Scott's? — There is no Scotch in the book; and that hand is never to be mistaken in its masterly strokes. Is it Lord Byron's? — Lord Byron's! Why the Author fears God, honours the King, and loves his country and his kind. Is it by Little Moore? — If it were, we should have sentimental lewdness, Irish patriotism which is something very like British treason, and a plentiful spicing of personal insults to the Prince Regent. Is it the Laureate? — He lies buried under his own historical quartos! There is neither his mannerism, nor his

¹ BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHER.

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,¹ —

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 Papin-head has so successfully concealed from the public and from all his most intimate acquaintance during his whole life?

¹ SOUTHEY.

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

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

Is it Smith?

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

Is it the Author of *Thinks I to myself*? — “Think you so,” says I to myself I. Or the Author of the *Miseries of Human Life*? George Colman? Wrangham, — 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!

“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. McDry declares, with a harsh Scotch accent, “It’s just parfit nonsense.”

INTERCHAPTER VII.

ROWLAND DIXON AND HIS COMPANY OF PUPPETS.

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

* * * *

*Y para el vulgo rudo, que ignorante
aborrece el manjar costoso, guisa
el plato del gracioso extravagante;*

*Con que les hartas de contento y risa,
gustando de mirar sayal grossero,
mas que sutil y candida camisa.¹*

JOSEPH ORTIZ DE VILLENA.

¹ There one may see weeping so effective, and fables and stories so represented that they appear to be truth though they are but a pleasant deception. . . . And for the rude vulgar which in its ignorance abhors a delicate diet, cook the dish of the extravagant clown that you may fill him up with contentment and laughter, since he enjoys looking at coarse sackcloth better than at fine linen.

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

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

That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days, as being the home and head quarters of Rowland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or Puppet-show-master-general, of the North; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel, whom the Spectator has immortalized.

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

— the same which in my school-boy days
I listened to, —

as Wordsworth says of the Cuckoo,

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

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

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

The Dramatis Personæ of these modern exhibitions never, I believe, comprehends more than four characters, and these four are generally the same, to wit,

Punch, Judy, as she who used to be called Joan is now denominated, the Devil and the Doctor, or sometimes the Constable in the Doctor's stead. There is, therefore, as little variety in the action as in the personages; and their dimensions are such, that the whole company and the theatre in which they are exhibited are carried along the streets at quick time and with a light step by the two persons who manage the concern.

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

In no country, and in no stage of society, has the drama ever existed in a ruder state than that in which this company presented it. The Drolls of Bartholomew Fair were hardly so far below the legitimate drama, as they were above that of Rowland Dixon; for the Drolls were written compositions: much ribaldry might be, and no doubt was, interpolated as opportunity allowed or invited; but the main dialogue was prepared. Here, on the contrary, there was no other preparation than that of frequent practice. The stock pieces were founded upon popular stories or ballads, such as Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, and Bateman who hanged himself for love; with scriptural subjects for Easter and Whitsun-

week, such as the Creation, the Deluge, Susannah and the Elders, and Nebuchadnezzar or the Fall of Pride. These had been handed down from the time of the old mysteries and miracle-plays, having, in the progress of time and change, descended from the monks and clergy to become the property of such managers as Powel and Rowland Dixon. In what manner they were represented when thus

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate,

may be imagined from a play-bill of Queen Anne's reign, in which one of them is thus advertised :

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

I have not found it any where stated at what time these irreverent representations were discontinued

in England, nor whether (which is not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then Archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks, and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for Saints and Images as for the great object of Romish Idolatry. These, probably, will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the Sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Delilah clipt him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "hazy weather, master Noah," having been preserved by tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupæ gesticulantes*, which may be

found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum Latina*, edited by Mr. Popham.

*Ecce tamen subito, et medio discrimine rerum,
Ridiculus vultu procedit Homuncio, tergum
Cui riget in gibbum, immensusque protruditur alvus:
PUNCHIUS huic nomen, nec erat petulantior unquam
Ullus; quin etiam media inter seria semper
Importunus adest, lepidusque et garrulus usque
Perstat, permiscetque jocos, atque omnia turbat.
Sæpe puellarum densa ad subsellia sese
Convertens, — sedet en! pulchras mea, dixit, amica
Illic inter eas! Oculo simul improbus uno
Connivens, aliquam illarum quasi noverat, ipsam
Quæque pudens se signari pudefacta rubescit;
Totaque subridet juvenumque virumque corona.
Cum vero ambiguis obscenas turpia dictis
Innuat, effuso testantur gaudia risu.¹*

In one particular only this description is unlike the Punch of the Ingleton Company. He was not an *homuncio*, but a full-grown personage, who had succeeded with little alteration either of attributes or appearance to the Vice of the old Mysteries, and served like the Clown of our own early stage, and the *Gracioso* of the Spaniards, to scatter mirth over the serious part of the performance, or turn it into ridicule. The wife was an appendage of later times,

¹ But behold of a sudden and in the very midst of things a manikin steps forth with a comical face, his back erected in a hump and a huge belly protruding. His name is Punch, and never was there a more impudent fellow than he; for he constantly intrudes in serious action, persists unceasingly in his light chatter, mingles his jests, and throws everything into confusion. Often turning to where the girls are sitting on the packed benches he says, "See where my sweetheart is sitting there among the pretty lasses." The rogue winks at the same time with one eye, as if he knew some one of them, and every girl as if ashamed to see herself thus pointed out begins to blush. And the whole ring of boys and men grins. But when by words of double meaning he suggests things vile and obscene, they proclaim their delight with a burst of laughter.

when it was not thought good for Punch to be alone ; and when, as these performances had fallen into lower hands, the quarrels between such a pair afforded a standing subject equally adapted to the capacity of the interlocutor and of his audience.

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

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

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

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

“I believe it would, indeed!” said the Boy; “and then to see MORS and NATURA; and have DAMNATUS called up; and the Three Cacodæmons at supper upon the sirloin of a King, and the roasted Doctor of Divinity, and the cruel Schoolmaster’s rump! Would not it be nice, Mr. Guy?”

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

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

“I am afraid, Daniel, Rowland Dixon would not thank me for my pains. Besides, I could never make it sound half so noble in English as in those grand Latin verses, which fill the mouth, and the ears, and the mind, — aye and the heart and soul too. No, boy! schools are the proper places for representing such pieces, and if I had but Latiners enough we would

have them ourselves. But there are not many houses, my good Daniel, in which learning is held in such esteem as it is at thy father's; if there were, I should have more Latin scholars;— and what is of far more consequence, the world would be wiser and better than it is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUACK AND NO QUACK, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF DOCTOR GREEN
AND HIS MAN KEMP.

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

QUARLES.

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

A performer of a very different kind used in those days to visit Ingleton in his rounds, where his arrival was always expected by some of the community with great anxiety. This was a certain Dr. Greene, who having been regularly educated for the profession of medicine, and regularly graduated in it, chose to practice as an itinerant, and take the field with a

Merry Andrew for his aide-de-camp. He was of a respectable and wealthy family in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, which neighborhood on their account he never approached in his professional circuits, though for himself he was far from being ashamed of the character that he had assumed. The course which he had taken had been deliberately chosen, with the two-fold object of gratifying his own humour, and making a fortune; and in the remoter as well as the immediate purpose, he succeeded to his heart's content.

It is not often that so much wordly prudence is found connected with so much eccentricity of character. A French poetess, Madame de Villedieu, taking as a text for some verses the liberal maxim *que la vertu dépend autant du temperament que des loix*,¹ says,

*Presque toujours chacun suit son caprice;
Heureux est le mortel que les destins amis
Ont partagé d'un caprice permis.*²

He is indeed a fortunate man who, if he *must* have a hobby-horse, which is the same as saying if he *will* have one, keeps it not merely for pleasure, but for use, breaks it in well, has it entirely under command, and gets as much work out of it as he could have done out of a common roadster. Dr. Green did this; he had not taken to this strange course because he was impatient of the restraints of society, but because he fancied that his constitution both of body and of mind required an erratic life; and that, within certain bounds which he prescribed for himself, he might indulge in it, both to his own advantage, and that of the community, — that part of the com-

¹ that virtue depends as much on temperament as on laws.

² Nearly always each one pursues his own whim; happy is the mortal whom the fates have dowered with a legitimate whim.

munity at least among whom it would be his lot to labour. Our laws had provided itinerant Courts of Justice for the people. Our church had formerly provided itinerant preachers; and after the Reformation, when the Mendicant Orders were abolished by whom this service used to be performed, such preachers have never failed to appear during the prevalence of any religious influenza. Dr. Green thought that itinerant physicians were wanted; and that if practitioners regularly educated and well qualified would condescend to such a course, the poor ignorant people would no longer be cheated by travelling quacks, and sometimes poisoned by them!

One of the most reprehensible arts to which the Reformers resorted in their hatred of popery, was that of adapting vulgar verses to church tunes, and thus associating with ludicrous images, or with something worse, melodies which had formerly been held sacred. It is related of Whitefield that he, making a better use of the same device, fitted hymns to certain popular airs, because, he said, "there was no reason why the Devil should keep all the good tunes to himself." Green acted upon a similar principle when he took the field as a Physician Errant, with his man Kemp, like another Sancho for his Squire. But the Doctor was no Quixote; and his Merry Andrew had all Sancho's shrewdness, without any alloy of his simpleness.

In those times medical knowledge among the lower practitioners was at the lowest point. Except in large towns the people usually trusted to domestic medicine, which some Lady Bountiful administered from her family receipt book; or to a Village Doctress whose prescriptions were as likely sometimes to be dangerously active, as at others to be ridiculous and inert. But while they held to their garden physic

it was seldom that any injury was done either by exhibiting wrong medicines or violent ones.

Herbs, Woods, and Springs, the power that in you lies
If mortal man could know your properties! ¹

* * * * *

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

¹ FLETCHER.

dren. His son proved as maggoty as the father, ran through a good fortune, and when confined in the King's Bench prison for debt, wrote a book upon the Art of cheap living in London!

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

At the time to which this chapter refers, Dr. Green was in his meridian career, and enjoyed the highest reputation throughout the sphere of his itinerancy. Ingleton lay in his rounds, and whenever he came there he used to send for the schoolmaster to pass the evening with him. He was always glad if he could find an opportunity also of conversing with the elder Daniel, as the Flossofer of those parts.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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

Lass mich der Stunde gedenken, und jedes kleineren Umstands.

Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an!

Jenes süsse Gedränge der leichtesten irdischen Tage,

Ach, wer schätzt ihn genug, diesen vereilenden Werth!

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

Macht die Liebe, die Kunst, jegliches Kleine doch gross.¹

¹ Let me remember the hour and each trifling circumstance. Ah, who does not gladly invoke what cannot be brought back! That sweet impulse of earth's lightest day, ah, who treasures it enough, this transitory good! Trifling it seems now, but ah! not trifling to the heart; Love and Art make each trifle great. GOETHE.

The circumstances of my friend's boyhood and early youth, though singularly favourable to his peculiar cast of mind, in many or indeed most respects, were in this point disadvantageous, that they afforded him little or no opportunity of forming those early friendships which, when they are well formed, contribute so largely to our future happiness. Perhaps the greatest advantage of public education, as compared with private, is, that it presents more such opportunities than are ever met with in any subsequent stage of human life. And yet even then in friendship, as 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 connections and new employments in which they no longer share together, efface the remembrance of what passed in earlier days, and they become strangers to each other for ever. Add to this, the *man* frequently differs so much from the *boy*, — his principles, manners, temper, and conduct undergo so great an alteration, — that we no longer 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 shows the strong similitude reversed.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
 And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
 Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
 Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
 Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
 But learns his error in maturer years,
 When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
 Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

Disposition, however, is the one thing which undergoes no other change than that of growth in after life. The physical constitution, when any morbid principle is innate in it, rarely alters; the moral constitution — (except by a miracle of God's mercy) — never.

— *Ἀνθρώποις δ' αἰεὶ*
 'Ο μὲν πονηρὸς, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κακός.¹

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

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

¹ Ever among men the wicked one is nothing else than wicked.

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 control and less disguise; and there are reasons enough, of a less melancholy kind than Cowper contemplated, why so few of these blossoms set, and of those which afford a promise of fruit, why so small a proportion should bring it to maturity. "The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie;"¹ and even when not thus dissolved, the mutual attachment which in boyhood is continually strengthened by similarity of circumstance and pursuits, dies a natural death in most cases when that similarity ceases. If one goes north in the intellectual bearings of his course in life, and the other south, they will at last be far as the poles asunder. If their pursuits are altogether different, and their opinions repugnant, in the first case they cease to think of each other with any warm interest; in the second, if they think of each other at all, it is with an uncomfortable feeling, and a painful sense of change.

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

Friendship, in each successive stage of life,
As we approach him, varies to the view;
In youth he wears the face of Love himself,
Of Love without his arrows and his wings.
Soon afterwards with Bacchus and with Pan
Thou findest him; or hearest him resign,
To some dog-pastor, by the quiet fire,
With much good-will and jocular adieu,

¹ SHAKESPEARE.

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

There are a few persons known to me in years long past, but with whom I lived in no particular intimacy then, and have held no correspondence since, whom I could not now meet without an emotion of pleasure deep enough to partake of pain, and who, I doubt not, entertain for me feelings of the same kind and degree ; whose eyes sparkle when they hear, and glisten sometimes when they speak of me ; and

who think of me as I do of them, with an affection that increases as we advance in years. This is because our moral and intellectual sympathies have strengthened; and because, though far asunder, we know that we are travelling the same road toward our resting place in heaven. "There is such a pleasure as this," says Cowper, "which would want explanation to some folks, being perhaps a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation."

CHAPTER LXXXV.

MATRIMONY AND RAZORS. LIGHT SAYINGS LEADING TO GRAVE
THOUGHTS. USES OF SHAVING.

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

MASSINGER.

Oh pitiable condition of human kind! One colour is born to slavery abroad, and one sex to shavery at home!—A woman, to secure her comfort and well-being in this country, stands in need of one thing only, which is a good husband; but a man hath to provide himself with two things, a good wife, and a good razor, and it is more difficult to find the latter than the former. The Doctor made these remarks one day, when his chin was smarting after an uncomfortable operation; and Mrs. Dove retorted by saying that women had still the less favourable lot, for scarce as good razors might be, good husbands were still scarcer.

"Aye," said the Doctor, "Deborah is right, and it is even so; for the goodness of wife, husband, and

razor depends upon their temper, and, taking in all circumstances and causes natural and adventitious, we might reasonably conclude that steel would more often be tempered precisely to the just degree, than that the elements of which humanity is composed should be all nicely proportioned and amalgamated happily. Rarely indeed could Nature stand up, and pointing out a sample of its workmanship in this line say to all the world, this is a Man! meaning thereby what man, rational, civilized, well educated, redeemed, immortal man, may and ought to be. Where this could be said in one instance, in a thousand or ten thousand others she might say this is what Man has by his own devices made himself, a sinful and miserable creature, weak or wicked, selfish, sensual, earthly-minded, busy in producing temporal evil for others, — and everlasting evil for himself!”

But as it was his delight to find good, or to look for it, in everything, and especially when he could discover the good which may be educed from evil, he used to say that more good than evil resulted from shaving, preposterous as he knew the practice to be, irrational as he admitted it was, and troublesome as to his cost he felt it. The inconvenience and the discomfort of the operation no doubt were great, — very great, especially in frosty weather, and during March winds, and when the beard is a strong beard. He did not extenuate the greatness of this evil, which was moreover of daily recurrence. Nay, he said, it was so great, that had it been necessary for physical reasons, that is to say, were it a law of nature, instead of a practice enjoined by the custom of the country, it would undoubtedly have been mentioned in the third chapter of the book of Genesis, as the peculiar

penalty inflicted upon the sons of Adam, because of his separate share in the primal offence. The daughters of Eve, as is well known, suffer expressly for their mother's sin; and the final though not apparent cause why the practice of shaving, which is apparently so contrary to reason, should universally prevail in all civilized christian countries, the Doctor surmised might be, that by this means the sexes were placed in this respect upon an equality, each having its own penalty to bear, and those penalties being — perhaps — on the whole equal; or if man had the heavier for his portion, it was no more than he deserved, for having yielded to the weaker vessel. These indeed are things which can neither be weighed nor measured; but it must be considered that shaving comes every day to all men of what may be called the clean classes, and to the poorest labourer or handicraft once a week; and that if the daily shavings of one year, or even the weekly ones, could be put into one shave, the operation would be fatal, — it would be more than flesh and blood could bear.

In the case of man this penalty brought with it no after compensation, and here the female had the advantage. Some good nevertheless resulted from it, both to the community and to the individual shaver, unless he missed it by his own fault.

To the community because it gives employment to Barbers, a lively and loquacious race, who are everywhere the great receivers and distributors of all news, private or public in their neighbourhood.

To the individual, whether he were, like the Doctor himself, and as Zebedee is familiarly said to have been, an *autokureus*, which is, being interpreted, a self-shaver, or shaver of himself; or merely a shavee, as the labouring classes almost always are, the opera-

tion in either case brings the patient into a frame of mind favourable to his moral improvement. He must be quiet and composed when under the operator's hands, and not less so if under his own. In whatever temper or state of feeling he may take his seat in the barber's chair, or his stand at the looking-glass, he must at once become calm. There must be no haste, no impatience, no irritability; so surely as he gives way to either, he will smart for it. And however prone to wander his thoughts may be, at other and perhaps more serious times, he must be as attentive to what he is about in the act of shaving, as if he were working a problem in mathematics.

As a lion's heart and a lady's hand are among the requisites for a surgeon, so are they for the Zebedean shaver. He must have a steady hand, and a mind steadied for the occasion; a hand confident in its skill, and a mind assured that the hand is competent to the service upon which it is ordered. Fear brings with it its immediate punishment as surely as in a field of battle; if he but think of cutting himself, cut himself he will.

I hope I shall not do so to-morrow; but if what I have just written should come into my mind, and doubt come over me in consequence, too surely then I shall! Let me forget myself, therefore, as quickly as I can, and fall again into the train of the Doctor's thoughts.

Did not the Duc de Brissac perform the operation himself for a moral and dignified sentiment, instead of letting himself be shaved by his valet-de-chambre? Often was he heard to say unto himself in grave soliloquy, while holding the razor open, and adjusting the blade to the proper angle, in readiness for the first stroke, "Timoleon de Cossé, God hath made

thee a Gentleman, and the King hath made thee a Duke. It is nevertheless right and fit that thou shouldst have something to do; therefore thou shalt shave thyself!" — In this spirit of humility did that great Peer "mundify his muzzel."

De sçavoir les raisons pourquoy son pere luy donna ce nom de Timoleon, encore que ce ne fut nom Chretien, mais payen, il ne se peut dire; toutesfois, à l'imitation des Italiens et des Grecs, qui ont emprunté la plus part des noms payens, et n'en sont corrigez pour cela, et n'en font aucun scruple, — il avoit cette opinion, que son pere luy avoit donné ce nom par humeur, et venant à lire la vie de Timoleon elle luy pleut, et pour ce en imposa le nom à son fils, présageant qu'un jour il luy seroit semblable. Et certes pour si peu qu'il a vesçu, il luy a ressemblé quelque peu; mais, s'il eust vesçu il ne l'eust ressemblé quelque peu en sa retraite si longue, et en son temporisement si tardif qu'il fit, et si longue abstinence de guerre; ainsi que luy-mesme le disoit souvent, qu'il ne demeureroit pour tous les biens du monde retiré si longuement que fit ce Timoleon.¹

This is a parenthesis: I return to our philosopher's discourse.

¹ As for the reasons why his father gave him the name Timoleon seeing that it was not a Christian but a pagan name, they are hard to tell; probably in imitation of the Italians and Greeks who borrowed most of the pagan names and were neither rebuked for it nor made any scruple of it, — he was of the opinion that his father had given him this name from a whim, that happening to read the life of Timoleon he liked it and therefore named his son after him, foreseeing that he would one day resemble him. And to be sure, during the short time that he lived he resembled him quite a little; but if he had continued to live he would not have resembled him at all in his long retirement, his sluggish temporizing, and his long abstinence from war. He often used to say himself that he would not for all the goods of the world remain so long in retirement as did Timoleon.

And what lectures, I have heard the Doctor say, does the looking-glass, at such times, read to those men who look in it at such times only! The glass is no flatterer, the person in no disposition to flatter himself, the plight in which he presents himself assuredly no flattering one. It would be superfluous to have *Γνώθι Σεαυτὸν* inscribed upon the frame of the mirror; he cannot fail to know himself, who contemplates his own face there, long and steadily, every day. Nor can he as he waxes old need a death's head for a memento in his closet or his chamber; for day by day he traces the defeatures which the hand of Time is making, — that hand which never suspends its work.

Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime.¹

“When I was a round-faced, red-faced, smooth-faced boy,” said he to me one day, following the vein upon which he had thus fallen, “I used to smile if people said they thought me like my father, or my mother, or my uncle. I now discern the resemblance to each and all of them myself, as age brings out the primary and natural character of the countenance, and wears away all that accidental circumstances had superinduced upon it. The recognitions, — the glimpses which at such times I get of the departed, carry my thoughts into the past; — and bitter, — bitter indeed would those thoughts be, if my anticipations — (wishes I might almost call them, were it lawful as wishes to indulge in them) — did not also lead me into the future, when I shall be gathered to my fathers in spirit, though these mortal *exuvie*

¹ SHAKESPEARE.

should not be laid to moulder with them under the same turf." ¹

There were very few to whom he talked thus. If he had not entirely loved me, he would never have spoken to me in this strain.

CHAPTER CLIII.

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

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

SHARON TURNER.

The poet Campbell is said to have calculated that a man who shaves himself every day, and lives to the age of threescore and ten, expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving, as would have sufficed for learning seven languages.

The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *ne plus ultra* of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot-water, *sans* cold-water,

¹ The passage following is from a letter of Southey's, published by Sir Egerton Brydges in his Autobiography: "Did you ever remark how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses, — which, having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and the business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary characters — before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this, — a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear." — Vol. ii. p. 270.

WARTER.

sans everything except a razor. And yet among all the characters which he bears in the world, no one has ever given him credit for being a cunning shaver!

(Be it here observed in a parenthesis that I suppose the word *shaver* in this so common expression to have been corrupted from shaveling; the old contemptuous word for a Priest.)

But upon reflection, I am not certain whether it is of the poet Southey that this is said, or of the poet Wordsworth. I may easily have confounded one with the other in my recollections, just as what was said of Romulus might have been repeated of Remus while they were both living and flourishing together; or as a mistake in memory might have been made between the two Kings of Brentford when they both quitted the stage, each smelling to his nosegay, which it was who made his exit P. S. and which O. P.

Indeed we should never repeat what is said of public characters (a denomination under which all are to be included who figure in public life, from the high, mighty and most illustrious Duke of Wellington at this time, down to little Waddington) without qualifying it as common report, or as newspaper, or magazine authority. It is very possible that the Lake poets may, both of them, shave after the manner of other men. The most attached friends of Mr. Rogers can hardly believe that he has actually said all the good things which are ascribed to him in a certain weekly journal; and Mr. Campbell may not have made the remark which I have repeated, concerning the time employed in mowing the chin, and the use to which the minutes that are so spent might be applied. Indeed so far am I from wishing to impute to this gentleman upon common report,

anything which might not be to his credit, or which he might not like to have the credit of, that it is with the greatest difficulty I can persuade myself to believe in the authenticity of his letter to Mr. Moore upon the subject of Lord and Lady Byron, though he has published it himself, and in his own name.

Some one else may have made the calculation concerning shaving and languages, some other poet, or proser, or one who never attempted either prose or rhyme. Was he not the first person who proposed the establishment of the London University, and if this calculation were his, is it possible that he should not have proposed a plan for it founded thereon, which might have entitled the new institution to assume the title of the Polyglot College?

Be this as it may, I will not try the *sans*-everything way of shaving, let who will have invented it: never will I try it, unless thereto by dire necessity enforced! I will neither shave dry, nor be dry-shaved, while any of those things are to be obtained which either mitigate or abbreviate the operation. I will have a brush, I will have Naples soap, or some substitute for it, which may enable me always to keep a dry and clean apparatus. I will have hot-water for the sake of the razor, and I will have a looking-glass for the sake of my chin and my upper lip. No, never will I try Lake shaving, unless thereto by dire necessity enforced.

Nor would I be enforced to it by any necessity less dire than that with which King Arthur was threatened by a messenger from Kynge Ryons of North-walys; and Kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles. And this was his message, gretynge wel Kynge Arthur in this manere wyse, sayenge, "that Kynge Ryons had discomfyte and overcome

eleaven Kynges, and everyche of hem did hym homage, and that was this; they gaf hym their beardys clene flayne off, as moche as ther was; wherfor the messenger came for King Arthurs beard. For King Ryons had purfyled a mantel with Kynges berdes, and there lacked one place of the mantel, wherfor he sent for his berd, or els he wold entre in to his landes, and brenne and slee, and never leve tyl he have thi hede and thi berd." If the King of the Lakes should require me to do him homage by shaving without soap, I should answer with as much spirit as was shown in the answer which King Arthur returned to the Messenger from King Ryons. "Wel, sayd Arthur, thow hast said thy message, the whiche is the most vylanous and lewdest message that ever man herd sente unto a Kynge. Also thow mayst see, my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit. But telle thow thy Kynge this; I owe hym none homage, ne none of mine elders; but or it be longe to, he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys, or els he shall lese his hede by the feithe of my body, for this is the most shamefullest message that ever I herd speke of. I have aspyed, thy King met never yet with worshipful man; but telle hym, I wyll have his hede without he doo me homage: Then the messenger departed."

CHAPTER CLIV.

THE POET'S CALCULATION TESTED AND PROVED.

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

CONGREVE.

But I will *test* (as an American would say, — though let it be observed in passing that I do not *advocate*

the use of Americanisms,) — I will *test* Mr. Campbell's assertion. And as the Lord President of the New Monthly Magazine has not favoured the world with the calculations upon which his assertion, if his it be, is founded, I will investigate it, step by step, with which intent I have this morning, Saturday, May the fifteenth, 1830, minuted myself during the act of shaving.

The time employed was, within a second or two more or less, nine minutes.

I neither hurried the operation, nor lingered about it. Everything was done in my ordinary orderly way, steadily, and without waste of time.

Now as to my beard, it is not such a beard as that of Domenico d'Ancona, which was *delle barbe la corona*, that is to say the crown of beards, or rather, in English idiom, the king.

*Una barba la più singulare
Che mai fosse discritta in verso o'n prosa,*

A beard the most unparallel'd
That ever was yet described in prose or rhyme,

and of which Berni says that the Barber ought to have felt less reluctance in cutting the said Domenico's throat, than in cutting off so incomparable a beard. Neither do I think that mine ever by possibility could vie with that of Futteh Ali Shah, King of Persia at this day: nay, I doubt whether Macassar Oil, Bear's grease, Elephant's marrow, or the approved recipe of sour milk with which the Persians cultivate their beards, could ever bring mine to the far inferior growth of his son's, Prince Abbas Mirza. Indeed no Mussulmen would ever look upon it, as they did upon Mungo Park's, with envious eyes, and think that it was too good a beard for a Christian. But

for a Christian, and moreover an Englishman, it is a sufficient beard; and for the individual a desirable one: *nihil me pænitet hujus barbæ*; desirable I say, inasmuch as it is in thickness and rate of growth rather below the average standard of beards. Nine minutes, therefore, will be about the average time required for shaving, by a Zebedeean, — one who shaves himself. A professional operator makes quicker work; but he cannot be always exactly to the time, and at the year's end as much may have been lost in waiting for the barber, as is gained by his celerity of hand.

Assuming, then, the moderate average of nine minutes, nine minutes per day amount to an hour and three minutes per week; an hour and three minutes per week are fifty-four hours thirty-six minutes per year. We will suppose that our shaver begins to operate every day when he has completed his twentieth year; many, if not most men, begin earlier; they will do so if they are ambitious of obtaining whiskers; they must do so if their beards are black, or carrot, or of strong growth. There are, then, fifty years of daily shaving to be computed; and in that time he will have consumed two thousand, seven hundred and thirty hours in the act of shaving himself. I have stated the numbers throughout in words, to guard against the mistakes which always creep into the after editions of any book, when figures are introduced.

Now let us see whether a man could in that time acquire a competent knowledge of seven languages.

I do not, of course, mean such a knowledge as Professor Porson and Dr. Elmsley had attained of Greek, or as is possessed by Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Monk, — but a passable knowledge of living lan-

guages, such as would enable a man to read them with facility and pleasure, if not critically, and to travel without needing either an interpreter — or the use of French in the countries where they are spoken.

Dividing, therefore, two thousand seven hundred and thirty, being the number of hours which might be appropriated to learning languages, — by seven, — the number of languages to be learnt, we have three hundred and ninety hours for each language; three hundred and ninety lessons of an hour long, — wherein it is evident that any person of common capacity might with common diligence learn to read, speak, and write — sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes, any European language. The assertion, therefore, though it might seem extravagant at first, is true as far as it goes, and is only inaccurate because it is far short of the truth.

For take notice that I did not strop the razor this morning, but only passed it, after the operation, ten or twelve times over the palm of the hand, according to my every-day practice. One minute more at least would have been required for stropping. There are many men whose beards render it necessary for them to apply to the strop every day, and for a longer time, — and who are obliged to try first one razor and then another. But let us allow only a minute for this — one minute a day amounts to six hours five minutes in the year; and in fifty years to three hundred and four hours ten minutes, — time enough for an eighth language.

Observe, also, that some languages are so easy, and others so nearly related to each other, that very much less than half the number of hours allowed in this computation would suffice for learning them. It is

strictly true that in the time specified a man of good capacity might add seven more languages to the seven for which that computation was formed; and that a person who has any remarkable aptitude for such studies might in that time acquire every language in which there are books to be procured.

*Hé bien, me suis-je enfin rendu croyable? Est-on content?*¹

See, Reader, what the value of time is, when put out at simple interest. But there is no simple interest in knowledge. Whatever funds you have in that Bank go on increasing by interest upon interest, — till the Bank fails.

CHAPTER CLV.

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

*Questo medesimo anchora con una altra gagliardissima ragione vi confermo.*²

LODOVICO DOMINICHI.

There was a poor fellow among John Wesley's followers, who suffered no razor to approach his chin, and thought it impossible that any one could be saved who did: shaving was in his opinion a sin for which there could be no redemption. If it had been convenient for their interests to put him out of the way, his next of kin would have had no difficulty in obtaining a *lettre de cachet* against him from a mad-doctor, and he might have been imprisoned for life, for this harmless madness. This person came

¹ Well, have I at last made myself believed? Are you satisfied?
PIRON.

² This very thing I shall further confirm for you with another most exquisite reason.

one day to Mr. Wesley, after sermon, and said to him in a manner which manifested great concern, "Sir, you can have no place in Heaven without a beard! therefore, I entreat you, let your's grow immediately!"

Had he put the matter to Wesley as a case of conscience, and asked that great economist of time how he could allow himself every day of his life to bestow nine precious minutes upon a needless operation, the Patriarch of the Methodists might have been struck by the appeal, but he would soon have perceived that it could not be supported by any just reasoning.

For in the first place, in a life of such incessant activity as his, the time which Wesley employed in shaving himself, was so much time for reflection. However busy he might be, as he always was, — however hurried he might be on that particular day, here was a portion of time, small indeed, but still a distinct and apprehensible portion, in which he could call his thoughts to council. Like our excellent friend, he was a person who knew this, and he profited by it, as well knowing what such minutes of reflection are worth. For although thought cometh, like the wind, when it listeth, yet it listeth to come at regular appointed times, when the mind is in a state of preparation for it, and the mind will be brought into that state, unconsciously, by habit. We may be as ready for meditation at a certain hour, as we are for dinner, or for sleep; and there will be just as little need for an effort of volition on our part.

Secondly, Mr. Wesley would have considered that if beards were to be worn, some care and consequently some time must be bestowed upon them. The beard must be trimmed occasionally, if you would not have

it as ragged as an old Jew Clothes-man's: it must also be kept clean, if you would not have it inhabited like the Emperor Julian's; and if you desired to have it like Aaron's, you would oil it. Therefore it is probable that a Zebedeean who is cleanly in his habits would not save any time by letting his beard grow.

But it is certain that the practice of shaving must save time for fashionable men, though it must be admitted that these are persons whose time is not worth saving, who are not likely to make any better use of it, and who are always glad when any plea can be invented for throwing away a portion of what hangs so heavily upon their hands.

Alas, Sir, what is a Gentleman's time!
 ——— there are some brains
 Can never lose their time, whate'er they do.¹

For in former times as much pains were bestowed on dressing the beard, as in latter ones upon dressing the hair. Sometimes it was braided with threads of gold. It was dyed to all colours, according to the mode, and cut to all shapes, as you may here learn from John Taylor's *Superbiæ Flagellum*.

Now a few lines to paper I will put,
 Of men's beards strange and variable cut:
 In which there's some do take as vain a pride,
 As almost in all other things beside.
 Some are reap'd most substantial like a brush,
 Which make a natural wit known by the bush:
 (And in my time of some men I have heard,
 Whose wisdom hath been only wealth and beard,)
 Many of these the proverb well doth fit,
 Which says Bush natural, more hair than wit.

¹ MAY.

Some seem as they were starched stiff and fine,
 Like to the bristles of some angry swine :
 And some (to set their Love's desire on edge)
 Are cut and pruned like to a quickset hedge.
 Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
 Some round, some mowed like stubble, some stark bare,
 Some sharp stiletto fashion, dagger like,
 That may with whispering a man's eyes out pike :
 Some with the hammer cut or Roman T,
 Their beards extravagant reformed must be,
 Some with the quadrate, some triangle fashion,
 Some circular, some oval in translation,
 Some perpendicular in longitude,
 Some like a thicket for their crassitude,
 That heights, depths, breadths, triform, square, oval, round,
 And rules geometrical in beards are found ;
 Beside the upper lips strange variation,
 Corrected from mutation to mutation ;
 As't were from tithing unto tithing sent,
Pride gives to *Pride* continual punishment.
 Some (*spite their teeth*) like thatched eaves downward grows,
 And some grow upwards in despite their nose.
 Some their mustachios of such length do keep,
 That very well they may a manger sweep,
 Which in Beer, Ale, or Wine, they drinking plunge,
 And suck the liquor up as't were a sponge ;
 But 'tis a Sloven's beastly *Pride* I think
 To wash his beard where other men must drink.
 And some (because they will not rob the cup)
 Their upper chaps like pot hooks are turned up,
 The Barbers thus (like Tailors) still must be,
 Acquainted with each cut's variety.¹

In comparison with such fashions, clean shaving is clear gain of time. And to what follies and what extravagances would the whiskerandoe'd macaronies of Bond Street and St. James's proceed, if the beard once more were, instead of the neckcloth, to "make the man!" — They who have put on the whole ar-

¹TAYLOR *the Water Poet*.

mour of Dandeyism, having their loins girt with — stays, and having put on the breast-plate of — buckram, and having their feet shod — by Hoby!

I myself, if I wore a beard, should cherish it, as the Cid Campeador did his, for my pleasure. I should regale it on a summer's day with rose water; and, without making it an Idol, I should sometimes offer incense to it, with a pastille, or with lavender and sugar. My children when they were young enough for such blandishments would have delighted to stroke, and comb, and curl it, and my grand-children in their turn would have succeeded to the same course of mutual endearment.

Methinks then I have shown that although the Campbellian, or Pseudo-Campbellian assertion concerning the languages which might be acquired in the same length of time that is consumed in shaving, is no otherwise incorrect than as being short of the truth, it is not a legitimate consequence from that proposition that the time employed in shaving is lost time, because the care and culture of a beard would exact much more. But the practical utility of the proposition, and of the demonstration with which it has here been accompanied, is not a whit diminished by this admission. For, what man is there, who, let his business, private or public, be as much as it will, cannot appropriate nine minutes a-day to any object that he likes?

CHAPTER CLVI.

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

*Ἔστι γὰρ ὡς ἀληθῶς ἐπίφθεγμα το αὐτόματον, ἀνθρώπων ὡς ἔτυχε καὶ ἀλογίστως φρονούντων, καὶ τὸν μὲν λόγον αὐτῶν μὴ καταλαμβάνοντων, διὰ δὲ τὴν ἀσθένειαν τῆς καταλήψεως, ἀλόγως οἰομένων διατετάχθαι ταῦτα, ὧν τὸν λόγον εἰπεῖν οὐκ ἔχουσιν.¹

CONSTANT. ORAT. AD SANCT. CÆT. C. VII.

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

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

It may readily be inferred from what has already been said of our Philosopher's way of thinking, that he was not likely to use the words luck, chance, accident, fortune or misfortune, with as little reflection as is ordinarily shown in applying them. The distinction which that fantastic — and yet most likeable person — Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, makes between Chance and Fortune was far from satisfying him. “Fortune,” says her Grace (she might have been called her Beauty too), “is only various corporeal motions of several creatures — designed to one creature, or more creatures; either to *that* creature, or *those* creatures' advantage, or disadvantage; if advantage, man names it Good Fortune; if disadvan-

¹ For the word chance really implies a kind of censure, because men think at random and irrationally; and not comprehending their reason on account of a weakness of understanding, — they think that those things have fallen out by chance whose reason they are unable to state.

tage, man names it Ill Fortune. As for Chance, it is the visible effects of some hidden cause, and Fortune, a sufficient cause to produce such effects; for the conjunction of sufficient causes, doth produce such or such effects, which effects could not be produced — if any of those causes were wanting: so that Chances are but the effects of Fortune.”

The Duchess had just thought enough about this to fancy that she had a meaning, and if she had thought a little more she might have discovered that she had none.

The Doctor looked more accurately both to his meaning and his words; but keeping as he did, in my poor judgment, the golden mean between superstition and impiety, there was nothing in this that savoured of preciseness or weakness, nor of that scrupulosity which is a compound of both. He did not suppose that trifles and floccinaucities of which neither the causes nor consequences are of the slightest import, were predestined; as, for example — whether he had beef or mutton for dinner, wore a blue coat or a brown — or took off his wig with his right hand or with his left. He knew that all things are under the direction of almighty and omniscient Goodness; but as he never was unmindful of that Providence in its dispensations of mercy and of justice, so he never disparaged it.

Herein the Philosopher of Doncaster agreed with the Philosopher of Norwich who saith, “let not fortune — which hath no name in Scripture, have any in thy divinity. Let providence, not chance, have the honour of thy acknowledgements, and be thy *Cædipus* on contingences. Mark well the paths and winding ways thereof; but be not too wise in the construction, or sudden in the application. The

hand of Providence writes often by abbreviatures, hieroglyphics or short characters, which, like the laconism on the wall, are not to be made out but by a hint or key from that spirit which indicted them."

Some ill, he thought, was produced in human affairs by applying the term unfortunate to circumstances which were brought about by imprudence. A man was unfortunate, if being thrown from his horse on a journey, he broke arm or leg, but not if he broke his neck in steeple-hunting, or when in full cry after a fox; if he were impoverished by the misconduct of others, not if he were ruined by his own folly and extravagance; if he suffered in any way by the villainy of another, not if he were transported, or hanged for his own.

Neither would he allow that either man or woman could with propriety be called, as we not unfrequently hear in common speech, *unfortunately* ugly. *Wickedly* ugly, he said, they might be, and too often were; and in such cases the greater their pretensions to beauty, the uglier they were. But goodness has a beauty of its own, which is not dependent upon form and features, and which makes itself felt and acknowledged, however otherwise ill-favoured the face may be in which it is set. He might have said with Seneca, *errare mihi visus est qui dixit*

Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus;

*nullo enim honestamento eget; ipsa et magnum sui decus est, et corpus suum consecrat.*¹ None, he would say with great earnestness, appeared so ugly to his

¹ I think he was wrong who said "Virtue is more pleasant when it emanates from a beautiful body," for it needs no adornment; it is itself its own great ornament and consecrates its body.

instinctive perception as some of those persons whom the world accounted handsome, but upon whom pride, or haughtiness, or conceit had set its stamp, or who bore in their countenances what no countenance can conceal, the habitual expression of any reigning vice, whether it were sensuality and selfishness, or envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. Nor could he regard with any satisfaction a fine face which had no ill expression, if it wanted a good one: he had no pleasure in beholding mere formal and superficial beauty, that which lies no deeper than the skin, and depends wholly upon "a set of features and complexion." He had more delight, he said, in looking at one of the statues in Mr. Weddel's collection, than at a beautiful woman if he read in her face that she was as little susceptible of any virtuous emotion as the marble. While, therefore, he would not allow that any person could be unfortunately ugly, he thought that many were unfortunately handsome, and that no wise parent would wish his daughter to be eminently beautiful, lest what in her childhood was naturally and allowably the pride of his eye — should, when she grew up, become the grief of his heart. It requires no wide range of observation to discover that the woman who is married for her beauty has little better chance of happiness than she who is married for her fortune. "I have known very few women in my life," said Mrs. Montagu, "whom extraordinary charms and accomplishments did not make unhappy."

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

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

MARSTON.

The Doctor had other theological arguments in aid of the opinion which he was pleased to support. The remark has been made which is curious, or in the language of Jeremy Taylor's age, *considerable*, that we read in Genesis how when God saw everything else which he had made he pronounced that it was very good, but he did not say this of the woman.

There are indeed certain Rabbis who affirm that Eve was not taken out of Adam's side: but that Adam had originally been created with a tail, (herein agreeing with the well-known theory of Lord Monboddo,) and that among the various experiments and improvements which were made in his form and organization before he was finished, the tail was removed as an inconvenient appendage, and of the excrescence or superfluous part which was then lopped off, the Woman was formed.

"We are not bound to believe the Rabbis in everything," the Doctor would say; "and yet it cannot be denied that they have preserved some valuable traditions which ought to be regarded with much respect." And then by a gentle inclination of the head, and a peculiar glance of the eye, he let it be

understood that this was one of those traditions which were entitled to consideration.

“It was not impossible,” he said, “but that a different reading in the original text might support such an interpretation: the same word in Hebrew frequently signified different things, and rib and tail might in that language be as near each other in sound or as easily miswritten by a hasty hand, or misread by an inaccurate eye, as *costa* and *cauda* in Latin.” He did not pretend that this was the case — but that it might be so. And by a like corruption (for to such corruptions all written and even all printed books are liable) the text may have represented that Eve was taken from the side of her husband instead of from that part of the back where the tail grew. The dropping of a syllable might occasion it.

“And this view of the question,” he said, “derived strong support from that well-known and indubitable text wherein the Husband is called the Head; for although that expression is in itself most clear and significant in its own substantive meaning, it becomes still more beautifully and emphatically appropriate when considered as referring to this interpretation and tradition, and implying as a direct and necessary converse that the Wife is the Tail.”

There is another legend relating to a like but even less worthy formation of the first helpmate, and this also is ascribed to the Rabbis. According to this mythos the rib which had been taken from Adam was for a moment laid down, and in that moment a monkey stole it and ran off with it full speed. An Angel pursued, and though not in league with the Monkey he could have been no good Angel; for overtaking him, he caught him by the Tail, brought it maliciously back instead of the Rib, and of that Tail

was Woman made. What became of the Rib, with which the Monkey got clear off, "was never to mortal known."

However the Doctor admitted that on the whole the received opinion was the more probable. And after making this admission he related an anecdote of Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the Athenian Oracle. She asked William Whiston of berhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, Sir," said she, "to create the Woman out of the Man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head and answered: "Indeed, Madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There!" said her husband, "you have it now: I hope you are satisfied!"

He had found in the writings of the Huguenot divine, Jean D'Espagne, that Women have never had either the gift of tongues, or of miracle; the latter gift, according to this theologian, being withheld from them because it properly accompanies preaching, and women are forbidden to be preachers. A reason for the former exception the Doctor supplied; he said it was because one tongue was quite enough for them: and he entirely agreed with the Frenchman that it must be so, because there could have been no peace on earth had it been otherwise. But whether the sex worked miracles or not was a point which he left the Catholics to contend. Female Saints there certainly had been, — "the Lord," as Daniel Rogers said, "had gifted and graced many

women above some men especially with holy affections; I know not," says that divine, "why he should do it else (for he is wise and not superfluous in needless things) save that as a Pearl shining through a chrystal glass, so her excellency shining through her weakness of sex, might show the glory of the workman." He quoted also what the biographer of one of the St. Catharines says, "that such a woman ought not to be called a woman, but rather an earthly Angel, or a heavenly homo: *hæc fœmina, sed potius Angelus terrestris, vel si malueris, homo cœlestis dicenda erat, quam fœmina.*" In like manner the Hungarians thinking it infamous for a nation to be governed by a woman — and yet perceiving the great advantage of preserving the succession, when the crown fell to a female, they called her King Mary, instead of Queen.

And Queen Elizabeth, rather than be accounted of the feminine gender, claimed it as her prerogative to be of all three. "A prime officer with a White Staff coming into her presence" she willed him to bestow a place then vacant upon a person whom she named. "May it please your Highness Madam," said the Lord, "the disposal of that place pertaineth to me by virtue of this White Staff." "True," replied the Queen, "yet I never gave you your office so absolutely, but that I still reserved myself of the *Quorum.*" "Of the *Quarum*, Madam," returned the Lord, presuming, somewhat too far, upon her favour. — Whereat she snatched the staff in some anger out of his hand, and told him "he should acknowledge her of the *Quorum*, *Quarum*, *Quorum* before he had it again."

It was well known indeed to Philosophers, he said, that the female is an imperfection or default in na-

ture, whose constant design is to form a male; but where strength and temperament are wanting — a defective production is the result. Aristotle therefore calls Woman a Monster, and Plato makes it a question whether she ought not to be ranked among irrational creatures. There were Greek Philosophers, who (rightly in his judgment) derived the name of *'Αθήνη* from *Θῆλυς* and *alpha privativa*, as implying that the Goddess of wisdom, though Goddess, was nevertheless no female, having nothing of female imperfection. And a book unjustly ascribed to the learned Acidalius was published in Latin, and afterwards in French, to prove that women were not reasonable creatures, but distinguished from men by this specific difference, as well as in sex.

Mahomet too was not the only person who has supposed that women have no souls. In this Christian and reformed country, the question was propounded to the British Apollo whether there is now, or will be at the resurrection any females in Heaven — since, says the questioner, there seems to be no need of them there! The Society of Gentlemen who, (in imitation of John Dunton, his brother-in-law the elder Wesley, and their coadjutors,) had undertaken in this Journal to answer all questions, returned a grave reply, that sexes being corporeal distinctions there could be no such distinction among the souls which are now in bliss; neither could it exist after the resurrection, for they who partook of eternal life neither marry nor are given in marriage.

That same Society supposed the Devil to be an Hermaphrodite, for though by his roughness they said he might be thought of the masculine gender, they were led to that opinion because he appeared so often in petticoats.

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

If thy name were known that writest in this sort,
 By womankind, unnaturally, giving evil report,
 Whom all men ought, both young and old, defend with all their
 might,
 Considering what they do deserve of every living wight,
 I wish thou should exiled be from women more and less,
 And not without just cause thou must thyself confess.

EDWARD MORE.

It would have pleased the Doctor when he was upon this topic if he had known how exactly the value of women was fixed among the Afghauns, by whose laws twelve young women are given as a compensation for the slaughter of one man, six for cutting off a hand, an ear, or a nose; three for breaking a tooth, and one for a wound of the scalp.

By the laws of the Venetians as well as of certain Oriental people, the testimony of two women was made equivalent to that of one man. And in those of the Welsh King Hywel Dda, or Howel Dha, "the satisfaction for the murder of a woman, whether she be married or not, is half that of her brother," which is upon the same standard of relative value. By the same laws a woman was not to be admitted as bail for a man, nor as witness against him.

He knew that a French Antiquarian (Claude Seissel) had derived the name of the Salic law from the Latin word *Sal, comme une loy pleine de sel, c'est à dire pleine de sapience*¹ and this the Doctor thought

¹ *Sal*, as if it were a law full of salt, that is to say, full of wisdom.

a far more rational etymology than what some one proposed either seriously or in sport, that the law was called *Salique* because the words *Si aliquis* and *Si aliqua* were of such frequent occurrence in it. "To be born a man-child," says that learned author who first composed an Art of Rhetoric in the English tongue, "declares a courage, gravity and constancy. To be born a woman, declares weakness of spirit, neshenes of body, and fickleness of mind."¹ Justin Martyr, after saying that the Demons by whom according to him the system of heathen mythology was composed, spake of Minerva as the first Intelligence and the daughter of Jupiter, makes this observation; "now this we consider most absurd, to carry about the image of Intelligence in a female form!" The Father said this as thinking with the great French comic poet that a woman never could be anything more than a woman.

*Car, voyez-vous, la femme est, comme on dit, mon maître,
Un certain animal difficile à connoître,
Et de qui la nature est fort encline au mal;
Et comme un animal est toujours animal,
Et ne sera jamais qu'animal, quand sa vie
Durerait cent mille ans; aussi, sans repartie,
La femme est toujours femme, et jamais ne sera
Que femme, tant qu'entier le monde durera.*²

A favourite anecdote with our Philosopher was of the Barbadoes Planters, one of whom agreed to exchange an English maid servant with the other

¹ WILSON.

² For see, my master, woman is, as one might say, a kind of animal difficult to know, and whose nature is much disposed to evil; and as an animal is always an animal and will never be anything but an animal if its life should last a hundred thousand years; so, without gainsaying, woman is always woman, and will never be anything but woman, as long as the world will last.

for a bacon pig, weight for weight, four-pence per pound to be paid for the overplus, if the balance should be in favour of the pig, sixpence if it were on the Maid's side. But when they were weighed in the scales, Honour, who was "extreme fat, lazy and good for nothing," so far outweighed the pig, that the pig's owner repented of his improvident bargain, and refused to stand to it. Such a case Ligon observes, when he records this notable story, seldom happened; but the Doctor cited it as showing what had been the relative value of women and pork in the West Indies. And observe, he would say, of white women, English, Christian women, — not of poor heathen blacks, who are considered as brutes, bought and sold like brutes, worked like brutes — and treated worse than any Government ought to permit even brutes to be treated.

However, that women were in some respects better than men, he did not deny. He doubted not but that Cannibals thought them so; for we know by the testimony of such Cannibals as happen to have tried both, that white men are considered better meat than negroes, and Englishmen than Frenchmen, and there could be little doubt that, for the same reason, women would be preferred to men. Yet this was not the case with animals, as was proved by buck venison, ox beef, and wether mutton. The tallow of the female goat would not make as good candles as that of the male. Nature takes more pains in elaborating her nobler work; and that the male, as being the nobler, was that which Nature finished with greatest care must be evident, he thought, to any one who called to mind the difference between cock and hen birds, a difference discoverable even in the egg, the larger and finer eggs, with a

denser white and a richer yolk, containing male chicks. Other and more curious observations had been made tending to the same conclusion, but he omitted them, as not perhaps suited for general conversation, and not exactly capable of the same degree of proof. It was enough to hint at them.

The great Ambrose Parey, (the John Hunter and the Baron Larrey of the sixteenth century,) has brought forward many instances wherein women have been changed into men, instances which are not fabulous: but he observes, "you shall find in no history, men that have degenerated into women; for nature always intends and goes from the imperfect to the more perfect, but never basely from the more perfect to the imperfect." It was a rule in the Roman law, that when husband and wife overtaken by some common calamity perished at the same time, and it could not be ascertained which had lived the longest, the woman should be presumed to have expired the first, as being by nature the feeblest. And for the same reason if it had not been noted whether brother or sister being twins came first in the world, the legal conclusion was that the boy being the stronger was the first born.

And from all these facts he thought the writer must be a judicious person who published a poem entitled the Great Birth of Man, or Excellence of his Creation over Woman.

Therefore according to the Bramins, the widow who burns herself with the body of her husband, will in her next state be born a male; but the widow, who refuses to make this self-sacrifice, will never be anything better than a woman, let her be born again as often as she may.

Therefore it is that the Jew at this day begins

his public prayer with a thanksgiving to his Maker, for not having made him a woman; — an escape for which the Greek philosopher was thankful. One of the things which shocked a Moor who visited England was to see dogs, women, and dirty shoes, permitted to enter a place of worship, the Mahometans, as is well known, excluding all three from their Mosques. Not that all Mahometans believe that women have no souls. There are some who think it more probable they have, and these more liberal Mussulmen hold that there is a separate Paradise for them, because they say, if the women were admitted into the Men's Paradise, it would cease to be Paradise, — there would be an end of all peace there. It was probably the same reason which induced Origen to advance an opinion that after the day of Judgment women will be turned into men. The opinion has been condemned among his heresies; but the Doctor maintained that it was a reasonable one, and almost demonstrable upon the supposition that we are all to be progressive in a future state. "There was, however," he said, "according to the Jews a peculiar privilege and happiness reserved for them, that is for all those of their chosen nation, during the temporal reign of the Messiah, for every Jewish woman is then to lie in every day!"

"I never," says Bishop Reynolds, "read of more dangerous falls in the Saints than were Adam's, Samson's, David's, Solomon's, and Peter's; and behold in all these, either the first enticers, or the first occasioners, are women. A weak creature may be a strong tempter: nothing too impotent or useless for the Devil's service." Fuller among his Good Thoughts has this paragraph: — "I find the natural Philosopher making a character of the Lion's disposi-

tion, amongst other his qualities, reporteth, first, that the Lion feedeth on men, and afterwards (if forced with extremity of hunger,) on women. Satan is a roaring Lion seeking whom he may devour. Only he inverts the method, and in his bill of fare takes the second first. Ever since he over-tempted our grandmother Eve, encouraged with success he hath preyed first on the weaker sex."

"Sit not in the midst of women," saith the son of Sirach in his Wisdom, "for from garments cometh a moth, and from women wickedness." "Behold, this have I found, saith the Preacher, counting one by one to find out the account; which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found."

"It is a bad thing," said St. Augustine, "to look upon a woman, a worse to speak to her, and to touch her is worst of all." John Bunyan admired the wisdom of God for making him shy of the sex, and boasted that it was a rare thing to see him "carry it pleasant towards a woman." "The common salutation of women," said he, "I abhor, their company alone I cannot away with!" John, the great Tinker, thought with the son of Sirach, that "better is the churlishness of a man, than a courteous woman, a woman which bringeth shame and reproach." And Menu the lawgiver of the Hindoos hath written that "it is the nature of women in this world to cause the seduction of men." And John Moody in the play, says, "I ha' seen a little of them, and I find that the best, when she's minded, won't ha' much goodness to spare." A wife has been called a daily calamity, and they who thought least unfavourably of the sex have pronounced it a necessary evil.

“*Mulier, quasi mollior,*” saith Varro; a derivation upon which Dr. Featley thus commenteth: “Women take their name in Latin from tenderness or softness, because they are usually of a softer temper than men, and much more subject to passions, especially of fear, grief, love, and longing; their fear is almost perpetual, their grief immoderate, their love ardent, and their longing most vehement. They are the weaker vessels, not only weaker in body than men, and less able to resist violence, but also weaker in mind and less able to hold out in temptations; and therefore the Devil first set upon the woman as conceiving it a matter of more facility to supplant her than the man.” And they are such dissemblers, says the Poet,

As if their mother had been made
Only of all the falsehood of the man,
Disposed into that rib.

“Look indeed at the very name,” said the Doctor, putting on his gravest look of provocation to the ladies. — “Look at the very name — *Woman*, evidently meaning either *man’s woe* — or abbreviated from *woe to man*, because by woman was woe brought into the world.”

And when a girl is called a lass, who does not perceive how that common word must have arisen? Who does not see that it may be directly traced to a mournful interjection, *alas!* breathed sorrowfully forth at the thought the girl, the lovely and innocent creature upon whom the beholder has fixed his meditative eye, would in time become a woman, — a woe to man!

There are other tongues in which the name is not less significant. The two most notoriously obstinate

things in the world are a mule and a pig. Now there is one language in which *pige* means a young woman : and another in which woman is denoted by the word *mulier* : which word, whatever grammarians may pretend, is plainly a comparative, applied exclusively and with peculiar force to denote the only creature in nature which is more mulish than a mule. *Comment*, says a Frenchman, *pourroit-on aymer les Dames, puis qu'elles se nomment ainsi du dam et dommage qu'elles apportent aux hommes!*¹

CHAPTER CCVIII.

VARIETY OF STILES.

*Qualis vir, talis oratio.*²

ERASMI ADAGIA.

Authors are often classed, like painters, according to the school in which they have been trained, or to which they have attached themselves. But it is not so easy to ascertain this in literature as it is in painting; and if some of the critics who have thus endeavoured to class them were sent to school themselves, and there whipt into a little more learning, so many silly classifications of this kind would not mislead those readers who suppose, in the simplicity of their own good faith, that no man presumes to write upon a subject which he does not understand.

Stiles may with more accuracy be classed, and for this purpose metals might be used in literature as they are in heraldry. We might speak of the golden stile, the silver, the iron, the leaden, the pinchbeck and the bronze.

¹ How can one love the Ladies (Dames), since they are so called from the *dam* (damnation) and *dommage* (mischief) which they bring to men. BOUCHET.

² As the man, such is the speech.

Others there are which cannot be brought under any of these appellations. There is the Cyclopean stile, of which Johnson is the great example; the sparkling, or micacious, possessed by Hazlitt, and much affected in Reviews and Magazines; the oleaginous, in which Mr. Charles Butler bears the palm, or more appropriately the olive branch: the fulminating — which is Walter Landor's, whose conversation has been compared to thunder and lightning; the impenetrable — which is sometimes used by Mr. Coleridge; and the Jeremy-Benthamite, which cannot with propriety be distinguished by any other name than one derived from its unparalleled and unparallelable author.

*Ex stilo, says Erasmus, perpendimus ingenium cujusque, omnemque mentis habitum ex ipsâ dictionis ratione conjectamus. Est enim tumidi, stilus turgidus; abjecti, humilis, exanguis; asperi, scaber; amarulenti, tristis ac maledicus; deliciis affluentis, picturatus ac dissolutus; Breviter, omne vitæ simulacrum, omnis animi vis, in oratione perinde ut in speculo repræsentatur, ac vel intima pectoris, arcanis quibusdam vestigiis, deprehenduntur.*¹

There is the lean stile, of which Nathaniel Lardner and William Coxe may be held up as examples; and there is the larded one, exemplified in Bishop Andrewes, and in Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy;

¹From the style we infer the character, and conjecture every habit of the mind from the manner of the diction. For in a pompous person the style is inflated; in a mean one, groveling and spiritless; in a harsh person it is rough, in an embittered one sad and abusive, in one given to pleasure it is embroidered and disconnected. In short every image of life, every faculty of the mind, is represented in a speech exactly as in a mirror and the inmost characters of the heart are discovered by certain mysterious traces.

Jeremy Taylor's is both a flowery and a fruitful stile: Harvey the Meditationist's a weedy one. There are the hard and dry; the weak and watery; the manly and the womanly; the juvenile and the anile; the round and the pointed; the flashy and the fiery; the lucid and the opaque; the luminous and the tenebrous; the continuous and the disjointed. The washy and the slapdash are both much in vogue, especially in magazines and reviews; so are the barbed and the venomed. The High-Slang stile is exhibited in the Court Journal and in Mr. Colburn's novels; the Low-Slang in Tom and Jerry, Bell's Life in London, and most Magazines, those especially which are of most pretensions.

The flatulent stile, the feverish, the aguish, and the atrabillious, are all as common as the diseases of body from which they take their name, and of mind in which they originate; and not less common than either is the dyspeptic stile, proceeding from a weakness in the digestive faculty.

Learned, or if not learned, Dear Reader, I had much to say of stile, but the under written passage from that beautiful book, Xenophon's Memorabilia Socratis, has induced me, as the Latins say, *stilum vertere*, and to erase a paragraph written with ink in which the gall predominated.

Ἐγὼ δ' οὖν καὶ αὐτὸς, ὡς Ἀντιφῶν, ὥσπερ ἄλλός τις ἢ ἵππῳ ἀγαθῷ ἢ κύνι ἢ ὄρνιθι ἡδέεται, οὕτω καὶ ἔτι μᾶλλον ἡδομαι τοῖς φίλοις ἀγαθοῖς· καὶ, εἴαν τι σχῶ ἀγαθὸν διδάσκω, καὶ ἄλλοις συνίστημι, παρ' ὧν ἂν ἡγῶμαι ὠφελήσεσθαί τι αὐτοὺς εἰς ἀρετὴν· καὶ τοὺς θησαυροὺς τῶν πάλαι σοφῶν ἀνδρῶν, οὓς ἐκ εἰνὸι κατέλιπον ἐν βιβλίοις γραφέντες, ἀνελίπτων κοινῇ σὺν τοῖς φίλοις διέρχομαι· καὶ ἂν τι ὀρώμεν ἀγαθὸν, ἐκλεγόμεθα, καὶ μέγα νομίζομεν κέρδος, εἴαν ἀλλήλοις ὠφέλιμοι γιγνώμεθα.¹

INTERCHAPTER XXII.

¹ Just as some persons, O Antiphon, take pleasure in a good horse or a dog or a bird, so do I take even greater pleasure in good friends.

There is nothing more desirable in composition than perspicuity; and in perspicuity precision is implied. Of the Author who has attained it in his style, it may indeed be said, *omne tulit punctum*, so far as relates to style; for all other graces, those only excepted which only genius can impart, will necessarily follow. Nothing is so desirable, and yet it should seem that nothing is so difficult. He who thinks least about it when he is engaged in composition will be most likely to attain it, for no man ever attained it by labouring for it. Read all the treatises upon composition that ever were composed, and you will find nothing which conveys so much useful instruction as the account given by John Wesley of his own way of writing. "I never think of my style," says he; "but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe any thing for the press, then I think it my duty to see that every phrase be clear, pure and proper: conciseness, which is now as it were natural to me, brings *quantum sufficit* of strength. If after all I observe any stiff expression, I throw it out neck and shoulders." Let your words take their course freely; they will then dispose themselves in their natural order, and make your meaning plain: — that is, Mr. Author, supposing you have a meaning; and that it is not an insidious, and for that reason, a covert one. With all the head-work that there is in these volumes, and all the heart-work too, I have not bitten my nails over a single sentence which they contain. I do not say that my hand has

If I have anything good I communicate it, and I introduce them to others by whom I think they may profit in the attainment of virtue. And together with my friends I read and discuss those treasures of the wise men of old which they have left written in books, and if we observe anything good we cull it and think it a great gain if we can thus be of help to one another.

not sometimes been passed across my brow; nor that the fingers of my left hand have not played with the hair upon my forehead, — like Thalaba's with the grass that grew beside Oneiza's tomb.

CHAPTER LVIII.

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

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

MARLOWE.

Plust a Dieu que j'eusse presentement cent soixante et dixhuit millions d'or! says a personage in Rabelais: *ho, comment je triumpherois!*¹

It was a good, honest, large, capacious wish; and in wishing, it is as well to wish for enough. By enough, in the way of riches, a man is said to mean always something more than he has. Without exposing myself to any such censorious remark, I will, like the person above quoted, limit my desires to a positive sum, and wish for just one million a year.

“And what would you do with it?” says Mr. Sobersides.

*“Attendez encores un peu, avec demie once de patience.”*²

I now esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all that pelf
Were sure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend.

¹ Would to God that I had at this instant one hundred and seventy-eight millions in gold! Oh, how I should triumph!

² Wait yet a little, with half an ounce of patience.

And first, for my private expenditure, I would either buy a house to my mind, or build one; and it should be such as a house ought to be, which I once heard a glorious agriculturist define "a house that should have in it everything that is voluptuous, and necessary and right." In my acceptation of that felicitous definition, I request the reader to understand that everything which is right is intended, and nothing but what is perfectly so: that is to say I mean every possible accommodation conducive to health and comfort. It should be large enough for my friends, and not so large as to serve as an hotel for my acquaintance, and I would live in it at the rate of five thousand a year, beyond which no real and reasonable enjoyment is to be obtained by money.

I would neither keep hounds, nor hunters, nor running horses. .

I would neither solicit nor accept a peerage. I would not go into Parliament. I would take no part whatever in what is called public life, farther than to give my vote at an election against a Whig, or against any one who would give his in favour of the Catholic Question.

I would not wear my coat quite so threadbare as I do at present: but I would still keep to my old shoes, as long as they would keep to me.

But stop — Cleopatra adopted some wizard's words when she said "Wishers were ever fools!"

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

*Non dicea le cose senza il quia ;
Che il dritto distingueva dal mancino,
E dicea pane al pane, e vino al vino.*¹

BERTOLDO.

This Interchapter is dedicated to St. Pantaleon, of Nicomedia in Bithynia, student in medicine and practitioner in miracles, whose martyrdom is commemorated by the Church of Rome on the 27th of July.

SANCTE PANTALEON, ORA PRO NOBIS!

This I say to be on the safe side; though between ourselves, reader, Nicephorus, and Usuardus, and Vincentius, and St. Antoninus (notwithstanding his sanctity) have written so many lies concerning him, that it is very doubtful whether there ever was such a person, and still more doubtful whether there be such a Saint. However the body which is venerated under his name is just as venerable as if it had really belonged to him, and works miracles as well.

It is a tradition in Corsica that when St. Pantaleon was beheaded the executioner's sword was converted into a wax taper, and the weapons of all his attendants into snuffers, and that the head rose from the block and sung. In honour of this miracle the Corsicans, as late as the year 1775, used to have their swords consecrated, or charmed, — by laying them on the altar while a mass was performed to St. Pantaleon.

¹ He did not call things without a reason; he distinguished the right from the left, bread he called bread, and wine he called wine.

But what have I, who am writing in January instead of July, and who am no papist, and who have the happiness of living in a protestant country, and was baptized moreover by a right old English name, — what have I to do with St. Pantaleon? Simply this, — my new pantaloons are just come home, and that they derive their name from the aforesaid Saint is as certain, — as that it was high time I should have a new pair.

St. Pantaleon, though the tutelary Saint of Oporto, (which city boasteth of his relics,) was in more especial fashion at Venice: and so many of the grave Venetians were in consequence named after him, that the other Italians called them generally Pantaloni in derision, — as an Irishman is called Pat, and as Sawney is with us synonymous with Scotchman, or Taffy for a son of Cadwallader and votary of St. David and his leek. Now the Venetians wore long small clothes; these as being the national dress were called Pantaloni also; and when the trunk-hose of Elizabeth's days went out of fashion, we received them from France, with the name of pantaloons.

Pantaloons then, as of Venetian and Magnifico parentage, and under the patronage of an eminent Saint, are doubtless an honourable garb. They are also of honourable extraction, being clearly of the Braccæ family. For it is this part of our dress by which we are more particularly distinguished from the Oriental and inferior nations, and also from the abominable Romans, whom our ancestors, Heaven be praised! subdued. Under the miserable reign of Honorius and Arcadius, these Lords of the World thought proper to expel the Braccarii, or breeches-makers, from their capitals, and to prohibit the use

of this garment, thinking it a thing unworthy that the Romans should wear the habit of Barbarians: — and truly it was not fit that so effeminate a race should wear the breeches.

The Pantaloon is of this good Gothic family. The fashion having been disused for more than a century was re-introduced some five and twenty years ago, and still prevails so much — that I who like to go with the stream, and am therefore content to have fashions thrust upon me, have just received a new pair from London.

The coming of a box from the Great City is an event which is always looked to by the juveniles of this family with some degree of impatience. In the present case there was especial cause for such joyful expectation; for the package was to contain no less a treasure than the story of the Lioness and the Exeter Mail, with appropriate engravings representing the whole of that remarkable history, and those engravings emblazoned in appropriate colours. This adventure had excited an extraordinary degree of interest among us, when it was related in the newspapers: and no sooner had a book upon the subject been advertised, than the young ones, one and all, were in an uproar, and tumultuously petitioned that I would send for it, — to which, thinking the prayer of the petitioners reasonable, I graciously assented. And moreover there was expected, among other things *ejusdem generis*, one of those very few perquisites which the all-annihilating hand of Modern Reform has not retrenched in our public offices, — an Almanac or Pocket-Book for the year, curiously bound and gilt, three only being made up in this magnificent manner for three magnificent personages, from one of whom this was a present to my lawful

Governess. Poor Mr. Bankes! the very hairs of his wig will stand erect,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,

when he reads of this flagrant misapplication of public money; and Mr. Whitbread would have founded a motion upon it, had he survived the battle of Waterloo.

There are few things in which so many vexatious delays are continually occurring, and so many rascally frauds are systematically practised, as in the carriage of parcels. It is indeed much to be wished that Government could take into its hands the conveyance of goods as well as letters; for in this country whatever is done by Government is done punctually and honourably;—what corruption there is lies among the people themselves, among whom honesty is certainly less general than it was half a century ago. Three or four days elapsed on each of which the box ought to have arrived. “Will it come to-day, Papa?” was the morning question: “why does not it come?” was the complaint at noon; and “when will it come?” was the query at night. But in childhood the delay of hope is only the prolongation of enjoyment; and through life indeed, hope, if it be of the right kind, is the best food of happiness. “The House of Hope,” says Hafiz, “is built upon a weak foundation.” If it be so, I say, the fault is in the builder: Build it upon a Rock, and it will stand.

Expectata dies,—long looked for, at length it came. The box was brought into the parlour, the ripping-chisel was produced, the nails were easily forced, the cover was lifted, and the paper which lay beneath it was removed. “There’s the pantaloons!” was the first exclamation. The clothes being

taken out, there appeared below a paper parcel, secured with a string. As I never encourage any undue impatience, the string was deliberately and carefully untied. Behold, the splendid Pocket-Book, and the history of the Lioness and the Exeter Mail, — had been forgotten!

O St. Peter! St. Peter!

“Pray, Sir,” says the Reader, “as I perceive you are a person who have a reason for everything you say, may I ask wherefore you call upon St. Peter on this occasion?”

You may, Sir.

A reason there is, and a valid one. But what that reason is, I shall leave the commentators to discover; observing only, for the sake of lessening their difficulty, that the Peter upon whom I have called is not St. Peter of Verona, he having been an Inquisitor, one of the Devil's Saints, and therefore in no condition at this time to help anybody who invokes him.

“Well, Papa, you must write about them, and they must come in the next parcel,” said the children. Job never behaved better, who was a scriptural Epictetus: nor Epictetus, who was a heathen Job.

I kissed the little philosophers; and gave them the Bellman's verses, which happened to come in the box, with horrific cuts of the Marriage at Cana, the Ascension, and other portions of gospel history, and the Bellman himself; — so it was not altogether a blank. We agreed that the disappointment should be an adjourned pleasure, and then I turned to inspect the pantaloons.

I cannot approve the colour. It hath too much of the purple; not that imperial die by which ranks were discriminated at Constantinople, nor the more

sober tint which Episcopacy affecteth. Nor is it the bloom of the plum; — still less can it be said to resemble the purple light of love. No! it is rather a hue brushed from the raven's wing, a black purple; not Night and Aurora meeting, which would make the darkness blush; but Erebus and Ultramarine.

Doubtless it hath been selected for me because of its alamodality, — a good and pregnant word, on the fitness of which some German, whose name appears to be erroneously as well as uncouthly written Geamoenus, is said to have composed a dissertation. Be pleased, Mr. Todd, to insert it in the interleaved copy of your dictionary!

Thankful I am that they are not like Jean de Bart's full-dress breeches; for when that famous sailor went to court he is said to have worn breeches of cloth of gold, most uncomfortably as well as splendidly lined with cloth of silver.

He would never have worn them, had he read Lampridius, and seen the opinion of the Emperor Alexander Severus, as by that historian recorded: *in lineâ autem aurum mitti etiam dementiam judicabat, cum asperitati adderetur rigor.*

The word breeches has, I am well aware, been deemed ineffable, and therefore not to be written — because not to be read. But I am encouraged to use it by the high and mighty authority of the Anti-Jacobin Review. Mr. Stephens having in his Memoirs of Horne Tooke used the word small-clothes is thus reprehended for it by the indignant Censor.

“His *breeches* he calls *small-clothes*; — the first time we have seen this bastard term, the offspring of gross ideas and disgusting affectation in print, in anything like a book. It is scandalous to see men of education thus employing the most vulgar lan-

guage, and corrupting their native tongue by the introduction of illegitimate words. But this is the age of affectation. Even our fishwomen and milkmaids affect to blush at the only word which can express this part of a man's dress, and lisp *small-clothes* with as many airs as a would-be woman of fashion is accustomed to display. That this folly is indebted for its birth to grossness of imagination in those who evince it, will not admit of a doubt. From the same source arises the ridiculous and too frequent use of a French word for a part of female dress; as if the mere change of language could operate a change either in the thing expressed, or in the idea annexed to the expression! Surely, surely, English women, who are justly celebrated for good sense and decorous manners, should rise superior to such pitiful, such paltry, such low-minded affectation."

Here I must observe that one of these redoubtable critics is thought to have a partiality for breeches of the Dutch make. It is said also that he likes to cut them out for himself, and to have pockets of capacious size, wide and deep; and a large fob, and a large allowance of lining.

The Critic who so very much dislikes the word *small-clothes*, and argues so vehemently in behalf of breeches, uses no doubt that edition of the scriptures that is known by the name of the Breeches Bible.

I ought to be grateful to the Anti-Jacobin Review. It assists in teaching me my duty to my neighbour, and enabling me to live in charity with all men. For I might perhaps think that nothing could be so wrong-headed as Leigh Hunt, so wrong-hearted as Cobbett, so foolish as one, so blackguard as the other, so impudently conceited as both, — if it were not for the Anti-Jacobin. I might believe that noth-

ing could be so bad as the coarse, bloody and brutal spirit of the vulgar Jacobin, — if it were not for the Anti-Jacobin.

Blessings on the man for his love of pure English! It is to be expected that he will make great progress in it, through his familiarity with fishwomen and milkmaids; for it implies no common degree of familiarity with those interesting classes to talk to them about breeches, and discover that they prefer to call them small-clothes.

INTERCHAPTER XX.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

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

GASCOIGNE.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots,

they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that any body would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears, — a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that, too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up: but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And

then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down came hers, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sate the bottom of it out!"

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head, — which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed, — and here she is!”

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she

broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

MEMOIR OF THE CATS OF GRETA HALL.

For as much, most excellent Edith May, as you must always feel a natural and becoming concern in whatever relates to the house wherein you were born, and in which the first part of your life has thus far so happily been spent, I have, for your instruction and delight, composed these Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall: to the end that the memory of such worthy animals may not perish, but be held in deserved honour by my children, and those who shall come after them. And let me not be supposed unmindful of Beelzebub of Bath, and Senhor Thomaz de Lisboa, that I have not gone back to an earlier period, and included them in my design. Far be it from me to intend any injury or disrespect to their shades! Opportunity of doing justice to their virtues will not be wanting at some future time, but for the present I must confine myself within the limits of these precincts.

In the autumn of the year 1803, when I entered upon this place of abode, I found the hearth in possession of two cats, whom my nephew Hartley Coleridge, (then in the 7th year of his age,) had named Lord Nelson and Bona Marietta. The former, as the name implies, was of the worthier gender: it is as decidedly so in Cats, as in grammar and in law. He was an ugly specimen of the streaked-carrotty,

or Judas-coloured kind; which is one of the ugliest varieties. But *nimum ne crede colori*. In spite of his complection, there was nothing treacherous about him. He was altogether a good Cat, affectionate, vigilant, and brave; and for services performed against the Rats was deservedly raised in succession to the rank of Baron, Viscount, and Earl. He lived to a good old age; and then being quite helpless and miserable, was in mercy thrown into the river. I had more than once interfered to save him from this fate; but it became at length plainly an act of compassion to consent to it. And here let me observe that in a world wherein death is necessary, the law of nature by which one creature preys upon another is a law of mercy, not only because death is thus made instrumental to life, and more life exists in consequence, but also because it is better for the creatures themselves to be cut off suddenly, than to perish by disease or hunger, — for these are the only alternatives.

There are still some of Lord Nelson's descendants in the town of Keswick. Two of the family were handsomer than I should have supposed any Cats of this complection could have been; but their fur was fine, the colour a rich carrot, and the striping like that of the finest tyger or tabby kind. I named one of them William Rufus; the other Danayn le Roux, after a personage in the Romance of Gyron le Courtoys.

Bona Marietta was the mother of Bona Fidelia, so named by my nephew aforesaid. Bona Fidelia was a tortoise-shell cat. She was filiated upon Lord Nelson, others of the same litter having borne the unequivocal stamp of his likeness. It was in her good qualities that she resembled him, for in truth her name rightly bespoke her nature. She approached

as nearly as possible in disposition to the ideal of a perfect cat:— he who supposes that animals have not their difference of disposition as well as men, knows very little of animal nature. Having survived her daughter Madame Catalani, she died of extreme old age, universally esteemed and regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Bona Fidelia left a daughter and a granddaughter; the former I called Madame Bianchi— the latter Pulcheria. It was impossible ever to familiarize Madame Bianchi, though she had been bred up in all respects like her gentle mother, in the same place, and with the same persons. The nonsense of that arch-philosophist Helvetius would be sufficiently confuted by this single example, if such rank folly, contradicted as it is by the experience of every family, needed confutation. She was a beautiful and singular creature, white, with a fine tabby tail, and two or three spots of tabby, always delicately clean; and her wild eyes were bright and green as the Duchess de Cadaval's emerald necklace. Pulcheria did not correspond, as she grew up, to the promise of her kittenhood and her name; but she was as fond as her mother was shy and intractable. Their fate was extraordinary as well as mournful. When good old Mrs. Wilson died, who used to feed and indulge them, they immediately forsook the house, nor could they be allured to enter it again, though they continued to wander and moan around it, and came for food. After some weeks Madame Bianchi disappeared, and Pulcheria soon afterwards died of a disease endemic at that time among cats.

For a considerable time afterwards, an evil fortune attended all our attempts at reëstablishing a Cattery. Ovid disappeared and Virgil died of some miserable

distemper. You and your cousin are answerable for these names: the reasons which I could find for them were, in the former case, the satisfactory one that the said Ovid might be presumed to be a master in the Art of Love; and in the latter, the probable one that something like Ma-ro might be detected in the said Virgil's notes of courtship. There was poor Othello: most properly named, for black he was, and jealous undoubtedly he would have been, but he in his kittenship followed Miss Wilbraham into the street, and there in all likelihood came to an untimely end. There was the Zombi — (I leave the Commentators to explain that title, and refer them to my History of Brazil to do it,) — his marvellous story was recorded in a letter to Bedford, — and after that adventure he vanished. There was Prester John, who turned out not to be of John's gender, and therefore had the name altered to Pope Joan. The Pope I am afraid came to a death of which other Popes have died. I suspect that some poison which the rats had turned out of their holes proved fatal to their enemy. For some time I feared we were at the end of our Cat-a-logue: but at last Fortune, as if to make amends for her late severity, sent us two at once, — the-never-to-be-enough-praised Rumpelstilzchen, and the equally-to-be-admired Hurlyburlybuss.

And "first for the first of these" as my huge favourite, and almost namesake, Robert South, says in his Sermons.

When the Midgeleys went away from the next house, they left this creature to our hospitality, cats being the least moveable of all animals because of their strong local predilections; — they are indeed in a domesticated state the serfs of the animal creation,

and properly attached to the soil. The change was gradually and therefore easily brought about, for he was already acquainted with the children and with me; and having the same precincts to prowl in was hardly sensible of any other difference in his condition than that of obtaining a name; for when he was consigned to us he was an anonymous cat; and I having just related at breakfast, with universal applause, the story of Rumpelstilzchen from a German tale in Grimm's Collection, gave him that strange and magnisonant appellation; to which, upon its being ascertained that he came when a kitten from a bailiff's house, I added the patronymic of Macbum. Such is his history; his character may with most propriety be introduced after the manner of Plutarch's parallels, when I shall have given some previous account of his great compeer and rival Hurlyburlybuss — that name also is of Germanic and Grimmish extraction.

Whence Hurlyburlybuss came was a mystery when you departed from the Land of Lakes, and a mystery it long remained. He appeared here, as Mango Capac did in Peru, and Quetzalcohuatl among the Aztecas, no one knew from whence. He made himself acquainted with all the philofelists of the family — attaching himself more particularly to Mrs. Lovell, but he never attempted to enter the house, frequently disappeared for days, and once, since my return, for so long a time that he was actually believed to be dead, and veritably lamented as such. The wonder was whither did he return at such times — and to whom did he belong; for neither I in my daily walks, nor the children, nor any of the servants, ever by any chance saw him anywhere except in our own domain. There was something so mysterious

in this, that in old times it might have excited strong suspicion, and he would have been in danger of passing for a Witch in disguise, or a familiar. The mystery, however, was solved about four weeks ago, when, as we were returning from a walk up the Greta, Isabel saw him on his transit across the road and the wall from Shulicrow, in a direction toward the Hill. But to this day we are ignorant who has the honour to be his owner in the eye of the law; and the owner is equally ignorant of the high favour in which Hurlyburlybuss is held, of the heroic name which he has obtained, and that his fame has extended far and wide — even unto Norwich in the East, and Escott and Crediton and Kellerton in the West, yea — that with Rumpelstilzchen he has been celebrated in song, by some hitherto undiscovered poet, and that his glory will go down to future generations.

The strong enmity which unhappily subsists between these otherwise gentle and most amiable cats is not unknown to you. Let it be imputed, as in justice it ought, not to their individual characters, (for Cats have characters, — and for the benefit of philosophy, as well as *felisophy*, this truth ought generally to be known,) but to the constitution of Cat nature, — an original sin, or an original necessity, which may be only another mode of expressing the same thing :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one purlieu brook a double reign
Of Hurlyburlybuss and Rumpelstilzchen.

When you left us, the result of many a fierce conflict was, that Hurly remained master of the green and garden, and the whole of the out of door premises ;

Rumpel always upon the appearance of his victorious enemy retiring into the house as a citadel or sanctuary. The conqueror was perhaps in part indebted for this superiority to his hardier habits of life, living always in the open air, and providing for himself; while Rumpel, (who though born under a bum-bailiff's roof was nevertheless kittened with a silver spoon in his mouth,) passed his hours in luxurious repose beside the fire, and looked for his meals as punctually as any two-legged member of the family. Yet I believe that the advantage on Hurly's side is in a great degree constitutional also, and that his superior courage arises from a confidence in his superior strength, which, as you well know, is visible in his make. What Bento and Maria Rosa used to say of my poor Thomaz, that he was *muito fidalgo*, is true of Rumpelstilzchen, his countenance, deportment, and behaviour being such that he is truly a gentleman-like Tom-cat. Far be it from me to praise him beyond his deserts,—he is not beautiful, the mixture, tabby and white, is not good, (except under very favourable combinations,) and the tabby is not good of its kind. Nevertheless he is a fine cat, handsome enough for his sex, large, well-made, with good features, and an intelligent countenance, and carrying a splendid tail, which in Cats and Dogs is undoubtedly the seat of honour. His eyes, which are soft and expressive, are of a hue between chrysolite and emerald. Hurlyburlybuss's are between chrysolite and topaz. Which may be the more esteemed shade for the *olho de gato* I am not lapidary enough to decide. You should ask my Uncle. But both are of the finest water. In all his other features Hurly must yield the palm, and in form also; he has no pretensions to elegance, his size is ordinary and

his figure bad : but the character of his face and neck is so masculine, that the Chinese, who use the word bull as synonymous with male, and call a boy a bull-child, might with great propriety denominate him a bull-cat. His make evinces such decided marks of strength and courage, that if cat-fighting were as fashionable as cock-fighting, no Cat would stand a fairer chance for winning a Welsh main. He would become as famous as the Dog Billy himself, whom I look upon as the most distinguished character that has appeared since Buonaparte.

Some weeks ago Hurlyburlybuss was manifestly emaciated and enfeebled by ill health, and Rumpelstilzchen with great magnanimity made overtures of peace. The whole progress of the treaty was seen from the parlour window. The caution with which Rumpel made his advances, the sullen dignity with which they were received, their mutual uneasiness when Rumpel, after a slow and wary approach, seated himself whisker-to-whisker with his rival, the mutual fear which restrained not only teeth and claws, but even all tones of defiance, the mutual agitation of their tails which, though they did not expand with anger, could not be kept still for suspense, and lastly the manner in which Hurly retreated, like Ajax still keeping his face toward his old antagonist, were worthy to have been represented by that painter who was called the *Rafaelle of Cats*. The overture I fear was not accepted as generously as it was made ; for no sooner had Hurlyburlybuss recovered strength than hostilities were recommenced with greater violence than ever ; Rumpel, who had not abused his superiority while he possessed it, had acquired mean time a confidence which made him keep the field. Dreadful were the combats which

ensued, as their ears, faces and legs bore witness. Rumpel had a wound which went through one of his feet. The result has been so far in his favour that he no longer seeks to avoid his enemy, and we are often compelled to interfere and separate them. Oh it is awful to hear the "dreadful note of preparation" with which they prelude their encounters!—the long low growl slowly rises and swells till it becomes a high sharp yowl, — and then it is snapped short by a sound which seems as if they were spitting fire and venom at each other. I could half persuade myself that the word felonious is derived from the feline temper as displayed at such times. All means of reconciling them and making them understand how goodly a thing it is for cats to dwell together in peace, and what fools they are to quarrel and tear each other, are in vain. The proceedings of the Society for the Abolition of War are not more utterly ineffectual and hopeless.

All we can do is to act more impartially than the Gods did between Achilles and Hector, and continue to treat both with equal regard.

And thus having brought down these Memoirs of the Cats of Greta Hall to the present day, I commit the precious memorial to your keeping, and remain

Most dissipated and light-heeled daughter,
Your most diligent and light-hearted father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, 18 June, 1824.

LIFE OF BAYARD

The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Feats, Gests and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard, the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach. BY THE LOYAL SERVANT. LONDON. 1825.

THE *Bon Chevalier sans peur* is one of the principal characters in the romance of Meliadus, a book written in a higher tone of chivalrous feeling than any other work of its class, Gyron le Courtoys alone excepted, which is evidently from the same hand. He was the father of Sir Dynadan and *La Cote male taylor*, names well known to those who are versed in the history of the Round Table. *Sans peur* this Good Knight was, being indeed a perfect example of chivalry; but rather through misfortune than any fault, there was one occasion on which he did not come off *sans reproche*. It was in allusion to this personage, as well known three centuries ago as the most popular characters in Sir Walter's novels are at this time, that the appellation of *Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* was bestowed upon Bayard.

That appellation was well deserved. Rich as the old history of the French is in good names, (and how rich it is, it becomes an Englishman cheerfully to acknowledge,) that of Bayard is preëminently the best among them. His is a character that requires little allowance to be made for the age in which he lived, or the circumstances wherein he was placed; and, on the other hand, it is not to any adventitious

circumstances that he is indebted for his high and durable reputation, but to his genuine worth — not to the splendour of his actions, nor the brilliancy of his fortune, but to his generosity and his virtue. Perhaps no other person who acted so unimportant a part in the world ever attained so wide and just a renown. It might be a question for academical disputation whether this be more consolatory or mournful; consolatory to think that worth alone, unaided by success, is held in such high esteem; or mournful to reflect that it should owe this estimation to its rarity.

But because the part which he bore in public affairs was so entirely that of an individual possessing little influence and no authority, though every one has heard his name and is acquainted with his character, there are few who know anything more of him than the fine circumstances of his death. The translator of this “right joyous and pleasant history” has therefore performed a useful task in thus bringing forward a work which has never before appeared in our language, a work curious in itself, and in its whole tendency unexceptionably good. Any thing is useful at this time which may assist in producing well-founded feelings of respect and good will towards a nation against which we have had but too much cause to cherish the most hostile disposition. And while we let pass no opportunity of noting, for the infamy which they deserve, the modern soldiers of Cesar Borgia’s stamp, who are the opprobrium of the nation; it is with pleasure that we see a French captain in all respects their opposite, once more brought forward as an example of true military virtue, — one who took his stand upon the “Broad Stone of Honour,” — a pedestal which never can be overthrown.

Pierre du Terrail (for such was the Chevalier's name) was born in the Chateau du Bayard in Dauphiny, in the year 1476. His family was connected with the best and noblest in that province, where the nobles called themselves the Scarlet of Nobility. His ancestors for three generations had fallen in war; one at the battle of Poitiers, another at Agincourt; his grandfather, who, for his distinguished courage, was called *l'Épée Terrail*, with six mortal wounds, besides others; and his father, Aymon Terrail, received such hurt in the battle of Spurs (that of Guinegaste¹) that he was never able to leave his house. He attained, however, the great age of fourscore, and, according to the Loyal Servant's account, resolving, a few days only before his death, to set his house in order, called in his four sons, to learn from them, in the presence of their mother, what manner of life each of them chose to pursue. The eldest, in reply to the question, said, that his wish was never to leave the house, but to stay and attend upon his father till the end of his days. Very well, George, replied the old man, since thou lovest the house, thou shalt stay here to fight the bears. In justice to George it ought to be remarked, that the occupation thus assigned to him was neither an unnecessary nor an inglorious one; a mighty hunter was a very useful personage in Dauphiny, where the inhabitants were sometimes at peace with the Duke of Savoy, but always at war with Sir Bruin and Sir Isgram. Pierre's turn came next, a lad about thirteen or little more, with eyes like a hawk and a cheerful counte-

¹ This specification is important, because at the battle before Terouanne, in 1513, which is more commonly known to English readers as the Battle of Spurs, Bayard himself was present, and made prisoner.

nance; and he said that the good discourse concerning the noble men of past times, and those especially of his own family which he had heard from his father, had taken root in his heart, and therefore he desired to follow the profession of arms, as his ancestors had done. My child, replied the old man, weeping for joy as he spake, God give thee grace so to do! Thou art like thy grandfather both in features and in make, and he in his time was one of the best knights in Christendom. I will put thee in a way of obtaining thy desire. The third chose to be of the same estate as his uncle Monseigneur d'Esney, so called from the abbey over which he presided; and the youngest to be like his uncle the Bishop of Grenoble. These had their desires, the one becoming Abbot of Josaphat at Chartres, the other Bishop of Glandeves, in Provence. What success George met with in his campaigns against the bears no historian hath recorded.

Aymon Terrail dispatched a servant the next morning to Grenoble, requesting that his brother-in-law the bishop would visit him at Bayard, to confer with him upon some family affairs. This prelate (Laurent des Allemans was his name) obeyed the summons without delay, and arrived the same night at the castle. Other friends and kinsmen were assembled there. Pierre waited upon them at table with so good a grace as to obtain the commendation of all; and when dinner was done and grace said, the father informed his guests of the choice which this his second son had made, and asked their advice in the house of what prince or lord he should be placed till he were old enough to enter upon the profession of arms. One proposed that he should be sent to the King of France; another was for placing him in the house of Bourbon: but the bishop said

there was a close friendship between their family and the Duke of Savoy, who reckoned them in the number of his good servants, and no doubt would gladly receive him as one of his pages. Conformably to this advice it was determined that on the morrow the bishop should take his nephew to Chamberry and present him to the duke. The business of equipping him was to be performed, and this could not have been done more expeditiously in these days with all the facilities that a modern metropolis affords. The bishop sent in all speed for his tailor from Grenoble, with orders to bring with him velvet, satin, and other necessary materials, including, it may be presumed, other sons of the thimble to assist him. They worked all night, and after breakfast, which was in those times at an early hour, young Bayard presented himself in the court, in his new presentation suit, mounted on a fine little horse with which his uncle had provided him.

Horsemanship was an accomplishment of great importance in the days of chivalry, for the order of knighthood was strictly an equestrian order, and the word for a knight in most of the European languages signifies a horseman. It was therefore a hopeful sign when the boy, who had not left school a fortnight, kept his seat well in spite of the efforts of his horse to throw him, and giving him the rein and the spur, brought the spirited animal fairly under command. The father asked him if he had not been afraid, for the beholders with some reason had feared for him. Sir, he replied, I hope with God's help, before six years are over, to make either him or some other bestir himself in a more dangerous place. Here I am among friends; but then I shall be among the enemies of the master whom I shall serve. His

mother, who till now had been sitting in one of the towers, weeping, called him apart, and enjoined him, "as much as a mother can command her child," to love and serve God, and never omit the duty of praying night and morning; to be mild, courteous, humble, and obliging to all persons, temperate, loyal in word and deed, and kind to the widow and the orphan, and bountiful to the poor. She then took out of her sleeve, (which in those days served the purpose of the modern reticule,) a little purse containing six crowns in gold, and one in smaller money, which she gave him; and she delivered a little portmanteau with his linen to one of the bishop's attendants, charging him to pray that the servant of the Squire under whose care he might be placed would look after him a little till he grew older, and entrusting him with two crowns which were to enforce the request.

Chamberry was so near the castle of Bayard, that the bishop, setting out after breakfast on his way, arrived there in the evening, early enough for the clergy to come out and meet him. On the morrow after mass, he dined with the duke, and the boy serving him to drink at table, was noticed as he had hoped, and afterwards presented, on his horse, and courteously accepted, as a good and fair present, with the hope that God would make him a brave man. Charles, the fifth duke of Savoy, in whose service young Bayard was thus placed, was one of the best princes of a good race. A few generations later and the Dukes of Savoy were conspicuous for the disregard of honour which was manifested in their political intrigues, and for the ever execrable persecution of their Protestant subjects; but in the earlier periods of their history, there is, perhaps, no house of equal eminence whose annals are stained with fewer crimes.

Cestui Duc Charles fut un prince autant vaillant, preux at magnanime, qui de son temps ayt vescu; et qui s'est comporté autant bien en paix et en guerre que nul autre de ses voisins. Tellement que encores qu'il fust belliqueux et de hault courage, si n'ha il point desaugmenté le tiltre de paix; heur propre de ceste maison de Savoye: il s'est dit de luy, que Savoye n'en ha iamais eu un plus grand, ny plus admirable en guerres, ny plus juste et religieux en temps de paix. So Paradin describes him in his *Cronique de Savoye*.¹

Some of these virtues he had inherited from his father, Duke Amé, who relying upon the efficiency of alms as good works, used to wait upon the poor whom he entertained, and call them his soldiers and *gens d'armes*, on whom he relied as the bulwarks of his dominions. An ambassador inquiring one day if he kept hounds, the duke replied, he would let him see a fine pack on the morrow; and showing him then the long tables at which the poor who frequented his court were seated, he said, *voila mes chiens de chasse, avec lesquelz j'espere chasser et prendre la gloire de Paradis*.²

The duchess, Blanche de Montferrat, then in the flower of her youth, was worthy of such a husband, being *une des plus excellentes dames en prestance, en beauté de corps, et des illustres en vertus et bonnes conditions qui ayt vescu des son temps*.³ The bishop,

¹ The Duke Charles was a prince as valiant, stout, and magnanimous as any who lived in his time, and who bore himself as well in peace and in war as any of his neighbors. So that though he was warlike and of high carriage, yet he did not slight the claim of peace, the special felicity of this house of Savoy: — it was said of him that Savoy had never had a greater prince, either more admirable in war or more just and pious in time of peace.

² Here are my dogs of the chase, with whom I hope to hunt and capture the glory of Paradise.

³ One of the most excellent ladies in bearing and beauty, and one of the most distinguished in virtues and good qualities who lived in that time.

therefore, could not have placed his nephew in a better school; and while young Bayard exercised himself in a manner suited to his age and profession, in leaping, wrestling, riding, and throwing the bar, his moral nature, as well as his bodily powers, procured all the advantage that is to be derived from good example. In this respect the change was not desirable for him when, some six months afterwards, the duke having an interview with Charles the Eighth of France, at Lyons, presented him and his horse to the king. On this occasion the boy obtained the name of Picquet, by which he was for some time called, because when he was displaying his horsemanship before the king and his company, the pages, echoing the king's desire to see him make the horse curvet again, called out to him, *picquez, picquez!* Charles put him under the care of the Lord of Ligny, who was of the house of Luxemburg: with him he continued as page till he was seventeen, and then was enrolled in that lord's company, though he was so much a favourite that he still kept his appointment in the household, with the allowance of three horses and three hundred francs a year.

In this company he came again to Lyons, at the time when a Burgundian knight, Claude de Vauldré, hung up his shields, defying, with the king's permission, all adventurers, either at spear on horseback, or battle-axe on foot. Picquet, by which name he was now generally known, stepped before the shields and looked at them thoughtfully, saying within himself, Ah, good lord! if I knew how to put myself in fitting array, I would right gladly touch them! Upon communicating that wish to his companion Bellabre, and expressing his regret that he knew not any one who would furnish him with armour and horses,

Bellabre, who was a *fort hardy gentilhomme*, said to him, have you not an uncle who is the fat abbot of Esnay? I vow to God we will go to him, and if he will not supply the money, we will lay hands on crosier and mitre; but, I believe, that when he knows your good intentions, he will produce it willingly. Picquet upon this, touched the shields. Monjoye, king at arms, who was there in due form, to write down the names of all appellants, said to him, how, my friend, your beard is not of three years growth, and do you undertake to combat with Messire Claude de Vauldré, who is one of the fiercest knights known? The youth answered, that he was not influenced by pride or arrogance, but by the desire of learning the use of arms from those who could teach him, and the hope also, that with God's grace, he might do something to please the ladies. It was soon the talk of the court, that Picquet had touched the shields; and as the combat was not to be like one of the desperate adventures in the days of King Arthur or King Lisuarte, but such a spectacle as ladies might very well behold without any fearful emotion, Charles and the Lord of Ligny were well pleased with the spirit which their young soldier had manifested.

They were not aware that Picquet looked with more apprehension to his adventure with his uncle the abbot, than with his adversary the knight. The next morning early he took boat with his friend Bellabre for Esnay;—the news had arrived there before them, and the abbot gave his nephew an ungracious reception, suspecting at once the purport of this visit. He reminded him that he was a page the other day, and yet but a boy, and that the rod would be the fit punishment for his presumption. Picquet pleaded in his justification the desire of emu-

lating his ancestors, and preferred his request with becoming modesty and spirit. *Ma foy*, replied the abbot, you may go elsewhere for money! the property bestowed on this abbey by the founder was to be expended here for the service of God, and not in jousts and tourneys. Perhaps Picquet thought, when he glanced at the abbot's well fed form, that the revenues were not all applied to religious uses. Bellabre, however, put in a well-timed speech, saying, that had it not been for the prowess of his ancestors, the abbot would not have possessed the abbey of Esnay, for it was by their means and no other that he had obtained it. His nephew was of good descent, and enjoyed at this time both the Lord of Ligny's and the king's favour. It would not cost two hundred crowns to equip him, and the honour which he would do his uncle would be worth ten thousand. The abbot stood out awhile, but yielding at length, gave Bellabre an hundred crowns to buy two horses for the youth, whose beard, he said, was not yet old enough for him to be trusted with money, and he gave him a written order to Laurencin, a merchant in Lyons, to furnish him with such apparel as he might want. If the abbot's bounty was not graciously bestowed, neither was it gratefully received. They had no sooner left him, than Bellabre said, where God sends good fortune men ought to make the best use of it; *Ce qu'on desrobe à moynes est pain beneist*:¹ and in pursuance of that proverb he proposed, that as the order upon Laurencin specified no limits, they should make haste, before the uncle should perceive his omission, and send to limit him. Picquet agreed to this something too easily; and letting Bellabre tell the merchant that the abbot

¹ What you steal from the monks is blessed bread.

had given him three hundred crowns for horses instead of one, and that his instructions were to have him fitted out so that no man in the company should be better attired than he, obtained from him gold and silver stuffs, embroidered satins, velvets, and other silks, to the amount of eight hundred crowns, before the abbot's messenger, restricting the order to an hundred or an hundred and twenty, arrived. Displeased at this, as he well might be, the abbot sent to inform him that if he did not send back the goods which he had thus improperly obtained, he should never receive any farther assistance from him; but Picquet, expecting such a message, kept out of the way, and would never suffer any of his uncle's people to be admitted. The chivalrous ages gave large license in such matters, as well as in certain other things. The Loyal Serviteur relates this story as if it left his youthful hero *sans reproche*; just as the way in which the Cid defrauded the Jews at Burgos is recorded by his Chronicler and his poets as if they did not perceive the slightest dishonour in an action for which a man would now be punished by the laws of every country in Europe, or be rendered infamous even if he escaped them.

In Bayard's case what there was worse than mere youthful facility may be imputed to his companion. Happily his nature was originally so good, and perhaps his early education also, that he escaped with little corruption from the evil communication to which he was exposed. The military part of the adventure past off well. He bought two good horses for an hundred and ten crowns, and in the lists, it appears from the honest account of the Loyal Servant, that Claude de Vauldré behaved as a knight of established character might have been expected

to do, towards a youth in his eighteenth year: "how it happened I cannot tell, *ou si Dieu luy en vouloit donner louange, ou si M. Claude de Vauldré preint plaisir avec luy,*¹ but so it was, that no one in the whole combat, on horseback or on foot, played his part better or as well." The ladies gave him the honour of the day, when in his turn he paraded the lists before them: the Lord of Ligny and the king praised him for the good beginning he had made, and the trick which had been played upon the abbot of Esnay served as a jest for the court.

After this adventure Picquet was sent by the Lord of Ligny to join his company at Aire, in Picardy; upon taking leave of the king, Charles told him he was going into a land where there were fair ladies, bade him exert himself to win their favour, and presented him with three hundred crowns and one of the best horses in his stables. The Lord of Ligny also gave him a good horse and two complete suits, and Bayard, who gave as liberally to those in inferior stations as he received from his patrons, set off for Picardy by short journeys, because he had his horses led. Some six-and-twenty of his comrades, knowing his approach, rode out to meet him; a supper had been provided for his arrival, and before they separated, his companions, concluding that he had not come to keep garrison without money, made him promise to give a tourney, that he might himself talk to and win the good will of the ladies. The next morning, accordingly, it was announced, that "Pierre de Bayard, *jeune gentilhomme et apprentif des armes, des ordonnances du Roy de France,* caused a tourney to be cried and published for all comers,

¹ Whether God wished to give him the glory or M. Claude de Vauldré took a liking to him.

without the town of Lyons and adjoining the walls, of three strokes of the lance without lists, and twelve of the sword with edged weapons, and in harness of war, the whole on horseback; and to them who did best, a golden bracelet should be given, weighing thirty crowns, and enamelled with his device." The next day there was to be a combat at point of lance on foot, and at a barrier half stature high, and after the lance was broken, with battle-axes, at the discretion of the judges, the prize being a diamond of forty crowns value.

Par Dieu, compaignon, said his adviser, when the *ordonnance* for the tourney was shown him, *jamais Lancelot, Tristan, ne Gawain ne feirent mieulx*.¹ A trumpet was sent from garrison to garrison to proclaim it; six-and-forty adventurers appeared to contend for the prizes, and Bayard, having been pronounced himself to have done best on both days, without disparagement of others, who had all done well, gave the bracelet to his friend Bellabre, and the diamond to Captain David, the Scot. Thenceforth the ladies could not be satisfied with praising the good knight. This tourney gave occasion to many others during the two years that he remained in Picardy; and tourneys were popular entertainments, for a reason which one of the best writers of romance expresses with considerable *naïveté* when he is describing one. "*A celluy temps la coustume estoit merveilleusement mise sus, que la ou les tournoyemens devoient estre, les dames et les damoiselles dillec entour, et de deux journées de loing y venoient; je dy des dames qui estoient de noble lignage; les chevaliers qui estoient leurs parens charnelz les amenoient illec, et moult de dames et damoiselles estoient ja illec venuës. La*

¹ Never did Lancelot, Tristan, nor Gawain perform better.

*estoyent maries moult honorablement et moult haulte-
mente qui ja neussent esté maries de long temps, se ne
just ce quelles estoyent illec venuës. — Les dames et
damoiselles quon y amenoit, y faisoit on plus venir pour
les marier que pour nulle autre chose.”*¹ The “moral”
Gower tells us in his *Confessio Amantis*, that he
who sought “Love’s grace” from such “worthy wo-
men” as the Romancer speaks of, must travel for
worship by land and by sea —

“And make many hastie rodes,
Sometime in Pruis, sometyne in Rodes,
And sometime into Tartarie;
So that these herauldes on him crie,
Vaylant, vaylant! lo where he goth!
And then he yeveth hem gold and cloth,
So that his fame might sprynge
And to his Ladies ear brynge
Some tidyng of his worthinesse,
So that she might of his prowesse
Of that she herde men recorde
The better unto his love accorde.”

But it was not necessary to go crusading to Prussia or Rhodes, for the purpose of winning a fair lady’s love, in the days of chivalry. In those days the civilians were, with few exceptions, clergy, and bound to celibacy therefore. — Of that obligation, connected as it then was with the durance and restrictions of the cloisters, the women of gentle birth lived in fear.

¹ At this time the custom was remarkably in vogue, that wherever tournaments were to take place the ladies and damsels from the surrounding country would assemble there, even from as far as two days’ journey; I mean ladies who were of noble lineage; the knights who were their blood-kin escorted them thither, and many ladies and damsels were already gathered there. Many were there married very honorably and very worthily who might not have been married for a long time if they had not come to this place. — The ladies and damsels were brought there more to be married than for any other reason. MELIADUS, c. 52. ff. 82.

“Ah poor wretches, what will become of us! we must enter into religion and be made nuns by will or by force!” is the exclamation which a writer of those times puts into the mouths of the Spanish ladies, at the prospect of a civil war: — *Ay mezquinas y que sera de nosotras, que ora por fuerça, ora por grado, avremos de entrar en religion y ser de orden!* A tournament was the only public amusement, except what a Saint’s day afforded, in an age when there were neither theatres, music-meetings, nor races; when the assizes were connected with no festivities, and the capital was not frequented by persons from the provinces, and there were no watering-places for fashionable resort.

The mimicry of war, with all its pomp and circumstance and splendid pageantry, could not be more gratifying to the most light-hearted of the one sex, than the reality of it was to the adventurous or the desperate part of the other. These gallants had their full occupation when they were withdrawn from their pleasant quarters in Picardy, to bear a part in what Paradin calls the immortal quarrel between the Angevins and the Arragonese, in the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples, a quarrel in which, says the good canon of Beaujeu, so much human blood had been shed, that if it could be seen together, it would seem like a sea. . . .¹

The first act of Louis XII. was to enforce his hereditary claims upon the duchy of Milan, which he conquered with little difficulty. Bayard was among the persons who were left in Lombardy to garrison it. Sforza had fled into Germany to solicit aid; and the French, having no enemy to employ them, took their pleasure in jousts, tourneys and other pastimes.

¹ Southey here introduces a long digression on Italian politics.

Bayard profited by this leisure to visit the widow of his first good master, the Lady Blanch, who resided then in Carignan, a town belonging to her own dowry. There was no house, at that time, of Prince or Princess in France, Italy, or elsewhere, where gentlemen were better entertained, than in her establishment. Bayard was welcomed there as if he had been a kinsman. Perhaps respect and gratitude were not the only feelings which induced him to make this visit. A young lady of the household had won his heart, when he was page to the duke, young as he then was; the attachment had been mutual; and had he been the eldest son, it is probable that he would have forsaken the path of glory for that of happiness, and have settled at the Chateau de Bayard, contented that his name should appear only in the family tree. Their early separation proved so effectual, that though during three or four years they kept up such intercourse by letters as was practicable in those times, the lady accepted an advantageous offer, and married the Seigneur de Fluxas, a person of great wealth, who took her *pour sa bonne grace*, for she had few of the goods of fortune.

“Desiring, as a virtuous woman might, to let the good knight see that the honourable love which she had borne him in her youth, still lasted,” she advised him to hold a tourney at Carignan, in honour of the Lady Blanch and of the house in which he had been first brought up. “Verily,” said the Good Knight, “since you wish it, it shall be done. You are the woman in the world who first won my heart to her service, by means of your *bonne grace*. I am sure I shall never have any thing of you but your lips and hands, for by asking more I should lose my labour, and on my soul I had rather die than press you with a

dishonourable suit." He then asked for one of her sleeves, and presently sent a trumpet round to the neighbouring garrisons proclaiming a prize, consisting of the sleeve with a ruby worth an hundred ducats, to him who should perform best at three strokes of the spear and twelve of the sword. As at Lyons so here also he was pronounced the winner, but he declared that if he had done any thing well, the Dame of Fluxas was the occasion of it, who had lent him her sleeve, and to her he referred the disposal of the prize. Her husband understood both her character and that of Bayard too well to entertain any jealous feeling; and she therefore promised to preserve the sleeve for his sake, as long as she lived, and adjudged the jewel to the knight who was thought to have done best after him. The Loyal Servant adds, that no year past in which there was not some interchange of presents between his master and the lady, and that this mutual affection lasted between them till death.

Bayard was soon engaged in a more perilous adventure. Ludovico Sforza entered Italy with a German force, and soon recovered the greater part of his duchy, the capital included. The town where the Good Knight was in garrison, was but twenty miles from Milan, and he led out his companions upon an adventure against three hundred of the enemy's horse in Binasco. A sharp encounter took place, in which the Good Knight is described as cutting off heads and hewing arms and legs: the Italians at length fled full speed to Milan, and Bayard, unsupported by any of his comrades, madly followed them into the very heart of the city, where he was surrounded and taken before Sforza's palace. The captain of the Italians, to whom he surrendered, took him

to his own house, treated him like a generous enemy, and when Sforza, having heard the uproar, sent to have the prisoner brought before him, gave him fitting apparel, and went to present him, not without a fear that some evil was intended. But even the worst men have their better moods; and Sforza behaved on this occasion as nobly as Bayard himself could have done, had the situation in which they stood to each other been reversed. "Come hither, my gentleman," said Sforza, accosting him, "who brought you into this town?" Bayard, in reply, confessed his rashness as an inexperienced soldier, and commended his fortune in that he had fallen into the hands of a brave and gentle knight. Sforza then asked him to say upon his faith, what was the number of the French king's army. Bayard replied, that there were 14,000 or 15,000 men at arms, and 16,000 or 18,000 foot, all chosen men; and methinks, my lord, he added, you would be as safe in Germany as here, for your people are not equal to engage us. However discouraging this intelligence might have been to the duke, he received it with a cheerful countenance, and said he wished to see the two armies encounter, that it might be decided by the event of battle, to whom that territory belonged, as there seemed no other means of determining the question. By my oath, my lord, exclaimed Bayard, I wish it to-morrow, provided I was out of prison! It shall not stick there, was the generous answer, for I set you free; and moreover, ask what you will and it shall be granted. Upon this, Bayard made the only becoming request, that his horse and arms might be restored, and he might be sent back to his garrison, professing, in return, that as far as was compatible with the service of the king his master, and his own honour, he should

gladly make acknowledgment in any thing that Sforza might be pleased to command.

There are legends among the humaner fables of the Romish church, which represent souls in Purgatory, and even beyond it, in the hyper-torrid zone of the spiritual world, as enjoying occasional intermissions or partial mitigation of their torments, for some practice of devotion which amid all their sins they had observed, or some good work, even though solitary of its kind, and casually performed, in the course of a flagitious life. So may this anecdote, which is in the best spirit of chivalry, be remembered in the story of Ludovico Sforza. How far does it appear from history that that spirit, when it was most prevalent, affected the general usages of war? Probably about as much as the spirit of pure and undefiled religion affects the morals of any Christian nation; that is, upon the mass of mankind it had little effect; over many, a partial influence which was easily overpowered by interest or passion; but some few happier natures were entirely conformed to it, and thereby enabled to support that constitutional elevation of mind which predisposed them for chusing the better part. In the best age of chivalry, that of Edward III., its influence was very limited; we read of actions which make the heart glow with generous emotions, but they are accompanied with details of the most inhuman ferocity, and even the prime spirits of that age resented often and deeply of its barbarity. The change which had been operated in Bayard's time was not for the better. There was no room for chivalry in the general business of war, after the introduction of fire-arms, the employment of mercenaries, and that consequent alteration which made the strength of armies consist mainly in their

foot. Still, however, it had its place in the episodes. In the succeeding generation it was confined to tournaments; lastly, it appeared only in pageants, and these fell into disuse when its very costume became obsolete; court-gallants laid aside the helmet and the cap and plumes for the flowing periwig; the trade of the armourer disappeared, and the army-tailor supplied his place.

With the right or wrong of the cause wherein they were engaged, the good knights gave themselves no concern. That belonged to their rulers: for themselves, war was their profession and pursuit; they staked their lives at the game, and if they played it honourably, the best of them set their consciences at ease upon all other scores. Opportunities, however, were not wanting for the display of those virtues which characterized Bayard, and which indeed were called into action and seen to most advantage in such times. The Loyal Servant calls him Lady Courtesy's adopted son, and such he seems to have proved himself on every occasion whether to friend or foe. During the Neapolitan war he took prisoner Don Alonzo de Sotomayor, who is said in these Memoirs to have been closely related to Gonzalo de Cordova; the Spaniard was captured in a skirmish after a brave resistance, and agreed to pay a thousand crowns for his ransom. He thought proper, however, to break his parole: being pursued and brought back, he protested that he had been actuated only by impatience at not hearing from his own people, intending to have sent the sum agreed upon for his ransom within two days, if he had succeeded in escaping. Bayard did not believe this, and ordered him into close confinement; in that confinement he was well treated, and in little more than a fortnight the money arrived, and he was

set at liberty. The Good Knight, as usual, distributed the whole ransom among his soldiers, retaining no part for himself. This was done in Sotomayor's presence, and that knight on his return spoke in the highest terms of Bayard's liberality, activity, and other knightly qualities, but complained of his own usage, saying, that whether it were by his order or not, he knew not, but his people had not treated him like a gentleman, and it would stick with him as long as he lived. A Frenchman, who was at that time a prisoner, heard this, and reported it, on his deliverance, to Bayard, in such a manner, that a challenge ensued, which Sotomayor accepted. The circumstances might probably appear very different were there a Spanish account of the story; as it is now related it represents a series of dishonourable dealings on the Spaniard's side, who chose to fight on foot, not merely because Bayard was the better horseman, but because, knowing that he had at that time an ague, he thought his strength must be so far reduced that he could not venture to combat in that way. Sotomayor, however, was killed on the spot, by a thrust in the throat.

This adventure wounded the Spaniards, and led, during a truce which at this time ensued, to the proposal on their part, of a combat, thirteen to thirteen. The conditions were, that the place should be marked out, and whosoever past beyond the limits, was to fight no more, but remain a prisoner; whoever should be unhorsed also, was to combat no longer. And in case one party were not able to conquer the other by nightfall, though only one of their adversaries remained on horseback, the combat was then to be at an end, and that one allowed to carry off his companions "free and clear, who were to leave

the field in equal honour with the rest." But if the field were won, the conquered party were to be the prisoners of the other. The Loyal Servant represents the Spaniards as behaving with little fairness and less honour on this occasion, and killing eleven horses in the first encounter. But, in encounters of this kind the danger must obviously have been greater to horse than man. Pietro Martire speaks of a tournament at Valladolid in which seven horses were killed on the spot, not by any sinister dealing, but in the fair chance of the lists. Bayard and the Lord of Orosi were the only Frenchmen who remained on horseback, and maintained their ground the whole day, assaulting the enemy when they saw their advantage, and retiring when they were threatened themselves, behind the dead horses of their comrades as a rampart; so that when the day closed, though neither party could claim the victory, the honour remained to the French, two of whom had battled during four hours against thirteen without being overcome. . . .

The practice of ransoming prisoners, which seems to have gradually superseded that of selling them into slavery, was, in itself, an arrangement of mercy, but often abused in the most inhuman manner, the captives being treated with the utmost rigour, and sometimes tortured, till they raised for their deliverance larger sums than by the proper usages of war ought to have been required. It seems to have been disused as gradually as it was introduced; the latest instance which occurs to us is as late as the year 1725, and a disgraceful one of its kind it is. When the French that year plundered the village of Zwammerdam, in Holland, they carried off a girl of six years old, and as she was evidently of good extraction,

she was sold from one to another as a marketable commodity, and purchased at last at Utrecht for six hundred *guelde*s, by a person who became so fond of her as very unwillingly to resign her to her father when she was discovered, upon repayment of that sum. Were such things tolerated, war would be more frightful than it is. In Bayard's age the adventurer looked to making prisoners as the best chance in the lottery of a military life. How Bayard himself, who gave up with characteristic bounty all such prizes of this kind as fortune threw in his way, was enabled to support the appearance which he made, and the liberal expenditure in which he indulged, is not explained by his biographer. We hear of the presents which he received from the king, or his immediate commander; but he is always represented as giving as largely as he received, and these, even if he had kept them wholly to himself, could not have sufficed. Resources, however, he must have had, and ample ones. Perhaps the abbot of Esnay had forgiven him, and become proud of a nephew who was doing honour to the family; perhaps the Bishop of Grenoble assisted him. All that appears in his memoirs is that at all times he wanted money as little as he cared for it.

This disposition was shown with circumstances of peculiar generosity when he intercepted a money-changer and his man, each with a great pouch full of money behind him, on their way to Gonzalo de Cordova, with an escort of horse. The prize consisted of 15,000 ducats. The law of distribution in such cases seems not to have been clearly understood: there were two roads which the money-changer might have taken: Bayard occupied the one by which he happened to come, and sent a certain Tardieu of his

company to occupy the other; and when Tardieu claimed his share as having been of the *undertaking* (*de l'entreprinse*) Bayard, with a smile, denied his claim, as he had not been at the *taking* (*de la prinse*). Tardieu grew warm, and complained to the commander; the opinions of all the captains were taken, and the decision, contrary to what might have been expected, was, that Tardieu had no right to share. This officer, who was as light in heart as in pocket, bore the decision with good humour, and swearing by the blood of St. George that he was an unlucky fellow, said merrily to the Good Knight, Pardieu, it's all one, for you will have to maintain me as long as we tarry in this land. Bayard displayed the ducats before Tardieu, and asked him if they were not pretty things. The Loyal Servant wrongs him on this occasion by ascribing to him the unworthy motive of wishing to mortify his comrade, whereas it was evident that no such thought could have been entertained by him at the moment; for upon Tardieu's reply, that half that sum would make him rich for life, Bayard immediately gave him half. The astonished officer fell upon his knees, and with tears of joy exclaimed, My master, and my friend, what return can I ever make! This bounty, it is added, was well bestowed. Tardieu did not squander the large sum of which he became thus possessed, and in consequence was enabled on his return to France to obtain an heiress for wife, with 3,000 livres a year. The other half the Good Knight, "with heart as pure as a pearl," distributed among all the soldiers of his garrison, to each according to his quality, without reserving a single *denier* for himself; and he set the money-changer and his servant free without requiring any ransom, and without taking from him

rings and money to the amount of some 500 ducats more, which he had about his person.

When Lewis undertook the expedition to Genoa, to relieve his party in that city, who in the profane language of Jean Marot were *attendant le Messias de France*, Bayard was one of the king's equerries, holding that appointment till some company of gendarmes should be vacant. At that time he was suffering under the same ague which was upon him when he performed the combat with Sotomayor, and which continued upon him seven years; he had also an ulcer in the arm, in consequence of a blow from a pike which had been ill-treated. In those days, when men recovered from diseases or wounds, it was by the remedial power of nature, not by the skill of the physicians or surgeons. Though, however, in such ill condition for service, he thought it dishonourable to remain at Lyons when the king was in the field, crost the mountains with him, and distinguished himself in the campaign.

The League of Cambray followed, and the expedition against the Venetians. On this occasion the king gave him a company, but told him that his lieutenant must lead his gendarmes, for he wished him to have the charge of the infantry. Bayard asked what number of foot he was to command, and the king said, a thousand; no man had more. Sire, replied the Good Knight, they are too many for my skill; I beseech you let me have but five hundred, and I will take care to chuse such as shall do you service. Even this, methinks, is a heavy charge for one that would do his duty. He is mentioned in Jean Marot's *Voyage de Venise* as commanding this number, but he is only mentioned in the three words which comprize his name, and the amount of his

company; — had it suited the verse we might have been informed what was the character of his people, — it is to be hoped, for Bayard's sake, that they were better than those with whom the poet has classed them, some of whom he describes to be gentle as cats, humane as leopards, honest as millers, having fingers as adhesive as glue, and being innocent as Judas Iscariot. . . .

The Good Knight appears next at the siege of Padua, after it had been recovered by a successful stratagem of the Venetians. . . . Before the besiegers could take up their ground there were four barricades to be won upon the Vicenza road, two hundred paces from one another, and which, on account of the ditches on each side the road, could only be attacked in front. The charge of winning them was entrusted to Bayard. He got possession of the first, the enemy falling back upon the second. "If there was good fighting at the first barrier, at this there was still better." A body of peasants were brought up who had been trained as pioneers, and after a good half-hour's assault this was carried also, and the defendants were pursued so closely and with such effect, that instead of making a stand at the third barrier, they betook themselves at once to the last. This was defended by 1,000 or 1,200 men, with three or four falconets, and it was but a stone's throw from the city bulwarks. There they made a resolute stand, and the conflict continued for about an hour, with pikes and arquebusses. The Good Knight grew impatient, and said to his companions, Sirs, these people detain us too long, let us alight and press forward to the barrier! Some thirty or forty gendarmes immediately dismounted, and raising their visors and couching their lances pushed on to the

barricado. The Prince of Anhalt was one of this brave party, and Great John of Picardy was another, a person in name and stature, and probably enough in his propensities, like Little John of Sherwood, though not of equal celebrity, because he had no ballad writer who should

“him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Castaly” —

all that is known of Great John being this incidental mention of his name by the Loyal Servant. These brave companions *faisoient raige*. But the defendants were continually reinforced by fresh men from the city; and Bayard, seeing this, exclaimed, they will keep us here these six years at this rate, sound, trumpet! and every one follow me! Then like a lion robbed of *his* whelps — (for it is of a lion-father that the chronicler speaks) — he led on so fierce an assault, that the Venetians retired a pike's length from the barricade. On, comrades, he cried, they are ours! and, leaping the barricade, was gallantly followed, and not less perilously received; but the sight of his danger excited the French, and he was speedily supported in such strength, that he remained master of the ground. “Thus were the barricades before Padua won at mid-day, whereby the French, horse as well as foot, acquired great honour, above all the Good Knight, to whom the glory was universally ascribed.” . . .

During the siege, and indeed whenever opportunities could be found or made, Bayard distinguished himself by many perilous enterprizes, in which he was beholden sometimes for success and sometimes for deliverance or escape, as much to his own personal prowess and the strong attachment of his comrades,

as to his well-concerted plans. As a soldier indeed the Good Knight was better fitted for the time of Du Guesclin and the Black Prince, than for the age of Italian politicians and Swiss mercenaries. His mind in this respect was retrospective rather than anticipant. Congenial as the spirit of chivalry was to his natural disposition, it had been fostered in him by education and family pride of the best and worthiest kind; and he regarded sorrowfully that change in the system of war which the use of fire-arms was then rapidly producing, plainly foreseeing that the chivalrous character must in consequence soon become extinct. The time was fresh in remembrance when the presence of a single knight was felt to be of such importance as to give the one side an assurance of victory, and impress upon the other a forefeeling which prepared them for defeat. The prose romancers exaggerate the personal achievements of their heroes, even beyond the becoming limits of fiction; but as their machinery had its foundation in popular belief, so had this exaggeration its ground in the chivalrous system of warfare. When Jayme, King of Aragon, saw his son embark for the conquest of Sardinia, the first charge which he gave him was to pronounce these words *vencer o morir*,¹ three times before he entered into battle, and then to lead on himself, with that fixed determination. The second charge was to see that all his knights were ready before he began, and if a single one were wanting, to wait for him, "that you may have the benefit," says the old king, "of his advice and presence, and not be the cause that he receive shame, and be without his part of the glory of the victory. Many a time the counsel or the prowess of a single knight

¹To conquer or die.

hath gained a battle." "Villainous saltpetre" was putting an end to this personal importance, and the invectives against this invention in the poets only express what was the real feeling of those persons in the higher ranks of society, who had any of the nobler feelings which were called forth in war. Jean Marot complains of its levelling effects, and says that more courage was required for soldiers now than in the time of Alexander.

*“Car en ses jours n’avoient point cest oraige
De feu et pouldre,
Aux fons d’enfer inventée pour touldre
Vie aux humains, plus que tonnerre ou fouldre;
Cil qu’elle actaint se peult bien faire absouldre,
Car s’en est faict.
Ung Roy, ung Prince, ung Chevalier de faict
Est aussi-tost qu’un jeune enfant deffaict.
Contre son sort peu vault d’armes l’efaict
Force et valeur;
Et croy que si Hector fier batailleur,
Fort Hercules, Cesar grand debelleur,
Estoient vivans, auroient crainte et frayeur
De tel’ tempeste.”¹*

The author of the Mémoires de Tremoille observes that the harquebuss is a weapon which Christians ought not to use in their wars with each other, but only against infidels; and Bayard partook this feeling so strongly, that excellently gentle and humane as he was in the whole tenour of his life and actions, he would give no quarter to harquebussiers.

¹ For in his days they did not have this storm of fire and powder invented in the pit of hell to destroy the life of men more than thunder or lightning. He whom it strikes may well get ready for his absolution, for he is done. A king, a prince, a knight of prowess is as quickly undone as a small child, little avails against his fate the effect of arms or might or valor. I believe if Hector the fierce warrior, strong Hercules, or Cæsar the great general were living, they would be possessed with great fear and terror at such a storm.

Bayard, who "never grudged money if he could learn what the enemy were doing," was in general well served by his spies, because he paid them well. And once by their means he laid a scheme for catching the Pope, which was so well concerted, that his Holiness must inevitably have been taken if he had not turned back in consequence of a violent snow-storm; yet the Good Knight was so close upon him, that as the Pope was about to enter the castle of Saint Felice, he heard the French in the town, and leaping out of his litter, at the alarm, helped to raise the drawbridge himself, which was wisely done, for "had he delayed while one might say a paternoster, he would assuredly have been snapped." Such adventures gave a character of romantic interest to the wars of those days, and in such things it was that Bayard was chiefly tried. He used to say that a perfect knight ought to possess three qualities, the attack of a bull-dog, the defence of a wild boar, and the pursuit of a wolf. This speech might have come from the Clissons of history, or the Sir Turpins and Sir Breuses of romance. But Bayard was a better soldier as well as a better man than one who should have united in himself all these ferine qualities. *Car il fault que tous lisans ceste histoire sçachent que ce bon chevalier estoit un vray registre des batailles;*¹ and in the early part of his career he was not more distinguished for enterprizing valour, than he was in maturer life for sage counsel. One of his maxims was, that he who makes no account of his enemy is a madman.

Pope Julius had a strong desire to be revenged on the French, and at a time when Bayard was at Fer-

¹ For all who read this history should know that this good knight was a true register of battles.

rara, with the duke, sent one of his agents to propose an alliance with the duke's family, and offered to make him gonfalonier and captain-general of the church, if he would dismiss these allies; whatever direction they might take he knew they would be at his mercy, and it was his intention that not one of them should escape. The duke gave him hearing, regaled him well, communicated his embassy to Bayard, and when Bayard, crossing himself in astonishment, would hardly be persuaded that the Pope would be wicked enough to accomplish what he intended, the duke proposed to buy over the agent, and as the Pope wished to perpetrate a piece of villainy, act upon the principle of like for like. The conversation which ensued may be genuine in the main, for the duke reported it to Bayard, and from him it is likely that the Loyal Servant directly derived it. The duke began with this Messer Augustino by stating the reasons why it would be folly in him to trust the Pope, who coveted his dominions, and hated him more than any other person in the world. He then proceeded to state that it would not be easy to deceive the French, and impracticable to turn them out. But he added, Messer Augustino, the Pope is of a very terrible nature, exceeding choleric and vindictive, as you well know, and however he may trust you now in his secret affairs, he will some day or other play you a shrewd trick. Moreover, when he dies, what will become of his servants? Another pope will succeed, who will not harbour any of them, and it is a very bad service except for ecclesiastics. He then offered to reward him richly, if he would do him good service to rid him of his enemy. This precious agent of his Holiness struck a bargain immediately, and for 2,000 ducats in hand, and a promise

of 500 yearly, engaged to poison the Pope within eight days. This was so much according to the custom of the country, that the duke felt neither compunction in making such a bargain, nor shame in communicating it to Bayard. Having found him on the ramparts, the following characteristic scene ensued.

“They took one another by the hand, and, as they walked upon the ramparts, at a distance from all others, the Duke began to say: ‘My Lord Bayard, it never fell out but that deceivers were themselves deceived in the end. You have heard the villany which the Pope would have made me commit against you and the French that are here. And in this intent he hath sent a man of his to me, as you know. I have so brought him over to our side, and changed his purpose, that he will do to the Pope what he wished to do to you; for he hath assured me that in eight days at the farthest, he shall be no more.’

“The Good Knight, who would never have suspected the real truth of the fact, made answer: ‘How can that be, my Lord, hath he spoken with God?’ ‘Give yourself no concern about the matter,’ said the Duke; ‘so shall it be.’ And they went on communing together till he told him that Messer Augustino had engaged himself to poison the Pope. Whereat the Good Knight said: ‘Oh! my Lord, I can never believe so worthy a Prince as you will consent to so black a treachery; and were I assured of it, I swear to you, by my soul, that I would apprise the Pope thereof, before it were night.’ ‘Why?’ said the Duke, ‘he would have done as much to you and me: and you know that we have hung seven or eight spies of his.’ ‘No matter for that,’ said the Good Knight, ‘I never will consent to the effecting of his death in this manner.’ The Duke shrugged up his shoulders, spat upon the ground, and said: ‘My Lord Bayard, would that I had killed all my enemies as I did that! Howbeit, since the thing is not to your liking it shall be given up; and, but God help us, we shall both repent of it.’ ‘Not so, please God,’ said the Good Knight. ‘But I pray you, my Lord, put this fellow into my hands who would perform this precious piece of work, and, if I have him not hung within an hour, let me be so dealt with in his stead.’ ‘No,

my Lord Bayard,' said the Duke; 'I have assured him of his personal safety: but I will go and dismiss him.' Which the Duke did as soon as he got back to his palace. What the man said or how he acted on his return to the Pope I know not: but he executed none of his enterprizes. So he continued about the person of his Holiness, who was much grieved at being able to discover no method of bringing his schemes to pass."

Vol. ii. pp. 9-11.

Bayard's character was shown not less advantageously when Brescia having been recovered by the Venetians, was attacked by the French. There were 8,000 troops in the town, and 12,000 or 14,000 peasantry, who had flocked thither to maintain it against their foreign enemies. The Duke of Nemours could not bring thither more than 12,000 to besiege it, but they were "the very flower of knight-hood," and Nemours had so gained their hearts that they were all ready to lay down their lives for him. When the arrangement for the attack was made, Bayard was the only person who objected to it. The Lord of Molart was appointed with the infantry to force the first line: upon him, he said, and upon many worthy persons of his company he had the firmest reliance; but it was of great importance never to give back on such occasions. The Venetians would place their best men (and they had good ones) foremost, and arquebussiers with them, and great disorder might ensue if the infantry should be repulsed, having no gendarmes to support them. He proposed, therefore, that some 150 dismounted horsemen should accompany the Lord of Molart, because, being better armed than the infantry, they would be better able to sustain the shock. The duke replied, you say truly, my Lord of Bayard, but where is the captain who will put himself at the

mercy of their arquebussiers? I will, said the Good Knight: and be assured the company whereof I have charge will this day do honour to the king and you, and service that you shall be sensible of. When he had spoken, *n'y eust capitaine qui ne regardast l'un l'autre, car sans point de faulte le faict estoit tres-dangereux.*¹ Whatever we may think of former times, the sense of honour was never so generally felt in military bodies as it is now. We find men of birth and station, with all the advantages of defensive armour, not willing to expose themselves on a service upon which the infantry were ordered. In our days, officers as well as men, and men as well as officers, are always found ready for any enterprize however dangerous, however desperate, even when it may almost be called a service of certain death. The wonder now is not at him who volunteers, but at him who holds back. Did indeed the Christian spirit take possession of us with half as much force as the military spirit, war itself would be at an end, and the diseases of society would have their sure and only effectual remedy.

The duke summoned the city, feeling some compunction at the thought that if it was taken by assault it would be sacked and all within slaughtered. Alas! says the Loyal Servant, the poor inhabitants would gladly have surrendered, but they had not the upper hand. The ascent being slippery, Nemours, "to show that he would not be among the last, doffed his shoes," and many followed his example. They won the rampart. Bayard was the first person who entered, but he received a deep wound in the upper part of the thigh, from a pike, which broke

¹ All the captains looked at one another, for it was an affair of great danger and no mistake.

and was left hanging in the wound. Comrade, said he, to Molart, make your men march, the town is won: as for me I can go no farther, I am slain. And that he might not die without confession, he withdrew, with the help of two of his archers, who tore their shirts to staunch his wound. As soon as the citadel was taken, they broke down a door from the first house, and carried him on it to the goodliest mansion in the neighbourhood. The owner, a man of great wealth, had fled to a neighbouring convent, leaving his wife and two fair daughters "in the Lord's keeping," rather than be butchered in their presence without any possibility of protecting them. The daughters hid themselves in a hay-loft, and when the soldiers knocked, the mother, putting her trust in God, opened the door herself. The happiest fortune which ever befell that family was when Bayard entered their house. His first orders were to set a guard there, and admit none but his own people; and he assured those who had borne him and whom he thus employed, that though they missed some booty for his sake, they should lose nothing in the end. The lady of the house fell on her knees, and besought him to spare her daughters and herself. The Good Knight, who never harboured an evil thought, replied, Madam, it may be that I shall not recover from this wound of mine, but while I live no wrong shall be done to you and your daughters: only keep them in their chamber, let them not be seen. When the wound had been drest, and he had leisure to think of others, he inquired concerning the master of the house, had him sought for where his wife said that, if living, he would probably be found, and made the family happy by having him safely escorted home. They looked upon themselves, how-

ever, as his prisoners, and all their goods and chattels as his property by the lot of war, "this being the case with the other houses which had fallen into the hands of the French." And in the hope, seeing his generous temper, that a handsome offering might prevent his exacting a ruinous sum, the lady, on the day he was about to depart, entered his room, acknowledged his kindness, and, entreating his further compassion, presented him with a little steel box full of ducats. Bayard laughed, and asked how many ducats there were there? and the lady, fearing he was offended, said only 2,500, but if he were not content therewith, they would produce a larger sum. Upon his refusing to take any, she entreated him to accept that trifling gift as a mark of gratitude, with an earnestness which proved her sincerity. He then took the box, sent for her daughters, gave them 1,000 of the ducats each, toward their marriage portions, and accepting the 500, delivered them to his hostess, to be distributed by her, in his behoof, among the poor nuns whose convents had been pillaged. Such men as Bayard are always unhappily too few, and yet in the worst ages there have been enough of his stamp to redeem humanity.

A little before the storming of Brescia, an astrologer had assured Bayard that he would not fall in the dreadful battle which he predicted for the Good Friday or Easter Sunday following, but that, within twelve years at farthest, he would be slain by artillery; "otherwise," he added, "you would never end your days in the field, for you are so beloved by those under your command, that they would sooner die than leave you in jeopardy." The story of this astrologer is rather remarkable. The battle of Ravenna fulfilled his several predictions both as to

the day, its issue, and the fate of the Duke of Nemours; of whom Guicciardini says, that "if, as the opinion is, death is to be desired when men are come to the height of felicity, then surely he died happily," — but that with him the very sinew and strength of the French army utterly perished. That army had suffered much in consequence of its success at Brescia; so many of the adventurers enriched themselves there, and withdrew in consequence, that the Loyal Servant says, this was the ruin of the French cause in Italy. They who look in history for proofs of that providential government of the world, in which the best and wisest men have believed, may see reason to suppose that if Gaston de Foix, the young and heroic Duke de Nemours, had resembled Bayard as much in humanity and other virtues as he did in courage, his career might not so speedily have been cut short. But he had shown no mercy at Brescia, and made no effort to check the excesses of his men. The Loyal Servant tells us, many grievous things happened, and Guicciardini says that "for seven days the city was exposed to the rapacity, to the lust, and to the cruelty of the soldiers; things sacred as well as profane being parcel of the prey, and no less the lives than the goods of men."

The astrologer, who had delivered his other predictions concerning the expected action openly, took La Palisse and Bayard apart, and charged them that they should give heed to the Prince on the day of battle, for he would be in as great danger of falling as ever man was, and he said they might cut off his head if they did not find his words fulfilled. The duke went forth early that morning armed at all points, his surcoat gorgeously embroidered with the arms of Navarre and Foix, so as to add inconveniently

to the weight of his armour. The sun had just risen, and appeared so red, that one of the company said, Know you, my lord, what that forebodes? Some prince or great officer will die to-day. It must be either you or the viceroy. This was said by one with whom he was accustomed to jest, and he smiled at the words, as a soldier would do, however they might have imprest him. Before the action commenced, a parley occurred, in the spirit of the Homeric age. Bayard, with the duke and some twenty others, was riding along the canal to while away the time, when they observed a party of Spaniards about the same number, and employed in like manner. He advanced towards them alone, and said, Sirs, you are amusing yourselves as we are doing, till the fine sport begins. I pray you let no guns be discharged on your side, and none shall be fired on ours. Their commander, Pedro de Paes, (a brave and distinguished man, who fell in the battle,) inquired who he might be, and with a soldierly spirit replied, upon hearing his name, On my honour, Señor de Bayard, I am right glad to see you, though we have gained nothing by your arrival, but may reckon your army 2,000 men the stronger for it. Would to God there were peace between your master and mine, that we might have some interviews, for I have loved you for your prowess all my life. The Spaniard was then introduced to Nemours, and those courtesies were exchanged, which even in the heat of war excite a wish for peace, and insensibly prepare a way for it.

One of the bravest and honestest of the German mercenaries fell on the French side; an anecdote concerning his death, which the Loyal Servant was not acquainted with, is found in the Commentaries of the Señor Alarcon. He had challenged the Span-

ish colonel, Zamudio, who, as he advanced to meet him, exclaimed, "O king, dearly do your favours cost me, and well are they deserved on such days as this!" Both parties might have agreed in that feeling; for the German captain, Jacob, fell by Zamudio's pike, and Zamudio himself was killed in the course of the battle. In revenge of Jacob's death, a feat was performed by Captain Fabian, which may remind the reader of Arnold von Winkelraid. It required, perhaps, more bodily powers, and did not involve the same inevitable self-devotement. The Spaniards had stationed a strong body with crossed pikes on the edge of their foss: Fabian, who was a person of prodigious strength and stature, took his own pike crossway, laid it upon those of the enemy, and bearing their points towards the ground, enabled those of his comrades who were near to rush in: *mais pour le passer y eut un meurtre merveilleux: car oncques gens ne feirent plus de deffense que les Espagnols, qui encores n'ayans plus bras ne jambe entiere mordoient leurs ennemis.*¹ Bayard himself seems to have owed his life in this battle, when he was rashly adventuring it, to the presence of mind of a Spaniard. Returning from the pursuit with some forty gendarmes, he fell in with two Spanish companies, who were retreating in good order from the field. Spent as his own party was, and inferior in numbers, he was preparing to charge them, when the Spanish captain stepped forward and said, "Sir, what are you about? You cannot suppose yourself strong enough to beat us! You have won the battle and killed all our men; be satisfied with the honour you have

¹ But in passing him there was a wondrous slaughter; for never did men make a braver defense than the Spaniards, who when they were without a sound arm or leg continued to bite their enemies.

gained, and let us go with our lives, since by God's will we have escaped!" Bayard felt this address as became him. It is added, that he demanded their colours, and that they were given him; if it was so, it adds no grace to the story. But they parted courteously, the Spaniards opening their ranks, and the French passing between them. Little did he imagine that the duke, attacking these very companies as rashly as he was about to have done, had fallen by their hands. "Had he but suspected this," says the Loyal Servant, "he would rather have died ten thousand deaths than not have avenged him." And yet however strong the desire of vengeance may have been in the first emotions of grief, Bayard, in his cooler moments, must have felt thankful to Providence that the Spanish officer had acted more moderately and more wisely than he himself was disposed to have done.

The battle of Ravenna proved fatal to the conquerors. The loss which they had there sustained was so severe, that they were unable to withstand the fresh forces that were brought against them, and in their retreat the Good Knight was struck by a falconet shot between the neck and shoulder, which laid the shoulder bone bare. He was able, however, to cross the Alps, and visit his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble. There he was seized with fever, either in consequence of the wound or the fatigue which he had undergone, and the Loyal Servant puts a lamentation in his mouth at the thought of dying, like a girl, in bed, which would have read better in romance than in history. The speech ended, however, with a prayer, and a hope of amending his evil life. It was just after his recovery that that adventure occurred with the damsel, whom her

mother would have sold to him, which has found its way into most collections of anecdotes.

His death occurred within the time and in the manner which the astrologer is said to have foretold. He was conducting the rear of the French army, when retreating in good order before the Spaniards. On such occasions the rear was always his post, and he was now making his gendarmes proceed with as much composure as if they had been in their own country, with no enemy to apprehend, when a stone from a harquebuss struck him across the loins and fractured his spine. It was one of those wounds (as in Nelson's case) in which the stroke of death is felt, and which the sufferer instantly knows to be mortal. Jesus! was the first word which he uttered, then, "Oh God, I am slain!" He had ever wished to die in battle, and it seems as if, in forecasting the end which he desired, he had predetermined how to act whenever it might occur: for holding up his sword and kissing the cross at its handle, he pronounced these words audibly, *Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam!*¹ He then grew faint, but saved himself from falling by holding the saddle-bow, till his steward helped him from off the horse, and placed him under a tree, and there holding his sword as a cross before him, he confessed to the steward, there being no priest at hand. The Seigneur d'Alegro came up, and to him he said something concerning his will. A Swiss captain would have carried him off upon pikes, hoping to save him: but Bayard felt that the motion would accelerate his certain death, and entreated that he might be left, and employ the little life that remained in thinking about his soul. He besought them to go their way, and

¹ Have mercy on me, Lord, according to thy great compassion.

not expose themselves to the enemy by remaining with him, to whom they could afford no earthly help, but he commended his poor soul to them, and desired the Seigneur d'Alegro to salute the king in his name, and say it troubled him that he could do him no farther services; likewise he added, Messires the Princes of France, and the gentlemen of my company, and all gentlemen of the honoured realm of France in general, salute them all when you see them, on my part. When the Spaniards came up and discovered who he was, he received from them that honourable kindness which Bayard's name would have commanded from enemies of any nation, and which, in the better days of Spain, no people were so ready as the Spaniards to exhibit. A tent was spread for him, he was laid upon a camp bed, and a priest was brought, to whom he confessed devoutly, saying, afterwards, these very words —

“My God! I am assured that thou hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into mercy and to forgive whoso shall return to thee with a sincere heart, however great a sinner he may have been: Alas! my Creator and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee during my life, of which I repent with my whole soul. Full well I know that, had I spent an hundred years in a desert on bread and water, even that would not have entitled me to enter thy kingdom of Heaven, unless it had pleased thee, of thy great and infinite goodness, to receive me into the same; for no creature is able in this world to merit so high a reward, My Father and Saviour! I entreat thee be pleased to pass over the faults by me committed, and show me thy abundant clemency instead of thy rigorous justice.”

Vol. ii. pp. 227, 228.

The Marquis of Pescara came up before he expired, and

“Pronounced a lofty eulogium on him in his own language, but to the following effect; ‘Would God, gentle Lord Bayard,

that, by parting with a quart of my own blood, (so that could be done without loss of life,) and by abstaining from flesh for two years, I might have kept you whole and my prisoner; for my treatment of you should have manifested how highly I honoured the exalted prowess that was in you. The first tribute of praise that my nation paid you, when they said, '*Muchos Grisones, y pocos Bayardos,*' was not undeservedly bestowed; for since my first acquaintance with arms have I never seen or heard tell of any King who can compare with you in all admirable qualities: and though I have reason to rejoice at beholding you thus, being assured that my master, the Emperor, in his wars had no greater and more formidable adversary than yourself, nevertheless, when I consider the heavy loss which all Knighthood sustains this day, may God never aid me if I would not give the half of all I am worth in the world that it were otherwise; but, since from death there is no refuge, I make supplication to Him who hath created all in his likeness, that he will be pleased to take back your soul unto himself."

Vol. ii. p. 222.

To have died thus honoured by such an enemy must have been only less desirable than to fall in the moment of victory and in the height of success. The Spanish general appointed certain gentlemen to bear the body to a church, where solemn service was performed over it for two days. His own people then carried it home for interment. As they past through Savoy, orders were given by the duke that wherever the corpse passed or rested, as much respect should be paid to it as if it were that of his own brother. The magistrates of Grenoble, with most of the inhabitants and nobles of the surrounding country, went out to meet it when it drew nigh, and it was finally deposited in a convent of Minims, half a mile from that city, which his uncle the bishop had founded. A monument was afterwards erected to him there, not by the king whom he had served so faithfully, not by the nation of which he is the proud-

est boast, not even by his family, but by Scipio de Poulloud, Seigneur de St. Agnin, an individual no otherwise connected with him than as being a native of the same province, and an admirer of his worth. He was in the forty-eighth year of his age when he was slain. He left a natural daughter, whose mother was a Milanese of noble birth. If it be true that Bayard had promised marriage to this Milanese lady both by word and in writing, he cannot in this instance be said to have been *sans reproche*. The Loyal Servant indeed tells us that he was no saint; but it may be questioned whether any saint of his age left so useful an example.

We must judge of men according to the standard of their own times and the circumstances in which they were placed. There are some callings which deaden the moral sense, some which directly harden the heart, some which produce the even more injurious effect of perverting our perceptions of right and wrong. These are their effects upon ordinary minds; and where the bent of the individual's disposition is towards evil, natural obliquity is easily ripened into thorough wickedness. We have thus such politicians as Shaftesbury, such lawyers as Jefferies, such commanders as Buonaparte. On the other hand, there are spirits so happily constituted as to resist these injurious influences, and preserve, under all circumstances, the integrity of their nature. Few are the generations in which some such examples have not appeared for the relief and consolation of humanity. Success cannot elevate them, neither are they to be depressed by ill fortune; the former only exhibits more conspicuously the grace and beauty of their character, the latter only displays its dignity and its strength. We have thus such

statesmen as Clarendon, such lawyers as Sir Thomas More, such soldiers as Bayard. It may be said of him, as of one of our own distinguished officers who fell in the Peninsular War —

“That in the midst of camps his manly breast
Retained its youthful virtue; that he walk’d
Thro’ blood and evil uncontaminate;
And that the stern necessity of war
But nurtured with its painful discipline
Thoughtful compassion in his gentle soul,
And feelings such as man should cherish still
For all of woman born.”

If he had merely won victories for France greater than those of Turenne or Villars, he would have conferred less honour upon his country, and rendered less service to it, than he has done by the example of his personal character.

Henri IV. used to say, that Montluc’s Commentaries should be the soldier’s bible. It was a saying that would have been more in character with Buona-parté, than with the prince from whom it came; for though the book is in its kind incomparably good, it is the composition of one who, with all his great qualities, was a brutal soldier. Henri should have held up Bayard as a model to the military youth of France. We, who have Robert of Gloucester, and the Black Prince, and Sidney, and Marlborough, and Nelson, need not go abroad for examples. Yet it is desirable that nations should be conversant with foreign models, and particularly with those which may be found among their hereditary and natural rivals. In proportion as this knowledge is cultivated they will be disposed to judge more generously, more kindly, and more equitably of each other. We are glad therefore that English readers

may now become as familiar with the history of the Chevalier Bayard as they were with his name; and a wish may be expressed that the French in return would make themselves acquainted with the English knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, Sir Philip Sidney.

Quarterly Review, xxxii, 355-397. (October, 1825.)

SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA (1808)

IMPORTANT as the battle of Baylen was in its direct and immediate consequences to the Spaniards, their cause derived greater celebrity and more permanent strength from the defence of Zaragoza.

Order had been restored in that city from the hour when Palafox assumed the command. Implicit confidence in the commander produced implicit and alert obedience, and preparations were made with zeal and activity proportioned to the danger. When the new Captain-General declared war against the French, the troops which he mustered amounted only to 220 men, and the public treasury could furnish him with no more than one hundred dollars; sixteen ill-mounted guns were all the artillery in the place, and the arsenal contained but few muskets. Fowling-pieces were put in requisition, pikes were forged, powder was supplied from the mills at Villafeliche, which were some of the most considerable in Spain, — for everything else Palafox trusted to his country and his cause. And his trust was not in vain; the Zaragozans were ready to endure any suffering and make any sacrifice in the discharge of their duty; the same spirit possessed the whole country, and from all those parts of Spain which were under the yoke of the enemy, officers and soldiers repaired to Zaragoza as soon as it was seen that an army was collecting there; many came from Madrid and from Pampluna, and some officers of engineers from the military academy at Alcala. And the

spirits of the people were encouraged by the discovery of a depot of fire arms walled up in the Aljafaria; they had probably been secreted there in the succession war, when one party resigned that city to its enemies, and their discovery in this time of need was regarded by the Zaragozans as a manifestation of divine Providence in their favour. The defeats which their undisciplined levies sustained at Tudela, Mallen, and Alagon abated not their resolution; and in the last of these actions a handful of regular troops protected their retreat with great steadiness. The French general, Lefebvre Desnouettes, pursuing his hitherto uninterrupted success, advanced, and took up a position very near the city, and covered by a rising ground planted with olive trees.

Zaragoza was not a fortified town; the brick wall which surrounded it was from ten to twelve feet high, and three feet thick, and in many places it was interrupted by houses, which formed part of the inclosure. The city had no advantages of situation for its defence, and would not have been considered capable of resistance by any men but those whose courage was sustained by a virtuous and holy principle of duty. It stands in an open plain, which was then covered with olive grounds, and is bounded on either hand by high and distant mountains; but it is commanded by some high ground called the Torrero, about a mile to the south-west, upon which there was a convent, with some smaller buildings. The canal of Aragon divides this elevation from another rising ground, where the Spaniards had erected a battery. The Ebro bathes the walls of the city, and separates it from the suburbs; it has two bridges, within musket-shot of each other; one of wood, said to be more beautiful than any other of the like

materials in Europe; the other of freestone, consisting of seven arches, the largest of which is 122 feet in diameter; the river is fordable above the city. Two smaller rivers, the Galego and the Guerva, flow at a little distance from the city, the one on the east, the other on the west; the latter being separated from the walls only by the breadth of the common road; both are received into the Ebro. Unlike most other places of the peninsula, Zaragoza has neither aqueduct nor fountains, but derives its water wholly from the river. The people of Tortosa, (and probably of the other towns upon its course,) drink also of the Ebro, preferring it to the finest spring; the water is of a dirty red colour, but, having stood a few hours, it becomes perfectly clear, and has a softness and pleasantness of taste, which soon induces strangers to agree with the natives in their preference of it. The population was stated in the census of 1787 at 42,600; that of 1797, excellent as it is in all other respects, has the fault of not specifying the places in each district; later accounts computed its inhabitants at 60,000, and it was certainly one of the largest cities in the peninsula. It had twelve gates, four of them in the old wall of Augustus, by whom the older town of Salduba upon the same site was enlarged, beautified, and called Cæsarea-Augusta, or Cæsaraugusta; a word easily corrupted into its present name.¹

The whole city is built of brick; even the convents and churches were of this coarse material, which was bad of its kind, so that there were cracks in most of these edifices from top to bottom. The houses are not so high as they usually are in old Spanish towns,

¹ The Spaniards, by a more curious corruption, call Syracuse, Zaragoza de Sicilia.

their general height being only three stories; the streets are, as usual, very narrow and crooked; there are, however, open market-places; and one very wide, long, and regularly built street, formerly called the Calle Santa, having been the scene of many martyrdoms, but now more commonly known by the name of the Cozo. The people, like the rest of the Aragonese, and their neighbours, the Catalans, have been always honourably distinguished in Spanish history for their love of liberty; and the many unavailing struggles which they have made during the last four centuries, had not abated their attachment to the good principles of their forefathers. Within the peninsula, (and once indeed throughout the whole of Catholic Europe,) Zaragoza was famous as the city of our Lady of the Pillar, whose legend is still so firmly believed by the people, and most of the clergy in Spain, that it was frequently appealed to in the proclamations of the different generals and Juntas, as one of the most popular articles of the national faith. The legend is this: when the apostles, after the resurrection, separated and went to preach the gospel in different parts of the world, St. James the elder, (or Santiago as he may more properly be called in his mythological history,) departed for Spain, which province Christ himself had previously commended to his care. When he went to kiss the hand of the Virgin, and request her leave to set off, and her blessing, she commanded him, in the name of her Son, to build a church to her honour in that city of Spain wherein he should make the greatest number of converts, adding, that she would give him farther instructions concerning the edifice upon the spot. Santiago set sail, landed in Galicia, and, having preached with little success

through the northern provinces, reached Cæsarea-Augusta, where he made eight disciples. One night, after he had been conversing and praying with them as usual on the banks of the river, they fell asleep, and just at midnight the apostle heard heavenly voices sing, *Ave Maria gratia plena!* He fell on his knees, and instantly beheld the Virgin upon a marble pillar in the midst of a choir of angels, who went through the whole of the matin service. When this was ended, she bade him build her church around that pillar, which his Lord, her blessed Son, had sent him by the hands of his angels; there, she told him, that pillar was to remain till the end of the world, and great mercies would be vouchsafed there to those who supplicated for them in her name. Having said this, the angels transported her back to her house at Jerusalem, (for this was before the Assumption) and Santiago, in obedience, erected upon that spot the first church which was ever dedicated to the Virgin. Cathedral service was performed both in this church and in the see, and the meetings of the chapter were held alternately in each. The interior of each was of the most imposing kind. When the elder of these joint cathedrals was erected, Pope Gelasius granted indulgencies to all persons who would contribute toward the work, and thus introduced a practice which contributed as much to the grandeur and magnificence of ecclesiastical architecture, as to laxity of morals and the prevalence of superstition.

Many mournful scenes of bigotry and superstition have been exhibited in Zaragoza; but, in these fiery trials which Buonaparte's tyranny was preparing for the inhabitants, the dross and tinsel of their faith disappeared, and its pure gold remained. The French, accustomed as they were to undervalue the Spanish

character, had spoken with peculiar contempt of the Zaragozans. "Few persons," they said, "are to be seen among them who distinguish themselves by their dress; there is little of that elegant attire so observable in large cities. All is serious and regular, — dull and monotonous. The place seems without any kind of resource, because the inhabitants use no effort to obtain any; — accustomed to a state of apathy and languor, they have not an idea of the possibility of shaking it off." With this feeling, equally despising the strength of the place, and the character of the people, the French proceeded to besiege the capital of Aragon. A party of their cavalry entered the town on the 14th, perhaps in pursuit of the retreating patriots; they thought to scour the streets, but they were soon made to feel, that the superiority of disciplined soldiers to citizens exists only in the field.

On the following morning, the French, with part of their force, attacked the outposts upon the canal, and, with their main body, attempted to storm the city by the gate called Portillo. A desperate conflict ensued. The Aragonese fought with a spirit worthy of their cause. They had neither time, nor room, nor necessity for order. Their cannon, which they had hastily planted before the gates, and in the best situations without the town, were served by any persons who happened to be near them; any one gave orders who felt himself competent to take the command. A party of the enemy entered the city, and were all slain. Lefebvre perceived that it was hopeless to persist in the attack with his present force, and drew off his troops, having suffered great loss. The patriots lost about 2000 men killed, and as many wounded. In such a conflict the circum-

stances are so materially in favour of the defendants, that the carnage made among the French must have been much greater. Some part of their baggage and plunder was abandoned in their retreat. The conquerors would have exposed themselves by a rash pursuit, but Palafox exhorted them not to be impatient, telling them, that the enemy would give them frequent opportunities to display their courage. While he thus restrained their impetuosity, he continued to excite their zeal. This victory, he said, was but the commencement of the triumphs which they were to expect under the powerful assistance of their divine patrons. The precious blood of their brethren had been shed in the field of glory, — on their own soil. Those blessed martyrs required new victims; let us, he added, be prepared for the sacrifice!

The Zaragozans had obtained only a respite; defeated as he was, Lefebvre had only removed beyond the reach of their guns; his troops were far superior to any which they could bring against him; and it was not to be doubted that he would soon return in greater force, to take vengeance for the repulse and the disgrace which he had suffered. A regular siege was to be expected; how were the citizens to sustain it with their brick walls, without heavy artillery, and without troops who could sally to interrupt the besiegers in their works? In spite of all these discouraging circumstances, confiding in God and their own courage, they determined to defend the streets to the last extremity. Palafox, immediately after the repulse of the enemy, set out to muster reinforcements, to provide such resources for the siege as he could, and to place the rest of Aragon in a state of defence, if the capital should fall. He was accom-

panied by Colonel Burton, his friend and aide-de-camp; Lieut.-Colonel Beillan, of the engineers; Padre Basilio, and Tio Jorge. With these companions and a small escort he left the city by the suburbs, crossed the Ebro at Pina, and collecting on the way about 1400 soldiers who had escaped from Madrid, formed a junction at Belchite with Baron Versage and some newly raised troops from Calatayud. Their united numbers amounted to some 7000 men, with 100 horse and four pieces of artillery. Small as this force was, and still more inefficient for want of discipline than of numerical strength, Palafox resolved upon making an attempt with it to succour the city. The prudence of this determination was justly questioned by some; others proposed the strange measure of marching to Valencia: this probably originated with some of the stray soldiers who were at liberty to seek their fortune where they pleased, and the proposal was so well received that a considerable party prepared to set off in that direction, without orders. But Palafox called them together, exhorted them to do their duty, and offered passports to as many as chose to leave him in the moment of danger. The consequence of this offer was that not a man departed. From Almunia, where he had rested a day, he then marched towards Epila, thinking to advance to the village of La Muela, and thus place the invaders between his little army and the city, in the hope of cutting them off from their reinforcements. Lefebvre prevented this, by suddenly attacking him at Epila, on the night of the 23d: after a most obstinate resistance, the superior arms and discipline of the French were successful. The wreck of this gallant band retreated to Calatayud, and afterwards, with great difficulty, threw themselves into Zaragoza.

The besiegers' army was soon reinforced by General Verdier, with 2500 men, besides some battalions of Portuguese, who, according to the devilish system of Buonaparte's tyranny, had been forced out of their own country, to be pushed on in the foremost ranks, wherever the first fire of a battery was to be received, a line of bayonets clogged, or a ditch filled, with bodies. They occupied the best positions in the surrounding plain, and, on the 27th, attacked the city and the Torrero; but they were repulsed with the loss of 800 men, six pieces of artillery, and five carts of ammunition. By this time, they had invested nearly half the town. The next morning they renewed the attack at both places; from the city they were again repulsed, losing almost all the cavalry who were engaged. But the Torrero was lost through the alleged misconduct of an artillery officer, who was charged with having made his men abandon the batteries at the most critical moment. For this he was condemned to run the gauntlet six times, the soldiers beating him with their ramrods, and after this cruelty he was shot.

The French, having now received a train of mortars, howitzers, and twelve-pounders, which were of sufficient calibre against mud walls, kept up a constant fire, and showered down shells and grenades from the Torrero. About twelve hundred were thrown into the town, and there was not one building that was bomb proof within the walls. After a time, the inhabitants placed beams of timber together, endways, against the houses, in a sloping direction, behind which those who were near when a shell fell, might shelter themselves. The enemy continued also to invest the city more closely, while the Aragonese made every effort to strengthen their

means of defence. They tore down the awnings from their windows, and formed them into sacks, which they filled with sand, and piled up before the gates, in the form of a battery, digging round it a deep trench. They broke holes for musketry in the walls and intermediate buildings, and stationed cannon where the position was favourable for it. The houses in the environs were destroyed. "Gardens and olive grounds," says an eye-witness, "that in better times had been the recreation and support of their owners, were cheerfully rooted up by the proprietors themselves, wherever they impeded the defence of the city, or covered the approach of the enemy." Women of all ranks assisted; they formed themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions, to those who defended the gates. The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which were now become her duty; nor throughout the whole of a two months' siege did the imminent danger, to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying: others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges which the children distributed.

Among threescore thousand persons there will always be found some wicked enough for any employment, and the art of corrupting has constituted great part of the French system of war. During the night of the 28th the powder magazine, in the area

where the bull-fights were performed, which was in the very heart of the city, was blown up, by which fourteen houses were destroyed, and about 200 persons killed. This was the signal for the enemy to appear before three gates which had been sold to them. And while the inhabitants were digging out their fellow-citizens from the ruins, a fire was opened upon them with mortars, howitzers, and cannons, which had now been received for battering the town. Their attack seemed chiefly to be directed against the gate called Portillo, and a large square building near it, without the walls, and surrounded by a deep ditch; though called a castle, it served only for a prison. The sand-bag battery before this gate was frequently destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage here throughout the day was dreadful. Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome woman of the lower class, about twenty-two years of age, arrived at this battery with refreshments, at the time when not a man who defended it was left alive, so tremendous was the fire which the French kept up against it. For a moment the citizens hesitated to re-man the guns. Augustina sprung forward over the dead and dying, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artilleryman, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder; then, jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege. Such a sight could not but animate with fresh courage all who beheld it. The Zaragozans rushed into the battery, and renewed their fire with greater vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed here, and at all other points, with great slaughter. On the morning of this day a fellow was detected going out of the city with letters to Murat. It was not till after these repeated proofs of treasonable

practices, that the French residents in Zaragoza, with other suspected persons, were taken into custody.

Lefebvre now supposing that his destructive bombardment must have dismayed the people, and convinced them how impossible it was for so defenceless a city to persist in withstanding him, again attempted to force his way into the town, thinking that, as soon as his troops could find a lodgement within the gates, the Zaragozans would submit. On the 2d of July, a column of his army marched out of their battery, which was almost within musket-shot of the Portillo, and advanced towards it with fixed bayonets, and without firing a shot. But when they reached the castle, such a discharge of grape and musketry was opened upon their flank, that, notwithstanding the most spirited exertions of their officers, the column immediately dispersed. The remainder of their force had been drawn up to support their attack, and follow them into the city; but it was impossible to bring them a second time to the charge. The general, however, ordered another column instantly to advance against the gate of the Carmen, on the left of the Portillo. This entrance was defended by a sand-bag battery, and by musketeers, who lined the walls on each side, and commanded two out of three approaches to it; and here also the French suffered great loss, and were repulsed.

The military men in Zaragoza considered these attacks as extremely injudicious. Lefebvre probably was so indignant at meeting with any opposition from a people whom he despised, and a place which, according to the rules and pedantry of war, was not tenable, that he lost his temper, and thought to subdue them the shortest way, by mere violence and superior force. Having found his mistake, he proceeded to

invest the city still more closely. In the beginning of the siege, the besieged received some scanty succours; yet, however scanty, they were of importance. Four hundred soldiers from the regiment of Estremadura, small parties from other corps, and a few artillerymen got in. Two hundred of the militia of Logrono were added to these artillerymen, and soon learnt their new service, being in the presence of an enemy whom they had such righteous reason to abhor. Two four-and-twenty-pounders and a few shells, which were much wanted, were procured from Lerida. The enemy, meantime, were amply supplied with stores from the magazine in the citadel of Pamplona, which they had so perfidiously seized on their first entrance, as allies, into Spain. Hitherto they had remained on the right bank of the Ebro. On the 11th of July they forced the passage of the ford, and posted troops enough on the opposite side to protect their workmen while forming a floating bridge. In spite of all the efforts of the Aragonese, this bridge was completed on the 14th; a way was thus made for their cavalry, to their superiority in which the French were mostly indebted for all their victories in Spain. This gave them the command of the surrounding country; they destroyed the mills, levied contributions on the villages, and cut off every communication by which the besieged had hitherto received supplies. These new difficulties called out new resources in this admirable people and their general, — a man worthy of commanding such a people in such times. Corn mills, worked by horses, were erected in various parts of the city; the monks were employed in manufacturing gunpowder, materials for which were obtained by immediately collecting all the sulphur in the place, by

washing the soil of the streets to extract its nitre, and making charcoal from the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grows to a magnitude that would elsewhere be thought very unusual.

By the end of July the city was completely invested, the supply of food was scanty, and the inhabitants had no reason to expect succour. Their exertions had now been unremitted for forty-six days, and nothing but the sense of duty could have supported their bodily strength and their spirit under such trials. They were in hourly expectation of another general attack, or another bombardment. They had not a single place of security for the sick and the children, and the number of wounded was daily increased by repeated skirmishes, in which they engaged for the purpose of opening a communication with the country. At this juncture they made one desperate effort to recover the Torrero. It was in vain; and convinced by repeated losses, and especially by this repulse, that it was hopeless to make any effectual sally, they resolved to abide the issue of the contest within the walls, and conquer or perish there.

On the night of the second of August, and on the following day, the French bombarded the city from their batteries opposite the gate of the Carmen. A foundling hospital, which was now filled with the sick and wounded, took fire, and was rapidly consumed. During this scene of horror, the most intrepid exertions were made to rescue these helpless sufferers from the flames. No person thought of his own property or individual concerns, — every one hastened thither. The women were eminently conspicuous in their exertions, regardless of the shot and shells which fell about them, and braving the flames

of the building. It has often been remarked, that the wickedness of women exceeds that of the other sex;—for the same reason, when circumstances, forcing them out of the sphere of their ordinary nature, compel them to exercise manly virtues, they display them in the highest degree, and, when they are once awakened to a sense of patriotism, they carry the principle to its most heroic pitch. The loss of women and boys, during this siege, was very great, fully proportionate to that of men; they were always the more forward, and the difficulty was to teach them a prudent and proper sense of their danger.

On the following day, the French completed their batteries upon the right flank of the Guerva, within pistol-shot of the gate of St. Engracia, so called from a splendid church and convent of Jeronimites, situated on one side of it. This convent was, on many accounts, a remarkable place. Men of letters beheld it with reverence, because the excellent historian Zurita spent the last years of his life there, observing the rules of the community, though he had not entered into the order; and because he was buried there, and his countryman and fellow-labourer, Geronymo de Blancas, after him. Devotees revered it, even in the neighbourhood of our Lady of the Pillar, for its relics and the saint to whom it was dedicated. . . .

On the 4th of August, the French opened batteries within pistol-shot of this church and convent. The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge; and the besiegers, rushing through the opening, took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse. Here General Mori, who had distinguished himself on many former occasions, was made prisoner. The street of

St. Engracia, which they had thus entered, leads into the Cozo, and the corner buildings where it thus terminated, were on the one hand the convent of St. Francisco, and on the other the General Hospital. Both were stormed and set on fire; the sick and the wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames, and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices raving or singing in paroxysms of wilder madness, or crying in vain to be set free, were heard amid the confusion of dreadful sounds. Many fell victims to the fire, and some to the indiscriminating fury of the assailants. Those who escaped were conducted as prisoners to the Torrero; but when their condition had been discovered, they were sent back on the morrow, to take their chance in the siege. After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very centre of the city, and, before the day closed, were in possession of one half of Zaragoza. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words: "Headquarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation!" The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply: "Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife's point!"

The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pall-mall, was possessed by the French; and, in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was

presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day the ammunition of the citizens began to fail; the French were expected every moment to renew their efforts for completing the conquest, and even this circumstance occasioned no dismay, nor did any one think of capitulation. One cry was heard from the people, wherever Palafox rode among them, that, if powder failed they were ready to attack the enemy with their knives, — formidable weapons in the hands of desperate men. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city with a convoy of arms, and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men, composed of Spanish guards, Swiss, and volunteers of Aragon, — a succour as little expected by the Zaragozans, as it had been provided against by the enemy.

The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury, little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. During the whole siege, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes, within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sass. He was always to be seen in the streets, sometimes fighting with the most determined bravery against the enemies, not of his country alone, but of freedom, and of all virtuous principles, wherever they were to be found; at other times, administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming with the authority of faith, that hope, which gives to death, under such circumstances, the joy, the exultation, the triumph, and the spirit of martyrdom. Palafox reposed the utmost confidence in this brave priest, and selected

him whenever anything peculiarly difficult or hazardous was to be done. At the head of forty chosen men, he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially necessary for its defence.

This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day; for it was almost certain death to appear by daylight within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other, that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Zaragozans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it.¹

¹ It is asserted by the French, in their official account, that, after many days' fighting, they won possession of many cloisters which had been fortified, three-fourths of the city, the arsenal, and all the magazines; and that the peaceable inhabitants, encouraged by these advantages, hoisted a white flag, and came forward to offer terms of capitulation; but that they were murdered by the insurgents; for this is the name which the French, and the tyrant whom they served, applied to a people fighting in defence of their country, and of whatever could be dear to them. Unquestionably, if any traitors had thus ventured to show themselves in the heat of the contest, they would have been put to death as certainly as they would have deserved it; and, if the thing had occurred, it would be one fact more to be recorded in honour of the Zaragozans; but there is no other authority for it than the French official account, in which account the result of the siege is totally suppressed. The circumstance, had it really taken place, would not have been omitted in Mr. Vaughan's Narrative, and in the accounts published by the Spaniards.

A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever memorable siege. In general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground and an untainted atmosphere; but here — in Spain, and in the month of August, there where the dead lay the struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Aragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was, in some degree, diminished.

A council of war was held by the Spaniards on the 8th, not for the purpose which is too usual in such councils, but that their heroic resolution might be communicated with authority to the people. It was, that in those quarters of the city where the Aragonese still maintained their ground, they should continue to defend themselves with the same firmness: should the enemy at last prevail, they were then to retire over the Ebro into the suburbs, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs till they perished. When this resolution was made public, it was received with the loudest acclamations. But in every conflict the citizens now gained ground upon the soldiers, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which on the day of their entrance was nearly half the city, was gradually

reduced to about an eighth part. Meantime, intelligence of the events in other parts of Spain was received by the French, — all tending to dishearten them; the surrender of Dupont, the failure of Moncey before Valencia, and the news that the Junta of that province had dispatched six thousand men to join the levies in Aragon, which were destined to relieve Zaragoza. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive; after their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won; their last act was to blow up the church of St. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, — and this remarkable place, — this monument of fraud and credulity, — the splendid theatre wherein so many feelings of deep devotion had been excited, — which so many thousands had visited in faith, and from which unquestionably many had departed with their imaginations elevated, their principles ennobled, and their hearts strengthened, was laid in ruins. In the morning the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance, retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona.

The history of a battle, however skilfully narrated, is necessarily uninteresting to all except military men; but in the detail of a siege, when time has destroyed those considerations, which prejudice or pervert our natural sense of right and wrong, every reader sympathizes with the besieged, and nothing, even in fictitious narratives, excites so deep and animating an interest. There is not, either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Zaragoza. Will it be

said that this devoted people obtained for themselves, by all this heroism and all these sacrifices, nothing more than a short respite from their fate? Woe be to the slavish heart that conceives the thought, and shame to the base tongue that gives it utterance! They purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth, — a place in the memory and love of all good men in all ages that are yet to come. They performed their duty; they redeemed their souls from the yoke; they left an example to their country, never to be forgotten, never to be out of mind, and sure to contribute to and hasten its deliverance.

History of the Peninsular War, ch. IX.

THE UPRISING AT MARVAM

A PORTUGUEZE of the old stamp, by name Antonio Leite de Araujo Ferreira Bravo, held the office of Juiz de Fora at Marvam, a small town about eight miles from Portalegre, surrounded with old walls. Of the many weak places upon that frontier it was the only one which, in the short campaign of 1801, resisted the Spaniards in their unjust and impolitic invasion, and was not taken by them; and this was in great measure owing to his exertions. When the French usurped the government, a verbal order came from the Marquez d'Alorna, at that time general of the province, to admit either French or Spanish troops as friends, and give them possession of the place. Antonio Leite protested against this, maintaining that no governor ought to deliver up a place intrusted to his keeping without a formal and authentic order: proceedings were instituted against him for his opposition, and he was severely reprehended, this being thought punishment enough at that time, and in a town where no commotion was dreamt of. When the decree arrived at Marvam, by which it was announced that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign, Antonio Leite sent for the public notaries of the town, and resigned his office, stating, in a formal instrument, that he did this because he would not be compelled to render that obedience to a foreign power which was due to his lawful and beloved Sovereign, and to him alone. Then taking with him these witnesses to the church of the Misericordia, he deposited

his wand of office in the hands of an image of N. Senhor dos Passos, and in the highest feelings of old times called upon the sacred image to keep it till it should one day be restored to its rightful possessor. He then returned to his house, and put himself in deep mourning. The order arrived for taking down the royal arms. He entreated the *Vereador* not to execute it, upon the plea that the escutcheon here was not that of the Braganza family, but of the kingdom, put up in the reign of Emanuel, and distinguished by his device; and when this plea was rejected, he took the shield into his own keeping, and laid it carefully by, to be preserved for better days.

The Juiz seems to have been a man who had read the chronicles of his own country till he had thoroughly imbibed their spirit. These actions were so little in accord with the feelings and manners of the present age, that they were in all likelihood ascribed to insanity, and that imputation saved him from the persecution which he would otherwise have incurred. But when the national feeling began to manifest itself, such madness was then considered dangerous, and the Corregedor of Portalegre received orders from Lisbon to arrest him. Before these orders arrived he had begun to stir for the deliverance of his country, and had sent a confidential person with a letter to Galluzo, the Spanish commander at Badajoz, requesting aid from thence to occupy Marvam; men could not be spared; and the messenger returned with the unwelcome intelligence that before he left Badajoz the business on which he went had transpired, and was publicly talked of. Perceiving now that his life was in danger, his first care was that no person might suffer but himself, and therefore he laid upon his table a copy of the letter which he had

written, from which it might be seen that the invitation was his single act and deed; having done this, he seemed rather to trust to Providence than to take any means for securing himself. It was not long before, looking out at the window, he saw the Corregedor with an adjutant of Kellermann's and a party of horse coming to his house. He had just time to bid the servant say he was not within, and slip into the street by a garden door. He had got some distance, when the Corregedor saw him, and called after him, saying he wanted to settle with him concerning the quartering of some troops. Antonio Leite knew what his real business was too well to be thus deceived, and quickened his pace. The town has two gates, one of which was fastened, because the garrison was small: toward that however he ran, well knowing that if he were not intercepted at the other, he should be pursued and surely overtaken. Joaquim José de Matos, a Coimbra student, then at home for the vacation, met him, and offered to conceal him in his house; but the Juiz continued to run, seeing that the soldiers were in pursuit, dropt from the wall, escaped with little hurt, and then scrambled down the high and steep crag upon which it stands. Matos, thinking that he had now involved himself, ran also, and being of diminutive stature, squeezed himself through a hole in the gate; they then fled together toward Valencia de Alcantara, and had the satisfaction, at a safe distance, of seeing a Swiss escort come round the walls to the place where the Juiz had dropt.

The Spanish frontier being so near, their escape was easy; but when they had been a few days at Valencia de Alcantara, Matos determined upon returning to his family, knowing that there was no

previous charge against him, and thinking that the act of having spoken to the Juiz could not be punished as a crime. In this he was mistaken. The governor of Marvam was a worthy instrument of the French. He not only arrested Matos, but his father also, an old man who was dragged from his bed, where he lay in a fit of the gout, to be thrown into a Portuguese prison; and a physician, whom he suspected of being concerned in the scheme of an insurrection. This news reached the Juiz; it was added, that his own property had been sequestered, he himself outlawed, and all persons forbidden to harbour him, and that a French escort had arrived to carry the three prisoners to Elvas. He could not endure to think that he should be, however innocently, the occasion of their death, and therefore determined to attempt at least their deliverance at any hazard. It was not difficult to find companions at a time when all usual occupations were at a stand, and every man eager to be in action against an odious enemy. With a few Spanish volunteers he crossed the frontier, and there raised the peasantry, who knew and respected him: with this force he proceeded to a point upon the road between Marvam and Elvas; the escort had passed, — but he had the satisfaction to learn that it had not gone for the prisoners, only to bring away the ammunition and spike the guns. This raised their spirits; they directed their course to Marvam, climbed the walls during the night, opened the prison, seized the governor, and without the slightest opposition from two hundred Portuguese troops, whom he had just obtained from Elvas to secure the place, and who, if they knew what was passing, did not choose to notice it, the adventurers returned to Valencia in triumph with their friends, and with the governor

prisoner. The Junta of Valencia did not now hesitate, in conformity to an order from Badajoz, to give the Juiz regular assistance; he entered Marvam in triumph with this auxiliary force, and the Prince Regent was proclaimed there by the rejoicing inhabitants, at the very time when Beja was in flames. A few days afterwards a Spanish detachment from Albuquerque entered Campo-Mayor with the same facility. Some jealousies which arose there, as well as at Marvam, from the inconsiderate conduct of the Spanish officers in issuing orders as if they were in their own territories, were put an end to by the formation of a Junta, of which the Spanish commander at Campo-Mayor was made president. The example of these places was immediately followed at Ouguela, Castello de Vide, Arronches, and Portalegre; and the insurrection thus extended through all that part of the province which is to the north of Elvas.

History of the Peninsular War, ch. X.

SYSTEM OF THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY

THE system of the Jesuit Reductions was now fully matured. That system has been equally the subject of panegyric and of calumny. It will not be difficult to separate truth from falsehood, and represent this extraordinary commonwealth, without any feelings of superstition to mislead us on one hand, or of factious and interested hatred on the other.

They who founded this commonwealth profited by the experience of their brethren in Brazil: they knew what had been effected by Nobrega and his successors, and how mournfully the fruit of their labours had been lost; they represented therefore to the Court of Madrid that it was in vain to pursue the same course in Paraguay. Even if the tyranny of the Europeans did not consume those whom it could enslave, and drive others into the woods, the example of their lives would counteract all the lessons of religion and morality which the most zealous instructors could inculcate. Here were innumerable tribes, addicted to the vices, prone to the superstitions, and subject to the accumulated miseries of the savage life; suffering wrongs from the Spaniards, and seeking vengeance in return; neither acknowledging King nor God; worshipping the Devil in this world, and condemned to him everlastingly in the next. These people the Jesuits undertook to reclaim with no other weapons than those of the Gospel, provided they might pursue their own plans, without the interference of any other power; and provided

the Spaniards, over whose conduct they could have no control, were interdicted from coming among them. The Spanish Government, whose real concern for the salvation of the Indians within its extensive empire, however erroneous in its direction, should be remembered as well as the enormities of its first conquest, granted these conditions; and the Jesuits were thus enabled to form establishments according to their own ideas of a perfect commonwealth, and to mould the human mind, till they made a community of men after their own heart. Equally impressed with horror for the state of savage man, and for the vices by which civilized society was everywhere infected, they endeavoured to reclaim the Indians from the one, and preserve them from the other by bringing them to that middle state wherein they might enjoy the greatest share of personal comforts, and be subject to the fewest spiritual dangers. For this purpose, as if they understood the words of Christ in their literal meaning, they sought to keep their converts always like little children in a state of pupillage. Their object was not to advance them in civilization, but to tame them to the utmost possible docility. Hereby they involved themselves in perpetual contradictions, of which their enemies did not fail to take advantage: for on one hand they argued with irresistible truth against the slave-traders, that the Indians ought to be regarded as human, rational, and immortal beings; and on the other they justified themselves for treating them as though they were incapable of self-conduct, by endeavouring to establish, that though they were human beings, having discourse of reason, and souls to be saved or lost, they were nevertheless of an inferior species. They did not venture thus broadly

to assert a proposition which might well have been deemed heretical, but their conduct and their arguments unavoidably led to this conclusion.

Acting upon these views, they formed a Utopia of their own. The first object was to remove from their people all temptations which are not inherent in human nature; and by establishing as nearly as possible a community of goods, they excluded a large portion of the crimes and miseries which embitter the life of civilized man. For this they had the authority of sages and legislators: if they could have found as fair a ground-work for the mythology of Popery in the scriptures as for this part of their institutions, the bible would not have been a prohibited book wherever the influence of the Jesuits extended. There was no difficulty in beginning upon this system in a wide and thinly-peopled country; men accustomed to the boundless liberty of the savage life would more readily perceive its obvious advantages, than they could be made to comprehend the more complicated relations of property, and the benefits of that inequality in society, of which the evils are apparent as well as numerous. The master of every family had a portion of land allotted him sufficient for its use, wherein he cultivated maize, mandubi, a species of potatoe, cotton, and whatever else he pleased; of this land, which was called *Abamba*,¹

¹ Azara affirms that the Jesuits compelled the Indians of both sexes and of all ages, to work for the common stock, and suffered no person to work for his own benefit. T. 2, p. 234. This is a calumny beyond all doubt; for that the Jesuits accumulated nothing from Paraguay is most certain. He says that the private field was only introduced in later times, to accustom them to the use of property, when the Court had begun to interfere, and represented that they had kept their converts long enough like rabbits in a warren: and this, he says, could be the only use of such an allotment, inasmuch as the Indians raised nothing for sale, and would have been fed by

or the private possession, he was tenant as long as he was able to cultivate it; when he became too old for the labour, or in case of death, it was assigned to another occupier. Oxen for ploughing it were lent from the common stock. Two larger portions, called *Tupamba*, or God's Possession, were cultivated for the community, one part being laid out in grain and pulse, another in cotton; here the inhabitants all contributed their share of work at stated times, and the produce was deposited in the common storehouse, for the food and clothing of the infirm and sick, widows, orphans, and children of both sexes. From these stores whatever was needed for the church, or for the public use, was purchased, and the Indians were supplied with seed, if, as it often happened, they had not been provident enough to lay it up for themselves: but they were required to return from their private harvest the same measure which they received. The public tribute also was discharged from this stock: this did not commence till the year 1649, when Philip IV., honouring them at the same time with the title of his most faithful vassals, and confirming their exemption from all other services, required an annual poll-tax of one *peso* of eight *reales* from all the males between the ages of twenty-two and fifty; that of all other Indian subjects was five *pesos*. There was an additional charge of an hundred *pesos* as a commutation for the tenths; but these payments produced little to the treasury; for as the kings of Spain allowed a salary of six hundred *pesos* to the two missionaries, and provided wine for

the community if they had not fed themselves. He adds, that the Jesuits actually took their produce, like that of the public fields, for the common storehouse. Whatever Azara says on this subject is to be received with great suspicion.

the sacrament and oil for the lamps, which burnt day and night before the high altar, (both articles of exceeding cost, the latter coming from Europe, and the former either from thence or from Chili,) the balance upon an annual settlement of accounts was very trifling on either side.

The municipal government of every Reduction was the same in appearance as that of all Spanish towns. There was a *Corregidor*,¹ two *Alcaldes*, an *Alcalde de la Hermandad*, whose jurisdiction related to affairs in the country, four *Regidores*,² an *Alguazil Mayor*,³ a *Procurador*, and a Secretary.⁴ These officers were annually elected by the community; but if the Rector did not approve the choice, he recommended other persons, so that in reality the power of appointment was vested in him; they were afterwards confirmed by the governor of the province, — a confirmation which was as mere a formality as the election. The officers themselves were of essential use, but their authority was little more than nominal; for the system of government was an absolute Hierocracy. There were two Jesuits in every Reduction; the *Cura*, or Rector, who from his knowledge of the Indian character, his tried abilities, and his perfect acquaintance with the language, was fully competent to govern them; and a younger

¹ Called in Guarani *Poroquaitara*, qui agenda jubet (who orders what is to be done).

² Called *Cabildoiguara*, they who belong to the Chamber, or *Cabildo*.

³ *Ibirararuzu*, primus inter eos qui manu virgam præferunt.

⁴ This officer they called *Quatiaapobara*, he who paints. Ipsi scripturam non norant, sed a pictura, quam rudi quodam modo norant, scripturæ nomen accomodarunt. *Peramas de Administratione*, &c., 216, note. (They did not themselves know writing, but from the rude kind of painting which they had, they adopted a word for writing.)

member, who was either newly arrived from Europe, or had lately completed his studies at Cordoba, and acted as the Rector's assistant, while he acquired the language, and qualified himself for the labours of a Saint-Errant, and for the service of the Company in a higher station. One of these was to be always in the Reduction, while the other went round to visit the sick in the territory belonging to it, and attended to those who were engaged in any occupation at a distance. The Superior of the Mission was constantly employed in visiting the Reductions within his jurisdiction, and the Provincial also inspected them at stated times. There were two confraternities in each: one of St. Michael the Archangel, in which men were admitted from the age of twelve till thirty: the other of the Mother of God, to which only the most pious subjects were chosen, who made themselves over by bond to the service of the Queen of Angels; the deed was signed by the member himself, and countersigned by the Rector, and was then regarded with so much veneration that the Indian kept it in the same bag with his relics. There were also certain Indians appointed to watch over the health of the community, and attend the sick, but always under the Jesuits' direction. They seem to have been trained to this office; for when the Missionary visited the sick two boys at least always accompanied him. Their business was to go every morning through the Reduction, each having his district, and report if any disease had appeared; and they were also twice a day to report the state of the patients to the Rector, that the sacrament might always be administered in time. These officers are compared to the *Parabolani* of the primitive church, in imitation of whom they were perhaps instituted;

their badge of office was a tall wand with a cross at the top, from whence they were called *Curuzuyu*, the Cross-bearers. The Missionaries had gardens of every medicinal herb¹ with whose properties they were acquainted; not only such as were indigenous, but those from Europe which would bear the climate.

As in the Jesuits' system nothing was the result of fortuitous circumstances, but all had been pre-conceived and ordered, the towns were all built upon the same plan. The houses were placed on three sides of a large square. At first they were mere hovels: the frame-work was of stakes firmly set in the ground, and canes between them, well secured either with withes or thongs; these were then plastered with a mixture of mud, straw, and cowdung. Shingles of a tree called the Caranday were found the best roofing; and a strong compost, which was water proof, was made of clay and bullocks' blood. As the Reductions became more settled they improved

¹ Sigismund Asperger, who was a physician before he entered the Company, and died at the age of an hundred and fourteen, after its extinction, practiced forty years in Paraguay, and left a collection of prescriptions, in which only the indigenous plants were employed. Some of the *Curanderos*, or empirical practitioners of that country, have copies of this work, in which, Azara observes, some new specifics might possibly be found. The balm of aguaraiabay, which he introduced, was thought so precious, that a certain quantity was sent yearly to the king of Spain. It is well known that we are indebted to the Jesuits for bark.

It would have been fortunate if Dom Pernetty had met with this manuscript instead of the receipts of his Franciscan friend at Montevideo, which he repeats with equal want of sense and of decency. His Editor has written under one of these most extraordinary specimens of Franciscan medicine, or, as it may be called, the *Pharmacopœia Seraphica*, "*Observez que cette recette n'est point de Sydenham ou de Boerhaave, — mais du Pere Roch, Franciscain.*" (Observe that this recipe does not come from Sydenham or Boerhaave, but from Father Roch the Franciscan.) Never was a malicious remark more properly bestowed.

in building ; the houses were more solidly constructed, and covered with tiles. Still, by persons accustomed to the decencies of life, they would be deemed miserable habitations, — a single room¹ of about twenty-four feet square being all, and the door serving at once to admit the light and let out the smoke. The houses were protected from sun and rain by wide porticos, which formed a covered walk. They were built in rows of six or seven each ; these were at regular distances, two on each of three sides of the square ; and as many parallel rows were placed behind them as the population of the place required. The largest of the Guarani Reductions contained eight thousand inhabitants, the smallest twelve hundred and fifty, — the average was about three thousand. On the fourth side of the square was the church, having on the right the Jesuits' house, and the public workshops, each inclosed in a quadrangle, and on the left a walled burial-ground ; behind this range was a large garden ; and on the left of the burial-ground, but separated from it, was the Widows'-house, built in a quadrangle. The enemies of the Jesuits, as well as their friends, agree in representing their churches as the largest and most splendid in that part of the world. Their height was ill proportioned to their size, because every pillar was made of a single piece of wood, — the trunk of a tree ; but as the houses consisted only of one floor, the church was still a lofty building in relation to the town. They had usually three naves, but some had five ; and there were numerous windows, which were absolutely

¹ The plan of N. Senora de Candelaria, which Peramas has given, represents them as each having two floors and a garret, windows and chimnies. This is more probably a blunder of the coarse artist than any misrepresentation on the author's part.

necessary;¹ for though the church was always adorned with flowers, and sprinkled upon festivals with orange-flower and rose-water, neither these perfumes nor the incense could prevail over the odour of an unclean congregation. Glass was scarcely known in Paraguay till the middle of the eighteenth century; paper was used in its stead, or linen, or talc from Tucuman; but this was costly, and consequently rare. When glass was introduced, it was generally used in the Reductions for the churches and the Jesuits' houses; but the southern windows of the church were filled up with a sort of alabaster, brought at great expense from Peru, which, though not transparent,² admitted a little light: glass would not resist the tremendous gales from the south. The eggs³ of the Emu, or American ostrich, were sometimes used to hold holy water, sometimes placed as ornaments upon the altar. The altars, which were usually five in number, were remarkable for their size and splendour: the only ambition of the Indians was to vie with each other in ornamenting their churches, which were therefore profusely enriched with pictures, sculpture, and gilding, and abundantly furnished with images. Pope Gregory the Great

¹ "*Necessarie ancor sono, affinchè nella State, che ivi e ardentissima, possano esalare i fiati e vapori di quella grossolana gente, da cui ricevono non poca molestia i celebranti e i predicatori.*" MURATORI, p. 114. (They were necessary in order that in the summer, which is there very hot, they might allow a vent for the breath of this squalid assemblage from which the celebrants and preachers received no slight injury.)

² Perhaps a stone of the same kind as that which Gemelli Careri and Tavernier describe in the mosque at Tauris.

³ The Persians and Turks suspend them among the lamps in their mosques. Hence Aladin's request of a Roc's egg, or more properly a Simorg's, which excited so much indignation in the Genius of the Lamp.

called these idols the books of the poor, and the Catholic clergy have succeeded in substituting them for the bible. The splendour of their vestments and the richness of their church plate were boasted of by the Jesuits. At each corner of the square was a cross, and in the middle a column supporting an image of the Virgin, the Magna Mater of this idolatry.

In the middle of the burial-ground was a little chapel, with a cross over the entrance. The area was divided into four parts, for adults and children of different sexes, — the sexes being separated in death as well as in life. A more natural feeling would have laid the members of a family side by side; — except in this point the churchyard was what a christian place of burial should be, — a sacred garden of the dead. The four divisions were subdivided into plats, containing ten or twelve graves: these were bordered with the sweetest shrubs and flowers, which the women, who were accustomed to pray there over their departed friends, kept clear of weeds. The wider walks were planted on each side alternately with palms and orange-trees. The whole was surrounded by a sort of cloister or piazza, to shelter those who attended a funeral, when shelter was required. It does not appear that coffins were used: the body was wrapt in a cotton cloth: children, after the catholic manner, were drest and adorned for their funeral, and accompanied to the grave with marks of joy, the bells ringing as for a festival, because it was believed that they had no purgatory through which to pass, but entered immediately into a state of beatitude. When the corpse was laid in the earth, the women began to cry aloud; this howling was called *Guaju*, and was probably one of the savage customs which they were allowed to

retain : in the intervals of these outcries they bewailed the dead, reciting his praises, and proclaiming what honours he had borne, or what might have been in store for him had his mortal existence been prolonged. Persons who had particularly distinguished themselves by their public merits were buried in the church, and this the Indians esteemed above all other honours.

The houses were built and repaired by the community, and allotted by the magistrates as the Rector directed : every couple had a house assigned them upon their marriage. Highly as the celibate state is esteemed among Romish Christians, it was not thought prudent to recommend it here ; and the Jesuits, inclining to an opposite extreme, wished that the males should marry at the age of seventeen, and the girls at fifteen.¹ These immature unions they thought better than the danger of incontinence : they were less injurious than they would be in any other state of society ; for an Indian under their tuition was little more advanced in intellect at seventy than at seventeen ; and there were no cares and anxieties concerning future subsistence, — no after-reckoning between passion and prudence. A hammock, a few vessels, (the larger ones of pottery, the smaller of gourds,) a chest or two, and a few benches or stools, were all their furniture, and all their worldly goods. Many couples were usually married at the same time, and generally on holidays, when the church was full, because the Jesuits wished to make the ceremony as imposing as possible, for the sake of impressing a sense of its solemnity upon the un-

¹ Upon this subject Azara (*T.* 2, 175) repeats a silly and indecent charge against the Jesuits, which he wishes to make the reader believe, though he evidently does not, and certainly could not believe it himself. But it came in aid of one of his theories, and therefore he would not lose it.

converted part of the spectators. It is part of the marriage ceremony in the Romish church, that the priest deliver a few pieces of silver to the bridegroom, to be by him given to the bride in pledge of dowry; but in the Reductions the money and the wedding-ring also were church property, and only used upon this occasion, because of the scarcity of metals. Some addition from the public stores was made to the marriage-feast.

An Indian of the Reductions never knew, during his whole progress from the cradle to the grave, what it was to take thought for the morrow: all his duties were comprized in obedience. The strictest discipline soon becomes tolerable when it is certain and immutable;—that of the Jesuits extended to everything, but it was neither capricious nor oppressive. The children were considered as belonging to the community; they lived with their parents, that the course of natural affection might not be interrupted; but their education was a public duty. Early in the morning the bell summoned them to church, where having prayed and been examined in the catechism, they heard mass; their breakfast was then given them at the Rector's from the public stores; after which they were led by an elder, who acted both as overseer and censor, to their daily occupations. From the earliest age the sexes were separated; they did not even enter the church by the same door, nor did woman or girl ever set foot within the Jesuits' house. The business of the young girls was to gather the cotton, and drive away birds from the field. The boys were employed in weeding, keeping the roads in order, and other tasks suited to their strength. They went to work with the music of flutes, and in procession, bearing a little

image of St. Isidro the husbandman, the patron saint of Madrid, who was in high odour during the seventeenth century: this idol was placed in a conspicuous situation while the boys were at work, and borne back with the same ceremony when the morning's task was over. In the afternoon they were again summoned to church, where they went through the rosary; they had then their dinner in the same manner as their breakfast, after which they returned home to assist their mothers, or amuse themselves during the remainder of the day.

Those children who by the manner in which they repeated morning and evening their prayers and catechism, were thought to give promise¹ of a good voice, were instructed in reading, writing,² and music,

¹ Muratori has expressed this in strong and singular language. "*Sogliono con particolare cura i saggi missionari scegliere que' fanciulli, che da' primi anni si conoscono forniti di miglior metallo di voce.*" (The wise missionaries are accustomed to choose with special care those children who from their earliest years are seen to be provided with the best vocal metal.) This expression could hardly have originated anywhere except in a country where men are considered as musical instruments.

² P. Florentin de Bourges, therefore (*Lettres Edifiantes*, T. 8, p. 384, ed. 1781), must be incorrect in stating, that from the age of seven or eight to twelve the children went to school to learn reading and writing, and be instructed in their catechism and their prayers; the girls being in separate schools, where they were taught to spin and to sew. There is nothing in the whole of the *Lettres Edifiantes* more suspicious than this Capuchin's account of the manner in which he lost himself between Santa Fe and Cordoba, and travelled alone through the woods to the Reduction of S. Francisco Xavier in Paraguay. He does not even hint at the slightest difficulty, danger, or inconvenience of any kind upon the way, — *toute au contraire*; — "*Tout ce que l'étude et l'industrie des hommes ont pu imaginer pour rendre un lieu agréable, n'approche point de ce que la simple nature y avoit rassemblé de beautés.*" (On the contrary all that the skill and effort of men could imagine to make a place agreeable falls short of the beauties which nature alone has there collected.) The most edifying and audacious miracles in the book are not more extraordinary than this.

and made choristers; there were usually about thirty in a Reduction: this was an honour which parents greatly coveted for their children. Except these choristers, only those children were taught to read and write who were designed for public officers, servants of the church, or for medical practice; and they were principally chosen from the families of the Caciques¹ and chief persons of the town, — for amid this perfect equality of goods, there was an inequality of rank, as well as office. The Cacique retained his title, and some appearance of distinction, and was exempt from tribute. One of the charges against the Jesuits was, that they carefully kept their Indians in ignorance of the Spanish tongue. Like many other charges against them, it was absurd as well as groundless. Throughout the Spanish settlements in Paraguay, Guarani is the language which children learn from their mothers and their nurses; and which, owing to the great mixture of native blood, and the number of Indians in slavery or in service, is almost exclusively used. Even in the city of Asumpcion, sermons were better understood in Guarani than in Spanish; and many women of Spanish name and Spanish extraction did not understand the language of their fathers. In a country, therefore, where all the Spaniards spoke Guarani, the imputed policy of keeping the Indians a distinct people could not be

¹ If Dobrizhoffer's remark be well founded, this preference ought not to have been shown. He says, "*Experti sumus passim Caziquios plerumque plebeiiis stupidiores sese, et ad publica oppidi munia minus habiles.*" (It was generally our experience that the Caciques were more stupid than the common people and less apt for the performance of the public duties of the town.) *T.* 2, p. 117. There were fifty Caciques in the thirty Guarani Reductions. Philip V. would have made them all Knights of Santiago, but was dissuaded, being assured that they would not regard the honour as they ought. PERAMAS, 156.

forwarded by preventing them from learning Spanish. It was altogether unnecessary that this language should make part of their education. The laws enjoined that it should be taught to such Indians as were desirous of learning it, and accordingly there were some in every Reduction who were able to read Spanish and Latin as well as their own tongue. Their learning, however, was of little extent — the Tree of Knowledge was not suffered to grow in a Jesuit Paradise.

Equal care was taken to employ and to amuse the people; and for the latter purpose, a religion which consisted so much of externals afforded excellent means. It was soon discovered that the Indians possessed a remarkable aptitude for music. This talent was cultivated for the church-service, and brought to great perfection by the skill and assiduity of F. Juan Vaz: in his youth he is said to have been one of Charles the Fifth's musicians; but having given up all his property, and entered the Company, he applied the stores of his youthful art to this purpose, and died in the Reduction of Loretto, from the fatigues which in extreme old age he underwent in attending upon the neophytes during a pestilence. You would say, says Peramas, that these Indians are born, like birds, with an instinct for singing. Having also, like the Chinese, an admirable ingenuity in imitating whatever was laid before them, they made all kinds of musical instruments: the lute, guitarre, harp, violin, violin-cello, sackbut, cornet, oboe, spinette, and organ were found among them; and the choral part of the church service excited the admiration and astonishment of all Europeans who visited the Reductions.

In dancing according to the ordinary manner, the

Jesuits saw as many dangers as the old Albigenses, or the Quakers in later times; and like them, perhaps, believed that the paces of a promiscuous dance were so many steps toward Hell. But they knew that to this also the Indians had a strong propensity, and therefore they made dancing a part of all their religious festivities. Boys and youths were the performers; the grown men and all the females assisted only as spectators, apart from each other: the great square was the place, and the Rector and his Co-adjutor were seated in the church-porch to preside at the solemnity. The performances were dramatic figure-dances, for which the Catholic mythology furnished subjects in abundance. Sometimes they were in honour of the Virgin, whose flags and banners were then brought forth; each of the dancers bore a letter of her name upon a shield, and in the evolutions of the dance the whole were brought together and displayed in their just order: at intervals they stopt before her image, and bowed their heads to the ground. Sometimes they represented a battle between Christians and Moors, always to the proper discomfiture of the Misbelievers. The Three Kings of the East formed the subject of another favourite pageant; the Nativity of another; but that which perhaps gave most delight was the battle between Michael and the Dragon, with all his imps. These stories were sometimes represented in the form of *Autos*, or Sacred Plays, (like the mysteries of our ancient drama) in which no female actors were admitted: the dresses and decorations were public property, and deposited among the public stores, under the Rector's care. The Jesuits, who incorporated men of all descriptions in their admirably-formed society, had at one time a famous dancing-

master in Paraguay, by name Joseph Cardiel; who, whether he had formerly practiced the art as a professor, or was only an amateur, took so much delight in it, that he taught the Indians no fewer than seventy different dances, all, we are assured, strictly decorous. Sometimes the two arts of music and dancing were combined, as in ancient Greece, and the performers, with different kinds of hand-instruments, danced in accordance to their own playing.

One great festival in every Reduction was the day of its tutelar saint, when the boys represented religious dramas; the inhabitants of the nearest Reductions were invited, and by means of these visits a cheerful and friendly intercourse was maintained. But here, as in most other Catholic countries, the most splendid spectacle was that which, in the naked monstrosity of Romish superstition, is called the Procession of the Body of God! On this day the houses were hung with the best productions of the Guarani loom, interspersed with rich feather-works, garlands, and festoons of flowers. The whole line of the procession was covered with mats, and strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs. Arches were erected of branches wreathed with flowers, and birds were fastened to them by strings of such length as allowed them to fly from bough to bough, and display a plumage more gorgeous than the richest produce of the vegetable world. Wild beasts were secured beside the way, and large vessels of water placed at intervals, in which there were the finest fish, that all creatures might thus by their representatives render homage to the present Creator! The game which had been killed for the feast made a part of the spectacle. Seed reserved for the next sowing was brought forth to receive a blessing, and the first fruits of the

harvest as an offering. The flour-and-water object of Romish idolatry went first, under a canopy, which was borne by the Cacique and the chief magistrates of the town: the royal standard came next: then followed the male inhabitants in military array, horse and foot, with their banners. There was an altar at the head of every street; the sacrament stopt at each, while a *mottetto*, or anthem, was sung; and the howling of the beasts assorted strangely with these strains, and with the chaunting of the choristers. Part of the dainties which had been exposed were sent to the sick; the men dined in public upon the rest, and a portion of the feast was sent to the women at their houses. After a sermon, one of the chief inhabitants repeated a summary¹ of the discourse to the men, in the great square, or in the court before the Jesuits' house; an older man did the same to the women. Practice had made them so expert in this, that their report was sometimes almost a verbal repetition.

Upon holidays the men amused themselves, after evening service, with mock-battles, or shooting arrows at a mark, or playing with a ball of gum-elastic, which they struck with the upper part of the foot. On working-days, if they had any leisure from public or private occupation, they went fowling, hunting, and fishing. Some were employed as shepherds and herdsmen, and in tending the horses of the community. The women had their full share of labour; they provided the houses with wood and water; they assisted their husbands in cultivating the private ground; they were the potters; and the mistress of every family received weekly a certain portion of raw

¹ A Guarani of Loretto composed a volume of these summaries, which Peramas praises, adding that he had often found it useful.

cotton, to be spun for the common stores.¹ Considerable progress had been made both in the useful and ornamental arts. Besides carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths, they had turners, carvers, painters, and gilders; they cast bells and built organs. In these arts they were instructed by some of the lay-brethren, among whom artificers of every kind were found. Metal was brought from Buenos Ayres, at an enormous cost, having been imported there from Europe. They were taught enough of mechanics to construct horse-mills, enough of hydraulics to raise water for irrigating the lands, and supplying their stews, and public cisterns for washing. A Guarani, however nice the mechanism, could imitate anything which was set before him. There were several weavers in every Reduction, who worked for the public stock; and a certain number were employed for the use of individuals, women taking their thread to the steward, and receiving an equal weight in cloth when it had passed through the loom, the weavers being paid from the treasury. This was the produce of their private culture, and in this some little incitement was afforded to vanity and voluntary exertion; for they were supplied every year with a certain quantity of clothing, and what they provided themselves was so much finery. In their unreclaimed state some of these tribes were entirely naked, and the others nearly so, — but the love of dress became almost a universal passion among them as soon as they acquired the first rudiments of civilization. “Give them any thing fine,” says Dobriz-

¹ Azara (2, 250) says, that only the musicians, sacristans, and choristers were taught to use the needle; the women doing no needlework except spinning. Needlework, indeed, could little be wanted, except for the service of the church, and the dress of the Jesuits perhaps.

offer, "and — *in cælum jusseris, ibunt.*"¹ This, therefore, was one of the ways by which his colleagues enticed them to Heaven.

The dress of the men was partly Spanish, partly Indian, consisting of shirt, doublet, breeches, and the *poncho*, called among them *aobaci*, a garment which the Spaniards in these countries have very generally adopted from the southern tribes. It is the rudest of all modes of dress, but far² from being the least commodious, — a long cloth, with a slit in the middle, through which the head is put; the two halves then fall before and behind to a convenient length, and the sides being open, the arms are left unimpeded. In the Reductions these were made of cotton; the common people wore them of one colour, and each man was provided with a change; for persons in office, they were woven with red or blue stripes. The women, when they appeared at church, and other public occasions, were covered from head to foot with a cotton cloak, which left only the face and the throat visible. Their domestic and common dress was lighter,³ and better adapted for business. The hair

¹ Bid them scale heaven and they will go.

² *Ridulam dices rem; atqui nec ridicula est, et eadem commodissima ad equitandum, sive quid aliud agendum sit. Sane Hispani vel nobilissimi, cum equitant vel ruri sunt, non alio utuntur illac sago, quod ipsi vocant poncho. Hoc unum interest, quod his multo pretio ejusmodi amictus is constat ob exquisitiorem materiam, intextosque labores.* PERAMAS, § 201. (You might think it ridiculous, yet it is by no means ridiculous but very well suited to riding or any other kind of work. Indeed, the very noblest Spaniards when they ride or are living in the country use no other garment than this, which they call a *poncho*. There is only this difference, that in their case a cloak of this kind costs much more on account of the finer material and the embroidery.)

³ Azara (2, 252) says, the cloth whereof this common dress was made was so open in its texture as not to answer the purpose of decent concealment. This I have no doubt is false.

was collected in a net, after the Spanish and Portuguese fashion; but when they went abroad it was worn loose. They used no kind of head-dress, nor any covering for the feet and legs; Peramas confesses that an alteration in this latter point would have been desirable, for the purpose of protecting them from snakes. Brazen ear-rings were worn, and necklaces and bracelets of coloured beads: such things are so universal among women, through all gradations of society, from the lowest point to the highest degree of civilization which has yet been attained, that a love of trinketry seems almost to be characteristic of the sex. On gala-days the magistrates were dressed in a full Spanish suit, with hat, and shoes, and stockings: this finery was not their own, and was only supplied from the public property for the occasion. The persons also who officiated at the altar wore shoes and stockings during the service; but when that was ended they went barefooted again, like the rest of their countrymen.

Every morning, after mass, the Corregidor waited upon the Rector, told him what public business was to be done in the day, and informed him if anything deserving reprehension had occurred since yesterday's report. In such a community there could be few subjects for litigation: if a dispute arose which the friends of the parties could not adjust, they were brought before the Rector, who heard both parties in person, and pronounced a final sentence. The punishment for criminal cases was stripes and imprisonment; the prisoner was led to mass every day in bonds: if the offence were such as would in other places have been punished with death, he was kept a year in close confinement and in chains, during which time he was sparingly dieted, and frequently

disciplined with stripes; at the year's end he was banished from the Reductions, and turned out in a direction toward the Spanish settlements. The magistrates were not allowed to inflict any of these punishments without the Rector's approbation; but such cases rarely occurred. For as the aim of the Jesuits was to keep their people in a state of perpetual pupillage, the Indians were watched as carefully as children under the most vigilant system of school-discipline. All persons were to be in their houses at a certain hour in the evening, after which the patrole immediately began their rounds, for the double purpose of guarding against any surprize from the savages, (a danger which was always possible,) and of seeing that no person left his home during the night, except for some valid reason. The patrols were chosen with as much care among the most docile subjects, as if they had been designed for the service of the church. Overseers also were appointed, whose business it was to go from place to place during the day, and see that none were idle, and that the cattle with which individuals were entrusted either for their own or the public use, were not neglected or abused. Man may be made either the tamest or the most ferocious of animals. The Jesuits' discipline, beginning with birth and ending only with death, ensured that implicit obedience which is the first duty of Monachism, and was the great object of their legislation. Beside the overseers who inspected the work of the Indians, there were others who acted as inspectors of their moral conduct, and when they discovered any misdemeanour, clapt upon the offender a penitential dress, and led him first to the church to make his confession in public, and then into the square to be publicly beaten. It is said that these

castigations were always received without a murmur, and even as an act of grace, — so completely were they taught to lick the hand which chastised and fed them. The children were classed according to their ages, and every class had its inspectors, whose especial business it was to watch over their behaviour; some of these censors stood always behind them at church with rods, by help of which they maintained strict silence and decorum. This system succeeded in effectually breaking down the spirit. Adults, who had eluded the constant superintendance of their inspectors, would voluntarily accuse themselves, and ask for the punishment which they had merited; but by a wise precaution they were not allowed to do this in public till they had obtained permission, and that permission was seldom accorded to the weaker sex. They would often enquire of the priest if what they had done were or were not a sin; the same system which rendered their understanding torpid, producing a diseased irritability of conscience, if that may be called conscience which was busied with the merest trifles, and reposed implicitly upon the priest. In consequence of their utter ignorance of true morality, and this extreme scrupulosity, one of their confessions occupied as much time as that of ten or twelve Spaniards. The Pope, in condescension to their weakness, indulged them with a jubilee every year; and on these occasions the Missionaries of the nearest Reductions went to assist each other. The Jesuits boast that years would sometimes pass away without the commission of a single deadly sin, and that it was even rare to hear a confession which made absolution necessary. Few vices, indeed, could exist in such communities. Avarice and ambition were ex-

cluded; there was little room for envy, and little to excite hatred and malice. Drunkenness, the sin which most easily besets savage and half-civilized man, was effectually prevented by the prohibition of fermented liquors: and against incontinence every precaution was taken which the spirit of Monachism could dictate. It has been seen how the sexes were separated, from the earliest age, and all the inhabitants coupled almost as early as the course of nature would permit; and lest the nightly watch and the daily vigilance of the inspectors should prove insufficient preservatives, the widows, and women whose husbands were employed at a distance, unless they had infants at the breast, were removed into a separate building adjoining the burial-ground, and inclosed from the town. Their idolatry came in aid of this precautionary system: no person who had in the slightest degree trespassed against the laws of modesty could be worthy to be accounted among the servants of the Queen of Virgins.

The exclusion of the Spaniards from this commonwealth excited so much suspicion as well as enmity, that it could not long be maintained to that full extent which the Jesuits desired. In later times, therefore, ingress was permitted to the six towns north of the Parana, and the inhabitants of Corrientes came also to the Reduction of Candelaria, which is on the southern side. But the privilege was strictly observed in the other settlements between the Parana and the Uruguay, and in all those beyond the latter river, upon the grounds that by the water-communication they were abundantly supplied with all they wanted from Buenos Ayres; and that if the door were once opened, runaway slaves and mulattoes would fly into these parts. Where the intercourse

was allowed, it was exclusively for the purpose of commerce; the inn for strangers was apart from the Indians' dwellings, and when the exchange of commodities was effected, the strangers were dismissed. Money was scarcely known in Paraguay, and the capital being the most inland part of the province, it was less in use there than in any other place. All officers at Asumpcion were paid in kind; everything had its fixed rate of barter, and he who wanted to purchase one article gave another in payment for it. Among the Reductions there was no circulating medium of any kind. They had factors at Santa Fe and at Buenos Ayres, who received their commodities, and having paid the tribute from the products, returned the surplus in tools, colours for painting, oil and salt, neither of which the country produced, vestments of linen and silk, gold thread for church-ornaments, European wax for church-tapers, and wine for what in the Romish religion is called the sacrifice. They exported cotton and tobacco; rosaries, and little saints, articles which were in great demand in Paraguay and Tucuman, and at Buenos Ayres, were distributed gratuitously, as incitements to religion, and as means of conciliating favour; they were given especially to those Spaniards who lived remote from Spanish settlements, and who were very thankful for toys in which they had almost as much faith as a negro in his greegree.

History of Brazil, II, 333-356.

THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM

J. HAD provided us with letters to a gentleman in Manchester; we delivered them after breakfast, and were received with that courtesy which a foreigner when he takes with him the expected recommendations is sure to experience in England. He took us to one of the great cotton manufactories, showed us the number of children who were at work there, and dwelt with delight on the infinite good which resulted from employing them at so early an age. I listened without contradicting him, for who would lift up his voice against Diana in Ephesus! — proposed my questions in such a way as not to imply, or at least not to advance, any difference of opinion, and returned with a feeling at heart which makes me thank God I am not an Englishman.

There is a shrub in some of the East Indian islands which the French call *veloutier*; it exhales an odour that is agreeable at a distance, becomes less so as you draw nearer, and, when you are quite close to it, is insupportably loathsome. Alciatus himself could not have imagined an emblem more appropriate to the commercial prosperity of England.

Mr. — remarked that nothing could be so beneficial to a country as manufactures. “You see these children, sir,” said he. “In most parts of England poor children are a burthen to their parents and to the parish; here the parish, which would else have to support them, is rid of all expense; they get their bread almost as soon as they can run about, and by the time they are seven or eight years old bring in

money. There is no idleness among us:—they come at five in the morning; we allow them half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; they leave work at six, and another set relieves them for the night; the wheels never stand still.” I was looking while he spoke, at the unnatural dexterity with which the fingers of these little creatures were playing in the machinery, half giddy myself with the noise and the endless motion; and when he told me there was no rest in these walls, day nor night, I thought that if Dante had peopled one of his hells with children, here was a scene worthy to have supplied him with new images of torment.

“These children, then,” said I, “have no time to receive instruction.” “That, sir,” he replied, “is the evil which we have found. Girls are employed here from the age you see them till they marry, and then they know nothing about domestic work, not even how to mend a stocking or boil a potatoe. But we are remedying this now, and send the children to school for an hour after they have done work.” I asked if so much confinement did not injure their health. “No,” he replied, “they are as healthy as any children in the world could be. To be sure, many of them as they grew up went off in consumptions, but consumption was the disease of the English.” I ventured to inquire afterwards concerning the morals of the people who were trained up in this monstrous manner, and found, what was to be expected, that in consequence of herding together such numbers of both sexes, who are utterly uneducated in the commonest principles of religion and morality, they were as debauched and profligate as human beings under the influence of such circumstances must inevitably be; the men drunken, the

women dissolute; that however high the wages they earned, they were too improvident ever to lay-by for a time of need; and that, though the parish was not at the expense of maintaining them when children, it had to provide for them in diseases induced by their mode of life, and in premature debility and old age; the poor-rates were oppressively high, and the hospitals and workhouses always full and overflowing. I inquired how many persons were employed in the manufactory, and was told, children and all about two hundred. What was the firm of the house? — There were two partners. So! thought I, — a hundred to one!

“We are well off for hands in Manchester,” said Mr. —; “manufactures are favourable to population, the poor are not afraid of having a family here, the parishes therefore have always plenty to apprentice, and we take them as fast as they can supply us. In new manufacturing towns they find it difficult to get a supply. Their only method is to send people round the country to get children from their parents. Women usually undertake this business; they promise the parents to provide for the children; one party is glad to be eased of a burthen, and it answers well to the other to find the young ones in food, lodging and clothes, and receive their wages.” “But if these children should be ill-used?” said I. “Sir,” he replied, “it never can be the interest of the women to use them ill, nor of the manufacturers to permit it.”

It would have been in vain to argue had I been disposed to it. Mr. — was a man of humane and kindly nature, who would not himself use anything cruelly, and judged of others by his own feelings. I thought of the cities in Arabian romance, where

all the inhabitants were enchanted: here Commerce is the queen witch, and I had no talisman strong enough to disenchant those who were daily drinking of the golden cup of her charms.

We purchase English cloth, English muslins, English buttons, &c., and admire the excellent skill with which they are fabricated, and wonder that from such a distance they can be afforded to us at so low a price, and think what a happy country is England! A happy country indeed it is for the higher orders; no where have the rich so many enjoyments, no where have the ambitious so fair a field, no where have the ingenious such encouragement, no where have the intellectual such advantages; but to talk of English happiness is like talking of Spartan freedom, the Helots are overlooked. In no other country can such riches be acquired by commerce, but it is the one who grows rich by the labour of the hundred. The hundred, human beings like himself, as wonderfully fashioned by Nature, gifted with the like capacities, and equally made for immortality, are sacrificed body and soul. Horrible as it must needs appear, the assertion is true to the very letter. They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges, of fresh air by day and of natural sleep by night. Their health physical and moral is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task work; by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms, by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope, without morals, without religion, and without shame, and bring forth slaves like themselves to tread in the same path of misery.

The dwellings of the labouring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blocked up from light and air, not as in our country to exclude an insupportable sun, but crowded together because every inch of land is of such value, that room for light and air cannot be afforded them. Here in Manchester a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars, damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. These places are so many hotbeds of infection; and the poor in large towns are rarely or never without an infectious fever among them, a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

Wealth flows into the country, but how does it circulate there? Not equally and healthfully through the whole system; it sprouts into wens and tumours, and collects in aneurisms which starve and palsy the extremities. The government indeed raised millions now as easily as it raised thousands in the days of Elizabeth: the metropolis is six times the size which it was a century ago; it has nearly doubled during the present reign; a thousand carriages drive about the streets of London, where, three generations ago, there were not an hundred; a thousand hackney coaches are licensed in the same city, where at the same distance of time there was not one; they whose grandfathers dined at noon from wooden trenchers, and upon the produce of their own farms, sit down by the light of waxen tapers to be served upon silver, and to partake of delicacies from the four quarters of the globe. But the number of the poor, and the sufferings of the poor, have continued to increase; the price of every thing which they con-

sume has always been advancing, and the price of labour, the only commodity which they have to dispose of, remains the same. Work-houses are erected in one place, and infirmaries in another; the poor-rates increase in proportion to the taxes; and in times of dearth the rich even purchase food, and retail it to them at a reduced price, or supply them with it gratuitously: still every year adds to their number. Necessity is the mother of crimes; new prisons are built, new punishments enacted; but the poor become year after year more numerous, more miserable, and more depraved; and this is the inevitable tendency of the manufacturing system.

This system is the boast of England, — long may she continue to boast it before Spain shall rival her! Yet this is the system which we envy, and which we are so desirous to imitate. Happily our religion presents one obstacle; that incessant labour which is required in these task-houses can never be exacted in a Catholic country, where the Church has wisely provided so many days of leisure for the purposes of religion and enjoyment. Against the frequency of these holy days much has been said; but Heaven forbid that the clamour of philosophizing commercialists should prevail, and that the Spaniard should ever be brutalized by unremitting task-work, like the negroes in America and the labouring manufacturers in England! Let us leave to England the boast of supplying all Europe with her wares; let us leave to these lords of the sea the distinction of which they are so tenacious, that of being the white slaves of the rest of the world, and doing for it all its dirty work. The poor must be kept miserably poor, or such a state of things could not continue; there must be laws to regulate their wages, not by

the value of their work, but by the pleasures of their masters; laws to prevent their removal from one place to another within the kingdom, and to prohibit their emigration out of it. They would not be crowded in hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars at night; they would not toil in unwholesome employments from sun-rise till sun-set, whole days, and whole days and quarters, for with twelve hours labour the avidity of trade is not satisfied; they would not sweat night and day, keeping up this *laus perennis*¹ of the Devil, before furnaces which are never suffered to cool, and breathing-in vapours which inevitably produce disease and death; the poor would never do these things unless they were miserably poor, unless they were in that state of abject poverty which precludes instruction, and, by destroying all hope for the future, reduces man, like the brutes, to seek for nothing beyond the gratification of present wants.

How England can remedy this evil, for there are not wanting in England those who perceive and confess it to be an evil, it is not easy to discover, nor is it my business to inquire. To us it is of more consequence to know how other countries may avoid it, and, as it is the prevailing system to encourage manufacturers everywhere, to inquire how we may reap as much good and as little evil as possible. The best methods appear to be by extending to the utmost the use of machinery, and leaving the price of labour to find its own level: the higher it is the better. The introduction of machinery in an old manufacturing country always produces distress by throwing workmen out of employ, and it is seldom effected without riots and executions. Where new fabrics

¹ Perpetual praise.

are to be erected it is obvious that this difficulty does not exist, and equally obvious that, when hard labour can be performed by iron and wood, it is desirable to spare flesh and blood. High wages are a general benefit, because money thus distributed is employed to the greatest general advantage. The labourer, lifted up one step in society, acquires the pride and the wants, the habits and the feelings, of the class now next above him. Forethought, which the miserably poor necessarily and instinctively shun, is to him who earns a comfortable competence, new pleasure; he educates his children, in the hope that they may rise higher than himself, and that he is fitting them for better fortunes. Prosperity is said to be more dangerous than adversity to human virtue; both are wholesome when sparingly distributed, both in the excess perilous always, and often deadly: but if prosperity be thus dangerous, it is a danger which falls to the lot of few; and it is sufficiently proved by the vices of those unhappy wretches who exist in slavery, under whatever form or in whatever disguise, that hope is as essential to prudence, and to virtue, as to happiness.

Letters of Espriella, XXXVIII.

OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOKS

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

I INTEND to be a hedge-hog and roll myself up in my own prickles: all I regret is that I am not a porcupine, and endowed with the property of shooting them to annoy the beasts who come near enough to annoy me.

When the cable of happiness is cut, surely it is better that the vessel should sink at once, than be tost about on the dreary ocean of existence, hopeless of a haven.

If Momus had made a window in my breast, I should have made a shutter to it.

The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.

A man is a fool if he be enraged with an ill that he cannot remedy, or if he endures one that he can. He must bear the gout, but there is no occasion to let a fly tickle his nose.

IV, 44.

Sisters of Helicon — yours is a thankless service; he who rears the olive of Pallas is well repaid — or the grain of Ceres — your votaries receive only a barren laurel to wave over their graves.

IV, 273.

I lay no siege to impregnable understandings.

IV, 685.

Every one sees how preposterous it would be for his shoes to be made upon another man's last. And how many a one is there who thinks that his last ought to fit everybody's foot!

IV, 691.

I have indeed worn my opinions for daws to peck at : but though many daws peck with impunity, those which I lay hold on, are not likely soon to forget the finger and thumb which have grasped them.

IV, 693.

Many who think they are proceeding at quick time in the straight forward march of an upright mind, are owing to a squint in the intellect, making all speed in a wrong line.

IV, 698.

Some hearts are like certain fruits, the better for having been wounded.

IV, 694.

I am afraid that more persons abstain from doing good, for fear of contingent evil, than from doing evil, in the persuasion that good may follow.

Ibid.

Perhaps a degree of Christian holiness may be attainable in which the heart will not be accessible to evil thoughts. But we who are far from this must turn from them when they assail us, and never for a moment entertain them with the will's consent. And with regard to angry and resentful emotions, which oftentimes must, and sometimes ought to arise, the sin lies in giving utterance to them, in any other manner than is solely and certainly for the good of others.

Ibid.

He who dives into thick water will find mud at the bottom; no stream is clearer than that which runs over golden sands.

IV, 44.

LITERATURE

Sonnets. — Unless strikingly good, immediately forgotten. They please us like the scenery of a tame country; we look with pleasure upon a green field, and the light ash that bends over its hedges, and the grey alders along its clear brook side. But the next copse, or the little arch that spans the brook, effaces the faint impression; and they in their turn yield to the following picture. But the woods of the Wye and the rocks of the Avon, even these we long remember, and years will scarcely blunt the recollection of the Tagus, and the heights of Lisbon, and the thousand-fold beauties of Cintra.

IV, 258.

Copying from Obscure Writers. — If there be a gem in the dunghill, it is well to secure it and set it where its brilliancy may be seen. More often the rudiments of a thought are found — the seed that will only vegetate in good soil, and must be warmed by the sun into life and blossom. So in this Milton has done — he has quickened grub ideas into butterfly beauty.

Ibid.

Poetical Ornaments. — These are not enough. If the groundwork be bad, they are like the rich colouring of a dauber's picture, like the jewels that bedizen a clumsy church-idol. To lard a good story with prettinesses, were like periwigging and powdering the Apollo Belvidere — and dressing the Venus of Florence in a hoop.

Ibid.

Devotional poetry usually unsuccessful, not because the subject is bad, but because it has usually been managed by blockheads.

Ibid.

A writer of original genius must wield language at his will. The syntax must bend to him. He must sometimes create — who else are the makers of language?

IV, 259.

Gothic genius improved every fiction which it adopted. Like torchlight in a cathedral, its strong lights and shades made every thing terrible, and as it were living.

Ibid.

Works of fiction monstrous in kind, devilish in feeling, damnable in purpose.

IV, 663.

A book is new when, on a second or third perusal, we bring to it a new mind. And who is there who, in the course of even a few years, does not feel himself in this predicament?

IV, 692.

Herrick. — Of all our poets this man appears to have had the coarsest mind. Without being intentionally obscene, he is thoroughly filthy, and has not the slightest sense of decency. In an old writer, and especially one of that age, I never saw so large a proportion of what may be truly called either trash or ordure. The reprint of 1825 has in the title-page a wreath with the motto *perennis et fragrans*. A stinking cabbage-leaf would have been the more appropriate emblem. . . .

Herrick has noticed more old customs and vulgar superstitions than any other of our poets, and this is almost the only value of his verses. I question

whether any other poet ever thought it worth while to preserve so many mere scraps, and of such very trash.

He seems to have been a man of coarse and jovial temper, who was probably kept by his profession from any scandalous sins, and may have shown some restraint in his life, though there is so very little in his language.

There is not any other of our old poets who so little deserves the reputation which he has obtained.

Herrick is the coarsest writer of his age. Perhaps Habington may deserve to be called the purest.

IV, 303-305.

“Harvey’s drunken prose,” properly enough so called, though perhaps *maudlin* might be the better epithet, the soft mood of semi-drunkenness.

IV, 340.

Tristan. — This romance has disappointed me, it is very inferior to *Meliadus*. The characters are in many instances so discordant, and the leading circumstances of the story so little consonant not merely with our ordinary morals, but our ordinary feelings, that the general effect of the book is far from being pleasant. There is something vile in producing that love on which the whole history turns — by a philtre, — in making both the heroes live in adultery, — and in the unworthy usage of the second Yseult. That everlasting fault of the romancers in sacrificing the character of one hero to enhance the fame of another, is carried to a great degree here. With the creatures of his own creation an author may do what he will, but it is a literary crime to take up the hero whom others have represented as a knight of prowess and of worth, and to engraft vices upon

him and stain him with dishonour. Palamedes is better conceived than any other personage in this book.

IV, 282.

Romances of Calprenède. — Whoever was the inventor of the French heroic romance, Calprenède is the writer who carried it to its greatest perfection.

It is the fault of the romances of chivalry that they contain so many adventures of the same character, one succeeding the other, which have no necessary connection with the main story, and which might be left out without affecting it; in fact they are in the main made up of these useless episodes. The fault of Calprenède is of an opposite character: he ran into the other extreme, and his three romances for variety of adventures and character, and for extent and intricacy of plot, are perhaps the most extraordinary works that have ever appeared. There is not one of them that would not furnish the plots for fifty tragedies, perhaps for twice the number, and yet all these are made into one whole. For this kind of invention, certainly he never has been equalled.

The old romances gave true manners, though they applied them to wrong times; but the anachronism was of little import. Every thing in them was fiction. A double sin was committed by the French romancers in chusing historical groundwork, and in Frenchifying the manners of all ages, especially in the abominable fashion of fine letter writing. Story is involved within story, like a nest of boxes; or they come one after another, so that you have always to go back to learn what has happened, and the main business seldom goes on; this was inevitable from the prodigious number of characters which were introduced.

Pharamond was the romance which he composed with most care; but he did not live to finish it. Seven parts of the twelve he printed; the remainder were added by M. de Vaumoriere. The story is by no means so ably conducted as in the former part. I perceived the great inferiority before I knew the cause of it.

IV, 280.

Gongora is the frog of the fable, his limbs are large, but it is a dropsy that has swollen them. You read him, and after you have unravelled the maze of his meaning, feel like one who has tired his jaws in cracking an empty nut. The spider oars himself along the river, but woe to him if he be entangled in its froth.

II, 209.

Portuguese Poets. — Sa de Miranda never kindles, never dazzles, never agitates; but he enlightens, he enlivens, he pleases, he adapts himself to the dim sight of the little-knowing reader. Conciseness and perspicuity characterize his style, — he endeavours simply to express his conceptions in ready, not studied, language. The spirit of his thoughts embodied itself in the first shape that presented. It was indifferent to him whether he poured his wine into a golden goblet or an earthen cruise — the contents were the value, not the vessel — but the vessel was ever well sized and pure. He addressed the judgment, not the eye — willing rather to instruct the one, than to amuse the other.

Of Antonio Ferreira, Horace was the favourite author. He devoted himself to useful poetry — the same severity of taste made him concise, and he ever attended less to harmony than to the brief expression of his meaning. His pictures are *graves*,

and somewhat rudely finished. Strong rather than sweet, he is animated and full of that fire which elevates the spirit and moves the heart. Except Camoens Ferreira most enriched the language. His imitations of the classics are numerous, — the frequent conjunction he first used,

“*Suspire, e chora, e canca, e geme, e sua.*”

— more correct, more flowing, more elegant, than Sa de Miranda, he gave that *atticism* to the language to which Camoens gave the last finish.

Ferreira introduced the verso solto into the language, a metre which only Trissino in Italy had used before him. Some of his chorusses are in Sapphics, these innovations manifested taste conducted by courageous genius.

Diogo Bernardes is easy, natural, more harmonious, more fluent than Ferreira, whom yet he imitated and called his master; — but less correct and often negligent — yet gracefully. But Diogo Bernardes not content with imitating the fashion of Camoens — sometimes stole his cloaths. His language is fuller than that of his predecessors — the stream flowed freer for its copiousness. D. Francisco Manoel says he is a poet of the land of promise — all honey and butter.

Pedro de Andrade Caminha has the rust of ruder times with a few spots of polish where he had rubbed against his contemporaries; his four Eclogues are valueless in thought, and cold and feeble in style, the soul of a driveller in the body of a paralytic. His epistles are better, and contain occasional passages of strong and bold morality and manly freedom; his funeral elegies are inartificial — not quite worthless; that to Sa de M. on the death of Prince

de Joaõ is not bad — to Antonio Ferreira on his wife's death is sufferable — on the death of Ferreira himself the best; but they produce no effect, so clumsy the expression, so dead the style. Caminha struck the lyre with frost-bitten fingers; his amatory elegies are dull and dry whinings, without fancy, without feeling, their sole merit is their shortness. His odes are his best production, either because not written in triads, or because they may have been touched by his abler friends, Sa de Miranda and Ferreira. His epigrams are seldom faulty, his talents were only equal to an epigram — a steel workman who could only point needles. Caminha was a bad scholar. (He often contracts three or four vowels, and even as many consonants. To read such lines is to set one foot in a quagmire, and hurt the other against a stumbling-stone.)

To the shame of these four poets be it spoken, that while they commended each other, and lavished praise upon every rhymers of rank, they never mention Camoens. Noble and opulent themselves, they only praised the noble and the opulent. Camoens though well born, was far superior in talents, and miserably poor. Talents and poverty! ever ever the object of envy and contempt. They would not degrade their wealthiness by condescending to notice genius in misery, and genius in misery did not deign to notice them.

Sa de Miranda painted strongly with few and poor colours. Ferreira flavoured with the spice of the ancients. Bernardes was more free, more bold, more abundant in images, more fanciful, more original; but like the English *Schakepeer*, he produces the most monstrous extravagancies by the side of the greatest beauties.

Camoens. — He treated the language like a man of genius, supplying its defects. To nouns only plural he gave a singular; changed the termination of proper names for the sake of euphony; lengthened or abbreviated words, and made them from the Latin. "Sometimes," says Antonio das Neves, "he abused this liberty, and coined words almost macarronic." He revived obsolete words also.

These are the merits which escape the notice of a foreigner. We look at Camoens as a dim eyed man beholds a cathedral. He catches the general plan, and the stronger features; but the minuter parts, the numberless ornaments escape him: he sees an arch indeed, but the capital and the frieze elude his eyesight; he beholds the battlements, but he cannot see the Caryatides that form them and their varying attitudes of beauty. We build with ready materials, but Camoens dug in the quarry, and hewed the stones for his edifice. II, 258.

Vieyra. — "Like Seneca, he corrupted the oratory of his countrymen, but not the language, which he alone enriched as much as all the poets." FR. DIAS.

Corrupted! Vieyra is the Jeremy Taylor of Portugal.

Can the Arte de Furtar be his? It wants the flow, the fulness, the flood of language, the life, warmth, the animation of spirit.

His is a rapid style; he runs, yet is never out of breath: it is a current that hurries you on. A compressed sententious language would, in a fourth part of the words, express the meaning: perhaps the reader would not gain time: he must pause and ponder as he proceeded, the galley may equal the speed

of the brig, but the one sails easily along, and the other is impelled by the tug and the labour of arms.

II, 259.

POLITICS

The divine right was a wholesome opinion both for prince and subject; impressing upon both a sense of duty, from which no ill could follow, but much good might arise.

IV, 665.

The present race are what Johnson emphatically called bottomless Whigs. Their attachment to the most sacred institutions of the country is so lax, that no person knows how far the loose tether of their principles extends.

IV, 666.

They who set aside the consideration of religion in political matters, act like a physician who, in the treatment of his patients, should disregard all affections of the mind.

IV, 677.

Man is the most valuable thing that this earth produces, and the moral and intellectual culture of the species ought to be the great object of government. — Moral economy versus political.

IV, 694.

ECONOMICS

National wealth wholesome only when justly, equitably (not equally) diffused. When the workman as well as the capitalist has his fair proportion of gains and comforts.

IV, 662.

Machinery tends to create enormous wealth for a few individuals.

IV, 665.

Manufacturers seditious when provisions are at a high price: the agriculturalists when they are cheap, and both classes showing their total want of reverence

and attachment towards the institutions of their country.

IV, 667.

The condition of the poor must be bettered before they can be improved; that of the great must be worsened: *i.e.* birth and connections must not be passports to situations for which worth and ability are required.

IV, 694.

The political economists treat this subject as Macchiavelli treated the policy of princes, setting aside all considerations of morals and religion.

IV, 702.

RELIGION AND THE STATE

It cannot be denied, but in this last age in most of our memories, our nation has manifestly degenerated from the practice of former times, in many moral virtues and spiritual graces, which should teach us to render to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Where is that integrity of manners, that truth of conversation, that dutiful observance of order, that modesty of private life, that charity towards men, that humble devotion towards God, in which we can only say we have heard our nation once excelled? 'Twould be a melancholy employment to search into the causes of this unhappy change; but whatever other occasions may have contributed to the continuance and increase of it, certainly the chief cause of the beginning of it was spiritual pride, — the want, nay the contempt of an humble and docile spirit. The different effects of this disposition, and of that which is contrary to it, have been abundantly tried in all histories, in all states, civil and ecclesiastical. Those countries and societies of men have ever most flourished

where men have been kept longest under a reasonable discipline, those where the number of teachers have been few in comparison with the number of learners. There was never yet any wise nation, or happy church, at least never any that continued long so, where all have thought themselves equally fit, and have been promiscuously admitted to be teachers or lawgivers. What can be the consequence of such a headstrong, stiffnecked, overweening, unmanageable spirit? Can anything be more destructive to church and state than such a perverse humour, as is unteachable, ungovernable itself, and yet overhasty to govern and teach others? Where children get too soon out of the government of their parents and masters, — where men think it a duty of religion to strive to get out of the government of their magistrates and princes, — where Christians shall think themselves not at all bound to be under the government of the church, — must not all domestic and politic and spiritual relations soon be dissolved? must not all order be speedily overthrown, where all the true ways to make and keep men orderly are confounded? And what in time would be the issue of such a confusion? what, but either gross ignorance, or false knowledge, which is as bad, or worse? what, but a contempt of virtue and prudence, under the disgraceful titles of pedantry and formality? what, but a looseness of tongues and lives, and at last men taking pride in, and valuing themselves on such looseness? what but a disobedience to the laws of man, in truth a neglect of all the laws both of God and man? — *Query?*¹

II, 8. '

¹ This editorial *Query* apparently refers to the authorship of the passage, but if it is not Southey's own, all the ideas at any rate are such as he would have unhesitatingly subscribed to.

THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects.

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