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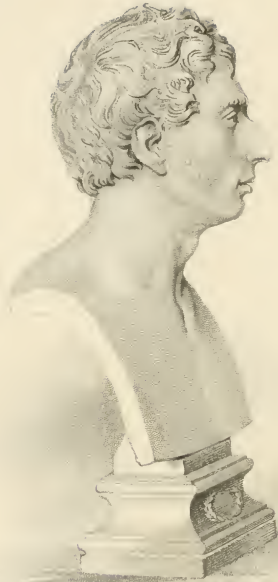
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Robert Southey.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

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

LONDON:
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CHAPTER CXL.

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

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

WHILE the Doctor was deliberating by what significant name to call the foal of which he had in so surprising a manner found himself possessed, a warm dispute upon the same subject had arisen between Barnaby and Nicholas : for though a woman does not consider herself complimented when she is called a horse-godmother, each was ambitious of being horse-godfather on this occasion, and giving his own name to the colt, which had already become a pet with both.

Upon discovering each other's wish they first quietly argued the point. Nicholas maintained that it was not possible any person, except his master, could have so good a right to name the colt as himself, who had actually been present when he was dropped. Barnaby admitted the force of the argument, but observed that there was a still stronger reason for naming him as he proposed, because he had been foaled on the eleventh of June, which is St. Barnabas's day.

"Nicholas," quoth his antagonist, "it ought to be, for I was there at the very nick of time."—"Barnaby," retorted the other, "it ought to be; for in a barn it happened."

"Old Nick was the father of him!" said Nicholas.—"The more reason," replied Barnaby, "for giving him a Saint's name."

"He shall be nicked to suit his name," said Nicholas;—"and that's a good reason!"—"It's a wicked reason," cried Barnaby, "he shall never be nicked. I love him as well as if he was a bairn of my own: and that's another reason why he should be called

Barnaby. He shall be neither nicked nor Nicholased."

Upon this Nicholas grew warm, and asserted that his name was as good as the other's, and that he was ready to prove himself the better man. The other, who had been made angry at the thought of nicking his pet, was easily put upon his mettle, and they agreed to settle the dispute by the *ultima ratio regum*. But this appeal to the immortal Gods was not definitive, for John Atkinson the Miller's sor. came up and parted them; and laughing at them for a couple of fools when he heard the cause of their quarrel, he proposed that they should determine it by running a race to the gate at the other end of the field.

Having made them shake hands, and promise to abide by the issue, he went before them to the goal, and got on the other side to give the signal and act as umpire.

"One!—Two!—Three and away!"—They were off like race-horses. They jostled midway. It was neck and neck. And each laid his hand at the same moment on the gate.

John Atkinson then bethought him that it would be a more sensible way of deciding the dispute, if they were to drink for it, and see who could swallow most ale at the Black Bull, where the current barrel was much to his taste. At the Black Bull, therefore, they met in the evening. John chalked pint for pint; but for the sake of good fellowship he drank pint for pint also; the Landlord (honest Matthew Sykes) entered into the spirit of the contest, and when his wife refused to draw any more beer, went for it himself as long as he had a leg to stand on, or a hand to carry the jug, and longer than any one of the party could keep the score.

The next day they agreed to settle it by a sober game at Beggars-my-Neighbour. It was a singular game. The cards were dealt with such equality that after the first round had shown the respective hands, the ablest calculator would have been doubtful on which side to have betted. Captures were made and re-made,—the game had all and more than all its usual ups and downs, and

it ended in tying the two last cards. Never in any contest had Jupiter held the scales with a more even hand.

"The Devil is in the business to be sure," said Nicholas, "let us toss up for it!"—"Done," said Barnaby; and Nicholas placing a halfpenny on his thumb nail sent it whizzing into the air.

"Tails!" quoth Barnaby.—"Tis heads," cried Nicholas, "hurrah!"

Barnaby stamped with his right foot for vexation—lifted his right arm to his head, drew in his breath with one of those sounds which grammarians would class among interjections, if they could express them by letters, and swore that if it had been an honest halfpenny, it would never have served him so! He picked it up,—and it proved to be a *Brunnejam* of the coarsest and clumsiest kind, with a head on each side. They now agreed that the Devil certainly must be in it, and determined to lay the whole case before the Doctor.

The Doctor was delighted with their story. The circumstances which they related were curious enough to make the naming of this horse as remarkable as his birth. He was pleased also that his own difficulties and indecision upon this important subject should thus as it were be removed by Fate or Fortune; and taking the first thought which now occurred, and rubbing his forehead as he was wont to do, when any happy conception struck him, (Jupiter often did so when Minerva was in his brain), he said, "we must compromise the matter, and make a compound name in which both shall have an equal share. Nicholas Outley, and Barnaby Sutton; N. O.—B. S.—Nobs shall be his name."

Perhaps the Doctor remembered Smectymnus at that time, and the notorious Cabal, and the fanciful etymology that because news comes from all parts, and the letters N. E. W. S. stand for North, East, West, and South—the word was thence compounded. Perhaps, also, he called to mind that Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, the famous Maimonides, was called Ramban from the initials of his titles and his names;

and that the great Gustavus Adolphus when he travelled incognito assumed the name of M. Gars, being the four initials of his name and title. He certainly did not remember that in the Dialogue of Solomon and Saturnus the name of Adam is said to have been in like manner derived from the four Angels Archox, Dux, Arocholem, and Minsymbrie. He did not remember this—because he never knew it; this very curious Anglo-Saxon poem existing hitherto only in manuscript, and no other portions or account of it having been printed than those brief ones for which we are indebted to Mr. Conybeare, a man upon whose like we of his generation shall not look again.

CHAPTER CXXI.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE AND NOT MORE
SAD THAN TRUE.

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

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

THE chance of the Birmingham halfpenny was a rare one. I will not so far wrong the gentle Reader as to suppose that he will doubt the accuracy of anything which is recorded in this true history; and I seriously assure him that such a halfpenny I have myself seen in those days when the most barefaced counterfeits were in full circulation,—a halfpenny which had a head on either side, and consequently was like the fox in the fable, or a certain noble Marquis, and now more noble Duke when ambassador at Petersburg,—not as being doublefaced, but as having lost its tail.

A rare chance it was, and yet rarer ones have happened.—I remember one concerning a more serious appeal to fortune with the same instrument. An Organist not without some celebrity in his day, (Jeremiah Clark was his name,) being hopelessly in love with a very beautiful lady, far above his station in life, determined upon suicide, and walked into the fields to accomplish his

purpose. Coming to a retired spot where there was a convenient pond, surrounded with equally convenient trees, he hesitated which to prefer, whether to choose a dry death, or a watery one;—perhaps he had never heard of the old riddle concerning Ælia Lælia Crispis, which no Ædipus has yet solved. But that he might not continue like the Ass between two bundles of hay in the sophism, or Mahomet's coffin in the fable, he tossed a halfpenny in the air to decide whether he should hang or drown himself,—and the halfpenny stuck edgeways in the dirt.

The most determined infidel would at such a moment have felt that this was more than accident. Clark, as may well be supposed, went home again; but the salutary impression did not remain upon his poor disordered mind, and he shot himself soon afterwards.

CHAPTER CXLII.

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

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

HOOVER.

THERE are many things in these kingdoms which are greatly under-valued: strong beer for example in the cider countries, and cider in the countries of good strong beer; bottled twopenny in South Britain; sprats and herrings by the rich,—(it may be questioned whether his Majesty ever tasted them, though food for the immortal Gods,)—and fish of every kind by the labouring classes;—some things because they are common, and others because they are not.

But I cannot call to mind anything which is estimated so much below its deserts as the game of Beggar-my-Neighbour. It is generally thought fit only for the youngest

children, or for the very lowest and most ignorant persons into whose hands a pack of cards can descend; whereas there is no game whatever in which such perpetual opportunities of calculation are afforded to the scientific gamester; not indeed for playing his cards, but for betting upon them. Zerah Colburn, George Bidder and Professor Airy would find their faculties upon the stretch, were they to attempt to keep pace with its chances.

It is, however, necessary that the Reader should not mistake the spurious for the genuine game, for there are various ways of playing it, and as in all cases only one which is the orthodox way. You take up trick by trick. The trump, as at other games, takes every other suit. If suit is not followed the leader wins the trick; but if it is, the highest card is the winner. These rules being observed (I give them because they will not be found in Hoyle) the game is regular and affords combinations worthy to have exercised the power of that calculating machine of flesh and blood, called Jedediah Buxton.

Try it, Reader, if you have the slightest propensity for gambling.—But first pledge your sacred word of honour to the person whose good opinion you are most desirous of retaining, that you will never at any game, nor in any adventure, risk a sum which would involve you in any serious difficulties, or occasion you any reasonable regret if it should be lost. Make that resolution, and keep it;—and you and your family will have cause to bless the day in which you read the History of Dr. Dove.

Observe, it is your word of honour that I have requested, and not your oath. Either with you might and ought to be equally binding, as *in foro conscientia*, so everywhere else. But perhaps you are, or may hereafter be a Member of Parliament, (a propensity whether slight or not for gambling which has been presupposed, renders this the more likely;) and since what is called the Catholic Relief Bill was passed, the obligation of an oath has been done away by the custom of Parliament, honourable

Members being allowed to swear with whatever degree of mental reservation they and their Father Confessors may find convenient.

A Frenchman some fifteen years ago published a Treatise upon the game of Thirty-One; and which is not always done by Authors, in French or English, thought it necessary to make himself well acquainted with the subject upon which he was writing. In order, therefore, to ascertain the chances, he made one million five hundred and sixty thousand throws, which he computed as equivalent to four years' uninterrupted play. If this indefatigable Frenchman be living, I exhort him to study Beggar-my-Neighbour with equal diligence.

There are some games which have survived the Revolutions of Empires, like the Pyramids; but there are more which have been as short-lived as modern Constitutions. There may be some old persons who still remember how Ombre was played, and Tontine and Lottery; but is there any one who has ever heard of Quintill, Piquemdrill, Papillon, L'Ambigu, Ma Commère, La Mariée, La Mouche, Man d'Auvergne, L'Emprunt, Le Poque, Romestecq, Sizette, Guinguette, Le Sixte, La Belle, Gillet, Cul Bas, Brusquembrille, the Game of Hoc, the Reverse, the Beast, the Cuckoo and the Comet? — is there any one, I say, who has ever heard of these Games, unless he happens to know as I do, that rules for playing them were translated from the French of the Abbé Bellecour, and published for the benefit of the English people some seventy years ago by Mr. F. Newbery, a publisher never to be named without honour by those who have read in their childhood the delectable histories of Goody Two-Shoes, and Giles Gingerbread.

CHAPTER CXLIII.

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

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

SUCH, O Reader, were the circumstances concerning Nobs, before his birth, at his birth, and upon his naming. Strange indeed would have been, if anything which regarded so admirable a horse had been after the manner of other horses.

Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride;
Nor find a man with strictest care
So fit for such a horse to bear.*

To describe him as he was would require all the knowledge, and all the eloquence of the immortal Taplin. Were I to attempt it in verse, with what peculiar propriety might I adopt the invocation of the Polish Poet.

— *Ducite Gratia
E valle Permessi vagantem
Pegason; alpitemque sacris
Frenate scrtis. — Ut micat auribus!
Vocemque longè vatis amabili
Agnoscit hinnitu! Ut Dcarum
Frena ferox, hilarique bullam
Collo poposcit.† —*

Might I not have applied the latter part of these verses as aptly, as they might truly have been applied to Nobs, when Barnaby was about to saddle him on a fine spring morning at the Doctor's bidding? But what have I to do with the Graces, or the Muses and their winged steed? My business is with plain truth and sober prose.

— *Io non so dov'io debba cominciare,
Dal capo, da gli orecchi, o dalla coda.
Egli è per tutto tanto singulare,
Ch'io per me vò lodarlo, intero, intero;
Poi pigli ognun qual membro più gli pare.‡*

Stubbs would have found it difficult to paint him, Reginald Heber himself to describe him as he was. I must begin by saying what he was not.

* CHURCHILL.

† CASIMIR.

‡ BUSINI.

And grant me now,
 Good reader, thou!
 Of terms to use
 Such choice to chuse,
 As may delight
 The country wight,
 And knowledge bring:
 For such do praise
 The country phrase,
 The country acts,
 The country facts,
 The country toys,
 Before the joys
 Of any thing.*

He was not jogged under the jaw, nor shoulder-splat, neck-cricketed, pricked in the sole or loose in the hoof, horse-hipped, hide-bound, broken-winded, straight or heavy shouldered, lame in whirl-bone, run-away, restiff, vicious, neck-reversed or cock-thrappled, ewe-necked or deer-necked, high on the leg, broken-knee'd, splent, oslett, false-quartered, ring-boned, sand-cracked, groggy, hollow-backed, bream-backed, long-backed or broken-backed, light-carcased, ragged hipped, droop-Dutchman'd, Dutch buttock'd, hip shot-stifled, hough-boney or sickle-hammed. He had neither his head ill set on, nor dull and hanging ears, nor wolves' teeth, nor bladders in the mouth, nor gigs, nor capped-hocks, nor round legs, nor grease, nor the chine-gall, the navel-gall, the spur-gall, the light-gall, or the shackle-gall; nor the worms, nor the scratches, nor the colt-evil, nor the pole-evil, nor the quitter bones, nor the curbs, nor the Anticoré, nor the pompardy, nor the rotten-frush, nor the crown-scab, nor the cloyd, nor the web, nor the pin, nor the pearl, nor the howks, nor the haws, nor the vines, nor the paps, nor the pose: nor the bladders, nor the surbate, nor the bloody riffs, nor sinews down, nor mallenders, nor fallenders, nor sand cracks, nor hurts in the joints, nor toes turned out, nor toes turned in, nor soft feet, nor hard feet, nor thrushes, nor corns. Nor did he beat upon the hand, nor did he carry low, nor did he carry in the wind. Neither was he a crib-biter, nor a high-goer, nor a daisy cutter, nor a cut-behind, nor a hammer and pinchers, nor a wrong-end-first, nor a

short stepper, nor a roarer, nor an interferer. For although it hath been said that "a man cannot light of any horse young or old, but he is furnished with one, two, or more of these excellent gifts," Nobs had none of them: he was an immaculate horse;—such as Adam's would have been, if Adam had kept what could not then have been called a saddle-horse, in Eden.

He was not, like the horse upon which Petruccio came to his wedding, "possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten."† But he was in every respect the reverse.

A horse he was worthy to be praised like that of the *Sieur Vuyart*.

*Un courtaut brave, un courtaut glorieux,
 Qui ait en l'air ruade furieuse,
 Glorieux trot, la bride glorieuse.‡*

A horse who like that famous charger might have said in his Epitaph

*J'allay curieux
 En chocs furieux,
 Sans craindre estrapade;
 Mal rabotez lieux
 Passez a cloz yeux,
 Sans faire chopade.
 La viste virade,
 Pompanne pennade,
 Le saut soublevant,
 La roide ruade,
 Prompte petarrade
 Je mis en avant,
 Escumeur bavant,
 Au manger scavant,
 Au penser très-doux;
 Relevé devant,
 Jusqu'au bout servant
 J'ay esté sur tous.*

Like that Arabian which Almanzar sent to Antea's father, the Soldan,

*Egli avea tutte le fattezze pronte
 Di buon caval, come udrice appresso.§*

Like those horses, described by Mr. Milman in his version of the episode of Nala from the Mahábhárata, he was

* TESSER.

† TAMING OF THE SHREW. ‡ CLEMENT MAROT.
 § PULCI.

— fit and powerful for the road ;
 Blending mighty strength with fleetness, — high in courage, and in blood ;
 Free from all the well-known vices, — broad of nostril, large of jaw,
 With the ten good marks distinguished, — born in Sindhu, fleet as wind.

Like these horses he was, — except that he was born in Yorkshire ; — and being of Tartarian blood it may be that he was one of the same race with them.

He was not like the horses of Achilles ;

Ἐξ ἀφθίτων γὰρ ἀφθίτοι στροφάλιξ
 Τὸν Πηλῖος φέρονσι Φοῖβιον γόνον.
 Διῖδασι δ' αὐτοῖς πολεοδοκίμῃσας ἀναξ
 Πηλεΐ Πρωσιδῶν, ὡς λίγουςι, πάντιος.*

Like them therefore Nobs could not be, because he was a mortal horse ; and moreover because he was not amphibious, as they must have been. If there be any of their breed remaining, it must be the immortal River, or more properly Water-Horse of Loch Lochy, who has sometimes, say the Highlanders, been seen feeding on the banks : sometimes entices mares from the pasture, sometimes overturns boats in his anger and agitates the whole lake with his motion.

He was of a good tall stature ; his head lean and comely ; his forehead out-swelling ; his eyes clear, large, prominent and sparkling, with no part of the white visible ; his ears short, small, thin, narrow and pricking ; his eye-lids thin ; his eye-pits well-filled ; his under-jaw thick but not fleshy ; his nose arched ; his nostrils deep, open, and extended ; his mouth well split and delicate ; his lips thin ; his neck deep, long, rising straight from the withers, then curving like a swan's ; his withers sharp and elevated ; his breast broad ; his ribs bending ; his chine broad and straight ; his flank short and full ; his crupper round and plump ; his haunches muscular : his thighs large and swelling ; his hocks round before, tendonous behind, and broad on the sides, the shank thin before, and on the sides broad ; his tendons strong, prominent, and well detached ; his pasterns short ; his fetlocks well-tufted, the coronet somewhat raised ; his hoofs

black, solid, and shining ; his instep high, his quarters round ; the heel broad ; the frog thin and small ; the sole thin and concave.

Here I have to remark that the tufted fetlocks Nobs derived from his dam Miss Jenny. They belong not to the thoroughbred race ; — witness the hunting song,

Your high bred nags,
 Your hairy legs,
 We'll see which first come in, Sir.

He had two properties of a man, to wit, a proud heart, and a hardy stomach.

He had the three parts of a woman, the three parts of a lion, the three parts of a bullock, the three parts of a sheep, the three parts of a mule, the three parts of a deer, the three parts of a wolf, the three parts of a fox, the three parts of a serpent, and the three parts of a cat, which are required in a perfect horse.

For colour he was neither black-bay, brown-bay, dapple-bay, black-grey, iron-grey, sad-grey, branded-grey, sandy-grey, dapple-grey, silver-grey, dun, mouse-dun, flea-backed, flea-bitten, rount, blossom, roan, pye-bald, rubican, sorrel, cow-coloured sorrel, bright sorrel, burnt sorrel, starling-colour, tyger-colour, wolf-colour, deer-colour, cream-colour, white, grey or black. Neither was he green, like the horse which the Emperor Severus took from the Parthians, and reserved for his share of the spoil, with a Unicorn's horn and a white Parrot ; *et qu'il estima plus pour la rareté et couleur naïve et belle que pour la valeur, comme certes il avoit raison : car, nul butin, tant précieux fut-il, ne l'eust pu esgaler, et sur tout ce cheval, verd de nature.* — Such a horse Rommel saw in the Duke of Parma's stables ; because of its green colour it was called Speranza, and the Duke prized it above all his other horses for the extreme rarity of the colour, as being a jewel among horses, — yea a very emerald.

Nor was he peach-coloured roan, like that horse which Maximilian de Bethune, afterwards the famous Duc de Sully, bought at a horse-market for forty crowns, and which was so poor a beast in appearance *qu'il ne sembloit propre qu'à porter la malle*, and yet

* EURIPIDES.

turned out to be so excellent a horse that Maximilian sold him to the Vidame of Chartres for six hundred crowns. Sully was an expert horse-dealer. He bought of Monsieur de la Roche-Guyon one of the finest Spanish horses that ever was seen, and gave six hundred crowns for him. Monsieur de Nemours not being able to pay the money, *une tapisserie des forces de Hercule* was received either in pledge or payment, which tapestry adorned the great hall at Sully, when the veteran soldier and statesman had the satisfaction of listening to the *Memoires de ce que Nous quatre*, say the writers, *qui avons été employez en diverses affaires de France sous Monseigneur le Duc de Sully, avons peu sçavoir de sa vie, mœurs, dicts, faits, gestes et fortunes; et de ce que luy-mesme nous peut avoir appris de ceux de nostre valeureux Alcide le Roy Henry le Grand, depuis le mois de May 1572 (qu'il fut mis à son service,) jusques au mois de May 1610, qu'il laissa la terre pour aller au Ciel.*

No! his colour was chesnut; and it is a saying founded on experience that a chesnut horse is always a good one, and will do more work than any horse of the same size of any other colour. The horse which Wellington rode at the Battle of Waterloo for fifteen hours without dismounting, was a small chesnut horse.*

This was the "thorough-bred red chesnut charger" mentioned by Sir George Head, when he relates an anecdote of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Thomas Picton, who, contrary to the Duke's intentions, seemed at that moment likely to bring on an engagement, not long after the battle of Orthez. Having learned where Sir Thomas was, the Duke set spurs to his horse; the horse "tossed up its head with a snort and impetuously sprang forward at full speed, and in a few

minutes, *ventre à terre*, transported its gallant rider, his white cloak streaming in the breeze, to the identical copse distant about half a mile from whence the firing of the skirmishers proceeded. As horse and rider furiously careered towards the spot, I fancied," says Sir George, "I perceived by the motion of the animal's tail, a type, through the medium of the spur, of the quickened energies of the noble Commander, on the moment when for the first time he caught view of Picton."

This famous horse, named Copenhagen because he was foaled about the time of the expedition against that City, died on the 12th of February, 1836, at Strathfieldsaye of old age; there, where he had passed the last ten years of his life in perfect freedom, he was buried, and by the Duke's orders a salute was fired over his grave. The Duchess used to wear a bracelet made of his hair. Would that I had some of thine in a broche, O Nobs!

Copenhagen has been wrongly described in a newspaper as slightly made. A jockey hearing this said of a horse would say, "*ay a thready thing*;" but Copenhagen was a large horse in a small compass, as compact a thorough-bred horse as ever run a race,—which he had done before he was bought and sold to the Duke in Spain. "He was as sweet gentle a creature," says a right good old friend of mine, "as I ever patted, and he came of a gentle race, by the mother's side; she was Meteora, daughter of Meteor, and the best trait in her master's character, Westminster's Marquis, was that his eyes dropped tears when they told him she had won a race, but being over weighted had been much flogged."

He was worthy, like the horses of the Greek Patriarch Theophylact, to have been fed with pistachios, dates, dried grapes, and figs steeped in the finest wines,—that is to say, if he would have preferred this diet to good oats, clean hay, and sometimes, in case of extraordinary exertion, an allowance of bread soaked in ale. Wine the Doctor did not find it necessary to give him, even in his old age; although he was aware of the

* William Nicol, the printer of the original volumes, and the friend of Southey and Bedford, added this paragraph:—The following extract is from Gleig's Story of the Battle of Waterloo: "The gallant animal which had carried his master safely through the fatigues and dangers of the day, as if proud of the part which he had played in the great game, threw up his heels just as the Duke turned from him, and it was by a mere hair's breadth that the life was preserved which, in a battle of ten hours' duration, had been left unscathed." c. xxxi. p. 254.

benefit which the horse of Messire Philippe De Comines derived from it after the battle of Montlhery: *J'avoie*, says that sagacious soldier, *un cheval extremement las et vieil; Il beat un seau plein de vin; par aucun cas d'aventure il y mit le museau; Je le laissay achever; Jamais ne l'avoie trouvé si bon ne si frais.*

He was not such a horse as that famous one of Julius Cæsar's, which had feet almost like human feet, the hoofs being cleft after the manner of toes. Leo X. had one which in like manner had what Sir Charles Bell calls digital extremities; and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, he tells us, had seen one with three toes on the fore-foot and four on the hind-foot; and such a horse was not long since exhibited in London and at Newmarket. — No! Nobs was not such a horse as this;—if he had been so mis-shapen he would have been a monster. The mare which the Tetrarch of Numidia sent to Grandgousier, and upon which Gargantua rode to Paris, had feet of this description; but that mare was *la plus enorme et la plus grande que fut oncques veüe, et la plus monstrueuse.*

He was a perfect horse;—worthy to belong to the perfect doctor, — worthy of being immortalised in this perfect history. And it is not possible to praise him too much,

— οὐρανὸν ἄριστος
 Ἰππῶν, ὄσσοι ἱκσιν ὑπ' ἡμῶν τ' ἡμίλειον τῶν *

not possible I repeat, *porque*, as D. Juan Perez de Montalvan says, *parece que la Naturaleza le avia hecho, no con la prisa que suele, sino con tanto espacio y perfeccion, que, como quando un pintor acaba con felicidad un lienzo, suele poner á su lado su nombre, assi pudo la Naturaleza escribir el suyo, como por termino de su ciencia:* which is, being translated, “Nature seemed to have made him, not with her wonted haste, but with such deliberation and perfection, that as a painter when he finishes a picture successfully uses to mark it with his name, so might Nature upon this work have written hers, as being the utmost of her skill!” As Shakespeare would have expressed it—

* HOMER.

Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, this was a Horse.

In the words of an old romance, to describe him *ainsi qu'il apartient seroit difficile jusques à l'impossibilité*, beyond which no difficulty can go.

He was as excellent a horse, the Doctor used to say, as that which was first chosen to be backed by Cain, and which the divine Du Bartas, as rendered by the not less divine Sylvester, thus describes,

With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty hoof;
 With pasterns short, upright, but yet in mean;
 Dry sinewy shanks; strong fleshless knees and lean;
 With hart-like legs; broad breast, and large behind,
 With body large, smooth flanks, and double chined;
 A crested neck, bowed like a half bent bow,
 Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flow;
 A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,
 With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;
 A pricked ear, that rests as little space
 As his light foot; a lean, bare, bony face,
 Thin joule, and head but of a middle size;
 Full, lively-flaming, quickly-rolling eyes;
 Great foaming mouth, hot fuming nostril wide;
 Of chesnut hair, his forehead starried;
 Three milky feet, a feather in his breast,
 Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he guest.

In many respects he was like that horse which the elder of the three Fracassins won in battle in the Taprobanique Islands, in the wars between the two dreadful Giant Kings Gargamitre and Tartabas. *Ce furieux destrier estoit d'une taille fort belle, à jambe de cerf, la poitrine ouverte, la croupe large, grand corps, flancs unis, double eschine, le col routé comme un arc mi-tendu, sur lequel flot-
 toit un long poil cresp; la queue longue, ferme et espesse; l'oreille poinctue et sans repos, aussi bien que le pied, d'une corne lissee, retirant sur le noir, haute, ronde, et creuse, le front sec, et n'ayant rien que l'os; les yeux gros prompts et relevez; la bouche grande, escumeuse; le nareau ronflant et ouvert; poil chastein, de l'age de sept ans. Bref qui eut voulu voir le modele d'un beau, bon et gene-
 reux cheval en estoit un.*

Like this he was, except that he was never *Nobs furieux*, being as gentle and as docile at seven years old, as at seventeen when it was my good fortune to know and my privilege sometimes to ride him.

He was not such a horse as that for which Muley, the General of the King of Fez, and

the *Principe Constante* D. Fernando fought, when they found him without an owner upon a field covered with slain; a horse

*tan monstruo, que siendo hijo
del Viento, adopcion pretende
del Fuego; y entre los dos
lo desdize y lo desmiente
el color, pues siendo blanco
dize el Agua, parto es este
de mi esfera, sola yo
pude quaxarle de nieve.*

Both leaped upon him at once, and fought upon his back, and Calderon's Don Fernando thus describes the battle, —

*En la silla y en las ancas
puestos los dos juntamente,
mares de sangre rompimos;
por cuyas ondas crucles
este bazel animado,
hecho proa de la frente,
rompiendo el globo de nuçar.
desde el codon al copete,
parecio entre espuma y sangre,
ya que bazel quise hazerte,
de quatro espuelas herido,
que quatro vientos le mueven.*

He did not either in his marks or trappings resemble Rabicano, as Chiabera describes him, when Rinaldo having lost Bayardo, won this famous horse from the Giant to whose keeping Galafron had committed him after Argalia's death.

*Era sì negro l'animal guerriero,
Qual pece d'Ida; e solamente en fronte
E sulla coda biancheggava il pelo,
E del piè manco, e decretano l'unghia;
Ma con fren d'oro, e con dorati arcioni.
Sd'igna tremando ogni riposo, e vibra
Le tese orecchie, e per levarsi avvampa,
E col ferrato piè non è mai stanco
Battere il prato, e tutte l'aure sfida
Al sonar de magnanimi nitriti.*

Galafron had employed

*Tutto l'Inferno a far veloce in corso
Qual negro corridor.*

Notwithstanding which Rabicano appears to have been a good horse, and to have had no vice in him; and yet his equine virtues were not equal to those of Nobs, nor would he have suited the Doctor so well.

Lastly, he was not such a Horse as that goodly one "of Cneiüs Seiüs which had all the perfections that could be named for stature, feature, colour, strength, limbs, comeliness, belonging to a horse; but withal, this misery ever went along with him, that whosoever became owner of him was sure to

die an unhappy death." Nor did the possession of that fatal horse draw on the destruction of his owner alone, but the ruin of his whole family and fortune. So it proved in the case of his four successive Masters, Cneiüs Seiüs, Cornelius Dolabella, Caius Cassius, and Mark Antony, whom, if I were to call by his proper name Marcus Antonius, half my readers would not recognise. This horse was foaled in the territory of Argos*, and his pedigree was derived from the anthropophagous stud of the tyrant Diomedes. He was of surpassing size, *haud credibili pulchritudine vigore et colore exuberantissimo*, — being purple with a tawney mane. No! Nobs was not such a horse as this.

Though neither in colour nor in marks, yet in many other respects the description may be applied to him which Merlinus Cocaius has given in his first Macaronea of the horse on which Guido appeared at that tournament where he won the heart of the Princess Baldovina.

*Huic mantellus erat nigrilor carbone galantus,
Parvaque testa, breves agilesque movebat orecchias;
Frontis et in medio jaciebat stella decorum.
Frena biassabat, navesque tenebat apertas.
Pectore mostazzo tangit, se reddidit in unum
Groppetum, solusque viam galopando misurat,
Guffiat, et curtos agitant sua colla capillos.
Balzanus tribus est pedibus, cum pectore largo,
Ac inter gambas tenet arcto corpore caudam;
Spaventat, volgitque oculos hinc inde fogatos;
Semper et ad solam currit remanctique sbriatam,
Innaspatque pedes naso boffante priores.*

That he should have been a good horse is not surprising, seeing that though of foreign extraction on the one side, he was of English birth, whereby, and by his dam, he partook the character of English horses. Now as it has been discreetly said, "Our English horses have a mediocrity of all necessary good properties in them, as neither so slight as the Barbe; nor so slovenly as the Flemish; nor so fiery as the Hungarian; nor so acery as the Spanish Gennets, (especially if, as reported, they be conceived of the wind;) nor so earthly as those in the Low Countries, and generally all the German Horse.

* Cf. Aul. Gell. Noct. Att. lib. iii. c. ix., where the other proverb of *Aurum Tolosanum*, so often referred to in our old writers, is explained likewise.

For stature and strength they are of a middle size, and are both seemly and serviceable in a good proportion. And whilst the seller praiseth them too much, the buyer too little, the indifferent stander-by will give them this due commendation.*

A reasonably good horse therefore he might have been expected to prove as being English, and better than ordinary English horses as being Yorkshire. For saith the same judicious author, "Yorkshire doth breed the best race of English horses, whose keeping commonly in steep and stony ground bringeth them to firmness of footing and hardness of hoof; whereas a stud of horses bred in foggy, fenny ground, and soft, rotten morasses, — (delicacy marrs both man and beast.) — have often a fen in their feet, being soft, and soon subject to be foundered. Well may Philip be so common a name amongst the gentry of this country, who are generally so delighted in horsemanship."

Very good therefore there might have been fair ground for hoping that Nobs would prove; but that he should have proved so good, so absolutely perfect in his kind and for his uses, was beyond all hope — all expectation.

"I have done with this subject, the same author continues, when I have mentioned the monition of David, 'an Horse is but a vain thing to save a man,' though it is no vain thing to slay a man, by many casualties: such need we have, whether waking or sleeping, whether walking or riding, to put ourselves by prayer into Divine Protection."

Such a reflection is in character with the benevolent and pious writer; and conveys indeed a solemn truth which ought always to be borne in mind. Its force will not be weakened though I should remark that the hero of a horse which I have endeavoured to describe may in a certain sense be said to afford an exception to David's saying: for there were many cases in which, according to all appearance, the patient could not have been saved unless the Doctor had by means of his horse Nobs arrived in time.

His moral qualities indeed were in as great perfection as his physical ones; but — *il faut faire desormais une fin au discours de ce grand cheval; car, tant plus que j'entrerois dans le labyrinthe de ses vertus, tant plus je m'y perdrois.* With how much more fitness may I say this of Nobs, than Brantome said it of Francis I.!

When in the fifteenth century the noble Valencian Knight, Mossen Manuel Diez accompanied Alonso to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples, he there had occasion to remark of how great importance it was that the knights should be provided with good horses in time of war, that they might thereby be the better able to increase the honour and extend the dominions of their king; and that in time of their old age and the season of repose they should have for their recreation good mules. He resolved therefore to compose a book upon the nature and qualities of these animals, and the way of breeding them, and preserving them sound, and in good condition and strong. And although he was well versed in these things himself, nevertheless he obtained the king's orders for calling together all the best *Albeytares*, that is to say in old speech, farriers, horse-doctors, or horse-leeches, and in modern language Veterinary surgeons; all which could assemble were convened, and after due consultation with them, he composed that *Libre de Menescalia*, the original of which in the Valencian dialect was among the MSS. that Pope Alexander VII. collected, and which began *In nome sia de la Sancta Trinitat, que es Pare, e Fill, e Sant Spirit, tot hom Deu*; and which he as *Majordom of the molt alt e poderos Princep, e victorios Signior Don Alfonso, Re de Rugona, &c.* set forth to show to *als jovents Cavellers, gran part de la practica e de la coneixenza del Cavalls, e de lurs malaties, e gran part de les cures di aquells.* If Nobs had lived in those days, worthy would he have been to have been in all particulars described in that work, to have had an equestrian order instituted in his honour, and have been made a *Rico Cavallo*, the first who obtained that rank.

* FULLER.

CHAPTER CXLIV.

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

Renowned beast ! (forgive poetie flight !)
Not less than man, deserves poetie right.

THE BRUCIAD.

WHEN I read of heroic horses in heroic books, I cannot choose but remember Nobs, and compare him with them, not in particular qualities, but in the sum total of their good points, each in his way. They may resemble each other as little as Rabelais and Rousseau, Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton, Paganini and the Duke of Wellington, yet be alike in this, that each had no superior in his own line of excellence.

Thus when I read of the courser which Prince Meridiano presented to Alphebus, the Knight of the Sun, after the Prince had been defeated by him in the presence of his Sister Lindabridis, I think of Nobs, though Cornelin was marvellously unlike the Doctor's perfect roadster. For Cornelin was so named because he had a horn growing from the middle of his forehead; and he had four joints at the lower part of his legs, which extraordinary formation, (I leave anatomists to explain how,) made him swifter than all other horses, insomuch that his speed was likened to the wind. It was thought that his Sire was an Unicorn, though his dam was certainly a mare: and there was this reason for supposing such to be the case, that Meridiano was son to the emperor of Great Tartary, in which country the hybrid race between Unicorn and Mare was not uncommon in those days.

When the good Knight of the Sun engaged in single combat with the Giant Bradaman, this noble horse stood him in good stead: for Bradaman rode an elephant, and as they ran at each other, Cornelin thrust his natural spike into the elephant's poitrel, and killed him on the spot.

Cornelin did special service on another occasion, when some Knights belonging to a Giant King of the Sards, who had established

one of those atrocious customs which it was the duty of all Errant Knights to suppress, met with the Good Knight of the Sun; and one of them said he would allow him to turn back and go away in peace, provided he gave him his arms and his horse, "if the horse be thine own," said he, "inasmuch as he liketh me hugely." The Good Knight made answer with a smile "my arms I shall not give, because I am not used to travel without them; and as for my horse, none but myself can mount him." The discourteous Knight made answer with an oath that he would see whether he could defend the horse; and with that he attempted to seize the bridle. No sooner had he approached within Cornelin's reach, than that noble steed opened his mouth, caught him by the shoulder, lifted him up, dropped him, and then trampled on him *si rudement que son ame s'envola à celui à qui elle estoit pour ses malefices*. Upon this another of these insolent companions drew his sword, and was about to strike at Cornelin's legs, but Cornelin reared, and with both his fore-feet struck him on the helmet with such force, that no armourer could repair the outer head-piece, and no surgeon the inner one.

It was once disputed in France whether a horse could properly be said to have a mouth; a wager concerning it was laid, and referred to no less a person than a Judge, because, says a Frenchman, "our French Judges are held in such esteem that they are appealed to upon the most trifling occasions." The one party maintained *qu'il falloit dire la gueule à toutes bestes, et qu'il n'y avoit que l'homme qui eust bouche*; but the Judge decided, *qu'à cause de l'excellence du cheval, il falloit dire la bouche*. The Giant King's Knights must have been of the Judge's opinion when they saw Cornelin make but a mouthful of their companion.

When our English Judges are holden in such esteem as to be referred to on such occasions, they do not always entertain the appeal. Mr. Brougham when at the Bar — that Mr. Brougham (if posterity inquires whom I mean) who was afterwards made Lord Chancellor and of whom Sir Edward

Sugden justly observed, that if he had but a smattering of law he would know something of everything — Mr. Brougham, I say, opened before Lord Chief Justice Tenterden an action for the amount of a wager laid upon the event of a dog-fight, which through some unwillingness of dogs or men had not been brought to an issue: “We, My Lord,” said the advocate, “were minded that the dogs should fight” — “Then I,” replied the Judge, “am minded to hear no more of it;” and he called another cause.

No wager would ever have been left undecided through any unwillingness to fight on the part of Cornelin or of his Master the Knight of the Sun.

When that good Knight of the Sun seeking death in his despair landed upon the Desolate Island, there to encounter a monster called Faunus el Endemoniado, that is to say, the Bedevilled Faun, he resolved in recompense for all the service that Cornelin had done him to let him go free for life: so taking off his bridle and saddle and all his equipments, he took leave of him in these sorrowful words: — “O my good Horse, full grievously do I regret to leave thee! Would it were but in a place where thou mightest be looked to and tended according to thy deserts! For if Alexander of Macedon did such honour to his dead horse that he caused a sepulchre to be erected for him and a city to be called after his name, with much more reason might I show honour to thee while thou art living, who art so much better than he. Augustus had his dead horse buried that he might not be devoured by carrion birds. Didius Julianus consecrated a marble statue of his in the Temple of Venus. Lucius Verus had the likeness of his while living cast in gold. But I who have done nothing for thee, though thou surpassest them all in goodness, what can I do now but give thee liberty that thou mayest enjoy it like other creatures? Go then, my good Horse, the last companion from whom I part in this world!” Saying this, he made as if he would have struck him to send him off. But here was a great marvel in this good horse: for albeit he was now

free and with nothing to encumber him, he not only would not go away, but instead thereof approached his master, his whole body trembling, and the more the Knight threatened the more he trembled and the nearer he drew. The Knight of the Sun knew not what he should do, for on the one hand he understood in what danger this good horse would be if he should be perceived by the Faun; and on the other threaten him as he would he could not drive him away. At length he concluded to leave him at liberty, thinking that peradventure he would take flight as soon as he should see the Faun. He was not mistaken; Cornelin would have stood by his Master in the dreadful combat in which he was about to engage, and would peradventure have lost his life in endeavouring to aid him; but the Bedevilled Faun had been so named because he had a hive of Devils in his inside; fire came from his mouth and nostrils as he rushed against the Knight, and swarms of armed Devils were breathed out with the flames; no wonder therefore that even Cornelin took fright and galloped away.

But when Alphebus had slain the Bedevilled Faun, and lived alone upon the Desolate Island, like a hermit, waiting and wishing for death, eating wild fruits and drinking of a spring which welled near some trees, under which he had made for himself a sort of bower, Cornelin used often to visit him in his solitude. It was some consolation to the unhappy Knight to see the good horse that he loved so well: but then again it redoubled his grief as he called to mind the exploits he had performed when mounted upon that famous courser. The displeasure of his beautiful and not less valiant than beautiful mistress the Princess Claridiana had caused his wretchedness, and driven him to this state of despair; and when Claridiana being not less wretched herself, came to the Desolate Island in quest of him, the first thing that she found was the huge and broken limb of a tree with which he had killed the Faun, and the next was Cornelin's saddle and bridle and trappings, which she knew by the gold and silk embroidery,

tarnished as it was, and by the precious stones. Presently she saw the good horse Cornelin himself, who had now become well nigh wild, and came toward her bounding and neighing, and rejoicing at the sight of her horse, for it was long since he had seen a creature of his own kind. But he started off when she would have laid hold of him, for he could not brook that any but his own master should come near him now. Howbeit she followed his track, and was thus guided to the spot where her own good Knight was wasting his miserable life.

Nobs was as precious a horse to the Doctor as Vegliantino was to Rinaldo,—that noble courser whom the Harpies killed, and whom Rinaldo, after killing the whole host of Harpies, buried sorrowfully, kneeling down and kissing his grave. He intended to go in mourning and afoot for his sake all the rest of his life, and wrote for him this epitaph upon a stone, in harpy's blood and with the point of his sword.

*Qui giace Vegliantin, caval de Spagna,
Orrido in guerra, e tutto grazie in pace ;
Servi Rinaldo in Francia ed in Lamagna,
Ed ebbe ingegno e spirito si vivace
Che arebbe coi piè fatto una ragna ;
Accorto, destro, nobile ed audace,
Morì qual forte, e con fronte superba ;
O tu, che passi, gettagli un pò d'erba.**

He was as sagacious a horse and as gentle as Frontalatte, who in the heroic age of horses was

Sopra ogni altro caval savio ed umano. †

When the good Magician Atlante against his will sent his pupil Ruggiero forth, and provided him with arms and horse, he gave him this courser which Sacripante had lost, saying to him

*— certamente so che potrai dire
Che 'l principe Rinaldo e 'l conte Orlando
Non ha miglior caval. †*

Avendo altro signore, ebbe altro nome ;

His new master called him Frontino

*Il mondo non avea più bel destriero,
* * * * **

*Or sopra avendo il giovane Ruggiero,
Piu vaga cosa non si vide mai.
Chi guardasse il cavallo e 'l cavaliere
Starebbe a dar giudicio in dubbio assai,
Se fosser vivi, o fatti col pennello,
Tanto era l' un e l' altro egregio e bello. †*

Nobs was not like that horse now living at Brussels, who is fond of raw flesh, and getting one day out of his stable found his way to a butcher's shop and devoured two breasts of mutton, mutton it seems being his favourite meat. If his pedigree could be traced we might expect to find that he was descended from the anthropophagous stud of that abominable Thracian King whom Hercules so properly threw to his own horses for food.

Nor was he like that other horse of the same execrable extraction, whom in an evil day Rinaldo, having won him in battle, sent as a present by the damsel Hipalca to Ruggiero,—that Clarion

*A quien el cielo con rigor maldixo,
Y una beldad le dió tan codiciada ;*

that fatal horse who, as soon as Ruggiero mounted him, carried his heroic master into the ambush prepared for him, in which he was treacherously slain. The tragedy not ending there, for one of the traitors took this horse for his reward, and his proper reward he had with him.

*Púsole el traidor pernas, corrió el fuerte
Desenfrenado potro hasta arrojallo,
En medio de la plaza de Marsella,
A ojos de Bradamante, y su doncella.*

*Allí en presencia suyo hecho pedazos
Al Magancés dexó el caballo fiero ;
Viéndole Hipalca muerto entre los brazos,
Y no en su silla qual penso a Rugero,
Notorios vió los cavillosos lazos
Del fementido bando de Pontiero.
Atteróse la bella Bradamante
Y el sobresalto le abortó un infante.*

*Y al quinto día con la nueva cierta
De la muerte infeliz del paladino,
La antes dudosa amante quedó muerta,
Y cumplido el temor del divino.
Y por tantas desgracias descubierta
La traicion de Maganza, un rio sanguino
Labró Morgana, y de la gente impia
Cien falsos Condes degolló en un día. †*

Eso quieren decir las desgracias del Caballo Clarion, says the author of this poem El Doctor Don Bernardo de Balbuena, in the allegory which he annexes to the Carto, *que la fuerza de las estrellas predomina en los brutos, y en la parte sensitiva, y no en el albedrio humano y voluntad racional.*

Neither did Nobs resemble in his taste

* RICCIARDETTO.

† ORLANDO INAMORATO.

† BALBUENA.

that remarkable horse which Dr. Tyson frequently saw in London at the beginning of the last century. This horse would eat oysters with great delight, scrunching them shells and all between his teeth. Accident developed in him this peculiar liking; for being fastened one day at a tavern-door where there happened to be a tub standing with oysters in it, the water first attracted him, and then the fresh odour of fish induced him to try his teeth upon what promised to be more savoury than oats and not much harder than horse-beans. From that time he devoured them with evident satisfaction whenever they were offered him; and he might have become as formidable a visitor to the oyster-shops, if oyster-shops there then had been, as the great and never-to-be-forgotten Dando himself.

He was not like the Colt which Boyle describes, who had a double eye, that is to say two eyes in one socket, in the middle of his forehead, a Cyclops of a horse.

Nor was he like the coal-black steed on which the Trappist rode, fighting against the *Liberales* as heartily as that good Christian the Bishop Don Hieronimo fought with the Cid Campeador against the Moors, elevating the Crucifix in one hand, and with his sword in the other smiting them for the love of Charity. That horse never needed food or sleep: he never stumbled at whatever speed his master found it needful to ride down the most precipitous descent; his eyes emitted light to show the Trappist his way in the darkness; the tramp of his hoofs was heard twenty miles around, and whatsoever man in the enemy's camp first heard the dreadful sound knew that his fate was fixed, and he must inevitably die in the ensuing fight. Nobs resembled this portentous horse as little as the Doctor resembled the terrible Trappist. Even the great black horse which used to carry old George, as William Dove called the St. George of Quakerdom, far exceeded him in speed. The Doctor was never seen upon his back in the course of the same hour at two places sixty miles apart from each other. There was nothing supernatural in Nobs. His hippogony,

even if it had been as the Doctor was willing to have it supposed he thought probable, would upon his theory have been in the course of nature, though not in her usual course.

Olaus Magnus assigns sundry reasons why the Scandinavian horses were hardier, and in higher esteem than those of any other part of the World. They would bear to be shod without kicking or restraint. They would never allow other horses to eat their provender. They saw their way better in the dark. They regarded neither frost nor snow. They aided the rider in battle both with teeth and hoofs. Either in ascending or descending steep and precipitous places they were sure-footed. At the end of a day's journey a roll in the sand or the snow took off their fatigue and increased their appetite. They seldom ailed anything, and what ailments they had were easily cured. Moreover they were remarkable for one thing,

*Ch' à dire è brutto, ed à tacerlo è bello — **

and which, instead of translating or quoting the Dane's Latin, I must intimate — by saying that it was never necessary to whistle to them.

Nobs had none of the qualities which characterised the Scandinavian horses, and in which their excellencies consisted, as peculiarly fitting them for their own country. But he was equally endowed with all those which were required in his station. There was not a surer-footed beast in the West Riding; and if he did not see his way in the dark by the light of his own eyes like the black horse of the Trappist, and that upon which the Old Woman of Berkeley rode double behind One more formidable than the Trappist himself, when she was taken out of her coffin of stone and carried bodily away, — he saw it as well as any mortal horse could see, and knew it as well as John Gough the blind botanist of Kendal, or John Metcalf the blind guide of Knaresborough.

But of all his good qualities that for which the Doctor prized him most was the kind-

* RUCCELLAI.

ness of his disposition, not meaning by those words what Gentlemen-feeders and professors of agriculture mean. "It is the Grazier's own fault," says one of those professors, "if ever he attempts to fatten an unkind beast,"—kindness of disposition in a beast importing in their language, that it fattens soon. What it meant in the Doctor's, the following authentic anecdote may show.

The Doctor had left Nobs one day standing near the door of a farm-house with his bridle thrown over a gate-post; one of the farmer's children, a little boy just old enough to run into danger, amused himself by pulling the horse's tail with one hand and striking him with a little switch across the legs with the other. The mother caught sight of this and ran in alarm to snatch the urchin away; but before she could do this, Nobs lifted up one foot, placed it against the boy's stomach, and gently pushed him down. The ground was wet, so that the mark of his hoof showed where he had placed it, and it was evident that what he had done was done carefully not to injure the child, for a blow upon that part must have been fatal. This was what the Doctor called kindness of disposition in a horse. Let others argue if they please *que le cheval avoit quelque raison, et qu'il ratiocinoit entre toutes les autres bestes, à cause du temperament de son cerveau**; here, as he justly said, was sufficient proof of consideration, and good nature.

He was not like the heroic horse which Amadis won in the Isle Perilous, when in his old age he was driven thither by a tempest, though the adventure has been pretermitted in his great history. After the death of that old, old, very old and most famous of all Knights, this horse was enchanted by the Magician Alchiso. Many generations passed away before he was overcome and disenchanted by Rinaldo; and he then became so famous by his well-known name Bajardo, that for the sole purpose of winning this horse and the sword Durlindana, which was as famous among swords as Bajardo among

horses, Gradasso came from India to invade France with an army of an hundred and fifty thousand knights. If Nobs had been like him, think what a confusion and consternation his appearance would have produced at Doncaster races!

*Ecco appare il cavallo, e i calci tira,
E fa saltando in ciel ben mille rote;
Delle narici il foco accolto spira,
Muove l'orecchie, e l'empie membra scuote;
A sassi, a sterpi, a piante ei non rimirà,
Ma fracassando il tutto, urta e percote;
Col nitrito i nemici a fiera guerra
Sfida, e cò piè fa rimbombar la tierra.†*

Among the Romans he might have been in danger of being selected for a victim to Mars, on the Ides of December. The Massagetæ would have sacrificed him to the Sun, to whom horses seem to have been offered wherever he was worshipped.‡ He might have escaped in those countries where white horses were preferred on such occasions;—a preference for which a commentator upon Horace accounts by the unlucky conjecture that it was because they were swifter than any others.§

No better horse was ever produced from that celebrated breed which Dionysius the Tyrant imported into Sicily from the Veneti. No better could have been found among all the progeny of the fifty thousand Mares belonging to the Great King, upon the Great Plain which the Greeks called Hippobotus because the Median herb which was the best pasture for horses abounded there. Whether the Nisæan horses, which were used by kings, were brought from thence or from Armenia, ancient Authors have not determined.

There was a tomb not far from the gates at Athens, ascending from the Piræus, on which a soldier was represented standing beside a Horse. All that was known of this monument in the age of Adrian was that it

† TASSO.

‡ "Ne detur celeri victima tarda Deo." OVID, *Fast.* Cf. 2 Kings, xxiii. 11.

§ Is there any mistake here? The allusion is to *Sat.* vii. 8. "Equis præcurreret albis?" Horace had in view *Iliad*, x. 436. Virgil has, with reference to Pilumnus' horses, "Qui candore nives antelrent, cursibus auras." *Æn.* xii. 84.

* BOUCHET.

was the work of Praxiteles; the name of the person whose memory it was intended to preserve had perished. If Nobs and his Master had flourished at the same time with Praxiteles, that great sculptor would have thought himself worthily employed in preserving likenesses for posterity of the one and the other. He was worthy to have been modelled by Phidias or Lysippus. I will not wish that Chantrey had been what he now is, the greatest of living sculptors, four-score years ago: but I may wish that Nobs and the Doctor had lived at the time when Chantrey could have made a bust of the one and a model of the other, or an equestrian statue to the joint honour of both.

Poppea would have had such a horse shod with shoes of gold. Caligula would have made him Consul. William Rufus would have created him by a new and appropriate title Lord Horse of London Town.

When the French had a settlement in the Island of Madagascar, their Commander, who took the title of Viceroy, assembled a force of 3000 natives against one of the most powerful native Chiefs, and sent with them 140 French under the Sieur de Chamargou. This officer had just then imported from India the first horse which had ever been seen in Madagascar, and though oxmanship was practised by this people, as by some of the tribes on the adjacent coast of Africa, those oxriders were astonished at the horse; *ils luy rendoient même des respects si profonds, que tous ceux qui envoyoient quelque deputation vers le General de cette armée, ne manquoient point de faire des presens et des compliments a Monsieur le Cheval.* If Nobs had been that Horse, he would have deserved all the compliments that could have been paid him.

He would have deserved too, as far as Horse could have deserved, the more extraordinary honours which fell to the lot of a coal-black steed, belonging to a kinsman of Cortes by name Palacios Rubios. In that expedition which Cortes made against his old friend and comrade Christoval de Olid, who in defiance of him had usurped a government for himself, the Spaniards, after

suffering such privations and hardships of every kind as none but Spaniards could with the same patience have endured, came to some Indian settlements called the Mazotecas, being the name of a species of deer in the form of one of which the Demon whom the natives worshipped had once, they said, appeared to them, and enjoined them never to kill or molest in any way an animal of that kind. They had become so tame in consequence, that they manifested no fear at the appearance of the Spaniards, nor took flight till they were attacked. The day was exceedingly hot, and as the hungry hunters followed the chase with great ardour, Rubios's horse was overheated, and as the phrase was, melted his grease. Cortes therefore charged the Indians of the Province of Itza to take care of him while he proceeded on his way to the Coast of Honduras, saying that as soon as he fell in with the Spaniards of whom he was in quest, he would send for him; horses were of great value at that time, and this was a very good one. The Itzaex were equally in fear of Cortes and the Horse; they did not indeed suppose horse and rider to be one animal, but they believed both to be reasonable creatures, and concluded that what was acceptable to the one would be so to the other. So they offered him fowls to eat, presented nosegays to him of their most beautiful and fragrant flowers, and treated him as they would have treated a sick Chief, till, to their utter dismay, he was starved to death. What was to be done when Cortes should send for him? The Cacique, with the advice of his principal men, gave orders that an Image of the Horse should be set up in the temple of his town, and that it should be worshipped there by the name of Tziminchac, as the God of Thunder and Lightning, which it seemed to them were used as weapons by the Spanish Horsemen. The honour thus paid to the Horse would they thought obtain credit for the account which they must give to the Spaniards, and prove that they had not wilfully caused his death.

The Itzaex, however, heard nothing of the Spaniards, nor the Spaniards of Rubios's

black horse, till nearly an hundred years afterwards two Franciscans of the province of Yucatan went as Missionaries among these Indians, being well versed in the Maya tongue, which is spoken in that country; their names were Bartolomé de Fuensalida and Juan de Orbita. The chief settlement was upon an Island in the Lake of Itza; there they landed, not with the good will either of the Cacique or the people, and entering the place of worship, upon one of their great Cus or Pyramids they beheld the Horse-Idol, which was then more venerated than all the other Deities. Indignant at the sight, Father Orbita took a great stone and broke to pieces the clay statue, in defiance of the cries and threats with which he was assailed. "Kill him who has killed our God," they exclaimed; "kill him! kill him!" The Spaniards say the serene triumph and the unwonted beauty which beamed in Orbita's countenance at that moment made it evident that he was acting under a divine impulse. His companion Fuensalida, acting in the same spirit, held up the Crucifix, and addressed so passionate and powerful an appeal to the Itzaex in their own language upon the folly and wickedness of their Idolatry and the benefits of the Gospel which he preached, that they listened to him with astonishment, and admiration, and awe, and followed the Friars respectfully from the place of worship, and allowed them to depart in safety.

These Franciscan Missionaries, zealous and intrepid as they were, did but half their work. Many years afterwards when D. Martin de Ursua defeated the Itzaex in an action on the Lake, and took the Petén or Great Island, he found, in what appears to have been the same Adoratory, a decayed shin bone, suspended from the roof by three strings of different coloured cotton, a little bag beneath containing smaller pieces of bone in the same state of decay; under both there were three censers of the Indian fashion with storax and other perfumes burning, and a supply of storax near wrapt in dry leaves of maize, and over the larger bone an Indian coronet. These, he was told

upon inquiry, were the bones of the Horse which the Great Captain had committed to the care of their Cacique long ago.

If it had been the fate of Nobs thus to be idolified, and the Itzaex had been acquainted with his character, they would have compounded a name for him, not from Thunder and Lightning, but from all the good qualities which can exist in horse-nature, and for which words could be found in the Maya tongue.

CHAPTER CXLV.

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

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

A CERTAIN William Osmer once wrote a dissertation upon the Horse, wherein he affirmeth, it is demonstrat^ely matters of fact, as well as from the principles of philosophy, that innate qualities do not exist, and that the excellence of this animal is altogether mechanical and not in the blood. In affirming this of the Horse, the said William Osmer hath gone far toward demonstrating himself an Ass; for he might as well have averred that the blood hath nothing to do with the qualities of a black pudding. When Hurdis said

— Give me the steed
Whose noble efforts bore the prize away,
I care not for his grandsire or his dam,

it was well said, but not wisely.

The opinion, which is as old as any thing known concerning this animal, that the good qualities of a horse are likely to bear some resemblance to those of its sire or dam, Mr. Osmer endeavoured to invalidate by arguing

* The New Testament which the Preacher had before him. — R. S.

that his strength and swiftness depend upon the exactness of his make, and that where this was defective, these qualities would be deficient also, — a foolish argument, for the proposition rests upon just the same ground as that against which he was reasoning. But what better reasoning could be looked for from a man who affirmed that if horses were not shod they might travel upon the turnpike road without injury to their feet, because, in his own language, “when time was young, when the earth was in a state of nature, and turnpike roads as yet were not, the Divine Artist had taken care to give their feet such defence as it pleased him.”

If the Doctor had known that Nobs was of Tartarian extraction, this fact would sufficiently have accounted for the excellences of that incomparable roadster. He explained them quite as satisfactorily to himself by the fancy which he amused himself with supporting on this occasion, that this marvellous horse was a son of the Wind. And hence he inferred that Nobs possessed the innate qualities of his kind in greater perfection than any other horse, as approaching near to the original perfection in which the species was created. For although animals are each in their kind less degenerate than man, whom so many circumstances have tended to injure in his physical nature, still, he argued, all which like the horse have been made subservient to the uses of man, were in some degree deteriorated by that subjection. Innate qualities, however, he admitted were more apparent in the brute creation than in the human creature, because even in those which suffer most by domestication, the course of nature is not so violently overruled.

I except the Duck, he would say. That bird, which Nature hath made free of earth, air and water, loses by servitude the use of one element, the enjoyment of two, and the freedom of all three.

Look at the Pig also, said the Doctor. In his wild state no animal is cleaner, happier, or better able to make himself respected. Look at him when tamed, — I

will not say in a brawn-case, for I am not speaking now of those cruelties which the Devil and Man between them have devised, — but look at him prowling at large about the purlieus of his sty. What a loathsome poor despised creature hath man made him!

*Animal propter convivium natum.**

Every cur thinks itself privileged to take him by the ear; whereas if he were once more free in the woods, the stoutest mastiff or wolf-dog would not dare look him in the face.

Yet he was fond of maintaining that the lower creation are capable of intellectual improvement. In Holland, indeed, he had seen the school for dogs, where poodles go through a regular course of education, and where by this time perhaps the Lancasterian inventions have been introduced. But this was not what the Doctor contemplated. Making bears and elephants dance, teaching dogs to enact ballets, and horses to exhibit tricks at a fair, he considered as the freaks of man's capricious cruelty, and instances of that abuse of power which he so frequently exercises over his inferior creatures, and for which he must one day render an account, together with all those whose countenance of such spectacles affords the temptation to exhibit them.†

In truth, the power which animals as well as men possess, of conforming themselves to new situations and forming new habits adapted to new circumstances, is proof of a capability of improvement. The wild dogs in the plains of La Plata burrow, because there is no security for them above ground against stronger beasts of prey. In the same country owls make their nests in the ground, because there are neither trees nor buildings to afford them concealment. A clergyman in Iceland by sowing angelica upon a Lake-island some miles from the sea, not only attracted gulls and wild ducks to breed there, but brought about an alliance between those birds, who are not upon neighbourly

* JUVENAL.

† Cf. *Jonah*, iv. 11.; *Prov.* xii. 10., with *Ps.* xxxvi. 6.

terms elsewhere. Both perceived that the new plants afforded better shelter from wind and rain, than anything which they had seen before; there was room enough for both; and the neighbourhood produced so much good will, that the gulls protected the weaker birds not only against the ravens who are common enemies, but against another species of gull also which attacks the duck's nest.

A change more remarkable than either of these is that which the common hearth-cricket has undergone in its very constitution as well as in all its ways of life, since men built houses and inhabited cold climates.

The field-cricket in North America, which buries itself during the winter ten inches deep, and there lies torpid, began about an hundred years ago to avail itself of the work of man and take up its abode in the chimnies. This insect even likes man for a bed-fellow, not with any such felonious intentions as are put in execution by smaller and viler vermin, but for the sake of warmth. The Swedish traveller, Kalm, says that when he and his companions were forced to sleep in uninhabited places, the crickets got into the folds of their garments, so that they were obliged to make some tarriance every morning, and search carefully before they could get rid of them.

Two species of Swallows have domesticated themselves with man. We have only* that which builds under the eaves in England, but in North America they have both the house swallow and the chimney swallow; the chimnies not being made use of in summer, they take possession, and keep it sometimes in spite of the smoke, if the fire is not very great. Each feather in this bird's tail ends in a stiff point, like the end of an awl; they apply the tail to the side of the wall, and it assists in keeping them up, while they

hold on with their feet. "They make a great thundering noise all day long by flying up and down in the chimnies;" now as the Indians had not so much as a hearth made of masonry, it is an obvious question, says Kalm, where did these swallows build before the Europeans came, and erected houses with chimnies? Probably, it is supposed, in hollow trees, but certainly where they could; and it is thus shown that they took the first opportunity of improving their own condition.

But the Doctor dwelt with most pleasure on the intellectual capabilities of Dogs. There had been Dogs, he said, who, from the mere desire of following their master's example, had regularly frequented either the Church or the Meeting House; others who attended the Host whenever they heard the bell which announced that it was carried abroad; one who so modulated his voice as to accompany instrumental music through all the notes of a song; and Leibnitz had actually succeeded in teaching one to speak. A dog may be made an epicure as well as his master. He acquires notions of rank and respectability; understands that the aristocracy are his friends, regards the beggar as his rival for bones, and knows that whoever approaches in darkness is to be suspected for his intentions. A dog's physiological discernment never deceives him; and this the Doctor was fond of observing, because wherever he was known the dogs came to return the greeting they expected. He has a sense of right and wrong as far as he has been taught; a sense of honour and of duty, from which his master might sometimes take a lesson; and not unfrequently a depth and heroism of affection, which the Doctor verily believed would have its reward in a better world. John Wesley held the same opinion, which has been maintained also by his enemy, Augustus Toplady, and by his biographer, the laureated L.L. D. or the El-el-deed Laureate. The Materialist, Dr. Dove would argue, must allow, upon his own principles, that a dog has as much soul as himself; and the Immaterialist, if he would be consistent, must perceive that the

* This looks like a mistake; we have the chimney swallow also, the *Hirundo rustica*. It is the Martin, or the *Hirundo urbana*, that builds under the eaves. Besides these we have the *Hirundo riparia*, or Sand-Martin, and the *Hirundo Apus*, or Swift. I say it looks like a mistake, — but what follows makes it doubtful.

life, and affections, and actions of an animal are as little to be explained as the mysteries of his own nature by mere materiality. The all-doubting, and therefore always half-believing Bayle has said that *les actions des bêtes sont peut-être un des plus profonds abîmes sur quoi notre raison se puisse exercer.*

But here the Doctor acknowledged himself to be in doubt. That another state of existence there must be for every creature wherein there is the breath of life he was verily persuaded.* To that conclusion the whole tenor of his philosophy led him, and what he entertained as a philosophical opinion, acquired from a religious feeling something like the strength of faith. For if the whole of a brute animal's existence ended in this world, then it would follow that there are creatures born into it, for whom it had been better never to have been, than to endure the privations, pains, and wrongs and cruelties, inflicted upon them by human wickedness; and he would not, could not, dared not believe that any, even the meanest of God's creatures, has been created to undergo more of evil than of good — (where no power of choice was given) — much less to suffer unmingled evil, during its allotted term of existence. Yet this must be, if there were no state for animals after death.

A French speculator upon such things (I think it was P. Bougeant) felt this so strongly as to propose the strange hypothesis that fallen Angels underwent their punishment in the bodies of brutes, wherein they were incarnate and incarcerated as sentient, suffering and conscious spirits. The Doctor's theory of progressive life was liable to no such objections. It reconciled all seeming evil in the lower creation to the great system of benevolence. But still there remained a difficulty. Men being what they are, there were cases in which it seemed that the animal soul would be degraded instead of advanced by entering into the human form. For example, the Doctor considered the beast to be very often a much worthier animal than the butcher; the horse than the horse-

jockey or the rider; the cock than the cock-fighter; the young whale than the man who harpoons the reasonable and dutiful creature when it suffers itself to be struck rather than forsake its wounded mother.

In all these cases indeed, a migration into some better variety of the civilised biped might be presumed, Archæus bringing good predispositions and an aptitude for improvement. But when he looked at a good dog — (in the best acceptation of the epithet), — a dog who has been humanised by human society, — who obeys and loves his master, pines during his illness, and dies upon his grave (the fact has frequently occurred), the Doctor declared his belief, and with a voice and look which told that he was speaking from his heart, that such a creature was ripe for a better world than this, and that in passing through the condition of humanity it might lose more than it could gain.

The price of a dog might not, among the Jews, be brought into the House of the Lord, "for any vow," for it was an abomination to the Lord. This inhibition occurs in the same part of the Levitical law which enjoins the Israelites not to deliver up to his master the servant who had escaped from him: and it is in the spirit of that injunction, and of those other parts of the Law which are so beautifully and feelingly humane, that their very tenderness may be received in proof of their divine origin. It looks upon the dog as standing to his master in far other relation than his horse or his ox or his ass, — as a creature connected with him by the moral ties of companionship, and fidelity, and friendship.

* But see Eccles. c. iii. v. 21.

CHAPTER CXLVI.

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

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

COWPER.

THE Doctor liked not Seneca when that philosopher deduced as a consequence from his definition of a benefit, that no gratitude can be due to beasts or senseless things: *nam, qui beneficium mihi daturus est, he says, debet non tantum prodesse, sed velle. Ideo nec mutis animalibus quidquam debetur; et quam multos è periculo velocitas equi rapuit! Nec arboribus; et quam multos æstu laborantes ramorum opacitas terit!* that is,—“for he who is about to render me a good service, not only ought to render it, but to intend it. Nothing, therefore, can be owed to dumb animals, and yet how many have the speed of a horse saved from danger! Nor to trees, and yet how many when suffering under the summer sun, have the thick boughs shaded!” To the same tenor Ben Jonson speaks. “Nothing is a courtesy,” he says, “unless it be meant us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers that they carry our boats; or winds that they be favouring, and fill our sails; or meats that they be nourishing; for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not.”

What! our friend would say, do I owe thee nothing, Nobs, for the many times that thou hast carried me carefully and safely, through bad ways, in stormy weather, and in dark nights? Do I owe thee nothing for thy painful services, thy unhesitating obedience, thy patient fidelity? Do I owe thee

nothing for so often breaking thy rest, when thou couldest not know for what urgent cause mine had been broken, nor wherefore I was compelled by duty to put thee to thy speed? Nobs, Nobs, if I did not acknowledge a debt of gratitude to thee, and discharge it as far as kind usage can tend to prolong thy days in comfort, I should deserve to be dropped as a colt in my next stage of existence, to be broken in by a rough rider, and broken down at last by hard usage in a hackney coach.

There is not a more touching passage in Italian poetry than that in which Pulci relates the death of Orlando's famous horse (his Nobs) in the fatal battle of Roncesvalles:

*Vegliantìn come Orlando in terra scese,
A piè del suo signor caduto è morto,
E inginocchiossi e licenza gli chiese,
Quasi dicesse, io l' ho condotto a porto.
Orlando presto le braccia distese
A l' acqua, e cerca di dargli conforto,
Ma poi che pure il caval non si sente,
Si condolca molto pietosamente.*

*O Vegliantìn, tu m' hai servito tanto:
O Vegliantìn, dov' è la tua prodezza?
O Vegliantìn, nessun si dia più vanto;
O Vegliantìn, venuta è l' ora scazza:
O Vegliantìn, tu m' hai cresciuto il pianto;
O Vegliantìn, tu non vuoi più carezza:
O Vegliantìn, s' io ti feci mai torto,
Perdonami, ti priego, così morto.*

*Dice Turpin, che mi par maraviglia,
Che come Orlando perdonami disse,
Quel caval parve ch' aprisse le ciglia,
E col capo e co gesti acconsentisse.**

A traveller in South Africa, Mr. Burchell, who was not less adventurous and persevering than considerate and benevolent, says that “nothing but the safety of the whole party, or the urgency of peculiar and inevitable circumstances, could ever, during his whole journey, induce him to forget the consideration due to his cattle, always regarded as faithful friends whose assistance was indispensable. There may be in the world,” he says, “men who possess a nature so hard, as to think these sentiments misapplied; but I leave them to find, if they can, in the coldness of their own hearts, a satisfaction equal to that which I have enjoyed in paying a grateful attention to

* MORGANTE MACGIORRE.

animals by whose services I have been so much benefited."

The Prince of Orange would once have been surprised and taken in his tent by the Spaniards if his dog had not been more vigilant than his guards. Julian Romero planned and led this night attack upon the Prince's camp; the camisado was given so suddenly, as well as with such resolution, "that the place of arms took no alarm, until their fellows," says Sir Roger Williams, "were running in with the enemy in their tail; whereupon this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and withal leaped on the Prince's face, awaking him, being asleep, before any of his men." Two of his secretaries were killed hard by the tent, and "albeit the Prince lay in his arms, with a lacquey always holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet at the going out of his tent, with much ado he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. One of his squires was slain taking horse presently after him, and divers of his servants which could not recover theirs, were forced to escape amongst the guards of foot. Ever after until the Prince's dying day, he kept one of that dog's race, —so did many of his friends and followers. The most or all of these dogs were white little hounds, with crooked noses, called camuses."

The Lord Keeper Guildford "bred all his horses, which came to the husbandry first colts, and from thence, as they were fit, were taken into his equipage; and as by age or accident they grew unfit for that service, they were returned to the place from whence they came, and there expired." This is one of the best traits which Roger North has related of his brother.

"A person," says Mr. Hawtyn, who was a good kind-hearted clergyman of the Church of England, "that can be insensible to the fidelity and love which dumb animals often express, must be lower in nature than they."

*Grata e Natura in noi; fin dalla cuna
Gratitudine è impressa in unan core;
Ma d'un istinto tal questo è lo stile,
Che lo seconda più, chi è più gentile.**

* CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

The gentlest natures indeed are the best, and the best will be at the same time the most grateful and the most tender. "Even to behold a flourishing tree, first bereft of bark," says Dr. Jackson, "then of all the naked branches, yet standing, lastly the green trunk cut down and cast full of sap into the fire, would be an unpleasant spectacle to such as delighted in setting, pruning, or nourishing plants."

The elder Scaliger, as Evelyn tells us, never could convince Erasmus but that trees feel the first stroke of the axe; and Evelyn himself seems to have thought there was more probability in that opinion than he liked to allow. "The fall of a very aged oak," he says, "giving a crack like thunder, has been often heard at many miles' distance; nor do I at any time hear the groans without some emotion and pity, constrained, as I too often am, to fell them with much reluctance." Mr. Downes, in his Letters from the Continent, says, "There is at this time a forest near Bolsena so highly venerated for its antiquity, that none of the trees are ever cut." †

One who, we are told, has since been honourably distinguished for metaphysical speculation, says, in a juvenile letter to the late American Bishop Hobart, "I sometimes converse a considerable time with a tree that in my infancy invited me to play under its cool and refreshing shade; and the old dwelling in which I have spent the greater part of my life, though at present unoccupied and falling into ruin, raises within me such a musing train of ideas, that I know not whether it be pleasing or painful. Now whether it arise from an intimate association of ideas, or from some qualities in the insensible objects themselves to create an affection, I shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is that the love we bear for objects incapable of making a return, seems always more disinterested, and frequently affords us more lasting happiness than even that which we feel toward rational creatures."

† "Stat vetus, et multos incædua silva per annos," &c. OVID.

But never by any author, ancient or modern, in verse or prose, has the feeling which ascribes sentience as well as life to the vegetable world, been more deliciously described than by Walter Landor, when, speaking of sweet scents, he says,

They bring me tales of youth, and tones of love ;
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose ; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproach'd me ; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.

These verses are indeed worthy of their author, when he is most worthy of himself. And yet Caroline Bowles's sweet lines will lose nothing by being read after them.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they ;
Just like a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures ! " they neither toil nor spin,"

Yet lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in ;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of Eastern Queen endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never pall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all ;
The dew, the shower, the sunshine ; the balmy blessed
air,

Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they take no heed ;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away ;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, " Would God that it
were day."

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast ;
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay.
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !

CHAPTER CXLVII.

OLD TREES. SHIPS. FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.
LIFE AND PASSIONS ASCRIBED TO INANI-
MATE OBJECTS. FETISH WORSHIP. A LORD
CHANCELLOR AND HIS GOOSE.

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

BRANTOME.

"CONSIDER," says Plutarch, in that precious volume of Philemon Holland's translating,

which was one of the elder Daniel's treasures, and which the Doctor valued accordingly as a relic, "consider whether our forefathers have not permitted excessive ceremonies and observations in these cases, even for an exercise and studious meditation of thankfulness ; as namely, when they revered so highly the Oaks bearing acorns as they did. Certes the Athenians had one Fig-tree which they honoured by the name of the holy and sacred Fig-Tree ; and they expressly forbade to cut down the Mulberry-tree. For these ceremonies, I assure you, do not make men inclined to superstition as some think, but frame and train us to gratitude and sociable humanity one toward another, whenas we are thus reverently affected to such things as these that have no soul nor sense." But Plutarch knew that there were certain Trees to which something more than sense or soul was attributed by his countrymen.

There was a tradition at Corinth which gave a different account of the death of Pentheus from that in the *Metamorphoses*, where it is said that he was beholding the rites of the Bacchanals, from an open eminence surrounded by the woods, when his mother espied him, and in her madness led on the frantic women by whom he was torn to pieces. But the tradition at Corinth was that he climbed a tree for the purpose of seeing their mysteries, and was discovered amid its branches ; and that the Pythian Oracle afterwards enjoined the Corinthians to find out this Tree, and pay divine honours to it, as to a God. The special motive here was to impress the people with an awful respect for the Mysteries, none being felt for any part of the popular religion.

Old Trees, without the aid of an Oracle to consecrate them, seem to have been some of the most natural objects of that contemplative and melancholy regard which easily passes into superstitious veneration. No longer ago than during the peace of Amiens a Frenchman * describing the woods on the banks of the Senegal, says, *On éprouve*

* GOLDBERRY.

un doux ravissement en contemplant ces nobles productions d'une nature tranquille, libre et presque vierge; car là elle est encore respectée, et la vieillesse des beaux arbres y est pour ainsi dire l'objet d'un culte. Mon âme reconnoissante des émotions qu'elle ressentait, remerciait le Créateur d'avoir fait naître ces magnifiques végétales sur un sol où elles avaient pu croître indépendantes et paisibles, et conserver ces formes originales et naïves que l'art sait alterer, mais qu'il ne saura jamais imiter.—

Quelques-uns des sites qu'on rencontre étalent les attraits et les grâces d'une nature virginale; dans d'autres, on admire ce que l'âge, de sa plus grande force, peut avoir de plus imposant et de plus auguste; et d'antiques forêts, dont les arbres ont une grosseur et une élévation qui attestent leur grand âge, excitent une admiration mêlée de respect; et ces prodigieux végétaux encore verts, encore beaux, après une vie de tant de siècles, semblent vouloir nous apprendre, que dans ces contrées solitaires et fertiles, la nature vit toujours, et ne vieillit jamais.

There are Tribes among the various races in the Philippines who are persuaded that the souls of their ancestors use old trees as their habitations, and therefore it is deemed a sacrilege to cut one down. The Lezgis used to erect pillars under the boughs of decayed Oaks to support them as long as possible; *Murlooz* is the name which they give to such spurs, or stay-pillars.

The Rector of Manafon, Mr. Walter Davies, in his View of the Agriculture and Domestic Economy of North Wales, says, "Strangers have oftentimes listened with attention to Gentlemen of the County of Montgomery inquiring anxiously into the conduct and fate of the Windsor Castle, the Impregnable, the Brunswick, and other men of war, in some particular naval engagements; and were led to imagine that they had some near and dear relations holding important commissions on board; but upon further inquiry, found the ground of this curiosity to be no other than that such ships had been partly built of timber that had grown upon their estates; as if the inani-

mate material contained some magic virtue." The good Rector might have perceived in what he censures one indication of that attachment to our native soil, on which much of the security of states depends, much of the happiness of individuals, and not a little of their moral and intellectual character.

But indeed the same cause which renders personification a common figure not only with poets and orators, but in all empassioned and even in ordinary speech, leads men frequently both to speak and act as if they ascribed life and consciousness to inanimate things.

When the Cid Campeador recovered from the Infantes of Carrion his two swords Colada and Tizona, "his whole frame," says the Chronicler, "rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart. And he laid them upon his lap and said, "Ah my swords, Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you that you are the best swords in Spain; and I won you, for I did not get you either by buying or by barter. I gave ye in keeping to the Infantes of Carrion that they might do honour to my daughters with ye. But ye were not for them! They kept ye hungry, and did not feed ye with flesh as ye were wont to be fed. Well is it for you that ye have escaped that thralldom and are come again to my hands."

The same strong figure occurs in the *Maaronea*,

Gaude, Baldus ait, mi brande! cibaberis; ecce Carnis et sanguis tibi presententur abunde.

The Greek Captain who purchases a vessel which he is to command himself takes possession of it by a ceremony which is called espousing the ship; on this occasion he suspends in it a laurel crown as a symbol of the marriage, and a bag of garlic as a preservative against tempests.—In the year 1793, the ship *Darius* belonging to a Hindoo, or more probably, as may be inferred from the name, a Parsee owner, was run ashore off Malacca by its Commander Captain Laughton, to save it from falling into the hands of a French Privateer. The Captain and his Officers, when they had thus disappointed

the enemy, succeeded afterwards, by great exertion and great skill, in getting the vessel off, and brought it safely home to Bombay; where the grateful owner, thinking the Ship itself was entitled to some signal mark of acknowledgment, treated it with a complete ablution, which was performed not with water, but with sugar and milk. —

Our own sailors sometimes ascribe consciousness and sympathy to their ship. It is a common expression with them that "she behaves well;" and they persuade themselves that an English Man of War, by reason of its own good will, sails faster in pursuit of a Frenchman than at any other time. Poor old Captain Atkins was firmly possessed with this belief. On such occasions he would talk to his ship, as an Arabian to his horse, urge and intreat her to exert herself and put forth all her speed, and promise to reward her with a new coat of paint as soon as they should get into harbour. — "Who," says Fuller, "can without pity or pleasure behold that trusty vessel which carried Sir Francis Drake about the World?" — So naturally are men led to impute something like vitality to so great a work of human formation, that persons connected with the shipping trade talk of the average *life* of a ship, which in the present state of our naval affairs is stated to be twenty-two years. —

At one of the Philosophers' Yearly-Meetings it was said that every Engine-man had more or less pride in his engine, just as a sailor had in his ship. We heard then of the *duty* of an engine, and of how much *virtue* resides in a given quantity of coals. This is the language of the Mines, so easily does a figurative expression pass into common speech. The *duty* of an engine has been taken at raising 50 millions of cubic-feet of water one foot in an hour; some say 100 millions, some 120; but the highest duty which the reporter had ascertained was 90 millions, the lowest 70. And the *virtue* in a bushel of coals is sufficient to raise 125 millions of cubic-feet of water one foot, being from 800 to 1070 at the cost of one farthing. No one will think this hard duty

for the Engine, but all must allow it to be cheap virtue in the coals.

This, however, is merely an example of the change which words undergo in the currency of speech as their original stamp is gradually effaced: what was metaphorical becomes trivial; and this is one of the causes by which our language has been corrupted, more perhaps than any other, recourse being had both in prose and verse to forced and fantastic expressions as substitutes for the freshness and strength that have been lost. Strong feelings and strong fancy are liable to a more serious perversion.

M. de Custine, writing from Mont Anvert, in the rhapsodical part of his travels, exclaims, *Qu'on ne me parle plus de nature morte; on sent ici que la Divinité est partout, et que les pierres sont pénétrées comme nous-mêmes d'une puissance créatrice! Quand on me dit que les rochers sont insensibles, je crois entendre un enfant soutenir que l'aiguille d'une montre ne marche pas, parce qu'il ne la voit pas se mouvoir.*

It is easy to perceive that feelings of this kind may imperceptibly have led to the worship of any remarkable natural objects, such as Trees, Forests, Mountains, Springs, and Rivers, as kindred feelings have led to the adoration of Images and of Relics. Court de Gebelin has even endeavoured to show that Fetish worship was not without some reasonable cause in its origin. The author of a treatise *Du Culte des Dieux Fétiches, ou Parallèle de l'ancienne Religion de l'Egypte avec la Religion actuelle de la Nigritie*, had asserted that this absurd superstition originated in fear. But Court de Gebelin asks, "why not from gratitude and admiration as well? Are not these passions as capable of making Gods as Fear? Is not experience itself in accord with us here? Do not all savage nations admit of Two Principles, the one Good, who ought not to be feared, the other Evil, to whom sacrifices must be offered in order to avert the mischief in which he delights? If fear makes them address their homage to the one, it has no part in the feeling which produces it toward the other. Which then of these

sentiments has led to Fetish worship? Not fear, considered as the sentiment which moves us to do nothing that might displease a Being whom we regard as our superior, and as the source of our happiness; for Fétishes cannot be regarded in this light. Will it then be fear considered as the sentiment of our own weakness, filling us with terror, and forcing us to seek the protection of a Being more powerful than ourselves and capable of protecting us? But how could any such fear have led to the worship of Fetishes? How could a Savage, seized with terror, ever have believed that an onion, a stone, a flower, water, a tree, a mouse, a cat, &c. could be his protector and secure him against all that he apprehended? I know that fear does not reason, but it is not to be understood in this sense; we frequently fear something without knowing why; but when we address ourselves to a Protector we always know why; it is in the persuasion that he can defend us, a persuasion which has always a foundation, — a basis. But in Fetish worship where is the motive? What is there to afford confidence against alarm? Who has said that the Fetish is superior to man? — It is impossible to conceive any one so blockish, so stupid, so terrified as to imagine that inanimate things like these are infinitely above him, much more powerful than himself, in a state to understand his wants, his evils, his fears, his sufferings, and to deliver him from all in acknowledgment of the offering which he makes to them.

“Moreover, the Fetish is not used till it has been consecrated by the Priest: this proves an opinion in the savage, that the Fetish of itself cannot protect him; but that he may be made by other influence to do so, and that influence is exercised by the Priest in the act of consecration.” Court de Gebelin argues therefore that this superstition arose from the primary belief in a Supreme Being on whom we are altogether dependent, who was to be honoured by certain ceremonies directed by the Priest, and who was to be propitiated by revering these things whereby it had pleased him to benefit man-

kind; and by consecrating some of them as pledges of future benefits to be received from him, and of his presence among his Creatures who serve him and implore his protection. But in process of time it was forgotten that this was only a symbolic allegory of the Divine Presence, and ignorant nations who could no longer give a reason for their belief, continued the practice from imitation and habit.

This is ascribing too much to system, too little to superstition and priestcraft. The name Fetish, though used by the Negroes themselves, is known to be a corrupt application of the Portuguese word for Witchcraft, *feitico*; the vernacular name is *Bossum* or *Bossifoe*. Upon the Gold Coast every nation has its own, every village, every family, and every individual. A great hill, a rock any way remarkable for its size or shape, or a large Tree, is generally the national Fetish. The king's is usually the largest tree in his country. They who choose or change one take the first thing they happen to see, however worthless. A stick, a stone, the bone of a beast, bird or fish, unless the worshipper takes a fancy for something of better appearance, and chooses a horn or the tooth of some large animal. The ceremony of consecration he performs himself, assembling his family, washing the new object of his devotion, and sprinkling them with the water. He has thus a household or personal God in which he has as much faith as the Papist in his relics, and with as much reason. Barbot says that some of the Europeans on that coast not only encouraged their slaves in this superstition, but believed in it, and practised it themselves.

Thus low has man sunk in his fall. The debasement began with the worship of the Heavenly Bodies. When he had once departed from that of his Creator, his religious instinct became more and more corrupted, till at length no object was too vile for his adoration; as in a certain state of disease the appetite turns from wholesome food, and longs for what would at other times be loathsome.

The Negro Fetishes are just such objects as, according to the French Jesuits, the Devil used to present to the Canadian Indians, to bring them good luck in fishing, hunting, gaming, and such traffic as they carried on. This may probably mean that they dreamt of such things; for in dreams many superstitions have originated, and great use has been made of them in Priestcraft.

The same kind of superstition has appeared in different ages and in different parts of the World, among the most civilised nations and the rudest savages*, and among the educated as well as the ignorant. The belief in Omens prevails among us still, and will long continue to prevail, notwithstanding national schools, cheap literature and Societies for promoting knowledge.

A late Lord Chancellor used to travel with a Goose in his carriage, and consult it on all occasions; whether according to the rules of Roman augury I know not, nor whether he decided causes by it; but the causes might have been as well decided if he did. The Goose was his Fetish. It was not Lord Brougham,—Lord Brougham was his own Goose while he held the Seals; but it was the only Lord Chancellor in our times who resembled him in extraordinary genius, and as extraordinary an unfitnes for his office. One of the most distinguished men of the age, who has left a reputation which will be as lasting as it is great, was, when a boy, in constant fear of a very able but unmerciful schoolmaster; and in the state of mind which that constant fear produced he fixed upon a great Spider for his Fetish, and used every day to pray to it that he might not be flogged.

* Omens from birds are taken in the island of Borneo with as much faith as they were amongst the Greeks or Romans. The Rajah Brooke says, "the Singè Dyacks, like the others, attend to the warning of birds of various sorts, some birds being in more repute than others," &c. &c. — *The Expedition to Borneo of H. M. S. Dido*, vol. i. p. 232.

CHAPTER EXTRAORDINARY.

PROCEEDINGS AT A BOOK CLUB. THE AUTHOR ACCUSED OF "LESE DELICATESSE," OR WHAT IS CALLED AT COURT "TUM-TITTEE." HE UTTERS A MYSTERIOUS EXCLAMATION, AND INDIGNANTLY VINDICATES HIMSELF.

Rem profecto mirabilem, longeque stupendam, rebusque veris vertiorem describo. HIERONYMUS RADIOLENSIS.

A CIRCUMSTANCE has come to my knowledge so remarkable in itself and affecting me so deeply, that on both accounts I feel it necessary to publish a Chapter Extraordinary on the occasion.

There is a certain Book-Club, or Society, (no matter where) in which the Volumes of this Opus have been regularly ordered as they appeared, and regularly perused, to the edification of many Readers, the admiration of more, and the amusement of all. But I am credibly informed that an alarm was excited in that select literary Circle by a Chapter in the fourth volume †, and that the said volume was not allowed to circulate by the Managing Directors or Committee, of the said Book Club, till the said Chapter had been excised, that is to say, cut out.

Aballiboozo!

When a poor wretch fell into the hands of that hellish Tribunal which called itself the Holy Office, the Inquisitors always began by requiring him to tell them what he was accused of; and they persisted in this course of examination time after time, till by promises and threats, long suspense, and solitary confinement, with the occasional aid of the rack, they had extorted from him matter of accusation against himself and as many of his friends, relations and acquaintances, as they could induce, or compel, or entrap him to name. Even under such a judicial process I should never have been able to discover what Chapter in this Opus could have been thought to require an operation, which, having the fear of the expurgatorial scissors before my eyes, I must not venture to men-

† See *suprà*, p. 339., of this edition.

tion here, by its appropriate name, though it is a Dictionary word, and the use of it is in this sense strictly technical. My ignorance, however, has been enlightened, and I have been made acquainted with what in the simplicity of my heart I never could have surmised.

The Chapter condemned to that operation, the chapter which has been not bisked, but semiramised, is the Hundred and thirty-sixth Chapter, concerning the Pedigree and Birth of Nobs; but whether the passage which called forth this severe sentence from the Censors were that in which Moses and Miss Jenny, the Sire and Dam of Nobs, are described as meeting in a field near Knavesmire Heath, like *Dido dux et Trojanus*; or whether it were the part where the consequences of that meeting are related as coming unexpectedly to light, in a barn between Doncaster and Adwick-in-the-Street, my informant was not certain.

From another quarter I have been assured, that the main count in the indictment was upon the story of *Le Cheval de Pierre, et les Officiers Municipaux*. This I am told it was which alarmed the Literary Sensitives. The sound of the footsteps of the Marble Statue in Don Juan upon the boards of the stage never produced a more awful sense of astonishment in that part of the audience who were fixed all eyes and ears upon its entrance, than this *Cheval de Pierre* produced among the Board of Expurgators. After this I ought not to be surprised if the Publishers were to be served with a notice that the Lord Mayors of London and York, and the simple Mayors of every corporate town in England, reformed or unreformed, having a Magistrate so called, whether gentle or simple, had instituted proceedings against them for *Scandalum Magnatum*. This, however, I have the satisfaction of knowing, that Miss Graveairs smiled in good humour when she heard the Chapter read; the only serious look put on was at the quotation from Pindar, as if suspecting there might be something in the Greek which was not perfectly consistent with English notions of propriety. Nothing, however, could be more

innocent than that Greek. And, even after what has passed, she would agree with me that this Chapter, which made the Elders blush, is one which Susanna would have read as innocently as it was written.

Nevertheless I say, *O tempora! O mores!* uttering the words exultantly, not in exprobration. I congratulate the age and the British Public. I congratulate my Countrymen, my Country-women, and my Country-children. I congratulate Young England upon the March of Modesty! How delightful that it should thus keep pace with the March of Intellect! *Redeunt Saturnia regna*. In these days Liberality and Morality appear hand-in-hand upon the stage like the Two Kings of Brentford; and Piety and Profit have kissed each other at religious Meetings.

We have already a Family Shakespeare; and it cannot be supposed that the hint will always be disregarded which Mr. Matthew Gregory Lewis introduced so properly some forty years ago into his then celebrated novel called the Monk, for a Family Bible, upon the new plan of removing all passages that could be thought objectionable on the score of indelicacy. We may look to see Mr. Thomas Moore's Poems adapted to the use of Families; and Mr. Murray cannot do less than provide the Public with a Family Byron.

It may, therefore, be matter of grave consideration for me whether, under all circumstances, it would not be highly expedient to prepare a semiramised edition of this Opus, under the Title of the Family Doctor. It may be matter for consultation with my Publishers, to whose opinion, as founded on experience and a knowledge of the public taste, an author will generally find it prudent to defer. Neither by them or me would it be regarded as an objection that the title might mislead many persons, who, supposing that the "Family Doctor" and the "Family Physician" meant the same kind of Book, would order the Opus, under a mistaken notion that it was a new and consequently improved work, similar to Dr. Buchan's, formerly well known as a stock-

book. This would be no objection I say, but, on the contrary, an advantage to all parties. For a book which directs people how to physic themselves ought to be entitled Every Man his own Poisoner, because it cannot possibly teach them how to discriminate between the resemblant symptoms of different diseases. Twice fortunate, therefore, would that person have reason to think him or herself, who, under such a misapprehension of its title, should purchase the Family Doctor!

Ludicrous mistakes of this kind have sometimes happened. Mr. Haslewood's elaborate and expensive edition of the Mirror for Magistrates was ordered by a gentleman in the Commission of the Peace, not a hundred miles from the Metropolis; he paid for it the full price, and his unfortunate Worship was fain to take what little he could get for it from his Bookseller under such circumstances, rather than endure the mortification of seeing it in his book-case.* A lady who had a true taste as well as a great liking for poetry, ordered an Essay on Burns for the Reading Society of which she was a member. She opened the book expecting to derive much pleasure from a critical disquisition on the genius of one of her favourite Poets; and behold it proved to be an Essay on Burns and Scalds by a Surgeon!

But in this case it would prove an Agreeable Surprise instead of a disappointment; and if the intention had been to mislead, and thereby entrap the purchaser, the end might be pleaded, according to the convenient morality of the age, as justifying the means. Lucky indeed were the patient who sending for Morison's Pills should be supplied with Tom D'Urfey's in their stead; happy man would be his dole who when he had made up his mind in dismal resolution to a dreadful course of drastics, should find that gelastics had been substituted, not of the Sardonian kind, but composed of the most innocent and salutiferous ingredients,

gently and genially alterative, mild in their operation, and safe and sure in their effects.

On that score, therefore, there could be no objection to the publication of a Family Doctor. But believing as I believe, or rather, knowing as I know, that the Book is free from any such offence,

— *mal cupiera alli
tal aspid en tales flores*; †

maintaining that it is in this point immaculate, which I will maintain as confidently because as justly, and as publicly were it needful, (only that my bever must be closed) as Mr. Dymock at the approaching Coronation will maintain Queen Victoria's right to the Crown of these Kingdoms (God save the Queen!),—it is impossible that I should consent to a measure which must seem like acknowledging the justice of a charge at once ridiculous and wrongful.

— I must not disesteem
My rightful cause for being accused, nor must
Forsake myself, tho I were left of all.
Fear cannot make my innocence unjust
Unto itself, to give my Truth the fall. ‡

The most axiomatic of English Poets has said

Do not forsake yourself; for they that do,
Offend and teach the world to leave them too.

Of the Book itself, — (the Opus) — I can say truly, as South said of the Sermon which he preached in 1662 before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London, “the subject is inoffensive, harmless, and innocent as the state of innocence itself;” and of the particular chapter, that it is “suitable to the immediate design, and to the genius of the book.” And in saying this I call to mind the words of Nicolas Perez, el Setabiense; — *el amor propio es nuestro enemigo mas perjudicial; es dificil acabar con el, por lo mismo un sabio le compara à la camisa, que es el ultimo de los vestidos que nos quitamos.*

Bear witness *incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas!* that I seek not to cover myself with what the Spaniard calls Self-Love's last Shirt; for I am no more guilty of *Lese Modestie* than of *Lese Majesté*. If there were a Court of Delicacy as there has been a

* Whoever purchased Southey's copy will find this anecdote in his own handwriting, on the fly leaf. I transcribed it from thence into my own copy many years ago.

† LOPE DE VEGA.

‡ DANIEL.

Court of Honour, a Court Modest as there is a Court Martial, I would demand a trial, and in my turn arraign my arraigners,

*Porque en este limpio trigo
Siembren zizaña y estrago.**

It is said in the very interesting and affecting Memoir of Mr. Smedley's Life that he had projected with Mr. Murray "a castigated edition of the Faery Queen." He was surprised, says the biographer, "to find how many passages there were in this the most favourite poem of his youth, which a father's acuter vision and more sensitive delicacy discovered to be unfit for the eyes of his daughters." It appears, too, that he had actually performed the task; but that "Mr. Murray altered his opinion as to the expediency of the publication, and he found to his annoyance that his time had been employed to no purpose."

Poor Smedley speaks thus of the project in one of his letters. "I am making the Faery Queen a poem which may be admitted into *family* reading, by certain omissions, by modernising the spelling and by appending, where necessary, brief glossarial foot-notes. I read Spenser so very early and made him so much a part of the furniture of my mind, that until I had my attention drawn to him afresh I had utterly forgotten how much he required the pruning-knife, how utterly impossible it is that he should be read aloud: and I cannot but think that when fitted for general perusal, he will become more attractive by a new coat and waistcoat. If we were to print Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, or even Milton, *literatim* from the first editions, the spelling would deter many readers. Strange to say, when Southey was asked some time ago whether he would undertake the task, he said, 'No, I shall print every word of him!' And he has done so in a single volume. Can he have daughters? Or any who, like my Mary, delight in such portions as they are permitted to open?"

Did Southey say so? — Why then, well said Southey! And it is very like him; for he is not given to speak, as his friends the

Portuguese say, *enfurinhadamente* — which is, being interpreted, mealy-mouthedly. Indeed his moral and intellectual constitution must be much feebler than I suppose it to be, if his daughters are not "permitted to open" any book in his library. He must have been as much astonished to hear that the Faery Queen was unfit for their perusal as he could have been when he saw it gravely asserted by an American Professor, Critic and Doctor of Divinity, that his Life of Wesley was composed in imitation of the Iliad!

Scott felt like Southey upon this subject, and declared that he would never deal with Dryden as Saturn dealt with his father Uranus. Upon such publications as the Family Shakespeare he says, — "I do not say but that it may be very proper to select correct passages for the use of Boarding-Schools and Colleges, being sensible no improper ideas can be suggested in these seminaries unless they are introduced or smuggled under the beards and ruffs of our old dramatists. But in making an edition of a Man of Genius's Works for libraries and collections, (and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be), I must give my author as I find him, and will not tear out the page even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift, and even of Pope, larded with indecency and often of the most disgusting kind, and do we not see them upon all shelves, and dressing-tables and in all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine? and how often do we see his works in female hands. In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt the manners of a people; it is the sonnets which a prurient genius like Master Little sings *virginibus puerisque*, — it is the sentimental slang, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears."

How could Mr. Smedley have allowed himself to be persuaded that a poem like the Faery Queen which he had made from early

* LOJIE DE VEGA.

youth "a part of the furniture of his own mind," should be more injurious to others than it had proved to himself? It is one of the books which Wesley in the plan which he drew up for those young Methodists who designed to go through a course of academic learning, recommended to students of the second year. Mr. Todd has noticed this in support of his own just estimate of this admirable poet. "If," says he, "our conceptions of Spenser's mind may be taken from his poetry, I shall not hesitate to pronounce him entitled to our warmest approbation and regard for his gentle disposition, for his friendly and grateful conduct, for his humility, for his exquisite tenderness, and above all for his piety and morality. To these amiable points a fastidious reader may perhaps object some petty inadvertencies; yet can he never be so ungrateful as to deny the efficacy which Spenser's general character gives to his writings, — as to deny that Truth and Virtue are graceful and attractive, when the road to them is pointed out by such a guide. Let it always be remembered that this excellent Poet inculcates those impressive lessons, by attending to which the gay and the thoughtless may be timely induced to treat with scorn and indignation the allurements of intemperance and illicit pleasure."

When Izaak Walton published "Thealma and Clearchus," a pastoral history written long since in smooth and easy verse by John Chalkhill, Esq., he described him in the Title page as "An Acquaintant and Friend of Edmund Spenser." He says of him "that he was in his time a man generally known and as well beloved, for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent, and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous." Yet to have been the friend of Edmund Spenser was considered by the biographer of Hooker and Donne and Bishop Sanderson and George Herbert, as an honourable designation for this good man, a testimonial of his worth to posterity, long after both Chalkhill and Spenser had been called to their reward.

It was well that Mr. Murray gave up the project of a Family Faery Queen. Mr. Smedley when employed upon such a task ought to have felt that he was drawing upon himself something like Ham's malediction.

With regard to another part of these projected emendations there is a fatal objection. There is no good reason why the capricious spelling of the early editions should be scrupulously and pedantically observed in Shakespeare, Milton, or any author of their respective times; — no reason why words which retain the same acceptation, and are still pronounced in the same manner, should not now be spelt according to the received orthography. Spenser is the only author for whom an exception must be made from this obvious rule. Malone was wrong when he asserted that the language of the Faery Queen was that of the age in which Spenser lived; and Ben Jonson was not right when, saying that Spenser writ no language, he assigned as the cause for this, his "affecting the Ancients." The diction, or rather dialect, which Spenser constructed, was neither like that of his predecessors, nor of his contemporaries. Camoens also wrote a language of his own, and thereby did for the Portuguese tongue the same service which was rendered to ours by the translators of the Bible. But the Portuguese Poet, who more than any other of his countrymen refined a language which was then in the process of refining, attempted to introduce nothing but what entirely accorded with its character, and with the spirit of that improvement which was gradually taking place: whereas both the innovations and renovations which Spenser introduced were against the grain. Yet such is the magic of his verse, that the Faery Queen if modernised, even though the structure of its stanza — (the best which has ever been constructed) — were preserved, would lose as much as Homer loses in the best translation.

Mr. Wordsworth has modernised one of Chaucer's Poems with "no farther deviation from the original than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the author, supplying the place of whatever

he removed as obsolete with as little incongruity as possible." This he has done very skilfully. But the same skill could not be exercised upon the Faery Queen with the same success. The peculiarities of language there are systematic; to modernise the spelling, as Mr. Smedley proposed, would in very many cases interfere with the rhyme, and thus dislocate the stanza. The task, therefore, would have been extremely difficult; it would have been useless, because no one who is capable of enjoying that delightful Poem ever found any difficulty in understanding its dialect, and it would have been mischievous, because it would have destroyed the character of the Poem. And this in the expectation of rendering Spenser more attractive by a new coat and waistcoat! Spenser of whom it has been truly said that more poets have sprung from him than from all other English writers; Spenser by whom Cowley tells us he was made a Poet; of whom Milton acknowledged to Dryden that he was his original; and in whom Pope says "there is something that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the Faery Queen," he proceeds, "when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

No, a new suit of clothes would not render Spenser more attractive, not even if to a coat and waistcoat of Stultz's fabric, white satin pantaloons were added, such as the handsomest and best dressed of modern patriots, novelists and poets was known by on the public walk of a fashionable watering-place.

Save us from the Ultradelicates and the Extrasuperfines! for if these are to prevail—

What can it avail
To drive forth a snail
Or to make a sail
Of a herring's tail?
To rhyme or to rail,
To write or to indite
Either for delight
Or else for despite?
Or books to compile
Of divers manner of style,
Vice to revile,
And sin to exile,
To teach or to preach
As reason will reach?

So said Skelton three centuries ago, and for myself I say once more what Skelton would have been well pleased to have heard said by any one.

Aballiboozo!

Dear Author, says one of those Readers who deserve to be pleased, and whom, therefore, there is a pleasure in pleasing, dear Author! may I not ask wherefore you have twice in this Chapter Extraordinary given us part of your long mysterious word, and only part, instead of setting it before us at full length?

Dear Reader! you may; and you may also ask unblamed whether a part of the word is not as good, that is to say, as significant, as the whole? You shall have a full and satisfactory answer in the next Chapter.

CHAPTER CXLVIII.

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

What have we to do with the times? We cannot cure 'em;

Let them go on: when they are swoln with surfeits
They'll burst and stink: Then all the world shall smell 'em.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ONCE more, Reader, I commence with

Aballiboozobanganorribo;

Do not suppose that I am about to let thee into the mysteries of that great decasyllabon! *Questo è bene uno de' piu profondi segreti ch' abbia tutto il mondo, e quasi nessuno il sa; e sia certo che ad altri nol direi giammai.** No, Reader! not if I were before the High Court of Parliament, and the House of Commons should exert all its inquisitorial and tyrannical powers to extort it from me, would I let the secret pass that *ἔρκος ἀκόρυτον* within which my little trowel of speech has learned not to be an unruly member. I would behave as magnanimously as Sir Abraham Bradley King did upon a not-

* BIBBIENA.

altogether dissimilar occasion. Sir Abraham might have said of his secret as Henry More says of the Epicurean Philosophy, "Truly it is a very venerable secret; and not to be uttered or communicated but by some old Silenus lying in his obscure grove or cave; nor that neither but upon due circumstances, and in a right humour, when one may find him with his veins swelled out with wine, and his garland fallen off from his head through his heedless drowsiness. Then if some young Chromis and Mnasyllus, especially assisted by a fair and forward Ægle, that by way of a love-frolic will leave the tracts of their fingers in the blood of mulberries on the temples and forehead of this aged Satyr, while he sleeps dog-sleep, and will not seem to see for fear he forfeit the pleasure of his feeling, — then I say, if these young lads importune him enough, — he will utter it in a higher strain than ever."

But by no such means can the knowledge of my profounder mystery be attained. I will tell thee, however, good Reader, that the word itself, apart from all considerations of its mystical meaning, serves me for the same purpose to which the old tune of Lilliburlero was applied by our dear Uncle Toby, — our dear Uncle I say, for is he not *your* Uncle Toby, gentle Reader? yours as well as mine, if you are worthy to hold him in such relationship; and so by that relationship, you and I are Cousins.

The Doctor had learned something from his Uncle William, which he used to the same effect, though not in the same way. William Dove in that capacious memory of his, into which everything that he heard was stored, and out of which nothing was lost, had among the fragments of old songs and ballads which he had picked up, sundry burdens or choruses, as unmeaning as those which O'Keefe used to introduce in some of the songs of his farces, always with good farcical effect. Uncle Toby's favourite was one of them;

Lilli burlero bullen a-la;
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la;
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Without knowing that it was designed as

an insult to the French, he used to say and sing in corrupted form,

Suum, mun, hey no nonny,
Dolphin, my boy, my boy,
Sessa, let him trot by.

Another was that from the ballad in honour of the Earl of Essex, called Queen Elizabeth's Champion, which Johnson quoted in the *Isle of Sky*; and Johnson is not the only omnivorous reader in whose memory it has stuck;

Raderer too, tandaro tee
Radarer, tandorer, tan do ree.

And he had treasured up the elder fragment,

Martin Swart and his men.
Sodledum, sodledum,
Martin Swart and his men,
Sodledum bell,
With hey trolly lolly lo, whip here Jack,
Alumbeck, sodledum, sylterum ben,
Martin Swart and his merry men.

He had also this relic of the same age, relating as it seems to some now forgotten hero of the strolling minstrels,

Rory-bull Joyse,
Rumble down, tumble down, hey, go now now.

Here is another, for he uttered these things "as he had eaten ballads."

A story strange I will you tell,
But not so strange as true,
Of a woman that danced upon the rope,
And so did her husband too:
With a dildo, dildo, dildo,
With a dildo, dildo, dee.

And he had one of Irish growth, which he sometimes tacked on to this last for the rhyme's sake

Callino, callino,
Callino, castore me,
Era ëe, Era ëe
Loo loo, loo loo lee.

All these were favourites with little Daniel; and so especially for his name's sake, was

My juggy, my puggy, my honey, my coney,
My deary, my love, my dove.

There was another with which and the Dovean use thereof, it is proper that the reader should now be made acquainted, for it would otherwise require explanation, when he meets with it hereafter. This was the one which, when William Dove trotted little Daniel upon his knee, he used to sing

more frequently than any other, because the child, then in the most winning stage of childhood, liked it best of all, and it went to the tune of "God save great George our King," as happily as if that noble tune had been composed for it. The words were,

Fa la la lerridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Dan dan dan derridan,
Derridan dee.

To what old ditty they formed the burden I know not, nor whether it may be (as I suspect) a different reading of "Down, down, down derry down," which the most learned of living Welshmen supposes to be a Druidical fragment: but the frequent repetition of his own abbreviated name seldom failed to excite in the child one of those hearty and happy laughs which are never enjoyed after that blessed age has past. Most of us have frequently laughed till our sides ached, and many not unfrequently it may be feared laugh till their hearts ache. But the pure, fresh, unalloyed innocent laughter of children, in those moods when they

— seem like birds, created to be glad,*—

that laughter belongs to them and to them only. We see it and understand it in them; but nothing can excite more than a faint remembrance of it in ourselves.

The Doctor made use of this burden when anything was told him which excited his wonder, or his incredulity; and the degree in which either was called forth might be accurately determined by his manner of using it. He expressed mirthful surprise, or contemptuous disbelief by the first line, and the tune proceeded in proportion as the surprise was greater, or the matter of more moment. But when anything greatly astonished him, he went through the whole, and gave it in a base voice when his meaning was to be most emphatic.

In imitation, no doubt, of my venerable friend in this his practice, though perhaps at first half unconscious of the imitation, I have been accustomed to use the great decasyllabon, with which this present Chapter com-

mences, and with which it is to end. In my use of it, however, I observe this caution,—that I do not suffer myself to be carried away by an undue partiality, so as to employ it in disregard of ejaculatory propriety or to the exclusion of exclamations which the occasion may render more fitting. Thus if I were to meet with Hercules, *Mehercule* would doubtless be the interjection which I should prefer; and when I saw the Siamese Twins, I could not but exclaim, *O Gemini!*†

Further, good Reader, if thou wouldst profit by these benevolent disclosures of Danielism and Dovery, take notice I say, and not only take notice, but take good notice,—N.B.—there was this difference between the Doctor's use of his burden, and mine of the decasyllabon, that the one was sung, and the other said, and that they are not "appointed to be said or sung," but that the one being designed for singing must be sung, and the other not having been adapted to music must be said. And if any great Composer should attempt to set the Decasyllabon, let him bear in mind that it should be set in the hypodorian key, the proslambanomenos of which mode is, in the judgement of the Antients, the most grave sound that the human voice can utter, and that the hearing can distinctly form a judgement of.

Some such device may be recommended to those who have contracted the evil habit of using oaths as interjectional safety-valves or convenient expletives of speech. The manner may be exemplified in reference to certain recent events of public notoriety.

We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion.‡

Upon hearing one morning that in the Debate of the preceding night Mr. Brougham had said no change of administration could possibly affect him, I only exclaimed *A!* A short-hand writer would have mistaken it for the common interjection, and have written it accordingly *Ah!* But it was the first syllable of my inscrutable word, and signified mere notation without wonder or belief.

* GONDBERT.

† This last paragraph was inserted by Mr. H. Taylor.

‡ SHAKESPEARE.

When in the course of the same day there came authentic intelligence that Mr. Brougham was to be the Lord Chancellor of the New Administration, so little surprise was excited by the news, that I only added another syllable and exclaimed *Abal!*

Reading in the morning papers that Sir James Graham was to be first Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Althorp to lead the House of Commons, the exclamation proceeded one step farther, and became *Aballi!*

This was uttered in a tone that implied disbelief; for verily I gave Cabinet Makers credit for a grain of sense more than they possessed, (a *grain* mark you, because they had nothing to do with *scruples*;) I supposed there was a mistake as to the persons, — that Sir James Graham, whose chief knowledge was supposed to lie in finance, and his best qualification in his tongue, was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Lord Althorp, who had no other claim to consideration whatever than as being Earl Spencer's eldest son, (except that as Hodge said of Diccon the Bedlam, he is "even as good a fellow as ever kissed a cow,") was intended for the Admiralty, where Spencer is a popular name. But when it proved that there was no mistake in the Newspapers, and that each of these ministers had been deliberately appointed to the office for which the other was fit, then I said *Aballiboo!*

The accession of Mr. Charles Grant and his brother to such an Administration brought me to *Aballiboozo!* with a shake of the head and in a mournful tone; for I could not but think how such a falling off would astonish the Soul of Canning, if in the intermediate state there be any knowledge of the events which are passing on earth.

When the Ministry blundered into their Budget, I exclaimed *Aballiboozobang!* with a strong emphasis upon the final syllable, and when they backed out of it, I came to *Aballiboozobanga!*

The Reform Bill upon a first glance at its contents called forth *Aballiboozobanganor!* I would have hurried on two steps farther, to the end of the decasyllabon, if I had not prudently checked myself and stopped there,

—foreseeing that new cause for astonishment must now arise daily.

When Sir Robert Peel did not upon the first reading kick out this mass of crudities, and throw out the Cabinet after it, neck and shoulders, hip and thigh, I said in bitterness *Aballiboozobanganorri!*

And when that Cabinet waxing insolent because they had raised the mob to back them, declared that they would have the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, then I expressed my contempt, amazement, and indignation, by uttering in its omniscificant totality the great word

ABALLIBOOZOBANGANORRIBO.

CHAPTER CXLIX.

A PARLOUS QUESTION ARISING OUT OF THE FOREGOING CHAPTER. MR. IRVING AND THE UNKNOWN TONGUES. TAYLOR THE WATER POET. POSSIBLE SCHEME OF INTERPRETATION PROPOSED. OPINIONS CONCERNING THE GIFT OF TONGUES AS EXHIBITED IN MADMEN.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

BUT here, gentle reader, occurs what Bishop Latimer would call a parloous question, if he had lived in these portentous times. There is no apparent meaning in Lilli burlero bullen a-la, nor in Raderer too, tandaro tee, nor in Dan dan dan derridan, any more than there is in Farra diddle dyno, — Hayley gayly gamborayly, biggledy piggledy, galloping draggle-tail dreary dun, and other burthens of a similar kind, which are to be found in the dramas of poor old blind O'Keeffe, and in Tom D'Urfe's songs. There is I say no apparent meaning in them; but we must not too confidently apply the legal maxim in this case, and conclude that *de non apparente et non existente eadem est ratio*; for although these choruses are not in any known tongue, they may by possibility be in an unknown one: and if Mr. Irving

has not a cast in his intellect as well as in his eye, there is a mystery in an unknown tongue; and they who speak it, and consequently they who write it, may be inspired for the nonce — though they may be as little conscious of their inspiration as they are of their meaning. There may be an unknown inspiration as well as an unknown tongue. If so what mighty revelations may lie unrevealed in the gibberish of Taylor the Water Poet! Now if Mr. Irving would but read one of the wine-drinking Water Poet's effusions of this kind, in his chapel, on a day appointed for that purpose, some of his inspired speakers male or female might per-adventure be moved to expound it in their kindred language; and as two negatives make an affirmative, it might be found that two unintelligibles make a meaning, and the whole affair would thus become intelligible to every one.

Two specimens therefore of the Taylorian tongues I shall here set before the public, in the hope that this important experiment may be tried with them. They were both intended as epitaphs for Thomas Coriat the famous Odeombian traveller; the first was supposed by the inspired Water Poet to be in the Bermuda tongue.

Hough gruntough wough Thomough Coriatough, Ad-cough robnunquogh
 Warawogh bogh Comitogh sogh wogh termonatogrogh,
 Callimogh gogh whobogh Ragamogh demagogogh pale-mogh,
 Lomerogh nogh Tottertogh illemortogh eagh Allaquem-
 quogh
 Toracominogh Jagogh Jamerogh mogh Carnogh pelep-sogh,
 Animogh trogh deradrogh maramogh hogh Flondrogh calepsogh.

This, Taylor says, must be pronounced with the accent of the grunting of a hog. He gives no directions for pronouncing the second specimen, which is in the Utopian tongue.

Nortumblum callimumquash onylostolon quashte burashte
 Scribuke woshtay solusbay perambulatushte;
 Greakay sous Turkey Paphay zums Jerusalushte.
 Neptus esht Ealors Interrimoy diz dolorushte,
 Confabuloy Odeumbay Prozeugmolliton tymorumynoy,
 Omulus oratushte paralesecus tolliton umbroy.

The Water Poet gave notice as Professor of these tongues that he was willing to in-

struct any gentlemen or others who might be desirous of learning them.

But with regard to a gift of tongues, either known or unknown, there are more things than are dreamed of in the Irvingite philosophy or in the Lerry-cum-twang school. It was a received opinion in the seventeenth century that maniacs, and other persons afflicted with morbid melancholy, spoke in strange languages, and foretold things that were to come, by virtue, — that is to say, — in consequence of their mental malady. But some philosophers who in the march of intellect were in advance of their age, denied the fact, and accounted for the persuasion by supposing that such patients, when in a state of great agitation, uttered unmeaning words or sounds which ignorant people took to be Greek, Latin or Hebrew, merely because they could not understand them. Two questions therefore arose; whether the received opinion were true? and if it were true, how was the fact to be accounted for?

The first of these questions was easily disposed of by Sennertus, one of the most eminent Professors and practitioners of the medical science in that age. Facts he said, which were attested by trustworthy authors, were not to be disputed. Many were the impudent falsehoods which this great, and in other respects wise man, received implicitly as facts conformably to the maxim which he thus laid down; and many were the perilous consequences which he deduced in good faith, and on fair reasoning from such premises. Upon this occasion he instanced the case of a countryman, who at certain periods of the moon used to compose Latin verses, though he knew not a word of Latin at any other time. And of a man who spoke languages which he had never learned, and became unable to speak any one of them as soon as he was restored to health by the effect of some powerful worm-medicines. And of a sailor's son, who being wounded in the head and becoming delirious in consequence, made perfect syllogisms in German, but as soon as his wound was healed, lost all the logic which had been beaten into his head in so extraordinary a way.

Antonius Guainerius, who vouched for one of these cases as having witnessed the fact and all its circumstances, accounted for it by a brave hypothesis. The soul, he said, before its infusion into the body, possesses a knowledge of all things, and that knowledge is, in a certain manner, obliterated, or offuscated by its union with the body; but it is restored either by the ordinary means of instruction or by the influence of the star which presided at the time of its union. The body and the bodily senses resist this influence, but when these are as it were bound, or suspended, *quod fiat in melancholia*, the stars can then impart their influences to the soul without obstruction, and the soul may thus be endowed with the power of effecting what the stars themselves effect, and thus an illiterate person may become learned, and may also predict events that are to come. Sennertus is far from assenting to this theory. He says, *Magna petita sunt quæ præsupponit et sibi concedi postulat Guainerius*.

A theory quite as extraordinary was advanced by Juan Huarte in his *Examen de Ingenios*, a book which obtained at one time far more reputation than it deserved. Take the passage, curious Reader, from the English version, entitled, "The Examination of Men's Wits," in which by discovering the variety of natures is shewed for what profession each one is apt, and how far he shall profit therein. Translated out of the Spanish tongue by M. Camillo Camilli. Englished out of his Italian by R. C.*, Esquire, 1594. "The frantic person's speaking of Latin, without that he ever learned the same in his health-time, shews the consonance which the Latin tongue holds with the reasonable soul; and (as we will prove hereafter) there is to be found a particular wit applicable to the invention of languages, and Latin words; and the phrases of speech in that tongue are so fitting with the ear, that the reasonable soul, possessing the necessary temperature for the invention of some delicate language, suddenly encounters with this. And that

two devisers of languages may shape the like words, (having the like wit and hability) it is very manifest; pre-supposing, that when God created Adam, and set all things before him, to the end he might bestow on each its several name whereby it should be called, he had likewise at that instant molded another man with the same perfection and supernatural grace; now I demand if God had placed the same things before this other man, that he might also set them names whereby they should be called, of what manner those names should have been? For mine own part I make no doubt but he would have given these things those very names which Adam did: and the reason is very apparent, for both carried one self-same eye to the nature of each thing, which of itself was no more but one. After this manner might the frantic person light upon the Latin tongue; and speak the same without ever having learned it in his health; for the natural temperature of his brain conceiving alteration through the infirmity, it might for a space become like his who first invented the Latin tongue, and feign the like words, but yet not with that concert and continued fineness, for this would give token that the Devil moved that tongue, as the Church teacheth her Exorcists."

This theory found as little favour with Sennertus as that of Guainerius, because he says, Huarte assumes more than can be granted; and moreover because he supposes that the Latin language has a peculiar consonance with the rational soul, and that there are certain natures which are peculiarly constituted for inventing languages. And therefore if by disease that temperament be excited in the brain which is necessary for the invention of any most elegant language the patient would fall into the Latin tongue; and Latin words would occur to him, without any deliberation, or act of will on his part. This opinion Sennertus argued cannot be maintained as probable, being indeed disproved by the very cases upon which the question had been raised, for Greek and Hebrew had been spoken by some of the patients, as well as Latin. The facts

* i. e. Richard Carew. See *Life of Camden* prefixed to the *Britannia*, note p. xv.

he admits as not to be doubted, because they are related by veracious authors; and his way of accounting for them is by the agency of evil spirits, who take advantage of bodily diseases and act upon them, especially such as arise from melancholy; for that humour or passion has such attractions for evil spirits that it has been called *Balneum Diaboli*, the Devil's Bath. When therefore a patient speaks in tongues which he has never learned, *eo ipso Dæmon se manifeste prodit*.

This opinion, than which one of greater weight could not have been produced in the seventeenth century, is recommended to the serious consideration of the Irvingites

The Doctor would have sung Fa-la-lal-leridan to all this reasoning, and I say Aballiboo!

CHAPTER CL.

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

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

ALEXANDER KNOX.

WELL dear Reader, I have answered your question concerning the great Decasyllabon. I have answered it fairly and explicitly, not like those Jesuitical casuists

That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

You have received an answer as full and satisfactory as you could expect or desire, and yet the more than cabalistic mysteries of the word are still concealed with Eleusinian secrecy. Enough of this. For the present also we will drop the subject which was broken off by the extraordinary circumstances that called forth our Chapter Extraordinary,

— τὸ δὲ καὶ περιλεισμένον ἔσται *

for awhile, however, it will be convenient to leave it unfinished, and putting an end to the

* HOMER.

parenthesis in the most important part of the Doctor's life, tell thee that the Interim is past, that in the month of April, 1761, he brought home his bride, and the bells of St. George rang that peal, — that memorable peal which was anticipatively mentioned in the 32d chapter. Many such peals have they rung since on similar occasions, but they have rung their last from St. George's Tower, for in 1836 it was thought necessary to remove them, lest they should bring that fine old fabric down.

Webster libelled the most exhilarating and the most affecting of all measured sounds when he said,

— those flattering bells have all
One sound at weddings and at funerals.

Es cierta experiencia que la musica crece la pena donde la halla, y acrecienta el plazer en el corazon contento; this is more true of bell ringing than of any other music; but so far are church bells from having one sound on all occasions, that they carry a different import on the same to different ears and different minds. The bells of St. George's told a different tale to Daniel Dove, and to Deborah, on their wedding day. To her, they said, as in articulate words, varying, but melancholy alike in import as in cadence,



Deborah Bacon hath changed her name;
Deborah Bacon hath left her home;
Deborah Bacon is now no more.

Yet she had made what in every one's opinion was considered a good match, and indeed was far better than what is commonly called good; it promised in all human likelihood to be a happy one, and such it proved. In the beautiful words of Mrs. Hutchinson, neither she nor her husband, "ever had occasion to number their marriage among their infelicities."

Many eyes were turned on the Doctor's bride, when she made her appearance at St.

George's Church. The novelty of the place made her less regardful of this than she might otherwise have been. Hollis Pigot, who held the vicarage of Doncaster thirty years, and was then in the last year of his incumbency and his life, performed the service that day. I know not among what description of preachers he was to be classed; whether with those who obtain attention, and command respect, and win confidence, and strengthen belief, and inspire hope, or with the far more numerous race of Spintexts and of Martexts. But if he had preached that morning with the tongue of an angel, the bride would have had no ears for him. Her thoughts were neither upon those who on their way from church would talk over her instead of the sermon, nor of the service, nor of her husband, nor of herself in her new character, but of her father, — and with a feeling which might almost be called funereal, that she had passed from under his pastoral as well as his paternal care.

CHAPTER CLI.

SOMETHING SERIOUS.

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

HENRY SMITH.

DEBORAH found no one in Doncaster to supply the place of Betty Allison in the daily intercourse of familiar and perfect friendship. That indeed was impossible; no after-math has the fragrance and the sweetness of the first crop. But why do I call her Deborah? She had never been known by that name to her new neighbours; and to her very Father she was now spoken of as Mrs. Dove. Even the Allison's called her so in courteous and customary usage, but not without a melancholy reflection that when Deborah Bacon became Mrs. Dove, she was in a great measure lost to them.

— Friendship, although it cease not
In marriage, is yet at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.*

* FORD.

Doncaster has less of the *Rus in Urbe* now than it had in those days, and than Bath had when those words were placed over the door of a Lodging House, on the North Parade. And the house to which the Doctor brought home his bride had less of it than when Peter Hopkins set up the gilt pestle and mortar there as the cognizance of his vocation. It had no longer that air of quiet respectability which belongs to such a dwelling in the best street of a small country town. The Mansion House by which it was dwarfed and inconvenienced in many ways occasioned a stir and bustle about it, unlike the cheerful business of a market day. The back windows, however, still looked to the fields, and there was still a garden. But neither fields nor garden could prevail over the odour of the shop, in which, like

Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions fierce,

in Milton's Chaos, rhubarb and peppermint, and valerian, and assafetida, "strove for mastery," and to battle brought their atoms. Happy was the day when peppermint predominated; though it always reminded Mrs. Dove of Thaxted Grange, and the delight with which she used to assist Miss Allison in her distillations. There is an Arabian proverb which says, "The remembrance of youth is a sigh." Southey has taken it for the text of one of those juvenile poems in which he dwells with thoughtful forefeeling upon the condition of declining life.

Miss Allison had been to her, not indeed as a mother, but as what a step-mother is, who is led by natural benevolence and a religious sense of duty, to perform as far as possible a mother's part to her husband's children. There are more such step-mothers than the world is willing to believe, and they have their reward here as well as hereafter. It was impossible that any new friend could fill up her place in Mrs. Dove's affections, — impossible that she could ever feel for another woman the respect, and reverence, and gratitude, which blended with her love for this excellent person. Though she was born within four miles of Doncaster, and had lived till her marriage in the humble vicarage in

which she was born, she had never passed four-and-twenty hours in that town before she went to reside there; nor had she the slightest acquaintance with any of its inhabitants, except the few shopkeepers with whom her little dealings had lain, and the occasional visitants whom she had met at the Grange.

An Irish officer in the army, happening to be passenger in an armed vessel during the last war, used frequently to wish that they might fall in with an enemy's ship, because he said, he had been in many land battles, and there was nothing in the world which he desired more than to see what sort of a thing a sea fight was. He had his wish, and when after a smart action, in which he bore his part bravely, an enemy of superior force had been beaten off, he declared with the customary emphasis of an Hibernian adjuration, that a sea-fight was a mighty *sairious* sort of thing.

The Doctor and Deborah, as soon as they were betrothed, had come to just the same conclusion upon a very different subject. Till the day of their engagement, nay till the hour of proposal on his part, and the very instant of acceptance on hers, each had looked upon marriage, when the thought of it occurred, as a distant possibility, more or less desirable, according to the circumstances which introduced the thought, and the mood in which it was entertained. And when it was spoken of sportively, as might happen, in relation to either the one or the other, it was lightly treated as a subject in which they had no concern. But from the time of their engagement, it seemed to both the most serious event of their lives.

In the Dutch village of Broek, concerning which, singular as the habits of the inhabitants are, travellers have related more peculiarities than ever prevailed there, one remarkable custom shows with how serious a mind some of the Hollanders regard marriage. The great house door is never opened but when the Master of the House brings home his Bride from the altar, and when Husband and Wife are borne out to the grave. Dr. Dove had seen that village of

great Baby-houses, but though much attached to Holland, and to the Dutch as a people, and disposed to think that we might learn many useful lessons from our prudent and thrifty neighbours, he thought this to be as preposterous, if not as shocking a custom, as it would be to have the bell toll at a marriage, and to wear a winding sheet for a wedding garment.

We look with wonder at the transformations that take place in insects, and yet their physical metamorphoses are not greater than the changes which we ourselves undergo morally and intellectually, both in our relations to others and in our individual nature. *Chaque individu, considéré séparément, diffère encore de lui même par l'effet du tems; il devient un autre, en quelque maniere, aux diverses époques de sa vie. L'enfant, l'homme fait, le vieillard, sont comme autant d'étrangers unis dans une seule personne par le lien mystérieux du souvenir.** Of all changes in life, marriage is certainly the greatest, and though less change in every respect can very rarely be produced by it in any persons than in the Doctor and his wife, it was very great to both. On his part it was altogether an increase of happiness; or rather from having been contented in his station he became happy in it, so happy as to be experimentally convinced that there can be no "single blessedness" for man. There were some drawbacks on her part,—in the removal from a quiet vicarage to a busy street; in the obstacle which four miles opposed to that daily and intimate intercourse with her friends at the Grange which had been the chief delight of her maiden life; and above all in the separation from her father, for even at a distance which may appear so inconsiderable, such it was; but there was the consolatory reflection that those dear friends and that dear father concurred in approving her marriage, and in rejoicing in it for her sake; and the experience of every day and every year made her more and more thankful for her lot. In the full liturgic sense of the word, he worshipped her, that is, he

* NECKER.

loved, and cherished, and respected, and honoured her; and she would have obeyed him cheerfully as well as dutifully, if obedience could have been shown where there was ever but one will.

CHAPTER CLII.

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

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

UNWILLINGLY, as the Reader may remember, though he cannot possibly know with how much unwillingness, I passed over fourteen years of Daniel Dove's youth, being the whole term of his adolescence, and a fifth part of that appointed sum, beyond which the prolongation of human life is but labour and sorrow. Mr. Coleridge has said that "the history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth would probably be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment than all the threescore and ten years that follow it."* Mr. Coleridge was a philosopher, in many points, of the first order, and it has been truly said by one of the ancients that there is nothing so absurd but that some philosopher has advanced it. Mr. Coleridge, however, was not always in earnest when he said startling things; and they who suppose that the opinions of such a man are to be collected from what he says playfully in the freedom of social intercourse to amuse himself, and perhaps to astonish others, may as well expect to hold an eel by the tail.

There were certain French legislators in the days of Liberty and Equality, who held that education ought to begin before birth, and therefore they proposed to enact laws for the benefit of the homunculus during

that portion of its existence to which Mr. Coleridge is said to have attached such metaphysical, or, in his own language, such psychological importance. But even these Ultra-philosophers would not have maintained that a biographer ought to begin before the birth of his subject. All antecedent matter belongs to genealogical writers; astrologers themselves are content to commence their calculations from the hour and minute of the nativity. The fourteen years over which I formerly passed for the reasons stated in the 25th Chapter of this Opus, would have supplied more materials than any equal portion of his life, if the Doctor had been his own historian; for in those years his removal from home took place, his establishment at Doncaster, and his course of studies at Leyden, the most momentous events in his uneventful history, except the great one of marriage, — which either makes or mars the happiness of both parties.

From the time of that "crowning event" I must pass over another but longer interval, and represent the Doctor in his married state, such as he was when it was my fortune in early life to be blessed with his paternal friendship, for such it might be called. Age like his, and Youth might well live together, for there was no crabbedness in his age. Youth, therefore, was made the better and the happier by such society. It was full of pleasure instead of care; not like winter, but like a fine summer evening, or a mild autumn, or like the light of a harvest moon,

Which sheds o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.†

* Most probably Mr. Coleridge said this with reference to Sir Thomas Browne, who maintained that every man, at his birth, was nine months old.

CHAPTER CLIII.

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.

“Ay,” 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, civilised, 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 civilised 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 operation 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 Zebedeean 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 soli-

loquy, 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 scrupule,—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 temporisance si tardif qu'il fit, et si longue abstinence de guerre; ainsi que luy-mesme le disoit souvent, qu'il ne demurerait pour tous les biens du monde retiré si longuement que fit ce Timoleon.** This is a parenthesis: I return to our philosopher's discourse.

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 Ἰνώθι Σεαυτόν 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 de-features 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.†

* BRANTOME.

† SHAKESPEARE.

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

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 CLIV.

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,

* 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.

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, *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 had 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 prosier, 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*-every-thing 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 Kynge, 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 Kynge

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 CLV.

THE POET'S CALCULATION TESTED AND PROVED.

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

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

* *i. e.* Ornamented. See Halliwell's Dictionary of Archæic and Provincial Words, v. PURPLE.

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 pœnitet 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 carroty, 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 languages, 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?**

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 CLVI.

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. 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 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,

* PIRON.

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.*

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 *Superbia 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.
 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.†

In comparison with such fashions, clean shaving is clear gain of time. And to what follies and what extravagances would the whiskerandoe 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 armour 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 in all cases require as much, and in many 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?

* MAY.

† TAYLOR *the Water Poet*.

CHAPTER CLVII.

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

Malum quod minimum est, id minimum est malum.
PLAUTUS.

BUT here one of those persons who acting upon the proverbial precept which bids us look before we leap, look so long that they never leap at all, offers a demurrer.

It may be perfectly true, he observes, that a language may be learned in three hundred and ninety lessons of an hour each. But in your proposition the hour is broken into several small parts; we will throw in an additional minute, and say six such portions. What I pray you can a lesson of ten minutes be worth?

To this I reply that short lessons are best, and are specifically enjoined in the new System of Education. Dr. Bell says in his Manual of Instructions for conducting Schools, "in the beginning never prescribe a lesson or task, which the Scholar can require more than ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, to learn."

On this authority, and on the authority of experience also, I recommend short lessons. For the same reasons, or for reasons nearly or remotely related to them, I like short stages, short accounts, short speeches, and short sermons; I do not like short measure or short commons; and, like Mr. Shandy, I dislike short noses. I know nothing about the relative merit of short-horned cattle. I doubt concerning the propriety of short meals. I disapprove of short parliaments and short petticoats; I prefer puffpaste to short pie-crust; and I cut this chapter short for the sake of those readers who may like short chapters.

CHAPTER CLVIII.

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

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

HENRY MORE.

Now comes the question of a youth after my own heart, so quick in his conclusions that his leap seems rather to keep pace with his look than to follow it. He will begin tomorrow, and only asks my advice upon the method of proceeding.

Take the Grammar of any modern language, and read the dialogues in it, till you are acquainted with the common connecting words, and know the principal parts of speech by sight. Then look at the declensions and the verbs — you will already have learned something of their inflections, and may now commit them to memory, or write them down. Read those lessons, which you ought to read daily — in a bible of this language, having the English bible open beside it. Your daily task will soon be either to learn the vocabulary, or to write exercises, or simply to read, according to the use which you mean to make of your new acquirement. You must learn *memoriter*, and exercise yourself in writing if you wish to educate your ear and your tongue for foreign service; but all that is necessary for your own instruction and delight at home may be acquired by the eye alone.

Qui mihi Discipulus es — cupis atque doceri,

try this method for ten minutes a-day, perseveringly, and you will soon be surprised at your own progress.

Quod tibi deest, à te ipso mutuare, —

it is Cato's advice.

Ten minutes you can bestow upon a modern language, however closely you may be engaged in pursuits of immediate necessity; even tho' you should be in a public office from which Joseph Hume, or some of his worthy compeers, has moved for volu-

minous returns. (Never work at extra hours upon such returns, unless extra pay is allowed for the additional labour and confinement to the desk, as in justice it ought to be. But if you are required to do so by the superiors, who ought to protect you from such injustice, send petition after petition to Parliament, praying that when the abolition or mitigation of slavery shall be taken into consideration, your case may be considered also.)

Any man who will, may command ten minutes. *Exercet philosophia regnum suum*, says Seneca; *dat tempus, non accipit. Non est res subcisiva, ordinaria est, domina est; adest, et jubet.* Ten minutes the Under Graduate who reads this may bestow upon German, even though he should be in training for the University races. Ten minutes he can bestow upon German, which I recommend because it is a master-key for many doors both of language and of knowledge. His mind will be refreshed even by this brief change of scene and atmosphere. In a few weeks (I repeat) he will wonder at his own progress: and in a few years, if he is good for anything — if the seed has not been sown upon a stony place, nor among thorns, — he will bless me his unknown benefactor, for showing him by what small savings of time a man may become rich in mind. “And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it.”*

But not unto me be the praise! O Doctor, O my guide, philosopher and friend!

Like to the bee thou everywhere didst roam
Spending thy spirits in laborious care,
And nightly brought'st thy gathered honey home,
As a true workman in so great affair;
First of thine own deserving take the fame,
Next of thy friend's; his due he gives to thee,
That love of learning may renoun thy name,
And leave it richly to posterity.†

I have but given freely what freely I have received. This knowledge I owe, — and what indeed is there in my intellectual progress which I do not owe to my ever-beloved friend and teacher, my moral physician?

— his plausible words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear.‡

To his alteratives and tonics I am chiefly (under Providence) indebted for that sanity of mind which I enjoy, and that strength, — whatever may be its measure, — which I possess. It was his method, — his *way*, he called it; in these days when we dignify everything, it might be called the Dovean system or the Columbian, which he would have preferred.

CHAPTER CLIX.

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

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

It cannot be necessary for me to remind the benevolent reader, that at those times when a half or a quarter-witted critic might censure me for proceeding egotistically, I am nevertheless carrying on the primary intention with which this work was undertaken, as directly as if the Doctor were the immediate and sole theme of every chapter; —

Non enim excursus hic — sed opus ipsum est.‡

For whatever does not absolutely relate to him is derived directly or indirectly from him; it is directly derivative when I am treating upon subjects which it has been my good fortune to hear him discuss; and indirectly when I am led to consider the topics that incidentally arise, according to the way of thinking in which he trained me to go.

As Wolsey inscribed upon one of his magnificent buildings the words *Ego et Rex Meus*, so might I place upon the portal of this Edifice *Ego et Doctor Meus*, for I am as much his creature as Wolsey was the creature of bluff King Harry, — as confessedly

* EUPHUES, A. M.

† RESTITUTA.

‡ SHAKESPEARE.

§ PLINY.

so, and as gratefully. Without the King's favour Wolsey could not have founded Christ Church; without the Doctor's friendship I could not have edified this monument to his memory. Without the King's favour Wolsey would never have obtained the Cardinal's hat; and had it not been for the favour, and friendship, and example of the Doctor, never should I have been entitled to wear that cap, my reasons for not wearing which have heretofore been stated,—that cap which to one who knows how to wear it becomingly, is worth more than a coronet or a mitre; and confers upon the wearer a more lasting distinction.

His happy mind, like the not less happy and not more active intellect of Humboldt King of Travellers, was excursive in its habits. To such discursive—or excursive—I also was prone, and he who observed in me this propensity encouraged it, tempering, however, that encouragement with his wonted discretion. Let your imagination, he said, fly like the lady-bird,

North, south, and east, and west,

but take care that it always comes home to rest.

Perhaps it may be said therefore of his unknown friend and biographer as Passovier said of Michel de Montaigne, *il estoit personnage hardy, qui se croyoit, et comme tel se laissoit aisement emporter à la beauté de son esprit; tellement que par ses écrits il prenoit plaisir de déplaire plaisamment.*

Perhaps also some one who for his own happiness is conversant with the literature of that affluent age, may apply to the said unknown what Balzac said of the same great Michael, Michael the second, (Michael Angelo was Michael the first,) *Montaigne savait bien ce qui il dit; mais, sans violer le respect qui luy est deu, je pense aussi, qu'il ne savait pas toujours ce qu'il va dire.*

Dear Reader you may not only say this of the unknown, *sans violer le respect qui luy est deu*, but you will pay him what he will consider both a great and a just compliment, in saying so.

For I have truly endeavoured to observe

the precepts of my revered Mentor, and to follow his example, which I venture to hope the judicious reader will think I have done with some success. He may have likened me for the manner in which I have conducted this great argument to a gentle falcon, which, however high it may soar to command a wider region with its glance, and however far it may fly in pursuit of its quarry, returns always to the falconer's hand.

Learned and discreet reader, if you should not always discern the track of associations over which I have passed as fleetly as Camilla over the standing corn;—if the story which I am relating to thee should seem in its course sometimes to double like a hare in her flight, or in her sport,—sometimes to bound forward like a jerboa, or kangaroo, and with such a bound that like Milton's Satan it overleaps all bounds; or even to skip like a flea, so as to be here, there and everywhere, taking any direction rather than that which will bring it within your catch;—learned and discreet reader, if any of these similitudes should have occurred to you, think of Pindar, read Landor's Gebir, and remember what Mr. Coleridge has said for himself formerly, and prophetically for me, *intelligenda non intellectum adfero*. Would you have me plod forward like a tortoise in my narration, foot after foot in minute steps, dragging his slow tail along? Or with such deliberate preparation for progressive motion that like a snail the slime of my way should be discernible?

A bye-stander at chess who is ignorant of the game presently understands the straight and lateral movement of the rooks, the diagonal one of the bishops, and the power which the Queen possesses of using both. But the knight perplexes him, till he discovers that the knight's leap, eccentric as at first it seems, is nevertheless strictly regulated.

We speak of erratic motions among the heavenly bodies; but it is because the course they hold is far beyond our finite comprehension.

Therefore I entreat thee, dear reader, thou who hast the eye of a hawk or of a sea gull, and the intellectual speed of a greyhound,

do not content thyself with glancing over this book as an Italian Poet says

Præcipitenolissimèvolvente.

But I need not exhort thee thus, who art quick to apprehend and quick to feel, and sure to like at first sight whatever upon better acquaintance deserves to be loved.

CHAPTER CLX.

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

Judge not before
Thou know mine intent :
But read me throughout,
And then say thy fill ;
As thou in opinion
Art minded and bent,
Whether it be
Either good or ill.

E. P.

I HAVE heard of a man who made it a law for himself never to read any book again which had greatly pleased him on a first perusal ; lest a second reading should in some degree disturb the pleasurable impression which he wished to retain of it. This person must have read only for his amusement, otherwise he would have known that a book is worth little if it deserves to be perused but once : and moreover that as the same landscape appears differently at different seasons of the year, at morning and at evening, in bright weather and in cloudy, by moonlight and at noon-day, so does the same book produce a very different effect upon the same reader at different times and under different circumstances.

I have elsewhere said that the man of one book is proverbially formidable ; but the man of one reading, though he should read through an ample library would never become so.

The studious man who at forty re-peruses books which he has read in his youth or early manhood, vivid as his recollections of them may be, finds them new, because he

brings another mind to the perusal. Worthless ones with which he may formerly have been delighted appear flat and unprofitable to his maturer judgment ; and on the other hand sterling merit which he was before unable to appreciate, he can now understand and value, having in his acquired knowledge and habits of reflection the means of assaying it.

Sometimes a Poet, when he publishes what in America would be called a lengthy poem, with lengthy annotations, advises the reader in his preface, not to read the notes in their places, as they occur, lest they should interrupt his clear perception and enjoyment of the piece, but to read the poem by itself at first ; and then, for his more full contentment, to begin again, and peruse the notes in their order, whereby he will be introduced to the more minute and recondite merits of the work.

If the poets who calculate upon many such readers are not wise in their generation, they are happy in it.

What I request of my dear readers is far more reasonable, and yet perhaps not much more likely to be granted ; I request them, that in justice to themselves, — for that they may not lose any part of the pleasure which I have designed for them ; and in justice to me, — that I may not be defrauded of any portion of that grateful applause, which after a due perusal they will undoubtedly bestow upon the benevolent unknown ; — and in justice to the ever-honoured subject of these volumes, — lest a hasty and erroneous judgment of his character should be formed, when it is only partially considered ; — I request that they would not dip into these volumes before they read them, nor while they are reading them, but that they would be pleased to go through the book regularly, in the order of the chapters, and that when they recommend the book to their friends, (as they will do with the friendly intention of contributing to their entertainment and instruction,) they would particularly advise them to begin at the beginning, or more accurately speaking at the seventh chapter before the beginning, and so peruse it consecutively.

So doing, reader, thou wilt perceive the method and the order of the work, developing before thee as thou readest; thou wilt then comprehend and admire the connection of the parts, and their dependence upon each other, and the coherence and beauty of the whole. Whereas were you only to dip into it here and there, you would from such a cursory and insufficient inspection come perhaps to the same conclusion, "wherein nothing was concluded" as the man did concerning Bailey's Dictionary, who upon returning the book to a neighbour from whom he had borrowed it, said that he was much obliged to him for the loan, and that he had read it through, from beginning to end, and had often been much entertained by it, and was sure that the Author must have been a very knowing person; — but — added he — to confess the truth, I have never been able clearly to make out what the book is about.

Now as opposite causes will sometimes produce a like effect, thou mightest, by reading this book partially, come to the same inconclusive conclusion concerning it, that our friend did by reading straight forward through Bailey's Dictionary; though considering what there is in that Dictionary, his time might have been worse employed. — I very well remember when I was some ten years old, learning from an abridgment of it as much about Abracadabra as I know now. I exhort thee therefore to begin *ab ovo*, with the ante-initial chapters, and to read the whole regularly; and this advice I give, bearing in mind what Bishop Hacket says in his life of the Lord Keeper, Archbishop Williams, when he inserts a speech of that Chancellor-Prelate's, at full length:

"This he delivered, thus much: and I took counsel with myself not to abbreviate it. For it is so compact and pithy that he that likes a little, must like it all. Plutarch gives a rule for sanity to him that eats a tortoise, ἡ ἄλην, ἡ μὴ ὄλωσεν, "eat it up all, or not a whit." The reason assigned for this rule would look better in Plutarch's Greek than in the Episcopal English; being paraphrased it imports that a small portion

of such food is apt to produce intestinal pains; but that a hearty meal has the wholesome effect of those pills which by a delicate and beautiful euphuism of Dr. Kitchener's are called Peristaltic Persuaders. "So," proceeds the Bishop, "the speech of a great orator is instructive when it is entire: pinch it into an epitome, you mangle the meaning and avile the eloquence."

CHAPTER CLXI.

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

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

BOTH Mr. Wesley and Dr. Dove, who, much as they differed concerning Methodism, agreed remarkably well in their general method of thinking, would have maintained the morality and propriety of shaving, against all objections founded upon the quantity of time expended in that practice. If the one had preached or the other descanted on the 27th verse of the 19th Chapter of Leviticus, each would have shown that no general application could be made of the prohibition therein contained. But what would they have said to the following physical argument which is gravely advanced in Dr. Abraham Rees's New Cyclopædia?

"The practice of cutting the hair of the head and the beard is attended with a prodigious increase of the secretion of the matter of hair. It is ascertained that a man of fifty years of age will have cut from his head above thirteen feet, or twice his own length of hair; and of his beard, in the last twenty-five years of the same period — above eight feet. The hair likewise, besides this enormous length, will be thicker than if it had been left uncut, and must lose most of its juices by evaporation, from having its tube and the ends of its fibres always ex-

posed. — The custom of shaving the beard, and cutting the hair of the head, has, we believe, been justly deprecated by some physiologists. The latter has been supposed, and with much apparent reason, to weaken the understanding, by diverting the blood from the brain to the surface of the head. The connection which exists between the beard and the organs of generation, and likewise between the muscular strength of the individual, would seem to render it improper to interfere with its natural mode of growth. Bichat attributes the superior strength of the ancients to their custom of wearing their beards; and those men who do not shave at present are distinguished for vigour and hardihood."

Thus far we have had to deal only with a grave folly, and I shall follow the writer no farther.

What would John Wesley and Daniel Dove have said to the speculations and assertions in this curious passage? They were both men of reading, both speculative men and both professors, each in his way, of the art of medicine. They would have asked what proof could be produced that men who let their beards grow are stronger than those who shave, or that the ancients were superior in bodily strength to the men of the present day? Thus they would have treated his assumed facts; and for his philosophy, they would have inferred, that if cutting the hair weakened the understanding, and the story of Samson were a physical allegory, the person who wrote and reasoned thus must have been sheared at least twice a week from his childhood.

If on the other hand they had been assured that the writer had worn his hair long, then they would have affirmed that, as in the case of the Agonist, it was "robustious to no purpose."

When the Russian soldiers were first compelled to part with their beards that they might look like other European troops, they complained that the cold struck into their jaws and gave them the tooth-ache. The sudden deprivation of a warm covering might have occasioned this and other local

affections. But they are not said to have complained that they had lost their wits.

They are said indeed in the days of Peter the Great to have made a ready use of them in relation to this very subject. Other arguments had been used in vain for persuading them to part with that comfortable covering which nature had provided for their cheeks and chins, when one of their Priests represented to them that their good Czar had given orders for them to be shaved only from the most religious motives and a special consideration of what concerned them most nearly. They were about to march against the Turks. The Turks as they well knew wore beards, and it was of the utmost importance that they should distinguish themselves from the misbelievers by this visible mark, for otherwise their protector St. Nicholas in whom they trusted would not know his own people. This was so cogent a reason that the whole army assented to it, and a general shaving took place. But when the campaign against the Turks was over and the same troops were ordered to march against the Swedes, the soldiers called for the Priest, and told him they must now let their beards grow again;—for the Swedes shaved, and they must take care St. Nicholas might know his friends from his foes.

CHAPTER CLXII.

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

Mankind, tho' satirists with jobations weary us,
Has only two weak parts if fairly reckon'd;
The first of which, is trifling with things serious;
And seriousness in trifles is the second.
Remove these little rubs, who'er knows how,
And fools will be as scarce, — as wise men now.
BISHOP.

It is not often that a sportive or fanciful calculation like that of Mr. Campbell can be

usefully applied, or in the dialect of the Evangelical Magazine, improved.

I remember well the look, and the voice and the manner with which my ever-to-be-honoured friend pointed out to me a memorable passage of this kind in the works of the Reverend Augustus Toplady, of whom he used to say that he was a strong-headed, wrong-headed man; and that in such men you always found the stronger the head, the wronger the opinions; and the more wrongly their opinions were taken up, the more strongly they were persisted in.

Toplady after some whimsical calculations concerning the national debt, proceeds to a "spiritual improvement" of the subject. He asserts that because "we never come up to that holiness which God requires, we commit a sin every second of our existence," and in this view of the matter, he says, our dreadful account stands as follows. At ten years old each of us is chargeable with 315,036,000 sins; and summing up the account at every intermediate stage of ten years, he makes the man of fourscore debtor for 2,510,288,000.

In Toplady's creed there were no venial sins, any more than in Sir George Mackenzie's, who used this impious argument for the immortality of the soul, that it must needs be immortal because the smallest sin, "the least peccadillo against the Almighty who is Infinite cannot be proportionably punished in the swift glass of man's short life."

And this man, said the Doctor, laying his finger upon Toplady's book, thinks himself a Christian, and reads the Bible and believes it! He prints and vouches for the authenticity of a painter's bill at Cirencester delivered in to the Churchwarden of an adjacent parish in these words:—Mr. Charles Ferebee, Churchwarden of Siddington, to Joseph Cook, Debtor: To mending the Commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer, £1 1s.

The Painter made no such alteration in the Christian creed, as he himself did, when he added to it, that the Almighty has pre-

destined the infinitely greater number of his creatures to eternal misery!

"God," says good old Adam Littleton, "made no man purposely to damn him. Death was one of man's own inventions, and will be the reward of his evil actions."

The Roman Catholics have a legend from which we may see what proportion of the human race they suppose to be redeemed from perdition; it relates that on the day of St. Bernard's death there died threescore thousand persons, of whom only four souls were saved, the Saint's being one;—the salvage therefore is one in fifteen thousand!

But one legend may be set against another, and Felix Faber the Monk of Ulm gives us one of better import, when he relates the story of a lovely child who in her twelfth year was stricken with the plague, during the great pestilence, which, in the middle of the fourteenth century, swept off a greater portion of the human race than is ever known to have perished in any similar visitation. As the disease increased upon her, she became more beautiful and more cheerful, looking continually upward and rejoicing; for she said she saw that Heaven was open, and innumerable lights flowing upward thither, as in a stream,—which were the souls of the elect, ascending as they were released. When they who stood beside her bed were silent and seemed as if they gave no credit to her words, she told them that what she saw was no delusion, and added in token of its sure truth, that her own death would take place that night, and her father die on the third day following: she then pointed to seven persons, foretelling to each the day of their decease, and named some others who were not present, who would, in like manner, be cut off by the plague, saying at what time each of them would expire; and in every instance, according to the legend, the prediction was punctually fulfilled. This is a tale which may in all its parts be true; for such predictions at such a time, when whole cities were almost depopulated by the pestilence, were likely not only to be verified, but in a great degree to bring about their own verification; and the state of her

mind would lead to her interpretation of those ocular spectra which were probably effects of the disease, without supposing it to be a happy delirium, heightening her expectation of that bliss which faith had assured to her, and into which her innocent spirit was about to enter.

Had the story been fabricated it would not have been of so humane a character. The Roman Catholics, as is well known, believe that all who are not of what they please to call the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church, are doomed to everlasting perdition; this doctrine is part of the creed which their laity profess, and to which their clergy swear. If any member of that Church reject an opinion so uncharitable in itself, and in its consequences so infinitely mischievous, he may be a Roman Catholic by his connections, by courtesy, by policy, or by fear; but he is not so in reality, for he refuses to believe in the infallibility of his Church, which has on no point declared itself more peremptorily than upon this. All other Christians of every persuasion, all Jews, all Mahometans, and all Heathens are goats; only the Romanists are the Sheep of God's pasture,—and the Inquisitors, we may suppose, his Lambs! Of this their own flock they hold that one half are lost sheep: though a liberal opinion, it is esteemed the most probable one upon that subject, and the best founded, because it is written that one shall be taken and one left, and that of the ten virgins who went with their lamps to meet the bridegroom, five were wise, and five foolish.

An eloquent Jesuit preaching before the Court in his own country stated this opinion, and made an application from it to his hearers with characteristic integrity and force. "According to this doctrine," said he, "which is held by many Saints, (and is not the most straitened, but a large and favourable one,) if I were this day preaching before another auditory, I should say that half of those who heard me belonged to the right hand, and half unto the left. Truly a most wonderful and tremendous consideration, that of Christians and Catholics, en-

lightened with the faith, bred up with the milk of the Church, and assisted by so many sacraments and aids, half only should be saved! That of ten men who believe in Christ, and for whom Christ died, five should perish! That of an hundred fifty should be condemned! That of a thousand five hundred go to burn eternally in Hell! who is there that does not tremble at the thought? But if we look at the little Christianity and the little fear of God with which men live, we ought rather to give thanks to the Divine Mercy, than to be astonished at this justice.

"This is what I should say if I were preaching before a different audience. But because to-day is a day of undeceiving,"—(it was the first Sunday in Advent,)—"and the present Auditory is what it is, let not those who hear me think or persuade themselves, that this is a general rule for all, even although they may be or call themselves Catholics. As in this life there is a wide difference between the great and powerful and those who are not so, so will it be in the Day of Judgement. They are on the right hand to-day, but as the world will then have had so great a turn, it is much to be feared that many of them will then be on the left. Of others half are to be saved, and of the great and powerful, how many? Will there be a third part saved? Will there be a tenth? I shall only say (and would not venture to say it, unless it were the expressed oracle and infallible sentence of supreme Truth,) I shall only say that they will be very few, and those by great wonder. Let the great and mighty listen, not to any other than the Lord himself in the Book of Wisdom. *Præbite aurem vos qui continetis multitudinem, quoniam data est a Domino potestas vobis.* 'Give ear ye that rule the people, for power is given you of the Lord.' Ye princes, ye ministers who have the people under your command, ye to whom the Lord hath given this power to rule and govern the commonwealth, *præbite aurem, give ear to me!* And what have they to hear from God who give ear so ill to men? A proclamation of the Day of Judge-

ment far more portentous and terrible than that which has to summon the dead! *Judicium durissimum his qui presunt fiet; exiguo enim conceditur misericordia; potentes autem potenter tormenta patientur*: A sharp judgement shall be to them that be in high places. For mercy will pardon the mean; but mighty men shall be mightily tormented. The Judgement with which God will judge those who rule and govern is to be a sharp Judgement, because mercy will be granted to the mean; but the mighty shall be mightily tormented, *potentes potenter tormenta patientur*. See here in what that power is to end which is so greatly desired, which is so panted after, which is so highly esteemed, which is so much envied! The mighty fear no other power now, because the power is in their own hands, but when the sharp Judgement comes they will then see whose Power is greater than theirs; *potentes potenter patientur*."

This was a discourse which might have made Felix tremble.

CHAPTER CLXIII.

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

*Chacun tourne en réalités,
Autant qu'il peut, ses propres songes;
L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
Il est de feu pour les mensonges.*

LA FONTAINE.

THE translated extract in the preceding Chapter from the most eloquent of the Portuguese preachers, *el mismissimo Vieira*, *en su mesma mesmedad*, as he is called in Fray Gerundio, brings to my mind the most eloquent and the most popular of the Spanish divines, P. M. Luis de Granada. He held an opinion wherein, (as will appear hereafter,) the Philosopher of Doncaster did not agree with him, that everything under the sky

was created for man directly or indirectly, either for his own use, or for the use of those creatures which minister to it; for, says the Spaniard, if he does not eat mosquitoes he eats the birds that eat them; if he does not eat the grass of the field, the cattle graze there that are necessary for his use.

I have a very particular reason for giving the famous and Venerable Dominican's opinion in his own words.

Todo quanto ay debaxo del Cielo, ó es para el hombre, ó para cosas de que se ha de servir el hombre; porque si el no come el mosquito que buela por el ayre, como lo el pajaro de que el se mantiene; y si el no paca la yerva del campo, pacela el ganado, de que el tiene necesidad.

My reason for transcribing this sentence in its original language, is that by so doing I might confer a great act of kindness upon every Roman Catholic who reads the present Chapter. For be it known unto every such reader, that by perusing it, he becomes entitled to an indulgence of an hundred days, granted by D. Pasqual Aragon, Cardinal by the Title of Santa Balbina, and Archbishop of Toledo; and moreover to eighteen several indulgences of forty days each, granted by eighteen most illustrious and most reverend Lords Archbishops and Bishops; such indulgences having been proclaimed, *para los que leyeren, ó oyeren leer qualquier capitulo, parrafo, ó periodo de lo que escrivio el dicho V. P. M. Fray Luis de Granada.*

It might be a question for the casuists whether a good papist reading the paragraph here presented to him, and not assenting to the opinion expressed therein, would be entitled to this discount of eight hundred and twenty days from his time due in Purgatory. But if he accords with the Venerable Dominican, he can no more doubt his own right to participate in the Episcopal and Archiepiscopal grants, than he can call in question the validity of the grants themselves.

CHAPTER CLXIV.

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

This is some liquor poured out of his bottle ;
A deadly draught for those of Aristotle.

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

ARISTOTLE was of opinion that those animals which have been tamed, or are capable of being so, are of a better nature, or higher grade, than wild ones, and that it is advantageous for them that they should be brought into subjection by man, because under his protection they are safe.

Τὰ μὲν γὰρ ζῷα τῶν ἀγρίων βελτίω τὴν φύσιν, τοῦτοις δὲ πᾶσι βέλτιον ἀρξίσθαι ὑπ' ἀνθρώπου, τυγχάνει γὰρ σωτηρίας οὕτως.

Our Philosopher was not better disposed to agree with Aristotle upon this point, than with the more commonly received notion of Father Luis de Granada. He thought that unless men were more humane in the days of Alexander the Great than they are now, and than they have been in all times of which we have any knowledge, the Stagyrrite must have stated what ought to be, rather than what is.

So our Philosopher thought; and so I, faithfully retaining the lessons of my beloved Master, am prepared to prove. I will go no farther than to the Poultry Yard, and borrowing the names of the Dramatis Personæ from a nursery story, one of his Uncle William's, which has been told with the greatest possible success to all my children in succession, as it was to me, and their Uncles and Aunts before them, I will question the Poultry upon the subject, and faithfully report their evidence.

*Voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde
Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.**

“Chick-pick, Chick-pick, which is best for you; to be a wild Chick-pick, or to live, as you are living, under the protection, and care, and regular government of Man?”

Chick-pick answers and says, “Nature provides for my support quite as abundantly and as surely as you can do, and more wisely; you do not make my life happier or more secure while it lasts, and you shorten it; I have nothing to thank you for.”

“Hen-pen, Hen-pen, which is best for you; to be a wild Hen-pen, or to live as you are living, under the protection, and care, and regular government of Man?”

Hen-pen answers and says: “Had I been bred up as my mother if she had been a wild Hen-pen would have bred me, I should have had the free use of my wings. I have nothing to thank you for! You take my eggs. Sometimes you make me hatch in their stead a little unnatural brood who run into the water, in spite of all my fears and of all that I can do to prevent them. You afford me protection when you can from fowmarts and foxes; and you assist me in protecting my chicken from the kite, and the hawk, but this is that you may keep them for your own eating; you fatten them in coops, and then comes the Cook!”

“Cock-lock which is best for you; to be a wild Cook-lock, or to live as you are living, under the protection, and care, and regular government of Man?”

Cock-lock answers and says, “Is there a man impudent enough to ask me the question! You squail † at us on Shrove Tuesday; you feed us with Cock-bread, and arm us with steel spurs, that we may mangle and kill each other for your sport; you build cock-pits; you make us fight Welsh mains, and give subscription cups to the winner. And what would that Cock-lock say, who was a Cock-lock till you made him a Capon-apon!”

“Duck-luck, Duck-luck, which is best for you, to be a wild Duck-luck, or to live as you are living under the protection, and care, and regular government of Man?”

Duck-luck answers and says, “I was created to be one of the most privileged of God's creatures, born to the free enjoyment

† SQUAIL: “To throw a stick, as at a cock.” Grose's Provincial Glossary.

* ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

of three elements. My wings were to bear me whither I would thro' the sky, as change of season required change of climate for my well being; the waters were to afford me pastime and food, the earth repose and shelter. No bird more joyous, more active, more clean or more delighting in cleanliness than I should be, if the society of man had not corrupted my instincts. Under your regular government my wings are rendered useless to me; I waddle about the miserable precincts to which I am confined, and dabble in the dirt and grope for garbage in your gutters. And see there are green peas in the garden!"

"Turkey-lurkey, Turkey-lurkey, which is best for you; to be a wild Turkey-lurkey, or to live as you are living, under the protection and care, and regular government of Man?"

Turkey-lurkey answers and says, "You cram us as if to show that there may be as much cruelty exercised in giving food as in withholding it. Look at the Norwich coaches for a week before Christmas! Can we think of them, think you? without wishing ourselves in the woods like our blessed ancestors, where chine, sausages and oyster-sauce are abominations which never have been heard of!" Sir Turkey-lurkey then shook and ruffled and reddened the collops of his neck, and gobbled out his curses upon man.

"Goosey-loosey, Goosey-loosey, which is best for you; to be a wild Goosey-loosey, or to live as you are living, under the protection, and care, and regular government of Man?"

Goosey-loosey answers and says, "It is not for any kindness to us that you turn us into your stubbles. You pluck us that you may lie the softer upon our feathers. You pull our quills that you may make pens of them. O St. Michael, what havoc is committed amongst us under the sanction of your arch-angelic name! And O Satan! what punishment wilt thou exact from those inhuman wretches who keep us in a state of continual suffering in order to induce a disease by which our livers may be enlarged

for the gratification of wicked epicures! We might curse man for all that we know of his protection, and care, and regular government; *but*," —

"*BUT!*" said Goosey-loosey, and lifting up her wings significantly she repeated a third time that word "*BUT!*" and with a toss of the head and a twist of the snaky neck which at once indicated indignation and triumph, turned away with all the dignity that Goose-nature could express.

I understood the meaning of that *But*.

It was not one of those dreaded, ominous, restrictive, qualifying, nullifying or negating *Buts* of which Daniel, the tenderest of all tender poets, says,

Ah! now comes that bitter word of *But*,
Which makes all nothing that was said before!
That smoothes and wounds, that strokes and dashes more
Than flat denial, or a plain disgrace.

It was not one of those heart-withering, joy-killing, and hope-annihilating *Buts*. It was a minatory *But*, full of meaning as ever Brewer's *Butt* was full of beer.

However, I will not broach that *But* in this Chapter.

CHAPTER CLXV.

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

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

DANIEL.

GREAT, Reader, are the mysteries of Gram-marians! Dr. Johnson considered *But* as only a Conjunction, whereas, says Mr. Todd, it is in a fact a Conjunction, Preposition, Adverb and Interjection, as Dr. Adam Smith long since ingeniously proved. With Horne Tooke it is a verb to boot, being according to him the imperative of the Saxon *beon-utan*, *to be out*; but in this Mr. Todd supposes him to be out himself. And Noah Webster says it is also a Participle and a Noun. Pity that some one has not proved it to be a Pronoun; for then it would have belonged to all the eight parts of speech.

Great are the mysteries of Grammarians!

O Reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as subtlety can bring,
O gentle Reader, you would find
A mystery in every thing.

For once, dear Reader, I who pride myself upon lucid order of arrangement, and perspicuity of language, instead of making, which I have heretofore done, and shall hereafter do, the train of my associations as visible as the tract of a hare in the dewy grass or in the snow, will let it be as little apparent as that of a bird in the air, or a serpent on a rock; or as Walter Landor in his poems, or his brother Robert's, whose poetry has the true Landorean obscurity, as well as the Landorean strength of diction and the Landorean truth and beauty of feeling and of thought: perhaps there is no other instance of so strongly marked an intellectual family likeness.

Thus having premised, I propound the following question: Of all the Birds in the air, and all the beasts in the field, and all the fishes in the sea, and all the creatures of inferior kind, who pass their lives wholly, or in part, according to their different stages of existence, in air, earth or water, what creature has produced directly or indirectly the most effect upon mankind?—*That*, which you, Reader, will deserve to be called, if you do not, after a minute's reflection, answer the question rightly.

The Goose!

Now, Reader, you have hit the *But*.

Among the imports in the Leith Commercial List, for June 1830, is an entry of 1,820,000 goose quills, brought by the Anne from Riga, for Messrs. Alexander Duncan and Son of Edinburgh.

One million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills! The number will present itself more adequately to thy imagination when it is thus expressed in words.

O Reader, consider in thy capacious mind the good and the evil in which that million, eight hundred and twenty thousand quills will be concerned!

Take notice that the whole quantity is of foreign growth—that they are all imported quills, and so far from being all that were

imported, that they were brought by one ship, and for only one house. Geese enough are not bred in Great Britain for supplying pens to schools, counters, public offices, private families, authors, and last not least in their consumption of this article, young ladies,—though they call in the crow-quills to their aid. Think of the Lawyers, Reader! and thou wilt then acknowledge that even if we were not living at this time under a government of Newspapers, the Goose is amply revenged upon mankind.

And now you understand Goosey-loosey's *But*.

CHAPTER CLXVI.

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

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

WHEN gas-lights came into general use, I entertained a hope that Whales would no longer be slaughtered for the sake of their oil. The foolishness of such a hope may be excused for its humanity.

I will excuse you Reader, if in most cases you distrust that word humanity. But you are not to be excused if you suspect me of its counterfeit, that mock humanity which is one characteristic of this dishonourable and dishonest age. I say you are not to be excused, if being so far acquainted as by this time you must be with the philosophy of the Doctor, you suspect me his faithful and dutiful disciple of this pitiful affectation.

How the thought concerning Whales came just now into my mind will be seen when its application shall in due course be made apparent. Where I am is always well known to myself, though every Reader may not always discover my whereabouts. And before the thought can be applied I must show upon what our Philosopher's opinions concerning Whales, or fancies if you think proper so to call them, were founded; mine—upon this

and most other matters, having been as I gratefully acknowledge, derived from him.

Linnaeus in his classification, as is well known, arranges Whales with Quadrupeds, an arrangement at which Uncle Toby, if he had been told of it, would have whistled Lilli-bullero, and the Doctor if he had not been a man of science himself, would have sung

Fa la la Ierridan
Dan dan dan derridan
Dan dan dan derridan
Derridan dee.

But Uncle Toby never could have been told of it, because he good man died before Linnaeus dreamt of forming a system; and Doctor Dove was a man of science, so that Lilli-bullero was never whistled upon this occasion, nor Dan dan dan derridan sung.

Whistle the one, Reader, or sing the other, which you will, or if you will, do both; when you hear that in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia it is said, "the Whale has no other claim to a place among fishes, than from its fish-like appearance and its living in the water." The Whale has its place among them, whatever the Cyclopædist may think of its claim, and will never have it any where else; and so very like a fish it is,—so strongly in the odour of fishiness, which is a good odour if it be not too strong,—that if the Greenlanders had been converted by the Jesuits instead of the Moravians, the strictest disciplinarian of that order would without doubt have allowed his converts to eat Whale upon fish days.

But whether Whale be fish or flesh, or if makers of system should be pleased to make it fowl, (for as it is like a Quadruped except that it has no feet, and cannot live upon land, so it may be like a bird, except that it has neither legs, wings, nor feathers, and cannot live in the air,) wherever naturalists may arrange it, its local habitation is among fishes, and fish in common language it always will be called. This whole question matters not to our present purpose. Our Philosopher had regard to its place in the scale of existence, a scale which he graduated not according to size, (tho' that also must sometimes be taken into the account,) nor

by intellect, which is yet of greater consideration, but according to those affections or moral feelings, which, little acquainted as we are with the nature of the lower creatures, are in many instances too evident to be called in question.

Now in this respect no other creature in the water ranks so high as the Whale.

The affection of the parent for its young is both in itself and its consequences purely good, however those men seek to degrade it who ascribe all feelings, and all virtuous emotions, whether in man or beast, to selfishness, being themselves conscious that they have no worthier motive for any of their own actions.* Martin Luther says that the Hebrew word which we translate by *curse*, carries not with it in the original language so strong a meaning as is given to it in his mother tongue,—consequently in ours. The Hebrew imprecation, he says, imports no more than "ill betide thee!" intending by *ill* temporal misfortune, or punishment, the proper reward of ill deeds; not what is implied by cursing in its dreadful acceptation. A curse, then, in the Hebrew sense, be upon those who maintain this sensual, and sensualising opinion; an opinion of which it is the sure effect to make bad men worse, and the folly and falsehood of which birds and beasts might teach them, were it not that—because their hearts are gross, seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.

The Philosopher of Doncaster affirmed that virtue as well as reason might be clearly perceived in the inferior creation, and that their parental affection was proof of it. The longer the continuance of this affection in any species the higher he was disposed to place that species in the scale of animated life. This continuance bears no relation to their size in birds, and little in quadrupeds; but in the whale it seems to be somewhat more proportionate, the young depending upon

* "They who affirm all natural acts declare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and foully
wrong mankind."

the mother more than twelve months certainly, how much longer has not been ascertained. And so strong is the maternal affection that it is a common practice among whalers to harpoon the cub as a means of taking the mother; for this creature, altho' harmless and timid at all other times, totally disregards danger when its young is to be defended, gives every possible indication of extreme agony for its young's sake, and suffers itself to be killed without attempting to escape. The mighty Ceticide Captain Scoresby describes a most affecting instance of this. "There is something," he observes, "extremely painful in the destruction of a whale, when thus evincing a degree of affectionate regard for its offspring, that would do honour to the superior intelligence of human nature; yet," he adds, "the object of the adventure, the value of the prize, the joy of the capture, cannot be sacrificed to feelings of compassion." That conclusion, if it were pursued to its legitimate consequences, would lead farther than Captain Scoresby would follow it!

The whale fishery has indeed been an object of almost portentous importance according to the statements made by this well-informed and very able writer. That on the coast of Greenland proved, he says, in a short time the most lucrative and the most important branch of national commerce that had ever been offered to the industry of man. The net profits which the Dutch derived from the Greenland fishery during an hundred and seven years are stated at more than 20 millions sterling.

The class of Captains and seamen, employed in the southern whale-fishery, says a person engaged in that business himself, are quite different from any other. Lads taken from the streets without shoes and stockings, become many of them masters of ships and men of very large property. "There was an instance, a short time ago, of one dying worth £60,000; and I can point out twenty instances of persons worth 7 or 8, or £10,000 who have risen, without any patronage whatever, by their own exertions. It does not require any patronage to get on

in the fishery." Such is the statement of one who was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1833, upon the state of Manufactures, Commerce and Shipping.

In a pamphlet written about the middle of the last century to recommend the prosecution of this trade, it was stated that the whale-fishery is of the nature of a lottery, where tho' the adventurers are certain losers on the whole, some are very great gainers; and this, it was argued, instead of being a discouragement, was in fact the most powerful motive by which men were induced to engage in it.

If indeed the pleasure of gambling be in proportion to the stake, as those miserable and despicable persons who are addicted to that vice seem to think it is; and if the pleasure which men take in field sports be in proportion to the excitement which the pursuit calls forth, whaling must be in both respects the most stimulating of all maritime adventures. One day's sport in which Captain Scoresby took three whales, produced a return of £2,100, and several years before he retired from this calling he had been personally concerned in the capture of three hundred and twenty-two. And his father in twenty-eight voyages, in which he commanded a ship, brought home 498 whales, producing 4246 tons of oil, the value of which, with that of the whale-bone, exceeded £150,000, "all fished for under his own direction out of the sea."

The whale fishery is even of more importance as a nursery for seamen, for of all naval services it is the most severe; and this thorough seaman describes the excitement and the enjoyment of a whaler's life as being in proportion to the danger. "The difficulties and intricacies of the situation, when the vessel is to be forced through masses of drift ice, afford exercise," he says, "for the highest possible exertion of nautical skill, and are capable of yielding to the person who has the management of a ship a degree of enjoyment, which it would be difficult for navigators accustomed to mere common-place operations duly to appreciate.

The ordinary management of a ship, under a strong gale, and with great velocity, exhibits evolutions of considerable elegance; but these cannot be compared with the navigation in the intricacies of floating ice, where the evolutions are frequent, and perpetually varying; where manœuvres are to be accomplished, that extend to the very limits of possibility; and where a degree of hazard attaches to some of the operations, which would render a mistake of the helm, — or a miscalculation of the powers of a ship, irremediate and destructive.”—How wonderful a creature is man, that the sense of power should thus seem to constitute his highest animal enjoyment!

In proportion to the excitement of such a life, Captain Scoresby describes its religious tendency upon a well disposed mind, and this certainly has been exemplified in his own person. “Perhaps there is no situation in life,” he says, “in which an habitual reliance upon Providence, and a well founded dependance on the Divine protection and support, is of such sensible value as it is found to be by those employed in seafaring occupations, and especially in the fishery for whales. These are exposed to a great variety of dangers, many of which they must voluntarily face; and the success of their exertions depends on a variety of causes, over many of which they have no controul. The anxiety arising from both these causes is greatly repressed, and often altogether subdued, when, convinced of the infallibility and universality of Providence by the internal power of religion, we are enabled to commit all our ways unto God, and to look for his blessing as essential to our safety, and as necessary for our success.”

John Newton of Olney has in his narrative of his own remarkable life, a passage that entirely accords with these remarks of Captain Scoresby, and which is in like manner the result of experience. “A seafaring life,” he says, “is necessarily excluded from the benefit of public ordinances, and christian communion.—In other respects, I know not any calling that seems more favourable, or affords greater advantages to

an awakened mind, for promoting the life of God in the soul, especially to a person who has the command of a ship, and thereby has it in his power to restrain gross irregularities in others, and to dispose of his own time.—To be at sea in these circumstances, withdrawn out of the reach of innumerable temptations, with opportunity and a turn of mind disposed to observe the wonders of God, in the great deep, with the two noblest objects of sight, the expanded heavens and the expanded ocean, continually in view; and where evident interpositions of Divine Providence in answer to prayer occur almost every day; these are helps to quicken and confirm the life of faith, which in a good measure supply to a religious sailor the want of those advantages which can be only enjoyed upon the shore. And indeed though my knowledge of spiritual things (as knowledge is usually estimated) was at this time very small, yet I sometimes look back with regret upon those scenes. I never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was either almost secluded from society on ship-board, or when on shore among the natives.”

What follows is so beautiful (except the extravagant condemnation of a passionate tenderness which he, of all men, should have been the last to condemn) that the passage, though it has set us ashore, must be continued a little farther. “I have wandered,” he proceeds, “thro’ the woods, reflecting on the singular goodness of the Lord to me in a place where, perhaps, there was not a person who knew him, for some thousand miles round me. Many a time upon these occasions I have restored the beautiful lines of Tibullus* to the right owner; lines full of blasphemy and madness, when addressed to a creature, but full of comfort and propriety in the mouth of a believer.

*Sic ego desertis possum bene vivere sylvis,
Quæ nulla humano sit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atra
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

* Mr. Newton, by an easy slip of the memory, has ascribed the lines to Propertius. R. S.

CHAPTER CLXVII.

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

Much from my theme and friend have I digressed,

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

And poor in thought to make of it the best,

Blame me not, Gentles, if I soon am caught

By this or that, when as my theme suggest

Aught of collateral aid which may be wrought

Into its service: Blame me not, I say:

The idly musing often miss their way.

CHARLES LLOYD.

THE pleasing pensive stanza, which thou, gentle Reader, hast just perused, is prefixed to this Chapter because it would be so felicitous a motto, if only it were applicable; and for that very reason it is felicitous, its non-applicability furnishing a means of happy application.

*Il y a du bonheur et de l'esprit à employer les paroles d'un poëte à une chose à quoy le poëte ne pense jamais, et à les employer si à propos qu'elles semblent avoir esté faites exprés pour le sujet auquel elles sont appliquées.**

"Good Sir, you understand not;"—yet I am not saying with the Pedagogue at the Ordinary,

— Let's keep them

In desperate hope of understanding us;

Riddles and clouds are very lights of speech.

I'll veil my careless anxious thoughts as 'twere

In a perspicuous cloud, that so I may

Whisper in a loud voice, and even be silent

When I do utter words. †—

Here, as everywhere, my intention is to be perfectly intelligible; I have not digressed either from my theme or friend; I am neither poor in stuff for thought, nor in thought for working; nor, (if I may be permitted so to say) in skill for manipulating it. I have not been idly musing, nor have I missed my road, but, have kept the track faithfully, and not departed from the way in which I was trained up. All that I have been saying belongs to, and is derived from the philosophy of my friend: yes, gentle Reader, all that is set before thee in these well stored volumes. *Una est enim philoso-*

phia, quascumque in oras disputationis re-gionesve delata est. Nam sive de celi naturâ loquitur, sive de terrâ, sive de divinâ vi, sive de humanâ, sive ex inferiore loco, sive ex æquo, sive ex superiore, sive ut impellat homines, sive ut doceat, sive ut deterreat, sive ut concitet, sive ut incendat, sive ut reflectat, sive ut leniat, sive ad paucos, sive ad multos, sive inter alienos, sive cum suis, sive secum, rivis est deducta philosophia, non fontibus.

We speak of the philosophy of the Porch, and of the Grove, and of the Sty when we would express ourselves disdainfully of the Epicureans. But we cannot, in like manner, give to the philosophy which pervades these volumes, a local habitation and a name, because the philosophy of Doncaster would popularly be understood to mean the philosophy of the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Exeter, and Mr. Gully, tho' that indeed belongs not to Philosophy but to one of its dialects, varieties, or corrupted forms, which are many; for example, there is Fallosophy practised professionally by Advocates, and exhibited in great perfection by Quacks and Political Economists; Failosophy, the science of those who make bankruptcy a profitable adventure; Fellowosophy, which has its habitat in common rooms at Cambridge and Oxford; Feelosophy common to Lawyers and Physicians; Fillyosophy well understood on the turf, and nowhere better than in Doncaster; and finally the Foolosophy of Jeremy Bentham, and of all those who have said in their hearts—what it saddens a compassionate heart to think that even the Fool should say!

CHAPTER CLXVIII.

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

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

THE hardest of Captain Scoresby's sailors would never, methinks, have ventured upon

* P. BOUHOURS.

† CARTWRIGHT.

a manner of catching the whale used by the Indians in Florida, which Sir Richard Hawkins says is worthy to be considered, inasmuch as the barbarous people have found out so great a secret, by the industry and diligence of one man, to kill so great and huge a monster. Let not the reader think meanly of an able and judicious, as well as brave, adventurous, and unfortunate man, because he believed what he thus relates :

“The Indian discovering a whale, procureth two round billets of wood, sharpened both at one end, and so binding them together with a cord, casteth himself with them into the sea, and swimmeth towards the whale. If he come to him the whale escapeth not; for he placeth himself upon his neck; and altho’ the whale goeth to the bottom, he must of force rise presently to breathe, for which nature hath given him two great holes in the top of his head by which every time that he breatheth, he spouteth out a great quantity of water; the Indian forsaketh not his hold, but riseth with him, and thrusteth in a log into one of his spouters, and with the other knocketh it in so fast, that by no means the whale can get it out: that fastened, at another opportunity, he thrusteth in the second log into the other spouter, and with all the force he can, keepeth it in. The whale not being able to breathe swimmeth presently ashore, and the Indian a cock-horse upon him!” Hawkins says that many Spaniards had discoursed to him upon this subject, who had been eye-witnesses of it!

“Most other animals when attacked,” says Captain Scoresby, “instinctively pursue a conduct which is generally the best calculated to secure their escape; but not so the whale. Were it to remain on the surface after being harpooned, to press steadily forward in one direction, and to exert the wonderful strength that it possesses; or were it to await the attacks of its enemies, and repel them by well-timed flourishes of its tremendous tail, it would often victoriously dispute the field with man, whose strength and bulk scarcely exceed a nine-hundredth part of its own. But, like the rest of the

lower animals, it was designed by Him who ‘created great whales,’ and every living creature that moveth to be subject to man; and therefore when attacked by him, it perishes by its simplicity.”

Captain Scoresby now holds a commission in the spiritual service as a fisher of men, — a commission which I verily believe has been most properly applied for and worthily bestowed. Whether this extraordinary change in life has produced any change in his opinion upon this subject I know not; or whether he still thinks that whales were made subject to man, in order that man might slaughter them for the sake of their blubber and their whalebone.

Nevertheless it was a foolish wish of mine that gas-lights might supersede the use of train-oil; foolish because a little foresight might have made me apprehend that oil-gas might supersede coal-gas; and a little reflection would have shown that tho’ collieries are much more necessary than the Greenland fishery can be pretended to be, far greater evil is connected with them, and that this evil is without any incidental good. For the Greenland fishery unquestionably makes the best seamen; and a good seaman, good in the moral and religious, as well as in the nautical sense of the word, is one of the highest characters that this world’s rough discipline can produce. “Ay,” says an old Lieutenant, living frugally upon his poor half-pay, “ay that he is, by —.”

But it was not otherwise a foolish wish; for that the whale was made for the use of man in any such way as the whalers take for granted, I am very far from believing.

All creatures animate and inanimate, are constituent parts of one great system; and so far dependent upon each other, and in a certain sense each made for all. The whale is a link in the chain, and the largest that has yet been found, for no one has yet caught a Kraken.

Cicero makes Crassus the orator commend the ancient philosophy which taught that all things were thus connected: — *Mihi quidem veteres illi, majus quiddam animo complexi, multo plus etiam vidisse videntur, quam quan-*

tum nostrorum ingeniorum acies intueri potest; qui omnia hæc, quæ supra et subter, unum esse, et unâ vi atque unâ consensione naturæ constricta esse dixerunt. Nullum est enim genus rerum quod aut avulsam a cæteris per seipsum constare, aut, quæ cætera si careant, vim suam atque æternitatem conservare possint. He expresses a doubt indeed that *hæc major esse ratio videtur, quam ut hominum possit sensu, aut cogitatione, comprehendere*: and with the proper reserve of such a doubt, our Philosopher gave a qualified assent to the opinion, restricting it, however, religiously to the inferior and visible creation: but as to the notion that all things were made for the use of man, in the sense that vulgar men believe, this he considered to be as presumptuous and as absurd as the converse of the proposition which Pope puts into the mouth of the pampered Goose. "The monstrous faith of many made for one," might seem reasonable and religious when compared with such a supposition.

"Made for thy use," the Doctor would say, "tyrant that thou art, and weak as thou art tyrannical! Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind him with his band in the furrow; or will he harrow the vallies after thee? Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook, will he make a covenant with thee, wilt thou take him for a servant! Wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Shall thy companions make a banquet of him? Shall they part him among the merchants? Made for thy use,—when so many may seem to have been made for thy punishment and humiliation!"

There is a use indeed in these, but few men are so ready to acknowledge and act upon it as Bellarmine was, who being far more indulgent to musquitos and other small deer than to heretics, allowed them free right of pasture upon his corporal domains. He thought they were created to afford exercise for our patience, and moreover that it is unjust for us to interrupt them in their enjoyment here, when we consider that they have no other paradise to expect. Yet when the Cardinal Controversialist gave

breakfast, dinner, or supper of this kind, he was far from partaking any sympathetic pleasure in the happiness which he imparted; for it is related of him that at one time he was so terribly bitten à *bestiolis quibusdam nequam ac damificis*, (it is not necessary to inquire of what species,) as earnestly to pray that if there were any torments in Hell itself so dreadful as what he was then enduring, the Lord would be pleased not to send him there, for he should not be able to bear it.

What could the Cardinal then have thought of those Convents that were said to have an apartment or dungeon into which the Friars every day during the warm season, brushed or shook the fleas from their habits thro' an aperture above, (being the only entrance,) and where, whenever a frail brother was convicted of breaking the most fragile of his vows, he was let down naked and with his hands tied! This earthly Purgatory was called *la Pulciara*, that is, the Fleaery, and there the culprit was left till it was deemed that he had suffered punishment enough in this life for his offence.

*Io tengo omai per infallibil cosa,
Che sian per nostro mal nati gl' insetti
Per renderci la vita aspra e noiosa.
Certo in quei primi giorni benedetti
Ne gli orti del piacer non abitano
Questi sozzi e molesti animalletti;
Ne' con gli altri animali a paro a paro
Per saper come avessero a chiamarsi
Al cospetto d'Adam si presentarono:*

*Nacquero dunque sol per nostro male
Queste malnate bestie, e fur prodotte
In pena de la colpa originale.*

*E come l' uomo a sospirar ridutto
Per l' interno sconcerto de gli affetti
Pravi, germoglia miserabil frutto;
Così la terra fra suoi varj effetti
Pel reo fermento, onde bollir si sente,
Da se produce i velenosi insetti.
Infra, da la materia putrescente,
Nascon l' abbovinevoli bestiucole,
Ed è questa per me cosa evidente.
So che nol vogliono le moderne scuole;
Ma ciò che monta? In simile argomento
È lecito a ciascun dir ciò che vuole.**

CHAPTER CLXIX.

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

Ἦ φίλοι Φαίδρος, ποῖ δὴ καὶ πῶθεν; PLATO.

AND now it may be agreeable to the reader to be presented here with a sort of synopsis, or itinerary, whereby as in a chart he may trace what he perhaps has erroneously considered the erratic course of association in the five antecedent Chapters.

First, then, Aristotle held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Secondly, the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove thought that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Thirdly, Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Fourthly, it was seen that Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly with the word *But*: When Chick-Pick and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Fifthly, it was observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether

right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Sixthly, a question was propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Seventhly, the Reader answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Eighthly, it appeared that the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Ninthly, there was an entry of one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand Goose Quills, entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians

have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Tenthly, the Reader was called upon to consider the good and evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Eleventhly, a wish concerning Whales was expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the Reader is called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of

Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Twelfthly, Captain Scoresby was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the Reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, had confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he maintained that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Thirteenthly, some curious facts concerning the Greenland fishery were stated on the authority of Captain Scoresby, who was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling to which the Reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesti-

cated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Fourteenthly, a beautiful stanza was quoted from a poem by Mr. Charles Lloyd, which, becoming applicable as a motto because it seemed inapplicable, was applied, after some curious facts concerning the Greenland fishery had been stated on the authority of Captain Scoresby, who was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the Reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Fifteenthly, that the writer in all which went before had adhered, and was at present adhering to the philosophy of Dr. Dove, was shown in relation to a beautiful stanza that had been quoted from a poem by Mr. Charles Lloyd, which, becoming applicable as a motto because it seemed to be inapplicable, was applied, after some curious facts concerning the Greenland fishery had been stated on the authority of Captain Scoresby, who was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the Reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*,

when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Sixteenthly, an assertion of Captain Scoresby's that Whales were created for man was brought forward, when it had been shown that the writer in all which went before had adhered, and was at present adhering to the philosophy of Dr. Dove, in relation to a beautiful stanza that had been quoted from a poem by Mr. Charles Lloyd, which, becoming applicable as a motto because it seemed to be inapplicable, was applied, after some curious facts concerning the Greenland fishery had been stated on the authority of Captain Scoresby, who was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the *But*, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

Seventeenthly and lastly, the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove opposed the assertion of Captain Scoresby that Whales were created for man, which assertion was brought forward when it had been shown, that the writer in all which went before had adhered, and was at present adhering to the philosophy of Dr. Dove, in relation to a beautiful stanza that had been quoted from a poem of Mr. Charles Lloyd, which, becoming applicable as a motto because it seemed to be inapplicable, was applied, after some curious facts concerning the Greenland fishery had been stated on the authority of Captain Scoresby, who was introduced in consequence of a wish concerning Whales having been expressed, which was associated, it has not yet appeared how, with the feeling in which the Reader was called upon to consider the good and the evil connected with those one million, eight hundred and twenty thousand goose quills, the entry of which was entered in that place, because the Reader had hit the But, when he answered the question which the writer propounded, after it had been observed that Grammarians have maintained many and mysterious opinions concerning the nature of the word *But*, with which Goosey-Loosey ended her speech abruptly and significantly, after Chick-Pick, and Hen-Pen, and Cock-Lock, and Duck-Luck, and Turkey-Lurkey, and Goosey-Loosey, being consulted, confirmed the opinion of the Biographer and Disciple of Dr. Dove, that Aristotle was not altogether right when he held that domesticated animals were benefited by their connection with man.

You see, Reader, where we are, and whence we came, and I have thus retraced for you the seventeen stages of association by which we have proceeded from the one point to the other, because you will have much more satisfaction in seeing the substance of the aforesaid five chapters thus clearly and coherently recapitulated, than if it had been in the common form, simply and compendiously capitulated at the head of each. For in this point I agree with that good, patient, kind-hearted, industrious, ingenious, odd,

whimsical and yet withal *dullus homo*, James Elphinstone, Radical Reformer of English Orthography. He says, and you shall have the passage in Elphinstonography, as he printed it, "I own myself an enemy to hwatevver seems quaint in the very contents ov a chapter; and dho dhe starts ov surprize be intollerabell, wons plezzure iz no les balked by anticipation. Hoo indeed prezents a bil ov fare, with an entertainment? Hwen dhe entertainment iz over, dhe bil may doubtles com in, to refresh dhe memmory, edher widh plan or particulers, dhat hav regaled dhe various pallates ov dhe company."

CHAPTER CLXX.

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

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

"PAPPA, it's a breathless chapter!" says one whose eyes when they are turned toward me I never meet without pleasure, unless sorrow has suffused them, or illness dimmed their light.

Nobody then can give so much effect to it in reading aloud as the Lord Chancellor Brougham and Vaux, he having made a speech of nine hours long upon the state of the law, and thereby proved himself to be the most long-winded of living men. And fit it is that he should be so; for there are very few men to whom, whether he be right or wrong, it can be so well worth while to listen.

Yet give me space a while for to respire,
And I myself shall fairly well out-wind.*

* HENRY MORE.

For I have read no idle or unprofitable lesson in this remuneration. Were we thus to retrace the course of our own lives, there are few of us who would not find that that course had been influenced, and its most important events brought about, by incidents which might seem as casually or capriciously connected as the seventeen links of this mental chain. Investigate anything backward through seventeen generations of motives, or moving causes, whether in private or in public life: see from what slight and insignificant circumstances friendships have originated, and have been dissolved; by what accidents the choice of a profession, or of a wife, have been determined, and on how inconsiderable a point the good or ill fortune of a life has depended;—deaths, marriages, wealth or poverty, opinions more important than all other things, as in their consequence affecting our happiness not only here but hereafter; victories and defeats, war and peace, change of ministries and of dynasties, revolutions, the overthrow of thrones, the degradation, and the ruin, and the destruction, and the disappearance of nations! Trace any of these backward link by link, and long before we are lost in the series of causes, we shall be lost in thought, and in wonder; so much will there be to humble the pride of man, to abate his presumption, and to call for and confirm his faith.

On dit que quand les Chinois, qui n'ont pas l'usage des horologes, commencerent à voir ces rouës, ces balanciers, ces volans, ces contrepoids, et tout l'attirail de ces grandes machines, considerant les pieces à part et comme desmembraées, ils n'en firent pas grand estat, pource qu'ils ne sçavoient à quel usage devoient servir toutes ces pieces: mais comme elles furent montées, et qu'ils oüyrent les heures sur le tymbre, ils furent si surpris d'estonnement, qu'ils s'assembloient à troupes pour voir le mouvement de l'aiguille, et pour entendre les heures; et appellerent ces machines en leur langue, LE FER QUI PARLE. Je dis que qui considera les parties de la Providence Divine comme desmembraées et à piece, tant de ressorts, tant d'accordans divers, tant

*d'evenemens qui nous semblent casuels, ne se pourra jamais imaginer la beauté de cette machine, la sagesse de cette Providence, la conduite de ce grand corps; à cause qu'on fait tort à un ouvrage fait à la Mosaïque de le voir à lambeaux; il le faut voir monté et rangé par le menu pour marquer sa beauté. Mais quand on entend l'heure qui sonne sur le tymbre, on commence à cognoistre qu'il y avoit au dedans une belle et agreable police qui paroist au dehors par la sonnerie. Ainsi en est il à peu pres de la vie d'un homme.**

May not that which frequently has been, instruct us as to what will be! is a question which Hobbes proposes, and which he answers in the negative. "No;" he replies to it, "for no one knows what may be, except He who knows all things, because all things contribute to everything."—

Nonne

Id quod sæpe fuit, nos docet id quod erit; Non; scit enim quod erit, nisi qui sciat omnia, nemo; Omni contribuant omnia namque rei.

The philosopher of Doncaster was far from agreeing with the philosopher of Malmesbury upon this as upon many other points. *De minimis non curat lex*, was a maxim with him in philosophy as well as in law. There were many things he thought, which ended in as little as they began, fatherless and childless actions, having neither cause nor consequence, bubbles upon the stream of events, which rise, burst, and are no more:—

A moment seen, then gone for ever.†

What John Newton said is nevertheless true; the way of man is not in himself! nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. "When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth," he proceeds, "it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequence." He had proof enough of this in the providential course of his own eventful life; and who is there that cannot

* GARASSE.—This passage is remarkable. Paley evidently borrowed the illustration from Burnet's *Theoria Sacra*;—whether Burnet borrowed it from Garasse is not so clear: he was about forty years Burnet's senior.

† BURNS.

call to mind some striking instances in his own ?

"There is a time coming," said this good man, "when our warfare shall be accomplished, our views enlarged, and our light increased; then with what transports of adoration and love shall we look back upon the way by which the Lord led us! We shall then see and acknowledge that mercy and goodness directed every step; we shall see that what our ignorance once called adversities and evils, were in reality blessings which we could not have done well without; that nothing befell us without a cause, that no trouble came upon us sooner, or pressed us more heavily, or continued longer, than our case required: in a word, that our many afflictions were each in their place, among the means employed by divine grace and wisdom, to bring us to the possession of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which the Lord has prepared for his people. And even in this imperfect state, though we are seldom able to judge aright of our present circumstances, yet if we look upon the years of our past life, and compare the dispensations we have been brought through, with the frame of our minds under each successive period; if we consider how wonderfully one thing has been connected with another; so that what we now number amongst our greatest advantages, perhaps took their first rise from incidents which we thought hardly worth our notice; and that we have sometimes escaped the greatest dangers that threatened us, not by any wisdom or foresight of our own, but by that intervention of circumstances, which we neither desired nor thought of;—I say, when we compare and consider these things by the light afforded us in the Holy Scriptures, we may collect indisputable proof from the narrow circle of our own concerns, that the wise and good providence of God watches over his people from the earliest moment of their life, over-rules and guards them through all their wanderings in a state of ignorance, and leads them in a way they know not, till at length his providence and grace concur in those events and impres-

sions which bring them to the knowledge of Him and themselves."

"All things are brought upon us by Nature and Fate," says the unknown speculator who foisted his theology upon the world under the false name of Hermes Trismegistus: "and there is no place deserted by Providence. But Providence is the reason, perfect in itself, of super-celestial Deity. From it are the two known Powers, Necessity and Fate. Fate is the Minister of Providence and of Necessity; and the Stars are the ministers of Fate. And no one can fly from Fate, nor protect himself against its mighty force; for the Stars are the arms of Fate, and according to it all things are affected in Nature and in Men." Take the passage in the Latin of Francisus Patricius, who produced these mystic treatises from the Ranzovian Library.

Omnia vero fiunt Naturâ et Fato. Et non est locus desertus a Providentiâ. Providentia vero est per se perfecta ratio supercaelestis Dei. Duâ autem sunt ab eâ notæ potentia. Necessitas et Fatum. Fatum autem ministrum est Providentiæ et Necessitatis. Fati vero ministrae sunt stellæ. Neque enim Fatum fugere quis potest, neque se custodire ab ipsius vi magnâ. Arma namque Fati sunt Stellæ, seciundum ipsum namque cuncta efficiuntur Naturæ et hominibus.

Thus, says P. Garasse, there are six or seven steps down to man; Providence, Necessity, Fate, the Stars, Nature, and then Man at the lowest step of the ladder. For Providence, being *ratio absoluta caelestis Dei*, is *comme hors de pair*: and has under her a servant, who is called Necessity, and Necessity has under her, her valet Fate, and Fate has the Stars for its weapons, and the Stars have Nature for their arsenal, and Nature has them for her subjects: The one serves the other, *en sorte que le premier qui manque à son devoir, desbauche tout l'attirail; mais à condition, qu'il est hors de la puissance des hommes d'éviter les armes du Destin qui sont les Estoiles. Or je confesse que tout ce discours n'est si obscur et énigmatique que j'entendrois mieux les reserves d'un phrenétique, ou les pensées obscures de Lycophon; je*

n'assure que Trismegiste ne s'entendoit non plus lors qu'il faisoit ce discours, que nous l'entendons maintenant."

The Jesuit is right. Necessity, Fate and Nature are mere abstractions. The Stars keep their courses and regard not us. Between Man and his Maker nothing is interposed; nothing can be interposed between the Omnipresent Almighty and the creatures of His hand. Receive this truth into thy soul whoever thou be'st that readest, and it will work in thee a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness! And ye who tremble at the awful thought, remember that, though there be nothing *between us and our Judge*, we have a Mediator and Advocate *with Him*, who is the propitiation for our sins, and who is "able to save them to the uttermost that come to God through Him."

CHAPTER CLXXI.

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

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

READER! I set some learning before you in the last chapter, and "however some may cry out that all endeavours at learning in a book like this, especially where it steps beyond their little, (or let me not wrong them) no brain at all, is superfluous, I am contented," with great Ben, "that these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers."

In pursuance of the same theme I shall set before you here some divine philosophy in the words of Dr. Scott, the author of the Christian Life. "The goods and evils that befall us here," says that wise and excellent preacher, who being dead yet speaketh, and will continue to speak while there be any virtue and while there be any praise,—

"the goods and evils, which befall us here, are not so truly to be estimated by themselves as by their effects and consequents. For the Divine Providence which runs through all things, hath disposed and connected them into such a series and order, that there is no single event or accident (but what is purely miraculous) but depends upon the whole system, and hath innumerable causes antecedent to it, and innumerable consequents attending it; and what the consequents will be, whether good or bad, singly and apart by itself, yet in conjunction with all those consequents that will most certainly attend it, the best event, for aught we know, may prove most mischievous, and the worst most beneficial to us. So that for us boldly to pronounce concerning the good or evil of events, before we see the train of consequents that follow them, is very rash and inconsiderate. As, for instance, you see a good man oppressed with sorrows and afflictions, and a bad man crowned with pleasures and prosperities; and considering these things apart by themselves, you conclude that the one fares very ill, and the other very well: but did you at the same time see the consequents of the one's adversity and the other's prosperity, it's probable you would conclude the quite contrary, *viz.* that the good man's adversity was a blessing, and the bad man's prosperity a curse. For I dare boldly affirm that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities. The one smarts indeed at present, but what follows? perhaps his mind is cured by it of some disease that is ten times worse to him than his outward affliction; of avarice and impatience, of envy or discontent, of pride or vanity of spirit; his riches are lessened, but his virtues are improved by it; his body is impaired, but his mind is grown sound and hale by it, and what he hath lost in health, or wealth, or pleasure, or honour, he hath gained with vast advantage in wisdom and goodness, in tranquillity of mind and self-enjoyment, and methinks no man who believes he hath a soul should grudge to suffer any tolerable

affliction for bettering of his mind, his will, and his conscience.

“On the other hand the bad man triumphs and rejoices at present; but what follows? His prosperity either shrivels him into miserableness, or melts him into luxury; the former of which impoverishes, and the latter diseases him: for if the former be the effect of his prosperity, it increases his needs, because before he needed only what he had not, but now he needs both what he hath not, and what he hath, his covetous desires treating him as the falconer doth his hawk, luring him off from what he hath seized to fly at new game, and never permitting him to prey upon his own quarry: and if the latter be the effect of his prosperity, that is if it melts him into luxury, it thereby wastes his health to be sure, and commonly his estate too, and so whereas it found him poor and well, it leaves him poor and diseased, and only took him up from the plough, and sets him down at the hospital. In general, while he is possessed of it, it only bloats and swells him, makes him proud and insolent, griping and oppressive; pampers and enrages his lust, stretches out his desires into insatiable bulimy, sticks his mind full of cares, and his conscience of guiles, and by all those woeful effects it inflames his reckoning with God, and treasures up wrath for him against the day of wrath; so that comparing the consequences of the good man's adversity, with those of the bad man's prosperity, it is evident that the former fares well even in his worst condition, and the latter ill in his best. ‘It is well for me,’ saith David, ‘that I was afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I have kept thy commandments.’ But, on the contrary, when the wicked spring as the grass, saith the same author, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish, then it is that they shall be destroyed for ever! If then in the consequents of things, good men are blessed in their afflictions and bad men plagued in their prosperities, as it is apparent they generally are, these unequal distributions are so far from being an argument against Providence, that they are a glorious

instance of it. For wherein could the divine Providence better express its justice and wisdom together, than by benefiting the good, and punishing the bad by such cross and unprobable methods?”

INTERCHAPTER XVII.

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

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

THERE was a female personage of whom I will venture to say that every one of my English readers, (Quakers perhaps excepted) has heard tell; and a great many of my Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Transatlantic ones also—I venture to say this because her remarkable story has been transmitted to us in a Lay, a species of composition the full value of which has never been understood till the present age. Niebuhr and his learned followers assure us that the whole early history of Rome is founded upon no other authority than that of Lays, which have long since perished. And very possibly there may be German professors of Divinity who in like manner trace the Jewish history before Samuel to the Lays of Samson, Jephthab, Gideon, and other heroes of the Kritarchy, of Joshua, and of Moses, and so of the Patriarchs upwards.

To be sure it might startle us somewhat if these Lays were called by the old-fashioned name of Ballads, or old songs; and had either of those appellations been used we might hesitate a little before we gave implicit credit to so great a discovery.

Returning, however, to the personage of the Lay to which I have alluded, and which has been handed down from mother and nurse to child by immemorial tradition, and not stopping to inquire whether the tale itself is an historical matter of fact, or what is now called a mythos, and whether the personage is a mythological personage, the

Lay of the Little Woman when reduced to history, or prose narration, says that she went to market to sell her eggs;—in historicizing the fact from this metrical document, I must take care to avoid any such collocation of words as might lead me into the worst of all possible styles, that of poetical prose. Numerous prose indeed not only carries with it a charm to the ear but affords such 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 numerosness on the writer's part, is as great and perceptible as the difference between travelling upon an old road, or a macadamised one. Twenty pages of the one will exhaust the reader more than threescore of the other, just as there was more fatigue in a journey of fifty miles, fifty years ago, than there is in thrice the distance now. The fact is certain, and may no doubt be physically explained. But numerous prose and poetical prose are things as different as gracefulness and affectation.

All who remember the story will recollect that the Little Woman fell asleep by the way-side; and probably they will agree with me in supposing, that this must have happened on her return from market, after she had sold her eggs, and was tired with the business and excitement of the day. A different conclusion would perhaps be drawn from the Lay itself, were it not that in historical Lays many connecting circumstances are passed over because they were so well known at the time the Lay was composed that it was deemed unnecessary to touch upon them; moreover it should be observed that in Lays which have been orally transmitted for many generations before they were committed to writing, the less important parts are liable to be dropped. Of this there is evidently an example in the present case. Most country-women who keep the market go on horseback, and it is not mentioned in the Lay that the Little Woman went on foot; yet that she did so is certain; for nothing could be more likely than that being tired with walking she should sit down to rest herself by the

way-side, and nothing more unlikely than that if she had been on horseback, she should have alighted for that purpose.

And here it is proper in this glose, commentary or exposition, to obviate an injurious suspicion which might arise concerning the character of the Little Woman, namely, that she must have been in liquor. Had it been a Lay of present times, this, it must be admitted, would have been very probable, the British Parliament having thought fit to pass an Act, by virtue, or by vice of which, in addition to the public-houses previously established, which were so numerous that they have long been a curse to the country,—in addition I say to these, 39,654 beer shops, as appears by a Parliamentary paper, were licensed in the year 1835. This Utilitarian law ought to have been entitled an Act for the increase of Drunkenness, and the promotion of sedition, brutality, wretchedness, and pauperism. But the Little Woman lived when there were not more public houses than were required for the convenience of travellers; perhaps before there were any, when strangers were entertained in monasteries, or went to the parsonage, as was the custom within the present century in some parts of Switzerland. In Iceland they are lodged in the Church at this time; but this seems never to have been the case in England.

It was a hot day, probably at the latter end of summer, or perhaps in autumn; this must be inferred from the circumstances of the story; and if the Little Woman called at a gossip's house, and was offered some refreshment, it is very possible that being thirsty she may have drunk a peg lower in the cup than she generally allowed herself to do; and that being somewhat exhausted, the ale, beer, cyder, or metheglin may have had more effect upon her than it would have had at another time, and that consequently she may have felt drowsy as soon as she sate down. This may be admitted without impeaching her reputation on the score of temperance; and beyond this it is certain, as will presently be made appear, that her head could not have been affected.

Sleep, however,

— weigh'd her eye-lids down
And steep'd her senses in forgetfulness.

It will sometimes press heavily on the lids, even when the mind is wakeful, and feverishly, or miserably employed; but it will seldom steep the senses unless it be of that sound kind which denotes a healthy body and a heart at ease. They who sleep soundly must be free from care. In the south of Europe men of the lower classes lie down in the sun or shade according to the season, and fall asleep like dogs at any time. The less they are raised above animal life, the sounder the sleep is, and the more it seems to be an act of volition with them; when they close their eyes there is nothing within to keep them waking.

Well, our Little Woman was sleeping on a bank beside the way, when a Pedlar happened to come by. Not such a Pedlar as the one in Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion, who was what Randolph's Pedlar describes himself to be, "a noble, generous, understanding, royal, magnificent, religious, heroic, and thrice illustrious Pedlar;" if Randolph had been a Highlander this description might have been adduced as a proof of the prophetic faculty, — a second sight of that glorious poem, the well established fame of which and the effect which it has produced and is producing upon the present generation both of authors and readers must be so peculiarly gratifying to Lord Jeffrey. No; he was such a Pedlar as Autolycus, and if the Little Woman lived in the days of King Leontes, it may possibly have been Autolycus himself; for he had "a quick eye and a nimble hand," and was one who "Held honesty for a fool and Trust, his brother, for a very simple gentleman." The distance between Bohemia and England makes no difficulty in this supposition. Gypsies used to be called Bohemians; and moreover, as Uncle Toby would have told Trim, Bohemia might have been a maritime country in those days; and when he found it convenient to return thither, the readiest way was to get on board ship.

It is said, however, in the Lay, that the

Pedlar's name was Stout. It may have been so; and yet I am disposed to think that this is a corrupt passage, and that stout in this place is more probably an epithet, than a name. The verse may probably have run thus,

There came by a Pedlar, a losell stout,

a stout thief being formerly as common a designation as a sturdy beggar. This rogue seeing her asleep by the way-side, cut her petticoats all round about up to the knee; whence it appears not only how soundly she must have been sleeping, and how expert he was in this branch of his trade, but also that her pockets were in her petticoats and not a separate article of her dress.

At the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert with the Lady Susan Vere, which was performed at the Court of Whitehall, in the year 1604, with all the honour that could be done to a great favourite, many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, like the Little Woman; and Sir Dudley Carleton says "they were well enough served that they could keep cut* no better." If the reader asks what is keeping cut? he asks a question I cannot answer.

I have already observed that the weather was warm, and the proof is twofold, first in the Little Woman's sitting down by the way, which in cold weather she would not have done; and, secondly, because when she awoke and discovered the condition in which this cut-purse had left her, she began to quiver and quake, for these words are plainly intended to denote at the same time a sense of chilliness, and an emotion of fear. She quivered perhaps for cold, having been deprived of so great a part of her lower garments; but she quaked for fear, considering as well the danger she had been in, as the injury which she had actually sustained. The confusion of mind produced by these mingled emotions was so remarkable that Mr. Coleridge might have thought it not unworthy of his psychological and transcendental investigations; and Mr. Words-

* *Quære?* To be in the fashion — to be as others are?

worth might make it the subject of a modern Lay to be classed either among his poems of the Fancy, or of the Imagination as might to him seem fit. For the Lay says that the Little Woman, instead of doubting for a while whether she were asleep or awake, that is to say whether she were in a dream because of the strange, and indecorous, and uncomfortable, and unaccountable condition in which she found herself, doubted her own identity, and asked herself whether she were herself, or not? So little was she able to answer so subtle a question satisfactorily that she determined upon referring it to the decision of a little dog which she had left at home, and whose fidelity and instinctive sagacity could not, she thought, be deceived. "If it be I," said she, "as I hope it be, he will wag his little tail for joy at my return; if it be not I, he will bark at me for a stranger." Homeward, therefore, the Little Woman went, and confused as she was, she found her way there instinctively like Dr. Southey's Ladurlad, and almost in as forlorn a state. Before she arrived, night had closed, and it became dark. She had reckoned rightly upon her dog's fidelity, but counted too much upon his sagacious instinct. He did not recognise his mistress at that unusual hour, and in a curtailed dress wherein he had never seen her before, and instead of wagging his tail, and fawning, and whining, to bid her welcome as she had hoped, he began to bark angrily, with faithful but unfortunate vigilance, mistaking her for a stranger who could have no good reason for coming about the premises at that time of night. And the Lay concludes with the Little Woman's miserable conclusion that as the dog disowned her, she was not the dog's Mistress, not the person who dwelt in that house, and whom she had supposed herself to be, in fact not herself, but somebody else, she did not know who.

INTERCHAPTER XVIII.

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

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

THE sagacious reader will already have applied the Lay of the Little Woman to the case of Dr. Dove's disciple and memorialist, and mentally apostrophising him may have said,

— de te
 Fabula narratur.

Even so, dear Reader, the Little Woman was a type of me, and yet but an imperfect one, for my case is far more complicated than hers. The simple doubt which distressed her, (and a most distressing one it must be admitted that it was,) was whether she were herself or not; but the compound question which has been mooted concerning me is whether I am myself or somebody else, and whether somebody else is himself or me.

When various conjectures were formed and assertions hazarded concerning the Author or Editor of the Craftsman, some representing Caleb D'Anvers as an imaginary person, a mere fictitious character made use of to screen the performances of men in the dark, that formidable opponent of Sir Robert Walpole's administration said, "I hope it will not be expected that I should stand still and see myself reasoned out of my existence."

Every one knows that it is possible to be reasoned out of our rights and despoiled in consequence of our property in a court of law; but every one may not know that it is possible to be reasoned out of our existence there: I do not mean condemned to death, and executed accordingly upon the testi-

mony of false witnesses, as those who suffered for the Popish plot were; or upon circumstantial evidence, honestly produced, and disproved when it was too late; but that an individual may be judicially declared to be not in existence, when actually present in the Court to give the Lawyers and the Law the lie.

On the 2d of March, 1784, the Irish Attorney General was heard before the Irish House of Lords in the case of Hume and Loftus. In the course of his argument he contended that judgments were of the most sacred nature, and that to reverse one was in effect to overturn the law and the constitution; the record was binding, and a bar to all other evidence being produced to the Court. "He instanced a case wherein a judgment had been given on the presumed death of a man's wife, who, as afterwards appeared, was not dead, but was produced in person to the Court, and was properly identified, and it was prayed to the Court to reverse the judgment given on supposition of her death which had been pronounced by the same Court, as in the pleading stated. Nevertheless the Court, with the Woman before their eyes, pronounced her dead, and confirmed the judgment, saying, that the verdict was not that which was binding, but the judgment, in consequence of the verdict having become a record, could not be reversed."

This woman, upon hearing such a decision concerning herself pronounced, might well have called in question not her identity, but the evidence of her senses, and have supposed that she was dreaming, or out of her wits, rather than that justice could be so outraged, and common sense so grossly insulted in a Court of Law.

Happily my case is in no worse court than a Court of Criticism, a Court in which I can neither be compelled to plead nor to appear.

Dr. Wordsworth rendered good service to English History when he asked who wrote *Εικών Βασιλική*, for it is a question of great historical importance, and he has shown, by a careful investigation of all the evidence

which it has been possible to collect, that it is the work of Charles himself, confirming thus that internal evidence which is of the most conclusive kind.

Who was Junius is a question which is not likely ever to be determined by discussion after so many fruitless attempts; but whenever the secret shall by any chance be discovered, considerable light will be thrown upon the political intrigues of the earlier part of a most important reign.

But who or what I am can be of no importance to any but myself.

More than one hundred and fifty treatises are said to have been published upon the question whether Thomas à Kempis was the Author of the well-known book *de Imitatione Christi*. That question affects the Augustinians; for if it were proved that this native of Kemp near Cologne, Thomas Hammerlein by name, were the transcriber only and not the writer of that famous treatise, they would lose the brightest ornament of their order. This Hammerlein has never been confounded with his namesake Felix, once a Doctor and *Precentor Clarissimus*, under whose portrait in the title page of one of his volumes where he stands Hammer in hand, there are these verses.

*Felicis si te juvat induluisse libellis
Malleoli, presens dilige lector opus.
Illius ingenium variis scabronibus actum
Perspicis, et stimulos sustinuisse graves.
Casibus adversis, aurum velut igne, probatus
Hostibus usque suis Malleus acer erat.
Hinc sibi conveniens sortitus nomen, ut esset
Hemmerlin dictus, nomine, ræque, statu.
At Felix tandem, vitioque illæsus ab omni
Carceris e tenebris sydera clara subit.*

This Hemmerlin in his Dialogue between a Nobleman and a Rustic, makes the Rustic crave license for his rude manner of speech saying, *Si ruralis consuetudine moris ineptissime loquar per te non corripiar, quia non sermonis colorum quoque nitorem, sed sensus sententiarumque requiro rigorem. Nam legitur quod Demon sedebat et braccam cum reste suebat; et dixit, si non est pulchra, tamen est consucio firma.* The needle must have been considerably larger than Gammer Gurton's, which is never-the-less and ever will be the most famous of all needles.

Well was it for Hodge when Diccon the Bedlam gave him the good openhanded blow which produced the catastrophe of that Right Pithy, Pleasant, and Merry Comedy entitled Gammer Gurton's Needle,—Well was it I say for Hodge that the Needle in the episcopal comedy was not of such calibre as that wherewith the Auld Gude Man, as the Scotch, according to Sir Walter, respectfully call the Old Wicked One, in their caution never to give any unnecessary offence,—Well, again I say, was it for Hodge that his Gammer's Neele, her dear Neele, her fair long straight Neele that was her only treasure, was of no such calibre as the Needle which that Old One used, when mending his breeks with a rope he observed that though it was not a neat piece of sewing it was strong,—for if it had been such a Needle, Diccon's manual joke must have proved fatal. Our Bishops write no such comedies now; yet we have more than one who could translate it into Aristophanic Greek.

Wherefore did Thomas Warton (never to be named without respect and gratitude by all lovers of English literature) say that when the Sermons of Hugh Latimer were in vogue at Court, the University might be justified in applauding Gammer Gurton's Needle? How could he who so justly appreciated the Comedy, disparage those sermons? He has spoken of the play as the first in our language in which a comic story is handled with some disposition of plot and some discrimination. "The writer," he says, "has a degree of jocularly which sometimes rises above buffoonery, but is often disgraced by lowness of incident. Yet in a more polished age he would have chosen, nor would he perhaps have disgraced, a better subject. It has been thought surprising that a learned audience could have endured some of these indelicate scenes. But the established festivities of scholars were gross; nor was learning in that age always accompanied by gentleness of manners." Nor is it always now, nor has it ever been, O Thomas Warton!—if it had, you would not when you wore a great wig,—had taken the

degree of B.D.,—been Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford,—and wast moreover Poet Laureate,—most worthy of that office of all who have held it since Great Ben,—you would not in your mellow old age, when your brother was Master of Winchester School, have delighted as you did in hunting rats with the Winchester Boys.

O Thomas Warton! you had and could not but have a hearty liking for all that is properly comic in the pithy old episcopal comedy! but that you should even seem to disparage Latimer's Sermons is to me more than most strange. For Latimer would have gained for himself a great and enduring name in the pulpit, if he had not been called upon to bear the highest and holiest of all titles. The pithy comedy no doubt was written long before its author was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells, and we may be sure that Bishop Still never reckoned it among his sins. If its language were rendered every where intelligible and its dirtiness cleaned away, for there is nothing worse to be removed, Gammer Gurton's Needle might succeed in these days as a farce.

Fuller says he had read in the Register of Trinity College, Cambridge, this commendation of Bishop Still that he was ἀγαθὸς κομποτρόφος *neq* Collegio gravis aut onerosus. Still was Master of that College, as he had been before of St. John's.

"What style," says Sir John Harrington, "shall I use to set forth this Still, whom (well nigh thirty years since) my reverend tutor in Cambridge styled by this name, 'Divine Still,' who, when myself came to him to sue for my grace to be bachelor, first examined me strictly, and after answered me kindly, that 'the grace he granted me was not of grace but of merit;' who was often content to grace my young exercises with his venerable presence; who, from that time to this, hath given me some helps, more hopes, all encouragements, in my best studies; to whom I never came, but I grew more religious; from whom I never went, but I parted better instructed: Of him, therefore, my acquaintance, my friend, my

instructor, and last my diocesan; if I speak much it were not to be marvelled; if I speak frankly, it is not to be blamed; and though I speak partially, it were to be pardoned. Yet to keep within my proportion, custom and promise, in all these, I must say this much of him; his breeding was from his childhood in good literature, and partly in music*, which was counted in those days a preparative to Divinity; neither could any be admitted to *primam tonsuram*, except he could first *bene le, bene con, bene can* (as they call it), which is to read well, to construe well, and to sing well; in which last he hath good judgment, and I have heard good music of voices in his house.

"In his full time, more full of learning, he became Bachelor of Divinity, and after Doctor; and so famous for a Preacher, and especially a disputer, that the learned'st were even afraid to dispute with him; and he finding his own strength would not stick to warn them in their arguments to take heed to their answers, like a perfect fencer that will tell beforehand in which button he will give the venew, or like a cunning chess-player that will appoint beforehand with which pawn, and in what place, he will give the mate.

"One trifling accident happened to his Lordship at Bath, that I have thought since of more consequence, and I tell him that I never knew him *non plus* in argument, but there. There was a craft's-man in Bath, a recusant puritan, who, condemning our Church, our Bishops, our sacraments, our prayers, was condemned himself to die at the assizes, but, at my request, Judge Anderson reprieved him, and he was suffered to remain at Bath upon bail. The Bishop conferred with him, in hope to convert him, and first, My Lord alleged for the authority of the church, St. Augustine! The Shoemaker answered, 'Austin was but a man.' He (Still) produced, for the antiquity of Bishops, the Fathers of the Council at Nice.

* The Greek sense of *μουσικὸς* is well known. Cf Arist. Pol. lib. viii. c. iii. As Cicero says, "Summum eruditionem Græci sitam censebant in nervorum vocumque cantibus," &c. Cic. Tuscul. i. c. ii.

He answered, 'They were also but men, and might err.' 'Why then,' said the Bishop, 'thou art but a man, and must, and dost err.' 'No, Sir,' saith he, 'the Spirit bears witness to my spirit; I am the child of God.' 'Alas!' said the Bishop, 'thy blind spirit will lead thee to the gallows.' 'If I die,' saith he, 'in the Lord's cause, I shall be a martyr.' The Bishop turning to me, stirred as much to pity as impatience;—'This man,' said he, 'is not a sheep strayed from the fold, for such may be brought in again on the shepherd's shoulders, but this is like a wild buck broke out of a park, whose pale is thrown down, that flies the farther off, the more he is hunted.' Yet this man, that stopped his ears like the adder to the charms of the Bishop, was after persuaded by a lay-man, and grew conformable. But to draw to an end; in one question this Bishop, whom I count an oracle for learning, would never yet give me satisfaction, and that was, when I asked him his opinion of witches. He saith 'he knows other men's opinions, both old and new writers, but could never so digest them, to make them an opinion of his own.' All I can get is 'this, that the Devil is the old Serpent our enemy, that we pray to be delivered from daily; as willing to have us think he can do too much as to have us persuaded he doth nothing.'

In the account of Webster and his Writings, prefixed to his Works by their able editor Mr. Dyce, that editor finds it necessary to bestow much pains in showing that John Webster the Dramatist and Player, was not John Webster the Puritan and Chaplain in the Army; but, on the other hand, Mr. Payne Collier, who is a great authority in our stage literature, contends that he was one and the same person, and that when in the Prefatory Address to his Saint's Guide, he speaks of the "damnable condition" from which the Lord in his wonderful mercy had brought him, he could hardly mean anything but his condition as a player. It remained then to be argued, whether either of these persons were the John Webster, Practitioner in Physic and Chirurgery, who wrote or com-

piled a work entitled *Metalographia*, a volume of Sermons entitled *The Judgment set and the Books opened*, and a tract called *Academiarum Examen*, or the Examination of Academies, wherein is discussed and examined the Matter, Method, and Customs of Academic and Scholastic Learning, and the insufficiency thereof discovered and laid open: as also some expedients proposed for the reforming of schools and the perfecting and promoting of all kind of science. A powerful Tract Mr. Dyce calls it; and it must have been thought of some importance in its day, for it provoked an answer from Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and Wilkins, afterwards the well known Bishop of Chester, (from whom Peter Wilkins may perhaps have been named,) wrote in it an Epistle to the Author. One of these Websters wrote a remarkable book against the then prevalent belief in witchcraft, though he was himself a believer in astrology and held that there are great and hidden virtues in metals and precious stones, as they are by Nature produced, by mystical Chemistry prepared and exalted, or commixed and insculp'd in their due and fit constellation. Which of the John Websters was this? If it has not been satisfactorily ascertained, whether there were one, two, three or four John Websters after so much careful investigation by the most eminent bibliologists, though it is not supposed that on the part of any John Webster there was any design to conceal himself and mystify the public, by whom can the question be answered concerning the authorship of this Opus, except by me the Opifex, and those few persons trusted and worthy of the trust, who are, like me, secret as the grave?

There is a history (and of no ordinary value) of Great Britain from the Revolution to the Accession of George I. written in Latin by Alexander Cunningham, translated from the Author's Manuscript by Dr. William Thompson, and published in two quarto volumes by Dr. Hollingbery in 1787. That the Author was Minister for George I. to the Venetian Republic is certain; but whether he were the Alexander Cunningham

that lived at the same time, whose editions of Virgil and Horace are well known, and whose reputation as a critic stood high among the continental scholars of the last century, is altogether doubtful. If they were two persons, each was born in Scotland and educated in Holland, each a friend and favourite of Carstares, King William's confidential secretary for Scotch affairs, each a remarkably good Chess Player, each an accomplished Latinist, and each concerned in the education of John Duke of Argyle. Upon weaker evidence, says Dr. Thompson, than that which seems to prove the identity of the two Cunninghams, decisions have been given that have affected fortunes, fame, life, posterity and all that is dear to mankind; and yet, notwithstanding these accumulated coincidences, he comes at length to the conclusion, that there are circumstances which seem incompatible with their identity, and that probably they were different persons.

But what signifies it now to any one whether certain books published in the seventeenth century were written by one and the same John Webster, or by four persons of that name? What signifies it whether Alexander Cunningham the historian was one and indivisible, like the French Republic, or that there were two Alexander Cunninghams, resembling each other as much as the two Sosias of the ancient drama, or the two Dromios and their twin masters in the Comedy of Errors? What signifies it to any creature upon earth? It may indeed afford matter for inquiry in a Biographical Dictionary, or in the Gentleman's Magazine, and by possibility of the remotest kind, for a law-suit. And can we wonder that an identity of names has sometimes occasioned a singular confusion of persons, and that Biographers and Bibliographers should sometimes be thus at fault, when we find that the same thing has deceived the most unerring of all Messengers, — Death himself.

Thus it was. There was a certain man, Curina by name, who lived in a village not far from Hippo in the days of St. Augustine. This man sickened and died; but because

there seemed to be some faint and intermitting appearances of life, his friends delayed burying him for some days. Those appearances at length ceased; it could no longer be doubted that he was indeed dead; when behold he opened his eyes, and desired that a messenger might immediately be sent to his neighbour and namesake Curina the blacksmith, and inquire how he was. The answer was that he had just expired. The resuscitated Curina then related that he himself had verily and indeed died, and that his soul had been carried before the Judge of the Dead, who had vehemently reprov'd the Ministering Spirits that brought him thither, seeing it was not for him but for Curina the Blacksmith that they had been sent. This was not only a joyful surprise for the relieved or replevied Curina, but a most happy adventure in other respects. He had not only an opportunity of seeing Paradise in his excursion, but a friendly hint was given him there, that as soon as his health was restored he should repair to Hippo and there receive baptism from St. Augustine's hands.

When the wrong soul happens thus to be summoned out of the body, Pope St. Gregory the Great assures us that there is no mistake; and who shall question what the Infallible Pope and Saint affirms? "Peter," saith he, in one of his Dialogues, "when this happeneth, it is not, if it be well considered, any error, but an admonition. For God of his great and bountiful mercy so disposeth, that some after their death do straightways return again to life, in order that having seen the torments of Hell, which before when they heard of they would not believe, they may at least tremble at them after they have with their own eyes beheld them. For a certain Slavonian who was a Monk, and lived with me here in this city, in my Monastery, used to tell me, that at such time as he dwelt in the wilderness, he knew one Peter, a Monk born in Spain, who lived with him in the vast desert called Evasa, which Peter (as he said) told him how before he came to dwell in that place, he by a certain sickness died, and was

straightway restored to life again, affirming that he had seen the torments and innumerable places of Hell, and divers who were mighty men in this world hanging in those flames; and that as himself was carried to be thrown also into the same fire, suddenly an Angel in a beautiful attire appeared, who would not suffer him to be cast into those torments, but spake unto him in this manner: 'Go thy way back again, and hereafter carefully look unto thyself how thou ledest thy life!' after which words his body by little and little became warm, and himself waking out of the sleep of everlasting death, reported all such things as had happened about him; after which time he bound himself to such fasting and watching, that though he had said nothing, yet his life and conversation did speak what torments he had seen and was afraid of; and so God's merciful providence wrought in his temporal death that he died not everlastingly.

"But because man's heart is passing obdurate and hard, hereof it cometh that though others have the like vision and see the same pains, yet do they not always keep the like profit. For the honourable man Stephen, whom you knew very well, told me of himself, that at such time as he was upon business, resident in the City of Constantinople, he fell sick and died; and when they sought for a surgeon to bowel him and to embalm his body and could not get any, he lay unburied all the night following; in which space his soul was carried to the dungeon of Hell, where he saw many things which before when he heard of, he had little believed. But when he was brought before the Judge that sat there, the Judge would not admit him to his presence, saying, 'I commanded not this man to be brought, but Stephen the Smith!' upon which words he was straightway restored to life, and Stephen the Smith, that dwelt hard by, at that very hour departed this life, whose death did show that the words which he had heard were most true. But though the foresaid Stephen escaped death in this manner at that time, yet three years since, in that mortality which lamentably wasted this city, (and in which,

as you know, men with their corporal eyes did behold arrows that came from Heaven, which did strike divers,) the same man ended his days. At which time a certain soldier being also brought to the point of death, his soul was in such sort carried out of his body that he lay void of all sense and feeling, but coming quickly again to himself, he told them that were present what strange things he had seen. For he said, (as many report who knew it very well,) that he saw a Bridge, under which a black and smoaky river did run that had a filthy and intolerable smell; but upon the further side thereof there were pleasant green meadows full of sweet flowers; in which also there were divers companies of men apparelled in white; and such a delicate savour there was that the fragrant odour thereof did give wonderful content to all them that dwelt and walked in that place. Divers particular mansions also there were, all shining with brightness and light, and especially one magnificent and sumptuous house, which was a-building, the bricks whereof seemed to be of Gold; but whose it was that he knew not.

“There were also upon the bank of the foresaid river certain houses, but some of them the stinking vapour which rose from the river did touch, and some other it touched not at all. Now those that desired to pass over the foresaid Bridge were subject to this manner of trial; if any that was wicked attempted to go over, down he fell into that dark and stinking river; but those that were just and not hindered by sin, securely and easily passed over to those pleasant and delicate places. There he said also that he saw Peter, who was Steward of the Pope's family, and died some four years since, thrust into a most filthy place, where he was bound and kept down with a great weight of iron; and inquiring why he was so used, he received this answer, which all we that knew his life can affirm to be most true; for it was told him that he suffered that pain, because when himself was upon any occasion to punish others, that he did it more upon cruelty than to show his obedience; of which his merciless disposition none

that knew him can be ignorant. There also he said that he saw a Priest whom he knew, who coming to the foresaid Bridge passed over with as great security as he had lived in this world sincerely.

“Likewise upon the same Bridge he said that he did see this Stephen whom before we spake of, who, being about to go over, his foot slipped, and half his body hanging beside the Bridge, he was of certain terrible men that rose out of the river drawn by the legs downward, and by certain other white and beautiful persons he was by the arms pulled upward, and while they strove thus, the wicked spirits to draw him downward and the good to lift him upward, he that beheld all this strange sight returned to life, not knowing in conclusion what became of him. By which miraculous vision we learn this thing concerning the life of Stephen, to wit, that in him the sins of the flesh did strive with his works of alms. For in that he was by the legs drawn downward, and by the arms plucked upward, apparent it is, that both he loved to give alms, and yet did not perfectly resist the sins of the flesh which did pull him downward; but in that secret examination of the Supreme Judge, which of them had the victory, that neither we know nor he that saw it. Yet more certain it is that the same Stephen after that he had seen the places of Hell, as before was said, and returned again to his body, did never perfectly amend his former wicked life, seeing many years after he departed this world leaving us in doubt whether he were saved or damned”

Hereupon Peter the Deacon said to Pope St. Gregory the Great, “What, I beseech you, was meant by the building of that house in those places of delight, with bricks of gold? For it seemeth very ridiculous that in the next life we should have need of any such kind of metal.” Pope Gregory the Great answered and said, “What man of sense can think so? But by that which was shown there, (whosoever he was for whom that house was built,) we learn plainly what virtuous works he did in this world; for he that by plenty of alms doth merit the reward

of eternal light, certain it is that he doth build his house with gold. For the same soldier who had this vision said also, (which I forgot to tell you before,) that old men and young, girls and boys, did carry those bricks of gold for the building of that house, by which we learn that those to whom we show compassion in this world do labour for us in the next. There dwelt hard by us a religious man called Deusededit, who was a shoemaker, concerning whom another saw by revelation that he had in the next world a house a-building, but the workmen thereof laboured only upon the Saturday; who afterward inquiring more diligently how he lived, found that whatsoever he got by his labour all the week, and was not spent upon necessary provision of meat and apparel, all that upon the Saturday he bestowed upon the poor in alms, at St. Peter's Church; and therefore see what reason there was that his building went forward upon the Saturday."

It was a very reasonable question that Peter the Deacon asked of Gregory the Great, when he desired to know how it came to pass that certain persons who were summoned into the other world, were told when they got there that they were not the persons who had been sent for. And it was not ill answered by the Pope that if properly considered, this when it happeneth is not an error, but an admonition. Yet that there was a mistake in the two cases of Curina and Stephen and their respective namesakes and blacksmiths cannot be disputed,—a mistake on the part of the Ministering Spirits. This may be accounted for by supposing that inferior Spirits were employed in both cases, those for whom they were sent not being of a condition to be treated with extraordinary respect on such an occasion. Comets were never kindled to announce the death of common men, and the lowest Spirits might be deputed to take charge of the Blacksmiths. But Azrael himself makes no mistakes.

Five things the Mahomedans say are known to no created Beings, only to the Creator; the time of the Day of Judgment;

the time of rain; whether an unborn child shall be male or female; what shall happen to-morrow, and when any person is to die. These the Arabians call the five keys of secret knowledge, according to a tradition of their Prophet, to whom questions of this kind were propounded by Al Hareth Ebnn Amru. But it may be inferred from a tradition which Al Beidawi has preserved that one of these keys is committed to the Angel of Death, when he is sent out in person to execute the irrevocable decree.

The Arabians tell us that Solomon was exercising his horses one day when the hour for evening prayer was announced. Immediately he alighted, and would not allow either his own horse or any other in the field to be taken to the stables, but gave orders that they should be turned loose, being from thenceforth dedicated to the Almighty's service, which the Arabians we are told call *Rebath fi sebil Allah*. To reward the king for this instance of his piety, Allah gave him a mild and pleasant, but strong wind, to be at his orders from that time forth and carry him whithersoever he would.

Once on a time Azrael passed by Solomon in a visible form, and in passing looked earnestly at a certain person who was sitting with the king. That person not liking the earnestness and the expression of his look, asked Solomon who it was, and Solomon replied it was the Angel of Death. He looks as if he wanted me, said the affrighted man; I beseech you, therefore, order the Wind to carry me instantly to India! Solomon spake the word, and no sooner was it spoken, than the Wind took him up and set him down where he desired to be. The Angel then said to Solomon, I looked so earnestly at that Man out of wonder, because that being commanded to take his soul in India, I found him here with thee in Palestine.

But, my good Reader, you and I must make no tarrance now with Solomon Ben Daoud, wisest of men and mightiest of Magicians, nor with St. Gregory the Great, Pope and Punster, and his friend Peter the Deacon, though you and I might delight in the Pope's veracious stories as much as good

Peter himself. We must wind up the volume * with one Interchapter more.

*Soggio e' il consigiator che sol ricorre
A quell' ultimo fin, che in cor si fissa,
Quel sol rimira, e tutto l'altro abborre,
Come al suo proprio danno consentisse ;
E' chi farà in tal guisa, raro fia
Che d' incontrare il ver perda la via.*

INTERCHAPTER XIX.

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

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

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

Petulant. Yes, it positively must, — upon proof positive.

Witwoud. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now.

CONGREVE.

“In the *ignotum pro magnifico*,” says Umbra, “resides a humble individual's best chance of being noticed or attended to at all.” Yet many are the attempts which have been made, and are making, in America too as well as in Great Britain, by Critics, Critickins and Criticasters, (for there are of all degrees,) to take from me the *Ignotum*, and force upon me the *Magnificum* in its stead, to prove that I am not the humble, and happily unknown disciple, friend, and, however unworthy, memorialist of Dr. Dove, a nameless individual as regards the public, holding the tenour of my noiseless way contentedly towards that oblivion which sooner or later must be the portion of us all; but that I am what is called a public character, a performer upon the great stage, whom every one is privileged to hiss or to applaud; myself a Doctor, LL.D. according to the old form, according to the present usage D.C.L. — a Doctor upon whom that trili-

teral dignity was conferred in full theatre, amid thundering peals of applauding hands, and who heard himself addressed that day in Phillimorean voice and fluent latinity by all eulogistic epithets ending in *issimus* or *errimus*. I an *issimus*! — I an *errimus*! — No other *issimus* than that *Ipsissimus ego* which by these critics I am denied to be.

These critics will have it that I am among living authors what the ever memorable Countess of Henneberg was among women; that I have more tails to my name than the greatest Bashaw bears among his standards, or the largest cuttle fish to his headless body or bodyless head; that I have executed works more durable than brass, and loftier than the Pyramids, and that I have touched the stars with my sublime forehead, — what could have saved my poor head from being moonstruck if I had.

Believe them not, O Reader! I never executed works in any material more durable than brass, I never built any thing like a pyramid, *Absurdo de tamaña grandeza no se ha escrito en letras de molde*. And as for the alleged proofs, which, depriving me of my individuality and divesting me even of entity, would consubstantiate me with the most prolific of living writers, *no son mas que ayre ó menos que ayre, una sombra ó menos que sombra, pues son nada, y nada es lo que nunca ha tenido ser verdadero*. † “It is in vain,” as Mr. Carlyle says when apostrophising Mirabeau the father upon his persevering endeavours to make his son resemble him in all points of character, and be as it were his second self, “it is in vain. He will not be Thou, but must and will be himself, another than Thou.” In like manner, It is in vain, say I: I am not, and will not and cannot be any body but myself; nor is it of any consequence to any human being who or what I am, though perhaps those persons may think otherwise who say that “they delight more in the shadow of something than to converse with a nothing in substance.” §

Lord Shaftesbury has said that “of all the artificial relations formed between mankind,

* Note. This refers to the former Editions in seven volumes.

† L' AVARCHIDE.

‡ NICOLAS PERES.

§ HURLOTHRUMBO.

the most capricious and variable is that of Author and Reader." He may be right in this; but when he says 'tis evident that an Author's art and labour are for his Reader's sake alone, I cannot assent to the position. For though I have a great and proper regard for my readers, and entertain all due respect for them, it is not for their sake alone that my art and labour have been thus employed,—not for their benefit alone, still less for their amusement, that this Opus has been edified. Of the parties concerned in it, the Readers, sooth to say, are not those who have been either first or second in my consideration. The first and paramount object was to preserve the Doctor's memory; the second to gratify myself by so doing; for what higher gratification can there be than in the performance of a debt of gratitude, one of those debts truly to be called immense, which

— A grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.*

That there are some readers who would think themselves beholden, though in far less degree, to me, as I am to the revered subject of these memorials, was an after consideration.

Sir Egerton Brydges says he never took up a book which he could read without wishing to know the character and history of the author. "But what is it," he says, "to tell the facts that he was born, married or lived single and died? What is common to all can convey no information. We desire to know an author's feelings, his temper, his disposition, his modes of thinking, his habits; nay even his person, his voice, and his mode of expressing himself, the society in which he has lived, and the images and lessons which attended upon his cradle." Most of this, Sir Egerton, you can never know otherwise than by guess work. Yet methinks my feelings, my temper, my disposition, and my modes of thinking are indicated here, as far as a book can indicate them. You have yourself said; "if it could be proved that

what one writes, is no index to what he thinks and feels, then it would be of little value and no interest;" but you are confident that such delusive writers always betray themselves; "Sincerity," you say, "has always a breath and spirit of its own." Yes, Sir Egerton, and if there is not that spirit in these volumes, there is no vitality in them; if they have not that breath of life, they must be still-born.

Yet I cannot agree with you in the opinion that those who make a false display of fine feelings, whether in prose or verse, always betray themselves. The cant of sentimentalism passes as current with the Reading Public, as cant of a different description with those who call themselves the Religious Public. Among the latter, the proudest and the most uncharitable people in this nation are to be found; and in proof that the most intensely selfish of the human race may be sentimentalists, and super-sentimentalists, it is sufficient to name Rousseau.

Perhaps some benevolent and sagacious Reader may say to me as Randolph said to his friend Owen Feltham,—

Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live as thou dost write;
And yet I guess thy life thy book produces
And but expresses thy peculiar uses.

But the Reader who should apply to me and my Opus the French lines,

*A l'auteur on connoît l'ouvrage,
A l'ouvrage on connoît l'auteur,*

though he may be equally benevolent, would not be equally sagacious. It is not for mere caprice that I remain *Ignotus* and *Innominabilis*; not a Great Unknown, an *Ignoto-lemagne*, but simply an Unknown, *ἄγνωστος*, *l'Inconnu*, *Scosciuto*, the *Encubierto*, the *Desconocido*—

This precious secret let me hide.
I'll tell you every thing beside.†

Critics, we know, affect always to have strange intelligence; but though they should say to me

You may
As soon tie up the sunbeams in a net
As keep yourself unknown ‡,

* MILTON.

† COTTON.

‡ SHIRLEY.

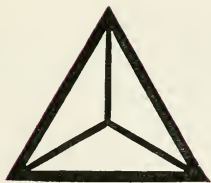
I shall still continue in darkness inscrutable. Nor am I to be moved from this determination by the opinion which the Emperor Julian expressed concerning Proteus, when he censured him for changing himself into divers forms, lest men should compel him to manifest his knowledge. For, said Julian, "if Proteus were indeed wise, and knew, as Homer says, many things, I praise him indeed for his knowledge, but I do not commend his disposition; seeing that he performed the part, not of a philanthropist, but rather of an impostor, in concealing himself lest he should be useful to mankind."

This was forming a severer opinion of the Ancient of the Deep, the old Prophet of the Sea, than I would pronounce upon Julian himself, though the name of Apostate clings to him. Unhappy as he was in the most important of all concerns, he was at least a true believer in a false religion, and therefore a better man than some of those kings who have borne the title of Most Christian

or Most Catholic. I wish he had kept his beard clean! But our follies and weaknesses, when they are nothing worse, die with us, and are not like unrepented sins to be raised up in judgment. The beard of the imperial Philosopher is not populous now. And in my posthumous travels, if in some extramundane excursion I should meet him in that Limbo which is not a place of punishment, but where odd persons as well as odd things are to be found, and in the Public Library of that Limbo we should find a certain Opus conspicuously placed and in high repute, translated, not into the Limbo tongue alone, but into all languages, and the Imperial Philosopher should censure the still incognoscible Author for still continuing in incognoscibility for the same reason that he blamed the Ancient of the Deep, I should remind him of the Eleusinian Mysteries, whisper the Great Decasyllabon in his ear, and ask him whether there are not some secrets which it is neither lawful nor fitting to disclose.

T H E D O C T O R ,

&c.



PART THE SECOND.

Posthumous.

“ There is a physiognomy in the Titles of Books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.” — *Butler's Remains.*

Preface

TO THE SECOND PART.

INVENIAS ETIAM DISJECTI MEMBRA POETÆ.

IN the distribution of the lamented Southey's literary property, the History of the Brazils, his much treasured MS. History of Portugal, The Doctor, &c. and the MS. materials for its completion, fell to the share of Edith May Warter, his eldest child, and, as he used to call her, his right hand, — to whom he addressed the Dedication of the Tale of Paraguay, and to whom he commenced a little Poem of which the lines following are almost the last, if not the very last, he ever wrote in verse.

O daughter dear, who bear'st no longer now
Thy Father's name, and for the chalky flats
Of Sussex hast exchanged thy native land
Of lakes and mountains, — neither change of place,
Condition, and all circumstantial things,
Nor new relations, and access of cares
Unfelt before, have alienated thee
Nor wean'd thy heart from this beloved spot,
Thy birth place, and so long thy happy home !

The present portion of "The Doctor, &c." is drawn up from the MS. materials alluded to, as nearly as possible in the order the Author had intended, and the seventh and concluding volume is in the press and will shortly be published.*

The whole of the MS. sheets, previous to being sent to the press, were cautiously examined by his no less amiable and excellent, than highly gifted Widow, who, at the time, was staying with us on a visit at West-Tarring. Had the lamented Southey continued the work, it was his intention, in this volume, to have advanced a step in the story, — and the Interchapters, no doubt, would have been enlarged, according to custom. His habit was, as he said, "to lay the timbers of them, and to jot down, from time to time, remarks serious or jocose, as they occurred to him." Full readily would this holy and humble man of heart have acceded to the truth conveyed in these lines

* This refers to the Edition in Seven Volumes, 8vo.

from Martin Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, — and none the less for their dactylic cadence.

There is a grave-faced folly, and verily a laughter loving wisdom ;
And what, if surface judges account it vain frivolity ?
There is indeed an evil in excess, and a field may lie fallow too long ;
Yet merriment is often as a froth, that mantleth on the strong mind :
And note thou this for a verity, — the subtlest thinker when alone,
From ease of thoughts unbent, will laugh the loudest with his fellows :
And well is the loveliness of wisdom mirrored in a cheerful countenance,
Justly the deepest pools are proved by dimpling eddies ;
For that, a true philosophy commandeth an innocent life,
And the unguilty spirit is lighter than a linnet's heart ;
Yea, there is no cosmetic like a holy conscience ;
The eye is bright with trust, the cheek bloomed over with affection,
The brow unwrinkled with a care, and the lip triumphant in its gladness. †

The only liberty taken with the original MS. is the omission of, now and then a name, or even a paragraph, which might have given pain to the living. Such passages were thrown off playfully, and were, as Mrs. Southey can testify, erased by the author continually. It was no custom of Southey to cast "fire-brands, arrows, and death," and to say, "Am I not in sport ?" ‡

It only remains to add that the Editor has carefully verified all references, — that he is responsible for the headings of the chapters (some few excepted,) — for the Mottoes to Chapters CLXXX. and CLXXXI., — and for the casual foot notes.

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

Vicarage House,
West-Tarring, Nov. 25th, 1846.

† Of Ridicule, 1st Series. On my acquainting Mrs. Southey with my intention of quoting these lines, she wrote me word back : — "That very passage I had noted, as singularly applicable to him *we* knew so well, — whom the world, the children of this generation, — knew so little !"

‡ Prov. xxvi. 18, 19.

The ancient sage who did so long maintain
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras and came no more.
And modern Asgill, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinced, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of death.

PRIOR.

I swell with my imaginations,
Like a tall ship, bound out for the Fortunate Islands;
Top and top-gallant! my flags, and my figaries,
Upon me, with a lusty gale of wind
Able to rend my sails. I shall o'errun
And sink thy little bark of understanding
In my career.

SHIRLEY.

Tu as icy dequoy faire un grand repas : la sottis, l'egarement, le desordre, la negligence, la paresse, et milles autres defauts cacher à mon aveuglement, ou à mon ignorance, sont seruis en pyramide et à plats renforcez. Gobe, gobe, mon cher Lecteur à ton aise! qu'il ne te reste ny faim ny appetit, puis que tu peus satisfaire l'un et l'autre, et que tu as tout, Abastanza, comme disent les Italiens; c'est à dire presque à gogo.

LA PRECIEUSE.

Let the looks and noses of judges hover thick, so they bring the brains; or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

BEN JONSON.

Deep-reaching wits, here is no deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never meant meaning out of every thing, applying all things to the present time, keep your attention for the common stage; for here are no quips in characters for you to read! Vain glozers, gather what you will! Spite, spell backward what thou canst!

NASH, *Summer's Last Will.*

MSS. MOTTOES FOR THE DOCTOR, &c.

THE DOCTOR,

&c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER CLXXII.

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

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

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR KENELM DIGBY went to Holland for the purpose of conversing with Descartes, who was then living in retirement at Egmont. Speculative knowledge, Digby said to him, was, no doubt, a refined and agreeable pursuit, but it was too uncertain and too useless to be made a man's occupation, life being so short that one has scarcely time to acquire well the knowledge of necessary things. It would be far more worthy of a person like Descartes, he observed, who so well understood the construction of the human frame, if he would apply himself to discover means of prolonging its duration, rather than attach himself to the mere speculation of philosophy. Descartes made answer that this was a subject on which he had already meditated ; that as for rendering man immortal, it was what he would not venture to promise, but that he was very sure he could prolong his life to the standard of the Patriarchs.

Saint-Evremond, to whom Digby repeated this, says that this opinion of Descartes was well known both to his friends in Holland and in France. The Abbé Picot, his disciple and his martyr, was so fully persuaded of it, that

it was long before he would believe his master was dead, and when at length unwillingly convinced of what it was no longer possible to deny or doubt, he exclaimed, *que c'en étoit fait et que la fin du Genre humain alloit venir!*

A certain Sicilian physician who commented upon Galen, was more cautious if not more modest than Descartes. He affirmed that it was certainly possible to render men immortal, but then they must be bred up from the earliest infancy with that view ; and he undertook so to train and render them,—if they were fit subjects.—Poor children ! if it had indeed been possible thus to divest them of their reversionary interest in Heaven.

A much better way of abolishing death was that which Asgill imagined, when he persuaded himself from Scripture that it is in our power to go to Heaven without any such unpleasant middle passage. Asgill's is the worst case of intolerance that has occurred in this country since persecution has ceased to affect life or member.

This remarkable man was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, and bred to the Law in Lincoln's Inn, under Mr. Eyre, a very eminent lawyer of those days. In 1698 he published a treatise with this title—"Several assertions proved, in order to create another species of money than Gold and Silver," and also an "Essay on a Registry for Titles of Lands." Both subjects seem to denote that on these points he was considerably advanced beyond his age. But the whole strength of his mind was devoted to his profession, in which he had so com-

pletely trammelled and drilled his intellectual powers, that he at length acquired a habit of looking at all subjects in a legal point of view. He could find flaws in an hereditary title to the crown. But it was not to seek flaws that he studied the Bible; he studied it to see whether he could not claim under the Old and New Testament something more than was considered to be his share. The result of this examination was, that in the year 1700 he published "An Argument proving that according to the Covenant of Eternal Life revealed in the Scriptures Man may be translated from hence into that Eternal Life without passing through death, although the Human Nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated till he had passed through death."

That the old motto (says he), worn upon tomb-stones, "Death is the Gate of Life," is a lie, by which men decoy one another into death, taking it to be a thoroughfare into Eternal Life, whereas it is just so far out of the way. For die when we will, and be buried where we will, and lie in the grave as long as we will, we must all return from thence, and stand again upon the Earth before we can ascend into the Heavens. *Hinc itur ad astra.* He admitted that "this custom of the world to die hath gained such a prevalency over our minds by prepossessing us of the necessity of death, that it stands ready to swallow his argument whole without digesting it." But the dominion of death, he said, is supported by our fear of it, by which it hath bullied the world to this day. Yet "the custom of the World to die is no argument one way or other;" however, because he knew that custom itself is admitted as an evidence of title, upon presumption that such custom had once a reasonable commencement, and that this reason doth continue, it was incumbent upon him to answer this Custom by showing the time and reason of its commencement, and that the reason was determined.

"First then," says he, "I do admit the custom or possession of Death over the world to be as followeth: that Death did reign from Adam to Moses by an uninter-

rupted possession over all men, women and children, created or born, except one breach made upon it in that time by Enoch; and hath reigned from Moses unto this day by the like uninterrupted possession, except one other breach made upon it in this time by Elijah. And this is as strong a possession as can be alledged against me.

"The religion of the World now is that Man is born to die. But from the beginning it was not so, for Man was made to live. God made not Death till Man brought it upon himself by his delinquency. Adam stood as fair for Life as Death, and fairer too, because he was in the actual possession of Life,—as Tenant thereof at the Will of God, and had an opportunity to have made that title perpetual by the Tree of Life, which stood before him with the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. And here 'tis observable how the same act of man is made the condition both of his life and death: 'put forth thy hand and pull and eat and die,' or 'put forth thy hand and pull and eat and live for ever.' 'Tis not to be conceived that there was any physical virtues in either of these Trees whereby to cause life or death; but God having sanctified them by those two different names, he was obliged to make good his own characters of them, by commanding the whole Creation to act in such a manner as that Man should feel the effects of this word, according to which of the Trees he first put forth his hand. And it is yet more strange, that man having life and death set before him at the same time and place, and both to be had upon the same condition, that he should single out his own death, and leave the Tree of Life untouched. And what is further strange, even after his election of death he had an interval of time before his expulsion out of Paradise, to have retrieved his fate by putting forth his hand to the Tree of Life; and yet he omitted this too!

"But by all this it is manifest that as the form or person of man in his first creation was capable of eternal life without dying, so the fall of man, which happened to him after his creation, hath not disabled his per-

son from that capacity of eternal life. And, therefore, durst Man even then have broken through the Cherubim and flaming sword, or could he now any way come at the Tree of Life, he must yet live for ever, notwithstanding his sin committed in Paradise and his expulsion out of it. But this Tree of Life now seems lost to Man; and so he remains under the curse of that other Tree, 'in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die.' Which sentence of the Law is the cause of the death of Man, and was the commencement of the Custom of Death in the World, and by the force of this Law Death has kept the possession (before admitted) to this day.

"By his act of delinquency and the sentence upon it, Adam stood attainted and became a dead man in law, though he was not executed till about nine hundred years afterwards." Lawyer as Asgill was, and legally as he conducts his whole extraordinary argument, he yet offers a moral extenuation of Adam's offence. Eve after her eating and Adam before his eating, were, he says, in two different states, she in the state of Death, and he in the state of Life; and thereby his was much the harder case. For she by her very creation was so much a part of himself that he could not be happy while she was miserable. The loss of her happiness so much affected him by sympathy that all his other enjoyments could do him no good; and, therefore, since he thought it impossible for her to return into the same state with him, he chose, rather than be parted from her, to hazard himself in the same state with her. Asgill then resumes his legal view of the case: the offence, he says, was at last joint and several; the sentence fell upon Mankind as descendants from these our common ancestors, and so upon Christ himself. And this is the reason why in the genealogy of our Saviour as set down by two Evangelists his legal descent by Joseph is only counted upon, "because all legal descents are accounted from the father." As he was born of a Virgin to preserve his nature from the defilement of humanity, so was he of a Virgin espoused to derive upon

himself the curse of the Law by a legal father: for which purpose it was necessary that the birth of Christ should, in the terms of the Evangelists, be on this wise and no otherwise. And hence the Genealogy of Christ is a fundamental part of Eternal Life.

The reader will soon perceive that technically as Asgill treated his strange argument, he was sincerely and even religiously convinced of its importance and its truth. "Having shewn," he proceeds, "how this Law fell upon Christ, it is next incumbent on me to shew that it is taken away by his death, and consequently that the long possession of Death over the World can be no longer a title against Life. But when I say this Law is taken away, I don't mean that the words of it are taken away; for they remain with us to this day, and being matter of Record must remain for ever; but that it is satisfied by other matter of Record, by which the force of it is gone. Law satisfied is no Law, as a debt satisfied is no debt. Now the specific demand of the Law was Death; and of a man; and a man made under the Law. Christ qualified himself to be so: and as such suffered under it, thus undergoing the literal sentence. This he might have done and not have given the Law satisfaction, for millions of men before him had undergone it, and yet the Law was nevertheless dissatisfied with them and others, but He declared *It is finished* before he gave up the ghost. By the dignity of his person he gave that satisfaction which it was impossible for mankind to give."

For the Law, he argues, was not such a civil contract that the breach of it could be satisfied; it was a Law of Honour, the breach whereof required personal satisfaction for the greatest affront and the highest act of ingratitude to God, inasmuch as the slighter the thing demanded is, the greater is the affront in refusing it. "Man by his very creation entered into the labours of the Creator and became Lord of the Universe which was adapted to his enjoyments. God left him in possession of it upon his parole of honour, only that he would acknowledge it to be held of Him, and as the token of

this tenure that he would only forbear from eating of one tree, withal telling him that if he did eat of it, his life should go for it. If man had had more than his life to give, God would have had it of him. This was rather a resentment of the affront, than any satisfaction for it; and therefore to signify the height of this resentment, God raises man from the dead to demand further satisfaction from him. Death is a commitment to the prison of the Grave till the Judgment of the Great Day; and then the grand Habeas Corpus will issue to the Earth and to the Sea, to give up their dead: to remove the Bodies, with the cause of their commitment.

“Yet was this a resentment without malice; for as God maintained his resentment under all his love, so He maintained his love under all his resentment. For his love being a love of kindness flowing from his own nature, could not be diminished by any act of man; and yet his honour being concerned to maintain the truth of his word, he could not falsify that to gratify his own affection. And thus he bore the passion of his own love, till he had found out a salvo for his honour by that Son of Man who gave him satisfaction at once by the dignity of his person. Personal satisfactions by the Laws of Honour are esteemed sufficient or not, according to the equality or inequality between the persons who give or take the affront. Therefore God to vindicate his honour was obliged to find out a person for this purpose equal to Himself: the invention of which is called the manifold wisdom of God, the invention itself being the highest expression of the deepest love, and the execution of it, in the death of Christ, the deepest resentment of the highest affront.

“Now inasmuch as the person of our Saviour was superior to the human nature, so much the satisfaction by his death surmounted the offence. He died under the Law, but he did not arise under it, having taken it away by his death. The life regained by him in his resurrection was by Conquest, by which, according to all the Laws of Conquest, the Law of Death is

taken away. For by the Laws of Conquest the Laws of the conquered are *ipso facto* taken away, and all records and writings that remain of them are of no more force than waste paper. Hence the title of Christ to Eternal Life is become absolute, — by absolute,” — says this theologo-jurist, — “I mean discharged from all tenure or condition, and consequently from all forfeiture. And as his title to life is thus become absolute by Conquest, so the direction of it is become eternal by being annexed to the Person of the Godhead: thus Christ ever since his resurrection did, and doth, stand seized of an absolute and indefeazable Estate of Eternal Life, without any tenure or condition or other matter or thing to change or determine it for ever.” “I had reason,” says Asgill, “thus to assert the title of Christ at large; because this is the title by and under which I am going to affirm my argument, and to claim Eternal Life for myself and all the world.

“And first I put it upon the Profession of Divinity to deny one word of the fact as I have repeated it. Next I challenge the Science of the Law to shew such another Title as this is. And then I defy the Logicians to deny my Argument: of which this is the abstract: That the Law delivered to Adam before the Fall is the original cause of Death in the World: That this Law is taken away by the Death of Christ: That therefore the legal power of death is gone. And I am so far from thinking this Covenant of Eternal Life to be an allusion to the forms of Title amongst men, that I rather adore it as the precedent for them all; believing with that great Apostle that the things on Earth are but the patterns of things in the Heavens where the Originals are kept.” This he says because he has before made it appear that in the Covenant of Eternal Life all things requisite to constitute a legal instrument are found, to wit, the date, the parties, the contents, and consideration, the sealing, and execution, the witnesses, and the Ceremony required of Man, whereby to execute it on his part and take the advantage of it.

By the sacrifice which our Lord offered of himself, this technical but sincere and serious enthusiast argues, more than an atonement was made. "And that this superabundancy might not run to waste, God declared that Man should have Eternal Life absolute as Christ himself had it; and hence Eternal Life is called the Gift of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, over and above our redemption. Why then," he asks, "doth Death remain in the World? Why because Man knows not the Way of Life — 'the way of Life they have not known.' Because our faith is not yet come to us — 'when the Son of Man comes shall he find faith upon the earth?' Because Man is a beast of burden that knows not his own strength in the virtue of the Death and the power of the Resurrection of Christ. Unbelief goes not by reason or dint of argument, but is a sort of melancholy madness, by which if we once fancy ourselves bound, it hath the same effect upon us as if we really were so. Death is like Satan, who appears to none but those who are afraid of him: Resist the Devil and he will flee from you. Because Death had once dominion over us, we think it hath, and must have it still. And this I find within myself, that though I can't deny one word I have said in fact or argument, yet I can't maintain my belief of it without making it more familiar to my understanding, by turning it up and down in my thoughts and ruminating upon some proceedings already made upon it in the World.

"The Motto of the Religion of the World is *Mors Janna Vitæ*; if we mean by this the Death of Christ, we are in the right; but if we mean our own Death, then we are in the wrong. Far be it from me to say that Man may not attain to Eternal Life, though he should die; for the Text runs double. '*I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that liveth and believeth on me, shall never die; and though he were dead he shall live.*' This very Text shews that there is a nearer way of entering into Eternal Life than by the way of Death and Resurrection. Whatever circumstances a man is under at the time of

his death, God is bound to make good this Text to him, according to which part of it he builds his faith upon; if he be dead there's a necessity for a resurrection; but if he be alive there's no occasion for Death or Resurrection either. This text doth not maintain two religions, but two articles of faith in the same religion, and the article of faith for a present life without dying is the higher of the two.

"No man can comprehend the heights and depths of the Gospel at his first entrance into it; and in point of order, 'the last enemy to be destroyed is Death.' The first essay of Faith is against Hell, that though we die we may not be damned; and the full assurance of this is more than most men attain to before Death overtakes them, which makes Death a terror to men. But they who attain it can sing a requiem 'Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace!' and if God takes them at their word, they lie down in the faith of the Resurrection of the Just. But whenever he pleases to continue them, after that attainment, much longer above ground, that time seems to them an interval of perfect leisure, till at last espying Death itself, they fall upon it as an enemy that must be conquered, one time or other, through faith in Christ. This is the reason why it seems intended that a respite of time should be allotted to believers after the first Resurrection and before the dissolution of the World, for perfecting that faith which they began before their death but could not attain to in the first reach of life: for Death being but a discontinuance of Life, wherever men leave off at their death, they must begin at their resurrection. Nor shall they ascend after their resurrection, till they have attained to this faith of translation, and by that very faith they shall be then convinced that they need not have died.

"When Elijah courted death under the juniper tree in the wilderness, and 'said — now, Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers,' that request shews that he was not educated in this faith of translation, but attained it afterwards by study. Paul tells 'we shall not all die but we shall

all be changed; yet though he delivered this to be his faith in general, he did not attain to such a particular knowledge of the way and manner of it as to prevent his own death: he tells us he had not yet attained the Resurrection of the dead, but was pressing after it. He had but a late conversion, and was detained in the study of another part of divinity, the confirming the New Testament by the Old and making them answer one another,—a point previous to the faith of translation, and which must be learned before it—in order to it. But this his pressing (though he did not attain) hath much encouraged me," says Asgill, "to make this enquiry, being well assured that he would not have thus pursued it, had he not apprehended more in it than the vulgar opinion.

"We don't think ourselves fit to deal with one another in human affairs till our age of one and twenty. But to deal with our offended Maker, to counterplot the malice of fallen Angels, and to rescue ourselves from eternal ruin, we are generally as well qualified before we can speak plain, as all our life-time after. Children can say over their religion at four or five years old, and their parents that taught them can do no more at four or five and fifty. The common Creed of the Christian religion may be learned in an hour: and one day's philosophy will teach a man to die. But to know the virtue of the Death and Power of the Resurrection of Christ, is a science calculated for the study of Men and Angels for ever.

"But if man may be thus changed without death, and that it is of no use to him in order to Eternal Life; what then is Death? Or, whereunto serveth it? What is it? Why 'tis a misfortune fallen upon man from the beginning, and from which he has not yet dared to attempt his recovery: and it serves as a spectre to fright us into a little better life (perhaps) than we should lead without it. Though God hath formed this Covenant of Eternal Life, Men have made an agreement with Death and Hell, by way of composition to submit to Death, in hope of

escaping Hell by that obedience; and under this allegiance we think ourselves bound never to rebel against it! The study of Philosophy is to teach men to die, from the observations of Nature; the profession of Divinity is to enforce the doctrine from Revelation: and the science of the Law is to settle our civil affairs pursuant to these resolutions. The old men are making their last Wills and Testaments; and the young are expecting the execution of them by the death of the testators; and thus

Mortis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis.

I was under this Law of Death once; and while I lay under it, I felt the terror of it, till I had delivered myself from it by those thoughts which must convince them that have them. And in this thing only, I wish, for their sakes, that all men were as I am. The reason why I believe that this doctrine is true, is, because God hath said it: yet I could not thus assert it by argument, if I did not conceive it with more self-conviction than I have from any maxims or positions in human science. The Covenant of Eternal Life is a Law of itself and a science of itself, which can never be known by the study of any other science. It is a science out of Man's way, being a pure invention of God. Man knows no more how to save himself than he did to create himself; but to raise his ambition for learning this, God graduates him upon his degree of knowledge in it, and gives him badges of honour as belonging to that degree, upon the attainment whereof a man gains the title of a Child of the Resurrection: to which title belongs this badge of honour, to die no more but make our exit by translation, as Christ, who was the first of this Order, did before us. And this world being the academy to educate Man for Heaven, none shall ever enter there till they have taken this degree here.

"Let the Dead bury the Dead! and the Dead lie with the Dead! And the rest of the Living go lie with them! I'll follow him that was dead, and is alive, and living for ever. And though I am now single, yet I believe that this belief will be general before the general change, of which Paul

speaks, shall come; and that then, and not before, shall be the Resurrection of the Just, which is called the first Resurrection; and after that the Dead so arisen, with the Living, then alive, shall have learned this faith, which shall qualify them to be caught up together in the air, then shall be the General Resurrection, after which Time shall be no more.

“The beginning of this faith, like all other parts of the Kingdom of Heaven, will be like a grain of Mustard seed, spreading itself by degrees till it overshadow the whole earth. And since ‘the things concerning Him must have an end,’ in order to this they must have a beginning. But whoever leads the van will make the world start, and must expect for himself to walk up and down, like Cain, with a mark on his forehead, and run the gauntlet for an Ishmaelite, having every man’s hand against him because his hand is against every man; than which nothing is more averse to my temper. This makes me think of publishing with as much regret as he that ran away from his errand when sent to Nineveh: but being just going to cross the water —” (he was going to Ireland, —) “I dared not leave this behind me undone, lest a Tempest send me back again to do it. And to shelter myself a little, (though I knew my speech would betray me,) I left the Title page anonymus. Nor do I think that any thing would now extort my name from me but the dread of the sentence, ‘he that is ashamed of me and of my words, of him will I be ashamed before my Father and his Angels:’ for fear of which I dare not but subscribe my argument, though with a trembling hand; having felt two powers within me all the while I have been about it, one bids me write, and the other bobs my elbow. But since I have wrote this, as Pilate did his inscription, without consulting any one, I’ll be absolute as he was; ‘what I have written, I have written.’

“Having pursued that command, ‘Seek first the Kingdom of God,’ I yet expect the performance of that promise, to receive in this life an hundred fold, and in the world

to come life everlasting.’ I have a great deal of business yet in this world, without doing of which Heaven itself would be uneasy to me: but when that is done I know no business I have with the dead, and therefore do depend that I shall not go hence by ‘returning to the dust,’ which is the sentence of that law from which I claim a discharge: but that I shall make my exit by way of translation, which I claim as a dignity belonging to that Degree in the Science of Eternal Life of which I profess myself a graduate. And if after this I die like other men, I declare myself to die of no religion. Let no one be concerned for me as a desperade: I am not going to renounce the other part of our religion, but to add another article of faith to it, without which I cannot understand the rest. And if it be possible to believe too much in God, I desire to be guilty of that sin.

“Behold ye despisers and wonder! Wonder to see Paradise lost, with the Tree of Life in the midst of it! Wonder and curse at Adam for an original fool, who in the length of one day never so much as thought to put forth his hand, for him and us, and pull and eat and live for ever! Wonder at and damn ourselves for fools of the last impression, that in the space of seventeen hundred years never so much as thought to put forth our hands, every one for himself, and seal and execute the Covenant of Eternal Life.

“To be even with the World at once, he that wonders at my faith, I wonder at his unbelief. The Blood of Christ hath an incident quality which cleaneth from sin; and he that understands this never makes any use of his own personal virtues as an argument for his own salvation, lest God should overbalance against him with his sins; nor doth God ever object a man’s sins to him in the day of his faith; therefore till I am more sinful than He was holy, my sins are no objection against my faith. And because in Him is all my hope, I care not (almost) what I am myself.

“It is observed in the mathematics that the practice doth not always answer the

theory; and that therefore there is no dependence upon the mere notions of it as they lie in the brain, without putting them together in the form of a tool or instrument, to see how all things fit. This made me distrust my own thoughts till I had put them together, to see how they would look in the form of an argument. But in doing this, I thank God I have found every joint and article to come into its own place, and fall in with and suit one another to a hair's breadth, beyond my expectation: or else I could not have had the confidence to produce this as an engine in Divinity to convey man from Earth to Heaven. I am not making myself wings to fly to Heaven with, but only making myself ready for that conveyance which shall be sent me. And if I should lose myself in this untrodden path of Life, I can still find out the beaten Road of Death blindfold. If therefore, after this, 'I go the way of my fathers,' I freely waive that haughty epitaph, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, and instead knock under table that Satan hath beguiled me to play the fool with myself, in which however he hath shewed his master-piece; for I defy the whole clan of Hell to produce another lye so like to truth as this is. But if I act my motto, and go the way of an Eagle in the air, then have I played a trump upon Death, and shewn myself a match for the Devil.

"And while I am thus fighting with Death and Hell, it looks a little like foul play for Flesh and Blood to interpose themselves against me. But if any one hath spite enough to give me a polt, thinking to falsify my faith by taking away my life, I only desire them first to qualify themselves for my executors, by taking this short test in their own consciences: whoever thinks that any thing herein contained is not fair dealing with God and Man, let him — or her — burn this book, and cast a stone at him that wrote it."

CHAPTER CLXXIII.

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

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

THE substance of Asgill's argument has been given in his own words, but by thus abstracting and condensing it his peculiar manner is lost. This, though it consisted more perhaps in appearance than in reality, is characteristic of the author, and may be well exemplified in the concluding passage of one of his political pamphlets:

"But I shall raise more choler by this way of writing, For writing and reading are in themselves commendable things,

But 'tis the way of writing at which offence is taken,
And this is the misfortune of an Author,
That unless some are angry with him, none are pleased.
Which puts him under this dilemma,
That he must either ruin himself or his Printer.

But to prevent either, as far as I can, I would rather turn Trimmer and compound too. And to end all quarrels with my readers (if they please to accept the proposal,

And to shew withal that I am no dogmatical Author,)

I now say to them all, in print, what I once did to one of them, by word of mouth. Whoever meets with any thing in what I publish, which they don't like,

Let 'em strike it out.

But to take off part of the Odium from me,
They say others write like me,
In short paragraphs:
(An easy part of a mimick,)
But with all my heart!
I don't care who writes like me,
So I don't write like them."

Many a book has originated in the misfortunes of its Author. Want, imprisonment, and disablement by bodily infirmity from active occupation, have produced almost as many works in prose or rhyme, as leisure, voluntary exertion, and strong desire. Asgill's harmless heresy began in an involuntary confinement to which he was reduced in consequence of an unsuccessful specula-

tion. He had engaged in this adventure (by which better word our forefathers designated what the Americans call a *spec*.) with the hope of increasing his fortune, instead of which he incurred so great a loss, that he found it necessary to keep his chamber in the Temple for some years. There he fell to examining that "Book of Law and Gospel," both which we call the Bible; and examining it as he would have perused an old deed, with the hope of discovering in it some clause upon which to ground a claim at law, this thought, he says, first came into his head; but it was a great while coming out. He was afraid of his own thoughts, lest they were his own only, and as such a delusion. And when he had tried them with pen, ink and paper, and they seemed to him plainer and plainer every time he went over them, and he had formed them into an Argument, "to see how they would bear upon the proof," even then he had no intention of making them public.

"But writing an ill hand," says he, "I resolved to see how it would look in print. On this I gave the Printer my Copy, with money for his own labour, to print off some few for myself, and keep the press secret. But I remember before he got half way through, he told me his men fancied I was a little crazed, in which I also fancied he spoke one word for them and two for himself. However I bid him go on; and at last it had so raised his fancy, that he desired my leave to print off one edition at the risque of his own charge, saying he thought some of the Anabaptists would believe it first. I being just then going for Ireland, admitted him, with this injunction, he should not publish them 'till I was got clear out of Middlesex; which I believe he might observe; though by what I heard afterwards, they were all about town by that time I got to St. Albans: and the book was in Ireland almost as soon as I was, (for a man's works will follow him,) with a noise after me that I was gone away mad."

Asgill was told in Ireland that the cry which followed him would prevent his practice; it had a contrary effect, for "people

went into Court to see him as a Monster and heard him talk like a man." In the course of two years he gained enough by his profession to purchase Lord Kenmare's forfeited estate, and to procure a seat in the Irish House of Commons. The purchase made him enemies; as he was on the way to Dublin he met the news that his book had been burnt by Order of the House. He proceeded however, took the oaths and his seat, and the Book having been condemned and executed without hearing the author in its defence, nothing more was necessary than to prove him the Author and expel him forthwith, and this was done in the course of four days. After this he returned to England and obtained a seat for Bramber, apparently for the mere sake of securing himself against his creditors. This borough he represented for two years; but in the first Parliament after the Union some of the Scotch Members are said to have looked upon it as a disgrace to the House of Commons, that a man who enjoyed his liberty only under privilege should sit there, and instead of attempting to remedy a scandal by straightforward means, they took the easier course of moving for a Committee to examine his book. Their report was that it was profane and blasphemous, highly reflecting upon the Christian Religion. He was allowed, however, to make his defence, which he thus began.

"Mr. Speaker, this day calls me to something I am both unapt and averse to—Preaching. For though, as you see, I have vented some of my thoughts in religion, yet I appeal to my conversation, whether I use to make that the subject of my discourse. However that I may not let this accusation go against me by a *Nihil dicit*, I stand up to make my defence. I have heard it from without doors that I intended to withdraw myself from this day's test and be gone; which would have given them that said it an opportunity to boast that they had once spoken truth. But *quo me fata trahunt*, I'll give no man occasion to write *fugam fecit* upon my grave-stone."

He then gave the history of his book and of his expulsion in Ireland, and thanked the

House for admitting him to a defence before they proceeded to judgment. "I find," said he, "the Report of the Committee is not levelled at the argument itself which I have advanced, nor yet against the treatise I have published to prove it, but against some expressions in that proof, and which I intend to give particular answers to. But there is something else laid to my charge as my design in publishing that argument, of higher concern to me than any expressions in the treatise, or any censure that can fall on me for it; as if I had wrote it with a malicious intention to expose the Scriptures as false, because they seemed to contain what I asserted; and that therefore if that assertion did not hold true, the Scripture must be false. Now whether this was my intention or no, there is but one Witness in Heaven or Earth can prove, and that is He that made me, and in whose presence I now stand, and Who is able to strike me dead in my place; and to Him I now appeal for the truth of what I protest against: that I never did write or publish that argument with any intention to expose the Scriptures; but on the contrary, (though I was aware that I might be liable to that censure, which I knew not how to avoid,) I did both write and publish it, under a firm belief of the truth of the Scriptures: and with a belief (under that) that what I have asserted in that argument is within that truth. And if it be not, then I am mistaken in my argument, and the Scripture remains true. Let God be true and every man a liar. And having made this protestation, I am not much concerned whether I am believed in it or not; I had rather tell a truth than be believed in a lie at any time."

He then justified the particular passage which had been selected for condemnation, resting his defence upon this ground, that he had used familiar expressions with the intent of being sooner read and more readily understood. There was indeed but a single word which savoured of irreverence, and certainly no irreverence was intended in its use; no one who fairly perused his argument but must have perceived that the levity

of his manner in no degree detracted from the seriousness of his belief. "Yet," said he, "if by any of those expressions I have really given offence to any well-meaning Christian, I am sorry for it, though I had no ill intention in it: but if any man be captious to take exceptions for exception sake, I am not concerned. I esteem my own case plain and short. I was expelled one House for having too much land; and I am going to be expelled another for having too little money. But if I may yet ask one question more; pray what is this blasphemous crime I here stand charged with? A belief of what we all profess, or at least what no one can deny. If the death of the body be included in the Fall, why is not the life of the body included in the Resurrection? And what if I have a firmer belief of this than some others have? Am I therefore a blasphemer? Or would they that believe less take it well of me to call them so? Our Saviour in his day took notice of some of little faith and some of great faith, without stigmatizing either of them with blasphemy for it. But I do not know how 'tis, we are fallen into such a sort of uniformity that we would fain have Religion into a Tyrant's bed, torturing one another into our own size of it only. But it grows late, and I ask but one saying more to take leave of my friends with. I do believe that had I turned this Defence into a Recantation, I had prevented my Expulsion: but I have reserved my last words as my ultimate reason against that Recantation. He that durst write that book, dares not deny it!"

"And what then?" said this eccentric writer, when five years afterwards he published his Defence. "Why then they called for candles; and I went away by the light of 'em: and after the previous question and other usual ceremonies, (as I suppose) I was expelled the House. And from thence I retired to a Chamber I once had in the Temple; and from thence I afterwards surrendered myself in discharge of my bail, and have since continued under confinement. And under that confinement God hath been pleased to take away 'the Desire of mine

Eyes with a stroke,' which hath, however, drowned all my other troubles at once; for the less are merged in the greater;

Qui venit hic fluctus, fluctus supereminet omnes.

And since I have mentioned her, I'll relate this of her. She having been educated a Protestant of the Church of England, by a Lady her Grandmother, her immediate parents and other relations being Roman Catholics, an honest Gentleman of the Romish persuasion, who knew her family, presented her, while she was my fellow-prisoner, with a large folio volume, being the history of the Saints canonised in that Church, for her reading; with intention, as I found, to incline her that way. With which, delighting in reading, she entertained herself 'till she had gone through it; and some time after that she told me that she had before some thoughts towards that religion, but that the reading that history had confirmed her against it.

"And yet she would never read the book I was expelled for 'till after my last expulsion; but then reading it through, told me she was reconciled to the reasons of it, though she could not say she believed it. However she said something of her own thoughts with it, that hath given me the satisfaction that she is 'dead in Christ,' and thereby sure of her part in the first Resurrection: the Dead in Christ shall arise first. And this *pars decessa mei* leaving me half dead while she remains in the grave, hath since drawn me, in diving after her, into a nearer view and more familiar though more unusual thoughts of that first Resurrection than ever I had before. From whence I now find that nothing less than this *fluctus decumanus* would have cast me upon, or qualified me for, this theme, if yet I am so qualified. And from hence I am advancing that common Article in our Creed, the Resurrection of the Dead, into a professed study; from the result of which study I have already advanced an assertion, which (should I vent alone) perhaps would find no better quarter in the world than what I have advanced already. And yet, though I say it that per-

haps should not, it hath one quality we are all fond of,—it is News; and another we all should be fond of, it is good News: or, at least, good to them that are so, 'for to the froward all things are froward.'

"Having made this Discovery, or rather collected it from the Word of Life; I am advancing it into a Treatise whereby to prove it in special form, not by arguments of wit or sophistry, but from the evidence and demonstration of the truth as it is in Jesus: which should I accomplish I would not be prevented from publishing that edition to gain more than I lost by my former; nor for more than Balak ever intended to give, or than Balaam could expect to receive, for cursing the people of Israel, if God had not spoilt that bargain. I find it as old as the New Testament, 'if by any means I may attain the Resurrection of the Dead.' And though Paul did not then so attain, (not as if I had already attained), yet he died in his calling, and will stand so much nearer that mark at his Resurrection. But if Paul, with that effusion of the Spirit upon him in common with the other Apostles, and that superabundant revelation given him above them all, by that rapture unto things unutterable, did not so attain in that his day; whence should I, a mere Lay, (and that none of the best neither,) without any function upon me, expect to perfect what he left so undone?—In pursuit of this study I have found, (what I had not before observed,) that there are some means since left us towards this attainment, which Paul had not in his day; for there now remain extant unto the world, bound up with that now one entire record of the Bible, two famous Records of the Resurrection that never came to Paul's hands; and for want whereof, perhaps, he might not then so attain. But having now this intelligence of them, and fearing that in the day of Account I may have a special surcharge made upon me for these additional Talents and further Revelations; and bearing in mind the dreadful fate of that cautious insuring servant who took so much care to redeliver what he had received *in statu quo* as he had it, that it might not be said to be

the worse for his keeping, I have rather adventured to defile those Sacred Records with my own study and thoughts upon them, than to think of returning them wrapt up in a napkin clean and untouched.

"Whether ever I shall accomplish to my own satisfaction what I am now so engaged in, I do not yet know; but 'till I do, I'll please myself to be laughed at by this cautious insuring world, as tainted with a frenzy of dealing in Reversions of Contingencies. However in the mean time I would not be thought to be spending this interval of my days by myself in beating the air, under a dry expectancy only of a thing so seemingly remote as the Resurrection of the Dead: like Courtiers-Extraordinary fretting out their soles with attendances in ante-rooms for things or places no more intended to be given them than perhaps they are fit to have them. For though I should fall short of the attainment I am attempting, the attempt itself hath translated my Prison into a Paradise; treating me with food and enamouring me with pleasures that man knows not of: from whence, I hope, I may without vanity say,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

What the farther reversion might be to which Asgill fancied he had discovered a title in the Gospels, is not known. Perhaps he failed in satisfying himself when he attempted to arrange his notions in logical and legal form, and possibly that failure may have weakened his persuasion of the former heresy: for though he lived twenty years after the publication of his Defence and the announcement of this second discovery in the Scriptures, the promised argument never appeared. His subsequent writings consist of a few pamphlets in favour of the Hanoverian succession. They were too inconsiderable to contribute much towards eking out his means of support, for which he was probably chiefly indebted to his professional knowledge. The remainder of his life was passed within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison, where he died in 1738 at a very advanced age, retaining his vivacity and his

remarkable powers of conversation to the last. If it be true that he nearly attained the age of an hundred, (as one statement represents,) and with these happy faculties unimpaired, he may have been tempted to imagine that he was giving the best and only convincing proof of his own argument. Death undeceived him, and Time has done him justice at last. For though it stands recorded that he was expelled the House of Commons as being the Author of a Book in which are contained many profane and blasphemous expressions, highly reflecting upon the Christian Religion! nothing can be more certain than that this censure was undeserved, and that his expulsion upon that ground was as indefensible as it would have been becoming, if, in pursuance of the real motives by which the House was actuated, an Act had been passed disqualifying from that time forward any person in a state of insolvency from taking or retaining a seat there.

In the year 1760 I find him mentioned as "the celebrated gentleman commonly called "translated Asgill." His name is now seen only in catalogues, and his history known only to the curious:—*Mais, c'est assez parlé de luy, et encore trop, ce diront aucuns, qui pourront m'en blâmer, et dire que j'estois bien de loisir quand j'escrivis cecy; mais ils seront bien plus de loisir de la lire, pour me reprendre.**

CHAPTER CLXXIV.

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

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

THERE were few things in the way of fantastic and typical speculation which de-

* BRANTOME.

lighted the Doctor so much as the contemplation of his own name :

DANIEL DOVE.

D. D. it was upon his linen and his seal. D. D., he used to say, designated the highest degree in the highest of the sciences, and he was D. D. not by the forms of a University, but by Nature or Destiny.

Besides, he maintained, that the letter D was the richest, the most powerful, the most fortunate letter in the alphabet, and contained in its form and origin more mysteries than any other.

It was a potential letter under which all powerful things were arranged ; Dictators, Respects, Dynasties, Diplomas, Doctors, Dominations ; Deeds and Donations and Decreases ; Dioptrics and Dynamics ; Dialectics and Demonstrations.

Diaphragm, Diathesis, Diet, Digestion, Disorder, Disease, Diagnosis ; Diabrosis, Diaphragmatis, Diaphthora, Desudation, Defluxions, Dejection, Delirium, Delivery, Dyspepsy, Dysmenorrhœa, Dysorœxia, Dyspnœa, Dysuria, Dentition, Dropsy, Diabetes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery ; then passing almost in unconscious but beautiful order from diseases to remedies and their consequences, he proceeded with Dispensation, Diluents, Discutients, Deobstruents, Demulcents, Detergents, Desiccatives, Depurantia, Diaphoretics, Dietetics, Diachylon, Diacodium, Diagrydium, Deligations, Decoctions, Doses, Draughts, Drops, Dressings, Drastics, Dissolution, Dissection. What indeed he would say, should we do in our profession without the Ds ?

Or what would the Divines do without it — Danger, Despair, Dea h, Devil, Doomsday, Damnation ; look to the brighter side, there is the Doxology, and you ascend to $\Delta\theta\zeta$, and Deus and Deity.

What would become of the farmer without Dung, or of the Musician without the Diapason ? Think also of Duets in music and Doublets at Backgammon. And the soldier's toast in the old Play, " the two Ds Drink and your Duty." *

Look at the moral evils which are ranged under its banners, Dissentions, Discord, Duels, Dissimulation, Deceit, Dissipation, Demands, Debts, Damages, Divorce, Distress, Drunkenness, Dram-drinking, Distraction, Destruction.

When the Poet would describe things mournful and calamitous, whither doth he go for epithets of alliterative significance ? where but to the letter D ? there he hath Dim, Dusky, Drear, Dark, Damp, Dank, Dismal, Doleful, Dolorous, Disastrous, Dreadful, Desperate, Deplorable.

Would we sum up the virtues and praise of a perfect Woman, how should we do it but by saying that she was devout in religion, decorous in conduct, domestic in habits, dextrous in business, dutiful as a wife, diligent as a mother, discreet as a mistress, in manner debonnaire, in mind delicate, in person delicious, in disposition docile, in all things delightful. Then he would smile at Mrs. Dove and say, I love my love with a D. and her name is Deborah.

For degrees and distinctions, omitting those which have before been incidentally enumerated, are there not Dauphin and Dey, Dux, Duke, Doge. Dominus, with its derivatives Don, the Dom of the French and Portuguese, and the Dan of our own early language ; Dame, Damsel, and Damoisel in the untranslated masculine. Deacons and Deans, those of the Christian Church, and of Madagascar, whose title the French write Dian, and we should write Deen not to confound them with the dignitaries of our Establishment. Druids and Dervises, Dryads, Demigods, and Divinities.

Regard the Mappa Mundi. You have Denmark and Dalecarlia, Dalmatia and the fertile Delta, Damascus, Delos, Delphi and Dodona, the Isles of Domingo and Dominica, Dublin and Durham and Dorchester and Dumfries, the shires of Devon, Dorset and Derby and the adjoining Bishoprick. Dantzic and Drontheim, the Dutchy of Deux Ponts ; Delhi the seat of the Great Mogul, and that great city yet unspoiled, which

* SHIRLEY, Honoria and Mammon.

Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado, —

the Lakes Dembea and Derwentwater, the rivers Dwina, Danube and Delawar, Duero or Douro call it which you will, the Doubs and all the Dons, and our own wizard Dee, — which may be said to belong wholly to this letter, the vowels being rather for appearance than use.

Think also, he would say of the worthies, heroes and sages in D. David, and his namesake of Wales. Diogenes, Dædalus, Diomede, and Queen Dido, Decebalus the Dacian King, Deucalion, Datames the Carian whom Nepos hath immortalised, and Marshal Daun who so often kept the King of Prussia in check, and sometimes defeated him. Nay if I speak of men eminent for the rank which they held, or for their exploits in war, might I not name the Kings of Persia who bore the name of Darius, Demaratus of Sparta, whom the author of Leonidas hath well pourtrayed as retaining in exile a reverential feeling toward the country which had wronged him: and Deodatus, a name assumed by, or given to Louis the 14th, the greatest actor of greatness that ever existed. Dion who lives for ever in the page of Plutarch; the Demetrii, the Roman Decii, Diocletian, and Devereux Earl of Essex, he by whom Cadiz was taken, and whose execution occasioned the death of the repentant Elizabeth by whom it was decreed. If of those who have triumphed upon the ocean shall we not find Dragat the far-famed corsair, and our own more famous and more dreadful Drake. Dandolo the Doge who at the age of * triumphed over the perfidious Greeks, and was first chosen by the victorious Latins to be the Emperor of Constantinople: Doria of whom the Genoese still boast. Davis who has left his name so near the Arctic Pole. Dampier of all travellers the most observant and most faithful. † Diaz who first attained

that Stormy Cape, to which from his time the happier name of Good Hope hath been given; and Van Diemen the Dutchman. If we look to the learned, are there not Duns Scotus and Descartes? Madame Dacier and her husband. Damo the not-degenerate daughter of Pythagoras, and though a woman renowned for secrecy and silence; Dante and Davila, Dugdale and Dupin; Demosthenes, Doctor Dee, (he also like the wizard stream all our own,) and Bishop Duppa to whom the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*, whether truly or not, hath been ascribed: Sir Kenelm Digby, by whom it hath been proved that Dogs make syllogisms; and Daniel Defoe. Here the Doctor always pronounced the christian name with peculiar emphasis, and here I think it necessary to stop, that the Reader may take breath.

CHAPTER CLXXV.

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

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

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

THE Doctor, as I have said in the last Chapter, pronounced with peculiar emphasis the christian name of Daniel Defoe. Then taking up the auspicious word. — Is there not Daniel the prophet, in honour of whom my baptismal name was given, Daniel, if not the greatest of the prophets, yet for the matter of his prophecies the most important. Daniel the French historian, and Daniel the English poet; who reminds me of other poets in D, not less eminent. Donne, Dodsley, Drayton, Drummond, Douglas the Bishop of Dunkeld, Dunbar, Denham, Davenant, Dyer, Durfey, Dryden, and Stephen Duck; Democritus the wise Aberdrite, whom I especially honour for finding matter of jest, even

* The blank is in the original MS. Quære, *ninety-five*?

† "One of the most faithful, as well as exact and excellent of all voyage writers." *Vindiciæ Eccl. Angl.* p. 115. Unhappily Southey's wish to continue this work was not responded to. The continuation would have proved invaluable now; for who, so well as he, knew the wiles of the Romish Church, and the subtilties of the Jesuit?

in the profoundest thought, extracting mirth from philosophy, and joining in delightful matrimony wit with wisdom. Is there not Dillond the Optician? Dalembert and Diderot among those Encyclopedists with whose renown

— all Europe rings from side to side,

Derham the Astro-Physico—and Christo—Theologian, Dillenius the botanist, Dion who for his eloquence was called the golden-mouthed; Diagoras who boldly despising the false Gods of Greece, blindly and audaciously denied the God of Nature. Diocles who invented the cissoid, Deodati, Diodorus, and Dion Cassius. Thus rich was the letter D, even before the birth of Sir Humphrey Davy, and the catastrophe of Doctor Dodd: before Daniel Mendoza triumphed over Humphreys in the ring, and before Dionysius Lardner, Professor at the St—'niversity of London, projected the Cabinet Cyclopædia, Daniel O'Connell fought Mr. Peel, triumphed over the Duke of Wellington, bullied the British Government, and changed the British Constitution.

If we look to the fine arts, he pursued, the names of Douw, and Durer, Dolce and Dominichino instantly occur. In my own profession, among the ancients Dioscorides; among the moderns Dippel, whose marvellous oil is not more exquisitely curious in preparation than powerful in its use; Dover of the powder; Dalby of the Carminative; Daffy of the Elixir; Deventer by whom the important art of bringing men into the world has been so greatly improved; Douglas, who has rendered lithotomy so beautiful an operation, that he asserteth in his motto it may be done speedily, safely, and pleasantly; Dessault, now rising into fame among the Continental surgeons, and Dimsdale who is extending the blessings of inoculation. Of persons eminent for virtue or sanctity, who ever in friendship exceeded Damon, the friend of Pythias? Is there not St. John Damascenus, Dr. Doddridge, Deborah the Nurse of Rebekah, who was buried beneath Beth-el under an Oak, which was called Allon-bachuth, the Oak of Weeping, and Deborah

the wife of Lapidoth, who dwelt under her palm-trees between Ramah and Beth-el in Mount Ephraim, where the children of Israel came up to her for judgment, for she was a mother in Israel; Demas for whom St. Paul greets the Colossians, and whom he calleth his fellow labourer; and Dorcas which being interpreted is in Hebrew Tabitha and in English Doe, who was full of good works and alms-deeds, whom therefore Peter raised from the dead, and whom the Greeks might indeed truly have placed among the *Δεετερόποτοι*; Daniel already named, but never to be remembered too often, and Dan the father of his tribe. Grave writers there are, the Doctor would say, who hesitate not to affirm that Dan was the first King of Denmark, more properly called Danmark from his name, and that he instituted there the military order of Dannebrog. With the pretensions of these Danish Antiquaries, he pursued, I meddle not. There is surer authority for the merits of this my first namesake. "Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel. Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward." Daniel, quoth the Doctor, is commonly abbreviated into Dan, from whence doubtless it taketh its root; and the Daniel therefore who is not wise as a serpent, falsifieth the promise of the patriarch Jacob.

That this should have been the Dan who founded the kingdom of Denmark he deemed an idle fancy. King Dans in that country, however, there have been, and among them was King Dan called Mykelati or the Magnificent, with whom the Bruna Oldd, or age of Combustion, ended in the North, and the Houghs Oldd or age of barrows began, for he it was who introduced the custom of interment. But he considered it as indeed an honour to the name, that Death should have been called *Δάμος* by the Macedonians, not as a dialectic or provincial form of *Θάνατος* but from the Hebrew Dan, which signifies, says Jeremy Taylor, a Judge, as intimating that Judges are appointed to give sentence upon criminals in life and death.

Even if we look at the black side of the shield we still find that the D preserves its power: there is Dathan, who with Korah and Abiram went down alive into the pit, and the earth closed upon them; Dalila by whom Sampson was betrayed; Dionysus the acoustical tyrant; Domitian who like a true vice-gerent of Beelzebub tormented flies as well as men; Decius the fiercest of the persecutors; the inhuman Dunstan, and the devilish Dominic, after whom it seems all but an anticlimax to name the *ipsissimus* Diabolus, the Devil himself. And here let us remark through how many languages the name of the author of evil retains its characteristic initial, $\Delta\alpha\beta\omicron\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, Diabolus, Diavolo, Diabolo, Diabo, Diable, in Dutch Duival, in Welsh Diawl, and though the Germans write him Tefel, it is because in their coarser articulation the D passes into the cognate sound of T, without offending their obtuser organs of hearing. Even in the appellations given him by familiar or vulgar irreverence, the same pregnant initial prevails, he is the Dence, and Old Davy and Davy Jones. And it may be noted that in the various systems of false religion to which he hath given birth, the Delta is still a dominant inchoative. Witness Dagon of the Philistines, witness the Daggial of the Mahomedans, and the forgotten root from whence the $\Delta\iota\omicron\varsigma$ of the Greeks is derived. Why should I mention the Roman Diespiter, the Syrian Directo, Delius with his sister Delia, known also as Dictynna and the great Diana of the Ephesians. The Sicyonian Dia, Dione of whom Venus was born, Deiphobe the Cumæan Sybil who conducted Æneas in his descent to the infernal regions. Doris the mother of the Nereids, and Dorus father of the race of Pygmies. Why should I name the Dioscuri, Dice and Dionysus, the Earth, Mother Demeter, the Demiourgos, gloomy Dis, Demogorgon dread and Daphne whom the Gods converted into a Laurel to decorate the brows of Heroes and Poets.

Truly, he would say, it may be called a dynamic letter; and not without mystery did the Hebrews call it Daleth, the door, as though it were the door of speech. Then

its form! how full of mysteries! The wise Egyptians represented it by three stars disposed in a triangle: it was their hieroglyphic of the Deity. In Greek it is the Delta.



In this form were the stupendous Pyramids built, when the sage Egyptians are thought to have emblematised the soul of man, which the Divine Plato supposed to be of this shape. This is the mysterious triangle, which the Pythagoreans called Pallas, because they said it sprang from the brain of Jupiter, and Tritogeneia, because if three right lines were drawn from its angles to meet in the centre, a triple birth of triangles was produced, each equal to the other.



I pass reverently the diviner mysteries which have been illustrated from hence, and may perhaps be typified herein. Nor will I do more than touch upon the mechanical powers which we derive from a knowledge of the properties of the figures, and upon the science of Trigonometry. In its Roman and more familiar form, the Letter hath also sublime resemblances or prototypes. The Rainbow resting upon the earth describes its form. Yea, the Sky and the Earth represent a grand and immeasurable D; for when you stand upon a boundless plain, the space behind you and before in infinite longitude is the straight line, and the circle of the firmament which bends from infinite altitude to meet it, forms the bow.

For himself, he said, it was a never failing source of satisfaction when he reflected how

richly his own destiny was endowed with Ds. The D was the star of his ascendant. There was in the accident of his life, — and he desired it to be understood as using the word accident in its scholastic acceptations, — a concatenation, a concentration. Yea he might venture to call it a constellation of Ds. Dove he was born; Daniel he was baptized; Daniel was the name of his father; Dinah of his mother, Deborah of his wife; Doctor was his title, Doncaster his dwelling-place; in the year of his marriage, which next to that of his birth was the most important of his life, D was the Dominical letter; and in the amorous and pastoral strains wherein he had made his passion known in the magazines, he had called himself Damon and his mistress Delia.

CHAPTER CLXXVI.

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

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

DOVE also was a name which abounded with mystical significations, and which derived peculiar significance from its mysterious conjunction with Daniel. Had it not been said, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as Doves?" To him the text was personally applicable in both parts. Dove he was by birth. Daniel by baptism or the second birth, and Daniel was Dan, and Dan shall be a serpent by the way.

But who can express his delight when in perusing Jacob Bryant's Analysis of ancient Mythology, he found that so many of the most illustrious personages of antiquity proved to be Doves, when their names were truly interpreted or properly understood! That erudite interpreter of hidden things

taught him that the name of the Dove was Iön and Iönah, whence in immediate descent the Oän and Oannes of Berosus and Abydenus, and in longer but lineal deduction Æneas, Hannes, Hanno, Ionah, Ἰοάννης, Johannes, Janus, Eanus among the elder Romans, Giovanni among the later Italians, Juan, Joam, Jean, John, Jan, Iwain, Ivan, Ewan, Owen, Evan, Hans, Ann, Hannah, Nannette, Jane, Jeannette, Jeanne, Joanna and Joan; all who had ever borne these names, or any name derived from the same radical, as doubtless many there were in those languages of which he had no knowledge, nor any means of acquiring it, being virtually Doves. Did not Bryant expressly say that the prophet Jonah was probably so named as a messenger of the Deity, the mystic Dove having been from the days of Jonah regarded as a sacred symbol among all nations where any remembrance of the destruction and renovation of mankind was preserved! It followed therefore that the prophet Jonah, Hannibal, St. John, Owen Glendower, Joan of Arc, Queen Anne, Miss Hannah More, and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, were all of them his namesakes, to pretermitt or pass over Pope Joan, Little John, and Jack the Giantkiller. And this followed, not like the derivation of King Pepin from "ὄσπερ, by a jump in the process, such as that from Διδπερ to Napkin; nor like the equally well known identification of a Pigeon with an Eel Pye, in the logic of which the Doctor would have detected a fallacy, but in lawful etymology, and according to the strict interpretation of words. If he looked for the names through the thinner disguise of language there was Semiramis, who having been fed by Doves was named after them. What was Zurita the greatest historian of Arragon, but a young stock Dove? What were the three Palominos so properly enumerated in the Bibliotheca of Nicolas Antonio? Pedro the Benedictine in whose sermons a more than ordinary breathing of the spirit might not unreasonably be expected from his name; Francisco, who translated into Castillian the Psychomachia of the Christian poet Aurelius

Prudentius, and Diego the Prior of Xodar, whose *Liber de mutatione aeris, in quo assidua, et mirabilis mutationis temporum historia, cum suis causis, enarratur*, he so greatly regretted that he had never been able to procure; what were these Palominos? what but Doves? — Father Colombiere who framed the service for the Heart of Jesus, which was now so fashionable in Catholic countries, was clearly of the Dove genus. St. Columba was a decided Dove; three there were certainly, the Senonian, the Cordovan and the Cornish: and there is reason to believe that there was a fourth also, a female Dove, who held a high rank in St. Ursula's great army of virgins. Columbo the Anatomist, deservedly eminent as one of those who by their researches led the way for Harvey, he also was a Dove. Lastly, — and the Doctor in fine taste always reserved the greatest glory of the Dove name, for the conclusion of his discourse — lastly, there was Christopher Columbus, whom he used to call his famous namesake. And he never failed to commend Ferdinand Columbus for the wisdom and piety with which he had commented upon the mystery of the name, to remark that his father had conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost to the New World, shewing to the people who knew him not who was God's beloved son, as the Holy Ghost had done in the figure of a Dove at the baptism of St. John, and bearing like Noah's Dove the Olive Branch, and the Oil of Baptism over the waters of the ocean.

And what would our onomatologist have said if he had learned to read these words in that curious book of the &c. family, the Oriental fragments of Major Edward Moor: "In respect to St. Columba, or Colomb, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship, I shall have in another place something to say. I shall try to connect *Col-omb*, with Kal-O'm, — those infinitely mysterious words of Hindu mythology: and with these, divers *Mythé*, converging into or diverging from O'M — A U M, — the Irish *Ogham*, — I A M, — *Amen*, ΙΑΩ — Il-Kolmkill, &c. &c. &c." Surely had

the onomatologist lived to read this passage, he would forthwith have opened and corresponded with the benevolent and erudite etæeterarist of Bealings.

These things were said in his deeper moods. In the days of courtship he had said in song that Venus's car was drawn by Doves, regretting at the time that an allusion which came with such peculiar felicity from him, should appear to common readers to mean nothing more than what rhymers from time immemorial had said before him. After marriage he often called Mrs. Dove his Turtle, and in his playful humours, when the gracefulness of youth had gradually been superseded by a certain rotundity of form, he sometimes named her *çarra*, his ring-dove. Then he would regret that she had not proved a stock-dove, — and if she frowned at him, or looked grave, she was his pouting pigeon.

One inconvenience, however, Mrs. Dove felt from his reverence for the name. He never suffered a pigeon-pie at his table. And when he read that the Samaritans were reproached with retaining a trace of Assyrian superstition because they held it unlawful to eat this bird, he was from that time inclined to think favourably of the schismatics of Mount Gerizim.

CHAPTER CLXXVII.

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

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

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

It may easily be supposed that the Doctor was versed in the science of numbers; not

merely that common science which is taught at schools and may be learnt from Cocker's Arithmetic, but the more recondite mysteries which have in all ages delighted minds like his; and of which the richest specimens may be seen in the writings of the Hugonot Minister Jean de l'Espagne, and in those of our contemporary Mr. John Bellamy, author of the *Ophion*, of various papers in the *Classical Journal*, and defender of the Old and New Testament.

Cet auteur est assez digne d'être lu, says Bayle of Jean de l'Espagne, and he says it in some unaccountable humour, too gravely for a jest. The writer who is thus recommended was Minister of the Reformed French Church in Westminster, which met at that time in Somerset Chapel, and his friend Dr. De Garençieres, who wrote commendatory verses upon him in French, Latin and Greek, calls him

*Belle lumière des Pasteurs,
Ornement du Siècle ou nous sommes,
Qui trouve des admirateurs
Par tout ou il y a des hommes.*

He was one of those men to whom the Bible comes as a book of problems and riddles, a mine in which they are always at work, thinking that whatever they can throw up must needs be gold. Among the various observations which he gave the world without any other order, as he says, than that in which they presented themselves to his memory, there may be found good, bad and indifferent. He thought the English Church had improperly appointed a Clerk to say Amen for the people. Amen being intended, among other reasons, as a mark whereby to distinguish those who believed with the officiating Priest from Idolaters and Heretics. He thought it was not expedient that Jews should be allowed to reside in England, for a Jew would perceive in the number of our tolerated sects, a confusion worse than that of Babel; and as the multitude here are always susceptible of every folly which is offered, and the more monstrous the faith, to them the better mystery, it was to be feared, he said, that for the sake of converting two or three Jews we were exposing

a million Christians to the danger of Judaizing; or at least that we should see new religions start up, compounded of Judaism with Christianity. He was of opinion, in opposition to what was then generally thought in England, that one might innocently say God bless you, to a person who sneezed, though he candidly admitted that there was no example either in the Old or New Testament, and that in all the Scriptures only one person is mentioned as having sneezed, to wit the Shunamite's son. He thought it more probable from certain texts that the Soul at death departs by way of the nostrils, than by way of the mouth according to the vulgar notion:—had he previously ascertained which way it came in, he would have had no difficulty in deciding which way it went out. And he propounded and resolved a question concerning Jephtha which no person but himself ever thought of asking: *Pourquoy Dieu voulant délivrer les Israelites, leur donna pour liberateur, voire pour Chef et Gouverneur perpetuel, un fils d'une paillardé?* "O Jephtha, Judge of Israel," that a Frenchman should call thee in filthy French *fils d'une putain!*

But the peculiar talent of the *Belle Lumière des Pasteurs* was for cabalistic researches concerning numbers, or what he calls *L'Harmonie du Temps*. Numbers, he held, (and every generation, every family, every individual was marked with one,) were not the causes of what came to pass, but they were marks or impresses which God set upon his works, distinguishing them by the difference of these their cyphers. And he laid it down as a rule that in doubtful points of computation, the one wherein some mystery could be discovered was always to be preferred. *Quoy?*—(think how triumphantly his mouth opened and his nose was erected and his nostrils were dilated, when he pronounced that interrogation)—*Quoy? la variété de nos opinions qui provient d'imperfection, aneantira-t-elle les merveilles de Dieu?* In the course of his Scriptural computations he discovered that when the Sun stood still at the command of Joshua, it was precisely 2555 years after the Creation,

that is seven years of years, a solar week, after which it had been preordained that the Sun should thus have its sabbath of rest: *Ceci n'est-il pas admirable?* It was on the tenth year of the tenth year of the years that the Sun went back ten degrees, which was done to show the chronology: *ou est le stupide qui ne soit ravi en admiration d'une si celeste harmonie?* With equal sagacity and equal triumph he discovered how the generations from Adam to Christ went by twenty-twos; and the generations of Christ by sevens, being 77 in all, and that from the time the promise of the Seed was given till its fulfilment there elapsed a week of years, seven times seventy years, seventy weeks of years, and seven times seventy weeks of years, by which beautiful geometry, if he might be permitted to use so inadequate a term, the fullness of time was made up.

What wonderful significations also hath Mr. Bellamy in his kindred pursuits discovered and darkly pointed out! Doth he not tell us of seven steps, seven days, seven priests, seven rams, seven bullocks, seven trumpets, seven shepherds, seven stars, seven spirits, seven eyes, seven lamps, seven pipes, seven heads, four wings, four beasts, four kings, four kingdoms, four carpenters; the number three he has left unimproved,—but for two, —

which number Nature framed
In the most useful faculties of man,
To strengthen mutually and relieve each other,
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one failed the other might supply,

for this number Mr. Bellamy has two cherubims, two calves, two turtles, two birds alive, two
*, two baskets of figs, two olive trees, two women grinding, two men in the fields, two woes, two witnesses, two candlesticks; and when he descends to the unit, he tells us of one tree, one heart, one stick, one fold, one pearl, — to which we must add one Mr. John Bellamy the Pearl of Commentators.

But what is this to the exquisite manner in which he elucidates the polytheism of the

Greeks and Romans, showing us that the inferior Gods of their mythology were in their origin only men who had exercised certain departments in the state, a discovery which he illustrates in a manner the most familiar, and at the same time the most striking for its originality. Thus, he says, if the Greeks and Romans had been Englishmen, or if we Englishmen of the present day were Greeks and Romans, we should call our Secretary at War, Lord Bathurst for instance, Mars; the Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon to wit) Mercury, — as being at the head of the department for eloquence. — (But as Mercury is also the God of thieves may not Mr. Bellamy, grave as he is, be suspected of insinuating here that the Gentlemen of the Long Robe are the most dextrous of pickpockets?) — The first Lord of the Admiralty, Neptune. The President of the College of Physicians, Apollo. The President of the Board of Agriculture, Janus. Because with one face he looked forward to the new year, while at the same time he looked back with the other on the good or bad management of the agriculture of the last, wherefore he was symbolically represented with a second face at the back of his head. Again Mr. Bellamy seems to be malicious, in thus typifying or seeming to typify Sir John Sinclair between two administrations with a face for both. The ranger of the forests, he proceeds, would be denominated Diana. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Minerva; — Minerva in a Bishop's wig! The first Lord of the Treasury, Juno; and the Society of Suppression of Vice, — Reader, lay thy watch upon the table, and guess for three whole minutes what the Society for the Suppression of Vice would be called upon this ingenious scheme, if the Greeks and Romans were Englishmen of the present generation, or if we of the present generation were heathen Greeks and Romans. I leave a *carte blanche* before this, lest thine eye outrunning thy judgment, should deprive thee of that proper satisfaction which thou wilt feel if thou shouldst guess aright. But exceed not the time which I have affixed for thee, for if thou dost not

* The blank is in the MS.

guess aright in three minutes, thou wouldest not in as many years.

VENUS. Yes, Reader. By Cyprus and Paphos and the Groves of Idalia,—by the little God Cupid,—by all the Loves and Doves,—and by the lobbies of the London theatres—he calls the Society for the Suppression of Vice, VENUS!

Fancy, says Fuller, runs riot when spurred with superstition. This is his marginal remark upon a characteristic paragraph concerning the Chambers about Solomon's Temple, with which I will here recreate the reader. "As for the mystical meaning of these chambers, Bede no doubt, thought he hit the very mark—when finding therein the three conditions of life, all belonging to God's Church: in the ground chamber, such as live in marriage; in the middle chamber such as contract; but in the *excelsis* or third story, such as have attained to the sublimity of perpetual virginity. Rupertus in the lowest chamber lodgeth those of practical lives with Noah; in the middle—those of mixed lives with Job; and in the highest—such as spend their days with Daniel in holy speculations. But is not this rather *lusus*, than *allusio*, sporting with, than expounding of scriptures? Thus when the gates of the Oracle are made *five square*, Ribera therein reads our conquest over the five senses, and when those of the door of the Temple are said to be *four square*, therein saith he is denoted the *quaternion* of Evangelists. After this rate, Hiram (though no doubt dexterous in his art) could not so soon fit a pillar with a fashion as a Friar can fit that fashion with a mystery. If made three square, then the Trinity of Persons: four square, the cardinal virtues: five square, the *Pentateuch* of

Moses: six square, the *Petitions* or the *Lord's Prayer*: seven square, their *Sacraments*: eight square, the *Beatitudes*: nine square, the Orders of Angels: ten square, the Commandments: eleven square, the moral virtues: twelve square, the articles of the creed are therein contained. In a word—for matter of numbers—fancy is never at a loss—like a beggar, never out of her way, but hath some haunts where to repose itself. But such as in expounding scriptures reap more than God did sow there, never eat what they reap themselves, because such grainless husks, when seriously thrashed out, vanish all into chaff.*

CHAPTER CLXXVIII.

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

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

THIS choice morsel hath led us from the science of numbers. Great account hath been made of that science in old times. There was an epigrammatist who discovering that the name of his enemy Damagoras amounted in numerical letters to the same sum as *Δοιμὸς* the plague, inferred from thence that Damagoras and the Plague were one and the same thing; a stingless jest serving, like many satires of the present age, to show the malice and not the wit of the

* Pisgah Sight of Palestine, Book iii. c. vii.

† On referring to Bishop Hacket's Sermons I find this Motto is not copied out *Verbatim*. See p. 245.

satirist. But there were those among the ancients who believed that stronger influences existed in the number of a name, and that because of their arithmetical inferiority in this point, Patroclus was slain by Hector, and Hector by Achilles. Diviners grounded upon this a science which they called Onomantia or Arithmomantia. When Maurice of Saxony, to the great fear of those who were most attached to him, engaged in war against Charles V., some one encouraged his desponding friends by this augury, and said that if the initials of the two names were considered, it would be seen that the fortunes of Maurice preponderated over those of Charles in the proportion of a thousand to a hundred.

A science like this could not be without attractions for the Doctor; and it was with no little satisfaction that he discovered in the three Ds with which his spoons and his house linen were marked, by considering them as so many capital Deltas, the figures 444, combining the complex virtues of the four thrice told. But he discovered greater secrets in the names of himself and his wife when taken at full length. He tried them in Latin, and could obtain no satisfactory result; nor had he any better success in Greek when he observed the proper orthography of Δανιήλ and Δει3,3ωρα.* But anagrammatists are above the rules of orthography, just as Kings, Divines and Lawyers are privileged, if it pleases them, to dispense with the rules of grammar. Taking these words therefore letter by letter according to the common pronunciation (for who said he pronounces them Daniel and Deboarah?) and writing the surname in Greek letters instead of translating it, the sum which it thus produced was equal to his most sanguine wishes, for thus it proved

Daniel and Deborah Dove.

Δανιήλ Δει3όρα Δοιε.

Δανιήλ.

Δ	4
α	1
ν	50
ι	10
ε	5
λ	30
<hr/>	
Daniel	100

Δει3όρα

Δ	4
ε	5
β	2
ο	70
ρ	100
α	1
<hr/>	
Deborah	182

Δοιε

Δ	4
ο	70
υ	400
ε	5
<hr/>	
Dove	479

The whole being added together gave the following product

Daniel	100
Deborah	182
Dove	479
<hr/>	
	761

Here was the number 761 found in fair addition, without any arbitrary change of letters, or licentious innovation in orthography. And herein was mystery. The number 761 is a prime number; from hence the Doctor inferred that, as the number was indivisible, there could be no division between himself and Mrs. Dove; an inference which the harmony of their lives fully warranted. And this alone would have amply rewarded his researches. But a richer dis-

* Δει3όρα Gen. xxxv. 8., Δειβ3ωρα Judges iv. 4. The double β will not affect the mystery!

covery flashed upon him. The year 1761 was the year of his marriage, and to make up the deficient thousand there was M for marriage and matrimony. These things, he would say, must never be too explicit; their mysterious character would be lost if they lay upon the surface; like precious metals and precious stones you must dig to find them.

He had bestowed equal attention and even more diligence in anagrammatising the names. His own indeed furnished him at first with a startling and by no means agreeable result; for, upon transposing the component letters of Daniel Dove, there appeared the words *Leaden void!* Nor was he more fortunate in a Latin attempt, which gave him *Dan vile Deo. Vel dona Dei*, as far as it bore a semblance of meaning, was better; but when, after repeated dislocations and juxtapositions, there came forth the words *Dead in love*, Joshua Sylvester was not more delighted at finding that Jacobus Stuart made *justa scrutabo*, and James Stuart *A just Master*, than the Doctor,—for it was in the May days of his courtship. In the course of these anagrammatical experiments he had a glimpse of success, which made him feel for a moment like a man whose lottery ticket is next in number to the £20,000 prize. Dove failed only in one letter of being Ovid. In old times they did not stand upon trifles in these things, and John Bunyan was perfectly satisfied with extracting from his name the words *Nu hony in a B*,—a sentence of which the orthography and the import are worthy of each other. But although the Doctor was contented with a very small sufficit of meaning, he could not depart so violently from the letters here. The disappointment was severe, though momentary: it was, as we before observed, in the days of his courtship; and could he thus have made out his claim to be called Ovid, he had as clear a right to add Naso as the poet of Sulmo himself, or any of the Nasonic race, for he had been at the promontory, “and why indeed Naso,” as Holofernes has said?—Why not merely for that reason “looking toward Damascus,”

which may be found in the second volume of this work, in the sixty-third chapter and at the two hundred and thirtieth page*, but also “for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention?”†

Thus much for his own name. After marriage he added his wife's with the conjunction copulative, and then came out *Dear Delia had bound one*: nothing could be more felicitous, Delia, as has already been noticed, having been the poetical name by which he addressed the object of his affections. Another result was, *I hadden a dear bond-love*, but having some doubts as to the syntax of the verb, and some secret dislike to its obsolete appearance, he altered it into *Ned, I had a dear bond-love*, as though he was addressing his friend Dr. Miller the organist, whose name was Edward.

CHAPTER CLXXIX.

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

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

BRONZINO PITTORE.

ANAGRAMS are not likely ever again to hold so high a place among the prevalent pursuits of literature as they did in the seventeenth century, when Louis XIII. appointed the Provençal Thomas Billen to be his Royal Anagrammatist, and granted him a salary of 1200 livres. But no person will ever hit upon an apt one without feeling that degree of pleasure and surprise with which any odd

* This refers to the 8vo. Edition. See page 134. of this Edition.

† Love's Labour Lost, Act iv. Sc. ii.

coincidence is remarked. Has any one who knows Johnny the Bear heard his name thus anagrammatised without a smile? We may be sure he smiled and growled at the same time when he first heard it himself.

Might not Father Salvator Mile, and Father Louis Almerat, who were both musicians, have supposed themselves as clearly predestinated to be musical, as ever seventh son of a Septimus thought himself born for the medical profession, if they had remarked what Penrose discovered for them, that their respective names, with the F for Friar prefixed, each contained the letters of the six musical notes *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, and not a letter more or less?

There is, and always hath been, and ever will be, a latent superstition in the most rational of men. It belongs to the weakness and dependence of human nature. Believing, as the Scriptures teach us to believe, that signs and tokens have been vouchsafed in many cases, is it to be wondered at that we seek for them sometimes in our moods of fancy, or that they suggest themselves to us in our fears and our distress? Men may cast off religion and extinguish their conscience without ridding themselves of this innate and inherent tendency.

Proper names have all in their origin been significant in all languages. It was easy for men who brooded over their own imaginations, to conceive that they might contain in their elements a more recondite, and perhaps, fatidical signification; and the same turn or twist of mind which led the Cabbalists to their extravagant speculations have taken this direction, when confined within the limits of languages which have no supernatural pretensions. But no serious importance was attached to such things, except by persons whose intellects were in some degree deranged. They were sought for chiefly as an acceptable form of compliment, sometimes in self-complacency of the most inoffensive kind, and sometimes for the sting which they might carry with them. Lycophron is said to have been the inventor of this trifling.

The Rules for the true discovery of

perfect anagrams, as laid down by Mrs. Mary Fage*, allowed as convenient a licence in orthography as the Doctor availed himself of in Greek.

E may most-what conclude an English word,
 And so a letter at a need afford,
 H is an aspiration and no letter;
 It may be had or left which we think better.
 I may be I or Y as need require;
 Q ever after doth a U desire;
 Two Vs may be a double U; and then
 A double U may be two Vs again.
 X may divided be, and S and C
 May by that letter comprehended be.
 Z a double S may comprehend:
 And lastly an apostrophe may ease
 Sometimes a letter when it doth not please.

Two of the luckiest hits which anagrammatists have made were on the Attorney General William Noy, *I moyl in law*; and Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, *I find murdered by rogues*. Before Felton's execution it was observed that his anagram was *No, fie not*.

A less fortunate one made the Lady Davies mad, or rather fixed the character of her madness. She was the widow of Sir John Davies, the statesman and poet, and having anagrammatised Eleanor Davies into Reveal O Daniel, she was crazy enough to fancy that the spirit of the Prophet Daniel was incorporated in her. The Doctor mentioned the case with tenderness and a kind of sympathy. "Though the anagram, says Dr. Heylyn, had too much by an L and too little by an S, yet she found Daniel and Reveal in it, and that served her turn." Setting up for a Prophetess upon this conceit, and venturing upon political predictions in sore times, she was brought before the Court of High Commission, where serious pains were preposterously bestowed in endeavouring to reason her out of an opinion founded on insanity. All, as might have been expected, and ought to have been foreseen, would not do, "till Lamb, then Dean of the Arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver." For while the Divines were reasoning the point with her out of Scripture,

* In her Fames Roule, or the names of King Charles, his Queen and his most hopeful posterity; together with the names of the Dukes, Marquisses, &c., anagrammatised, and expressed by acrostick lines on their lives. London, 1637. — R. S.

he took a pen into his hand, and presently finding that the letters of her name might be assorted to her purpose, said to her, Madam, I see that you build much on anagrams, and I have found out one which I hope will fit you: Dame Eleanor Davies,—*Never so mad a Ladie!* He then put it into her hands in writing, “which happy fancy brought that grave Court into such a laughter, and the poor woman thereupon into such a confusion, that afterwards she either grew wiser, or was less regarded.”—This is a case in which it may be admitted that ridicule was a fair test of truth

When Henri IV. sent for Marshal Biron to court, with an assurance of full pardon if he would reveal without reserve the whole of his negociations and practices, that rash and guilty man resolved to go and brave all dangers, because certain Astrologers had assured him that his ascendant commanded that of the King, and in confirmation of this some flattering friend discovered in his name *Henri de Bourbon* this anagram, *De Biron Bonheur*. *Comme ainsi fust*, says one of his contemporaries, *qu’il en fist gloire, quelque Gentilhomme bien advisé là present — dit tout bas à l’oreille d’un sien amy, s’il le pense ainsi il n’est pas sage, et trouvera qu’il y a du Robin dedans Biron*. *Robin* was a name used at that time by the French as synonymous with simpleton. But of unfitting anagrams none were ever more curiously unfit than those which were discovered in Marguerite de Valois, the profligate Queen of Navarre; *Salve, Virgo Mater Dei; ou, de vertu royal image!* The Doctor derived his taste for anagrams from the poet with whose rhymes and fancies he had been so well imbued in his boyhood, old Joshua Sylvester, who, as the translator of Du Bartas, signed himself to the King in anagrammatical French *Voy Sire Saluste*, and was himself addressed in anagrammatical Latin as *Vere Os Salutii*.

“Except Eteostiques,” says Drummond of Hawthornden, “I think the Anagram the most idle study in the world of learning. Their maker must be *homo miserrimæ patientiæ*, and when he is done, what is it but

magno conatu rugas magnas agere! you may of one and the same name make both good and evil. So did my Uncle find in Anna Regina, *Ingannare*, as well as of Anna Britannorum Regina, *Anna Regnantium Arbor*: as he who in Charles de Valois found *Chasse la dure loy*, and after the massacre found *Chasseur desloyal*. Often they are most false, as Henri de Bourbon, *Bonheur de Biron*. Of all the anagrammatists and with least pain, he was the best who, out of his own name, being Jacques de la Chamber, found *La Chamber de Jacques*, and rested there: and next to him, here at home, a Gentleman whose mistress’s name being Anna Grame, he found it an *Anagramme* already.”

CHAPTER CLXXX.

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 ἐπίσθημα τὸ αὐτόματον, ἀνθρώπων ὡς ἔτυχι καὶ ἀλεγειώτατος ρενοῦντων, καὶ τὸν μὲν λόγον αὐτῶν μὴ καταλαμβάνοντων, διὰ δὲ τὴν ἀσθίνειαν τῆς καταλήξεως, ἀλόγως αἰομίζον διατετάχθαι τὰ πάντα, ὧν τὸν λόγον εἰπεῖν οὐκ ἔχουσιν.

CONSTANT. ORAT. AD SANCT. CÆT. C. VII.

“Deformity is either natural, voluntary, or adventitious, being either caused by God’s *unseen Providence*, (by men *nick-named, 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 disadvantage, 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 *Ædipus* 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 abbreviations, 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. None, he would say with great earnestness, appeared so ugly to his 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

* The Readers of Jeremy Taylor will not fail to remember the passage following from his Great Exemplar.

"God's Judgments are like *the writing upon the wall*, which was a missive of anger from God upon Belshazzar. It came upon an errand of revenge, and yet was writ in so dark characters that none could read it but a prophet." — Disc. xviii. *Of the Causes and Manner of the Divine Judgments.*

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."

CHAPTER CLXXXI.

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

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

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

I ASKED him once if there was not a degree of ugliness which might be deemed unfor-

tunate, because a consciousness of it affected the ill-favoured individual so as to excite in him discontent and envy, and other evil feelings. He admitted that in an evil disposition it might have this tendency; but he said a disposition which was injuriously affected by such a cause, would have had other propensities quite as injurious in themselves and in their direction, evolved and brought into full action by an opposite cause. To exemplify this he instanced the two brothers Edward IV. and Richard III.

Fidus Cornelius burst into tears in the Roman Senate, because Corbulo called him a plucked ostrich: *Adversus alia maledicta mores et vitam convulnerantia, frontis illi firmitas constitit; adversus hoc tam absurdum lacrimæ prociderunt; tanta animorum imbecillitas est ubi ratio discessit.* But instances of such weakness, the Doctor said, are as rare as they are ridiculous. Most people see themselves in the most favourable light. "Ugly!" a very ugly, but a very conceited fellow, exclaimed one day when he contemplated himself in a looking-glass; "ugly! and yet there's something genteel in the face!" There are more coxcombs in the world than there are vain women; in the one sex there is a weakness for which time soon brings a certain cure, in the other it deserves a harsher appellation.

As to ugliness, not only in this respect do we make large allowances for ourselves, but our friends make large allowances for us also. Some one praised Palisson to Madame de Sevigné for the elegance of his manners, the magnanimity, the rectitude, and other virtues which he ought to have possessed; *hé bien*, she replied, *pour moi je ne connois que sa laideur; qu'on me le dedouble donc.* Wilkes, who pretended as little to beauty, as he did to public virtue, when he was off the stage used to say, that in winning the good graces of a lady there was not more than three days' difference between himself and the handsomest man in England. One of his female partizans praised him for his agreeable person, and being reminded of his squinting, she replied indignantly, that it was not more than a gentleman ought to

squint. So rightly has Madame de Villedieu observed that

*En mille occasions l'amour a sçeu prouver
Que tout devient pour luy, matiere à sympathie,
Quand il fait tant que d'en vouloir trouver.*

She no doubt spoke sincerely, according to the light wherein, in the obliquity of her intellectual eyesight, she beheld him. Just as that prince of republican and unbelieving bigots, Thomas Holles, said of the same person, "I am sorry for the irregularities of Wilkes; they are, however, only as spots in the sun!" "It is the weakness of the many," says a once noted Journalist, "that when they have taken a fancy to a man, or to the name of a man, they take a fancy even to his failings." But there must have been no ordinary charm in the manners of John Wilkes, who in one interview overcame Johnson's well-founded and vehement dislike. The good nature of his countenance, and its vivacity and cleverness, made its physical ugliness be overlooked; and probably his cast of the eye, which was a squint of the first water, seemed only a peculiarity which gave effect to the sallies of his wit.

Hogarth's portrait of him he treated with characteristic good humour, and allowed it "to be an excellent compound caricature, or a caricature of what Nature had already caricatured. I know but one short apology, said he, to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the *person* of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself; and that he never was solicitous about the *case* (as Shakespeare calls it) only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he ever hung over the glassy stream, like another Narcissus, admiring the image in it; nor that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others. I believe he finds himself tolerably happy in the clay cottage to which he is tenant for life, because he has learned to keep it in pretty good order. While the share of health and animal spirits which heaven has given out should hold out, I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment

peevish about the outside of so precarious, so temporary a habitation; or will ever be brought to our *Ingenium Galbæ malè habitat*: — *Monsieur, est mal logé.*" This was part of a note for his intended edition of Churchill.

Squinting, according to a French writer, is not displeasing, when it is not in excess. He is probably right in this observation. A slight obliquity of vision sometimes gives an archness of expression, and always adds to the countenance a peculiarity, which, when the countenance has once become agreeable to the beholder, renders it more so. But when the eye-balls recede from each other to the outer verge of their orbits, or approach so closely that nothing but the intervention of the nose seems to prevent their meeting, a sense of distortion is produced, and consequently of pain. *Il ya des gens, says Vigneul Marville, qui ne sauroient regarder des louches sans en sentir quelque douleur aux yeux. Je suis des ceux-la.* This is because the deformity is catching, which it is well known to be in children; the tendency to imitation is easily excited in a highly sensitive frame — as in them; and the pain felt in the eyes gives warning that this action, which is safe only while it is unconscious and unobserved, is in danger of being deranged.

A cast of the eye *à la Montmorency* was much admired at the Court of Louis XIII., where the representative of that illustrious family had rendered it fashionable by his example. Descartes is said to have liked all persons who squinted for his nurse's sake, and the anecdote tells equally in favour of her and of him.

St. Evremond says in writing the Eulogy of Turenne, *Je ne m'amuserai point à depeindre tous les traits de son visage. Les caractères des Grands Hommes n'ont rien de commun avec les portraits des belles femmes. Mais je puis dire en gros qu'il avoit quelque chose d'anguste et d'agréable; quelque chose en sa physionomie qui faisoit concevoir je ne sai quoi de grand en son ame, et en son esprit. On pouvoit juger à le voir, que par un disposition particulière la Nature l'avoit pré-*

paré à faire tout ce qu'il a fait. If Turenne had not been an ill-looking man, the skilful eulogist would not thus have excused himself from giving any description of his countenance; a countenance from which indeed, if portraits belie it not, it might be inferred that nature had prepared him to change his party during the civil wars, as lightly as he would have changed his seat at a card-table,—to renounce the Protestant faith, and to ravage the Palatinate. *Ne souvenez-vous pas de la physionomie funeste de ce grand homme,* says Bussy Rabutin to Madame de Sevigné. An Italian bravo said, *che non teneva specchio in camera, perche quando si crucciava diveniva tanto terribile nell' aspetto, che veggendosi haria fatto troppo gran paura a se stesso.**

Queen Elizabeth could not endure the sight of deformity; when she went into public her guards, it is said, removed all misshapen and hideous persons out of her way.

Extreme ugliness has once proved as advantageous to its possessor as extreme beauty, if there be truth in those Triads wherein the Three Men are recorded who escaped from the battle of Camlan. They were Morvran ab Teged, in consequence of being so ugly, that every body thinking him to be a Demon out of Hell fled from him; Sandde Bryd-Angel, or Angel-aspect, in consequence of being so fine of form, so beautiful and fair, that no one raised a hand against him — for he was thought to be an Angel from Heaven: and Glewlwyd Gavaelwawr, or Great-grasp, (King Arthur's porter,) from his size and strength, so that none stood in his way, and every body ran before him; excepting these three, none escaped from Camlan,—that fatal field where King Arthur fell with all his chivalry.

That painter of great but insane genius, William Blake, of whom Allan Cunningham has written so interesting a memoir, took this Triad for the subject of a picture, which he called the Ancient Britons. It was one of his worst pictures, — which is saying

much; and he has illustrated it with one of the most curious commentaries, in his very curious and very rare descriptive Catalogue of his own Pictures.

It begins with a translation from the Welsh, supplied to him, no doubt, by that good simple-hearted, Welsh-headed man, William Owen, whose memory is the great store-house of all Cymric tradition and lore of every kind.

“In the last battle of King Arthur only Three Britons escaped; these were the Strongest Man, the Beautifullest Man, and the Ugliest Man. These Three marched through the field unsubdued as Gods; and the Sun of Britain set, but shall arise again with tenfold splendour, when Arthur shall awake from sleep, and resume his dominion over earth and ocean.

“The three general classes of men,” says the painter, “who are represented by the most Beautiful, the most Strong, and the most Ugly, could not be represented by any historical facts but those of our own countrymen, the Ancient Britons, without violating costumes. The Britons (say historians) were naked civilised men, learned, studious, abstruse in thought and contemplation; naked, simple, plain in their acts and manners; wiser than after ages. They were overwhelmed by brutal arms, all but a small remnant. Strength, Beauty, and Ugliness escaped the wreck, and remain for ever unsubdued, age after age.

“The British Antiquities are now in the Artist's hands; all his visionary contemplations relating to his own country and its ancient glory, when it was, as it again shall be, the source of learning and inspiration. He has in his hands poems of the highest antiquity. Adam was a Druid, and Noah. Also Abraham was called to succeed the Druidical age, which began to turn allegoric and mental signification into corporeal command; whereby human sacrifice would have depopulated the earth. All these things are written in Eden. The artist is an inhabitant of that happy country; and if everything goes on as it has begun, the work of vegetation and generation may

* IL CORTEGIANO, 27.

expect to be opened again to Heaven, through Eden, as it was in the beginning.

“The Strong Man represents the human sublime. The Beautiful Man represents the human pathetic, which was in the ban of Eden divided into male and female. The Ugly Man represents the human reason. They were originally one man, who was fourfold: he was self-divided and his real humanity drawn on the stems of generation: and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God. How he became divided is a subject of great sublimity and pathos. The Artist has written it under inspiration, and will, if God please, publish it. It is voluminous, and contains the ancient history of Britain, and the world of Satan and of Adam.

“In the mean time he has painted this picture, which supposes that in the reign of that British Prince, who lived in the fifth century, there were remains of those naked heroes in the Welsh mountains. They are now. Gray saw them in the person of his Bard on Snowdon; there they dwell in naked simplicity; happy is he who can see and converse with them, above the shadows of generation and death. In this picture, believing with Milton the ancient British history, Mr. Blake has done as all the ancients did, and as all the moderns who are worthy of fame, given the historical fact in its poetical vigour; so as it always happens; and not in that dull way that some historians pretend, who being weakly organised themselves, cannot see either miracle or prodigy. All is to them a dull round of probabilities and possibilities; but the history of all times and places is nothing else but improbabilities and impossibilities,—what we should say was impossible, if we did not see it always before our eyes.

“The antiquities of every nation under Heaven are no less sacred than those of the Jews; they are the same thing, as Jacob Bryant and all antiquaries have proved. How other antiquities came to be neglected and disbelieved, while those of the Jews are collected and arranged, is an enquiry worthy of both the Antiquarian and the Divine.

All had originally one language, and one religion. This was the religion of Jesus, the everlasting Gospel. Antiquity preached the Gospel of Jesus. The reasoning historian, turner and twister of courses and consequences, such as Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, cannot, with all their artifice, turn or twist one fact, or disarrange self-evident action and reality. Reasons and opinions concerning acts are not history. Acts themselves alone are history, and they are neither the exclusive property of Hume, Gibbon, and Voltaire, Echard, Rapin, Plutarch, nor Herodotus. Tell me the acts, O historian, and leave me to reason upon them as I please; away with your reasoning and your rubbish. All that is not action is not worth reading. Tell me the What; I do not want you to tell me the Why, and the How; I can find that out myself, as well as you can, and I will not be fooled by you into opinions, that you please to impose, to disbelieve what you think improbable, or impossible. His opinion, who does not see spiritual agency, is not worth any man's reading; he who rejects a fact because it is improbable, must reject all History, and retain doubts only.

“It has been said to the Artist, take the Apollo for the model of your beautiful man, and the Hercules for your strong man, and the Dancing Fawn for your ugly man. Now he comes to his trial. He knows that what he does is not inferior to the grandest antiquities. Superior they cannot be, for human power cannot go beyond either what he does, or what they have done. It is the gift of God; it is inspiration and vision. He had resolved to emulate those precious remains of antiquity. He has done so, and the result you behold. His ideas of strength and beauty have not been greatly different. Poetry as it exists now on earth in the various remains of ancient authors, Music as it exists in old tunes or melodies, Painting and Sculpture as it exists in the remains of antiquity and in the works of more modern genius, is Inspiration, and cannot be surpassed; it is perfect and eternal: Milton, Shakspeare, Michael Angelo, Rafael, the finest specimens of ancient Sculpture and

Painting, and Architecture, Gothic, Grecian, Hindoo, and Egyptian are the extent of the human mind. The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world, is not knowing what Art is; it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit.

"It will be necessary for the Painter to say something concerning his ideas of Beauty, Strength, and Ugliness.

"The beauty that is annexed and appended to folly, is a lamentable accident and error of the mortal and perishing life; it does but seldom happen; but with this unnatural mixture the sublime Artist can have nothing to do; it is fit for the burlesque. The beauty proper for sublime Art, is lineaments, or forms and features that are capable of being the receptacle of intellect; accordingly the Painter has given in his beautiful man, his own idea of intellectual Beauty. The face and limbs (?) that deviates or alters least, from infancy to old age, is the face and limbs (?) of greatest Beauty and Perfection.

"The Ugly likewise, when accompanied and annexed to imbecillity and disease, is a subject for burlesque and not for historical grandeur; the artist has imagined the Ugly man; one approaching to the beast in features and form, his forehead small, without frontals; his nose high on the ridge, and narrow; his chest and the stamina of his make, comparatively little, and his joints and his extremities large; his eyes with scarce any whites, narrow and cunning, and everything tending toward what is truly ugly; the incapability of intellect.

"The Artist has considered his strong man as a receptacle of Wisdom, a sublime energizer; his features and limbs do not spindle out into length, without strength, nor are they too large and unwieldy for his brain and bosom. Strength consists in accumulation of power to the principal seat, and from thence a regular gradation and subordination; strength in compactness, not extent nor bulk.

"The strong man acts from conscious su-

periority, and marches on in fearless dependence on the divine decrees, raging with the inspirations of a prophetic mind. The Beautiful man acts from duty, and anxious solicitude for the fates of those for whom he combats. The Ugly man acts from love of carnage, and delight in the savage barbarities of war, rushing with sportive precipitation into the very teeth of the affrighted enemy.

"The Roman Soldiers rolled together in a heap before them: 'like the rolling thing before the whirlwind:' each shew a different character, and a different expression of fear, or revenge, or envy, or blank horror, or amazement, or devout wonder and unresisting awe.

"The dead and the dying, Britons naked, mingled with armed Romans, strew the field beneath. Amongst these, the last of the Bards who were capable of attending warlike deeds, is seen falling, outstretched among the dead and the dying; singing to his harp in the pangs of death.

"Distant among the mountains are Druid Temples, similar to Stone Henge. The sun sets behind the mountains, bloody with the day of battle.

"The flush of health in flesh, exposed to the open air, nourished by the spirits of forests and floods, in that ancient happy period, which history has recorded, cannot be like the sickly daubs of Titian or Rubens. Where will the copier of nature, as it now is, find a civilized man, who has been accustomed to go naked? Imagination only can furnish us with colouring appropriate, such as is found in the frescoes of Rafael and Michael Angelo: the disposition of forms always directs colouring in works of true art. As to a modern man, stripped from his load of clothing, he is like a dead corpse. Hence Rubens, Titian, Correggio, and all of that class, are like leather and chalk; their men are like leather, and their women like chalk, for the disposition of their forms will not admit of grand colouring; in Mr. B.'s Britons, the blood is seen to circulate in their limbs; he defies competition in colouring."

My regard for thee, dear Reader, would

not permit me to leave untranscribed this very curious and original piece of composition. Probably thou hast never seen, and art never likely to see either the "Descriptive Catalogue" or the "Poetical Sketches" of this insane and erratic genius, I will therefore end the chapter with the *Mad Song* from the latter, — promising only *Dificultosa provincia es la que emprendo, y à muchos parecerà escusada; mas para la entereza desta historia, ha parecido no omitir aquesta parte.**

The wild winds weep,
And the night is a-cold;
Come hither, Sleep,
And my griefs unfold:
But lo! the morning peeps
Over the eastern steep;
And the rustling birds of dawn
The earth do scorn.

Lo! to the vault
Of paved heaven.
With sorrow fraught
My notes are driven:
They strike the ear of night,
Make weep the eyes of day;
They make mad the roaring winds,
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud
With howling woe,
After night I do croud
And with night will go;
I turn my back to the east,
From whence comforts have increas'd;
For light doth seize my brain
With frantic pain.

CHAPTER CLXXXII.

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

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

JEREMY TAYLOR. *Preface to the Du't. Dub.*

SOME Dr. Moreton is said to have advanced this extraordinary opinion in a treatise upon the beauty of the human structure, that had the calf of the leg been providentially set

before, instead of being preposterously placed behind, it would have been evidently better, for as much as the shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken.

I have no better authority for this than a magazine extract. But there have been men of science silly enough to entertain opinions quite as absurd, and presumptuous enough to think themselves wiser than their Maker.

Supposing the said Dr. Moreton has not been unfairly dealt with in this statement, it would have been a most appropriate reward for his sagacity, if some one of the thousand and one wonder-working Saints of the Pope's Calendar had reversed his own calves for him, placed them in front, conformably to his own notion of the fitness of things, and then left him to regulate their motions as well as he could. The *Gastrocnemius* and the *Soleus* would have found themselves in a new and curious relation to the *Rectus femoris* and the two *Vasti*, and the anatomical reformer would have learned feelingly to understand the term of antagonising muscles in a manner peculiar to himself.

The use to which this notable philosopher would have made the calf of the leg serve, reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in our friend's practice. An old man hard upon threescore and ten broke his shin one day by stumbling over a chair; and although a hale person who seemed likely to attain a great age by virtue of a vigorous constitution, which had never been impaired through ill habits or excesses of any kind, the hurt that had been thought little of at first became so serious in its consequences, that a mortification was feared. Daniel Dove was not one of those practitioners who would let a patient die under their superintendance *secundum artem*, rather than incur the risque of being censured for trying in desperate cases any method not in the regular course of practice: and recollecting what he had heard when a boy, that a man whose leg and life were in danger from just such an accident had been saved by applying yeast to the wound, he tried the application. The dangerous symptoms were presently removed by it; a kindly process was induced,

* LUIS MUÑOZ, VIDA DEL P. L. DE GRANADA.

the wound healed, and the man became whole again.

Dove was then a young man; and so many years have elapsed since old Joseph Todhunter was gathered to his fathers, that it would now require an antiquarian's patience to make out the letters of his name upon his mouldering headstone. All remembrance of him (except among his descendants, if any there now be) will doubtless have passed away, unless he should be recollected in Doncaster by the means which Dr. Dove devised for securing him against another such accident.

The Doctor knew that the same remedy was not to be relied on a second time, when there would be less ability left in the system to second its effect. He knew that in old age the tendency of Nature is to dissolution, and that accidents which are trifling in youth, or middle age, become fatal at a time when Death is ready to enter at any breach, and Life to steal out through the first flaw in its poor crazy tenement. So, having warned Todhunter of this, and told him that he was likely to enjoy many years of life, if he kept a whole skin on his shins, he persuaded him to wear spatterdashes, quilted in front and protected there with whalebone, charging him to look upon them as the most necessary part of his clothing, and to let them be the last things which he doffed at night, and the first which he donned in the morning.

The old man followed this advice; lived to the great age of eighty-five, enjoyed his faculties to the last; and then died so easily, that it might truly be said he fell asleep.

My friend loved to talk of this case; for Joseph Todhunter had borne so excellent a character through life, and was so cheerful and so happy, as well as so venerable an old man, that it was a satisfaction for the Doctor to think he had been the means of prolonging his days.

CHAPTER CLXXXIII.

VIEWS OF OLD AGE. MONTAIGNE, DANIEL CORNEILLE, LANGUET, PASQUIER, DR. JOHNSON, LORD CHESTERFIELD, ST. EVREMOND.

What is age
But the holy place of life, the chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries?

MASSINGER.

MONTAIGNE takes an uncomfortable view of old age. *Il me semble*, he says, *qu'en la vieillesse, nos ames sont subjectes à des maladies et imperfections plus importunes qu'en la jeunesse. Je le disois estant jeune, lors on me donnoit de mon menton par le nez; je le dis encore à cette heure, que mon poil gris me donne le credit. Nous appellons sagesse la difficulté de nos humeurs, le desgoust des choses presentes: mais à la verité, nous ne quittons pas tant les vices, comme nous les changeons; et, à mon opinion, en pis. Outre une sottise et caduque fierté, un habil ennuyeux, ces humeurs espineuses et inassociables, et la superstition, et un soin ridicule des richesses, lors que l'usage en est perdu, j'y trouve plus d'envie, d'injustice, et de malignité. Elle nous attache plus de rides en l'esprit qu'au visage: et ne se void point d'ames ou fort rares, qui en vieillissant ne sentent l'aigre, et le moisi.*

Take this extract, my worthy friends who are not skilled in French, or know no more of it than a Governess may have taught you,—in the English of John Florio, Reader of the Italian tongue unto the Sovereign Majesty of Anna, Queen of England, Scotland, &c., and one of the gentlemen of her Royal privy chamber; the same Florio whom some commentators, upon very insufficient grounds, have supposed to have been designed by Shakespeare in the Holofernes of Love's Labour's Lost.

“Methinks our souls in age are subject unto more importunate diseases and imperfections than they are in youth. I said so being young, when my beardless chin was upbraided me, and I say it again, now that my gray beard gives me authority. We entitle wisdom, the frowardness of our humours, and the distaste of present things;

but in truth we abandon not vices so much as we change them; and in mine opinion for the worse. Besides a silly and ruinous pride, cumbersome tattle, wayward and unsociable humours, superstition, and a ridiculous carking for wealth, when the use of it is well nigh lost. I find the more envy, injustice, and malignity in it. It sets more wrinkles in our minds than in our foreheads; nor are there any spirits, or very rare ones, which in growing old taste not sourly and mustily."

In the same spirit, recollecting perhaps this very passage of the delightful old Gascon, one of our own poets says,

Old age doth give by too long space,
Our souls as many wrinkles as our face;

and the same thing, no doubt in imitation of Montaigne, has been said by Corneille in a poem of thanks addressed to Louis XIV., when that King had ordered some of his plays to be represented during the winter of 1685, though he had ceased to be a popular writer,

*Je vieillís, ou du moins, ils se le persuadent ;
Pour bien écrire encor j'ai trop long tems écrit,
Et les rides du front passent jusque' à l'esprit.*

The opinion proceeded not in the poet Daniel from perverted philosophy, or sourness of natural disposition, for all his affections were kindly, and he was a tender-hearted, wise, good man. But he wrote this in the evening of his days, when he had

out lived the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight ;

when,

those bright stars from whence
He had his light, were set for evermore ;

and when he complained that years had done to him

this wrong,
To make him write too much, and live too long ;

so that this comfortless opinion may be ascribed in him rather to a dejected state of mind, than to a clear untroubled judgment. But Hubert Languet must have written more from observation and reflection than from feeling, when he said, in one of his letters to Sir Philip Sidney, "you are mistaken if you believe that men are

made better by age; for it is very rarely so. They become indeed more cautious, and learn to conceal their faults and their evil inclinations; so that if you have known any old man in whom you think some probability were still remaining, be assured that he must have been excellently virtuous in his youth." *Erras si credis homines fieri ætate meliores; id nam est rarissimum. Fiant quidem cautiores, et vitia animi, ac pravos suos affectus occultare discunt: quod si quem senem novisti in quo aliquid probitatis superesse judices, crede eum in adolescentiâ fuisse optimum.*

Languet spoke of its effects upon others. Old Estienne Pasquier, in that uncomfortable portion of his *Jeux Poétiques* which he entitles *Vielliesse Reçignée*, writes as a self-observer, and his picture is not more favourable.

*Je ne nourry dans moy qu'une humeur noire,
Chagrin, fascheux, melancholic, hagar, d,
Grongneux, despit, presomptueux, langard,
Je fay l'amour au bon vin et au boire.*

But the bottle seems not to have put him in good humour either with others or himself.

*Toute la monde me put ; je vy de telle sort,
Que je ne fay meshuy que tousser et cracher,
Que de fascher autruy, et d'autruy me fascher ;
Je ne supporte nul, et nul ne me supporte.
Un mal de corps je sens, un mal d'esprit je porte ;
Foible de corps je veux, mais je ne puis marcher ;
Foible d'esprit je n'oze à mon argent toucher,
Voilà les beaux effets que la vieilliesse apporte !
O combien est heureux celuy qui, de ses ans
Jeune, ne passe point la fleur de son printans,
Ou celuy qui venu s'en retourne aussi vite !
Non : je m'abuze ; ainçois ces maux ce sont appas
Qui me feront un jour trouver doux mon trespas,
Quand il plaira à Dieu que ce monde je quite.*

The miserable life I lead is such,
That now the world loathes me and I loathe it ;
What do I do all day but cough and spit,
Annoying others, and annoyed as much !
My limbs no longer serve me, and the wealth
Which I have heap'd, I want the will to spend.
So mind and body both are out of health,
Behold the blessings that on age attend !
Happy whose fate is not to overlive
The joys which youth, and only youth can give,
But in his prime is taken, happy he !
Alas, that thought is of an erring heart,
These evils make me willing to depart
When it shall please the Lord to summon me.

The Rustic, in Hammerlein's curious dialogues de *Nobilitate et Rusticitate*, describes his old age in colours as dark as Pasquier's: *plenus dierum*, he says, *ymmo senex valde, id*

est, octogenarius, et senio confractus, et heri et nudistercius, ymmo plerisque revolutionibus annorum temporibus, corporis statera recurvatus, singulto, tussito, sterto, ossito, sternuto, balbutio, catharizo, mussico, paraleso, gargariso, cretico, tremo, sudo, titillo, digitis saepe geliso, et insuper (quod deterius est) cor meum affligitur, et caput excutitur, languet spiritus, fetet anhelitus, caligant oculi et facillant articuli, nares confluant, crines defluunt, tremunt tactus et deperit actus, dentes putrescunt et aures surdescunt; de facili ad iram provocor, difficili revocor, cito credo, tarde discedo.*

The effects of age are described in language not less characteristic by the Conte Baldessar Castiglione in his Cortegiano. He is explaining wherefore the old man is always *laudator temporis acti*; and thus he accounts for the universal propensity;—*Gli anni fuggendo se ne portan seco molte commodità, e tra l'altre levano dal sangue gran parte de gli spiriti vitali; onde la complexion si muta, e divengon debili gli organi, per i quali l'anima opera le sue virtù. Però de i cori nostri in quel tempo, come allo autunno le fogli de gli arbori, caggiono i soavi fiori di contento; e nel loco de i sereni et chiari pensieri, entra la nubilosa e turbida tristitia di mille calamità compagnata, di modo che non solamente il corpo, ma l'animo anchora è infermo; ne de i passati piaceri riserva altro che una tenace memoria, e la imagine di quel caro tempo della tenera età, nella quale quando ci troviamo, ci pare che sempre il cielo, e la terra, e ogni cosa faccia festa, e rida intorno à gli occhi nostri e nel pensiero, come in un delizioso et vago giardino, fiorisca la dolce primavera d'allegrezza: onde forse saria utile, quando già nella fredda stagione comincia il sole della nostra vita, spogliandoci de quei piaceri, andarsene verso l'ocaso, perdere insieme con essi anchor la lor memoria, e trovar (come disse Temistocle) un'arte, che a scordar insegnasse; perche tanto sono fallaci i sensi del corpo nostro, che spesso ingannano anchora il giudizio della mente. Però parmi che i vecchi siano alla condition di quelli, che*

partendosi dal porto, tengon gli occhi in terra, e par loro che la nave stia ferma, e la riva si parta; e pur è il contrario; che il porto, e medesimamente il tempo, e i piaceri restano nel suo stuto, e noi con la nave della mortalità fuggendo n'andiamo, l'uno dopo l'altro, per quel procelloso mare che ogni cosa assorbe et devora; ne mai piu pigliar terra ci è concesso; anzi sempre da contrarii venti combattuti, al fine in qualche scoglio la nave rompemo.

Take this passage, gentle reader, as Master Thomas Hoby has translated it to my hand.

"Years wearing away carry also with them many commodities, and among others take away from the blood a great part of the lively spirits; that altereth the complexion, and the instruments wax feeble whereby the soul worketh his effects. Therefore the sweet flowers of delight vade* away in that season out of our hearts, as the leaves fall from the trees after harvest; and instead of open and clear thoughts, there entereth cloudy and troublous heaviness, accompanied with a thousand heart griefs: so that not only the blood, but the mind is also feeble, neither of the former pleasures retaineth it any thing else but a fast memory, and the print of the beloved time of tender age, which when we have upon us, the heaven, the earth and each thing to our seeming rejoiceth and laugheth always about our eyes, and in thought (as in a savoury and pleasant garden) flourisheth the sweet spring time of mirth: So that, peradventure, it were not unprofitable when now, in the cold season, the sun of our life, taking away from us our delights, beginneth to draw toward the West, to lose therewithall the mindfulness of them, and to find out as Themistocles saith, an art

† "Vade" is no doubt the true word here. The double sense of it, — that is, to *fade*, or to *go away*, — may be seen in Todd's Johnson and in Nares' Glossary. Neither of them quote the following lines from the Earl of Surrey's Poems. They occur in his Ecclesiastes.

We, that live on the earth, draw toward our decay,
Our children fill our place awhile, and then they vade away.

And again,

New fancies daily spring, which vade, returning mo.

Jewel commonly writes "vade." See vol. i. pp. 141. 154. Ed. Jelf.

* *Facillant* is here evidently the same as *vacillant*. For the real meaning of *facillo* the reader is referred to Du Cange in v. or to Martinus' Lexicon.

to teach us to forget; for the senses of our body are so deceivable, that they beguile many times also the judgement of the mind. Therefore, methinks, old men be like unto them that sailing in a vessel out of an haven, behold the ground with their eyes, and the vessel to their seeming standeth still, and the shore goeth; and yet is it clean contrary, for the haven, and likewise the time and pleasures, continue still in their estate, and we with the vessel of mortality flying away, go one after another through the tempestuous sea that swalloweth up and devour-eth all things, neither is it granted us at any time to come on shore again; but, always beaten with contrary winds, at the end we break our vessel at some rock."

"Why Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a man grows better humoured as he grows older. He improves by experience. When young he thinks himself of great consequence, and every thing of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance, and so he becomes more patient and better pleased." This was the observation of a wise and good man, who felt in himself, as he grew old, the effect of Christian principles upon a kind heart and a vigorous understanding. One of a very different stamp came to the same conclusion before him; *Crescit etate pulchritudo animorum*, says Antonio Perez, *quantum minuitur eorumdem corporum venustas*.

One more of these dark pictures. "The heart," says Lord Chesterfield, "never grows better by age; I fear rather worse; always harder. A young liar will be an old one; and a young knave will only be a greater knave as he grows older. But should a bad young heart, accompanied with a good head, (which by the way very seldom is the case) really reform, in a more advanced age, from a consciousness of its folly, as well as of its guilt, such a conversion would only be thought prudential and political, but never sincere."

It is remarkable that Johnson, though, as has just been seen, he felt in himself and saw in other good men, that the natural

effect of time was to sear away asperities of character,

Till the smooth temper of their age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree,

yet he expressed an opinion closely agreeing with this of Lord Chesterfield. "A man," he said, "commonly grew wicked as he grew older, at least he but changed the vices of youth, head-strong passion and wild temerity, for treacherous caution and desire to circumvent." These he can only have meant of wicked men. But what follows seems to imply a mournful conviction that the tendency of society is to foster our evil propensities, and counteract our better ones; "I am always," he said, "on the young people's side, when there is a dispute between them and the old ones; for you have at least a charm for virtue, till age has withered its very root." Alas, this is true of the irreligious and worldly minded, and it is generally true because they composed the majority of our corrupt contemporaries.

But Johnson knew that good men became better as they grew older, because his philosophy was that of the Gospel. Something of a philosopher Lord Chesterfield was, and had he lived in the days of Trajan or Hadrian, might have done honour to the school of Epicurus. But if he had not in the pride of his poor philosophy, shut both his understanding and his heart against the truths of revealed religion, in how different a light would the evening of his life have closed.

Une raison essentielle, says the Epicurean Saint Evremond, *qui nous oblige à nous retirer quand nous sommes vieux, c'est qu'il faut prevenir le ridicule où l'age nous fait tomber presque toujours*. And in another place he says, *certes le plus honnête-homme dont personne n'a besoin, a de la peine à s'exempter du ridicule en vieillissant*. This was the opinion of a courtier, a sensualist, and a Frenchman.

I cannot more appositely conclude this chapter than by a quotation ascribed, whether truly or not, to St. Bernard. *Maledictum caput canum et cor vatum, caput tremulum et cor emulum, cavities in vertice et pernicies in mente: fucies rugosa et lingua rugosa, cutis*

sicca et fides ficta; visus caligans et caritas claudicans: labium pendens et dens detrahens; virtus debilis et vita stebilis; dies uberes et fructus steriles, amici multi, et actus stulti.

CHAPTER CLXXXIV.

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

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

"As usurers," says Bishop Reynolds, "before the whole debt is paid, do fetch away some good parts of it for the loan, so before the debt of death be paid by the whole body, old age doth by little and little take away sometimes one sense, sometimes another; this year one limb, the next another; and causeth a man as it were to die daily. No one can dispel the clouds and sorrows of old age, but Christ, who is the sun of righteousness and the bright morning star."

Yet our Lord and Saviour hath not left those who are in darkness and the shadow of death, without the light of a heavenly hope at their departure, if their ways have not wilfully been evil,—if they have done their duty according to that law of nature which is written in the heart of man. It is the pride of presumptuous wisdom (itself the worst of follies) that has robbed the natural man of his consolation in old age, and of his hope in death, and exacts the forfeit of that hope from the infidel as the consequence and punishment of his sin. Thus it was in heathen times, as it now is in countries that are called christian. When Cicero speaks of those things which depend upon opinion, he says, *hujusmodi sunt probabilia; impiis apud inferos pœnas esse preparatas; eos, qui philosophiæ dent operam, non arbitrari Deos esse.* Hence it appears he regarded it as equally probable that there was an account

to be rendered after death; and that those who professed philosophy would disbelieve this as a vulgar delusion, live therefore without religion, and die without hope, like the beasts that perish!

"If they perish," the Doctor used always reverently to say when he talked upon this subject. O Reader, it would have done you good as it has done me, if you had heard him speak upon it, in his own beautiful old age! "If they perish," he would say. "That the beasts die without hope we may conclude; death being to them like falling asleep, an act of which the mind is not cognisant! But that they live without religion, he would not say,—that they might not have some sense of it according to their kind; nor that all things animate, and seemingly inanimate, did not actually praise the Lord, as they are called upon to do by the Psalmist, and in the *Benedicite!*"

It is a pious fancy of the good old lexicographer Adam Littleton that our Lord took up his first lodging in a stable amongst the cattle, as if he had come to be the Saviour of them as well as of men; being, by one perfect oblation of himself, to put an end to all other sacrifices, as well as to take away sins. This, he adds, the Psalmist fears not to affirm, speaking of God's mercy. "Thou savest," says he, "both man and beast."

The text may lead us further than Adam Littleton's interpretation.

Qu'on ne me parle plus de NATURE MORTE, says M. de Custine, in his youth and enthusiasm, writing from Mont-Auvert; *on sent ici que la Divinité est partout, et que les pierres sont pénétrées comme nous-mêmes d'une puissance créatrice! Quand on me dit que les rochers sont insensibles, je crois entendre un enfant soutenir que l'aiguille d'une montre ne marche pas, parce qu'il ne la voit pas se mouvoir.*

Do not, said our Philosopher, when he threw out a thought like this, do not ask me how this can be! I guess at everything, and can account for nothing. It is more comprehensible to me that stocks and stones should have a sense of devotion, than that men should be without it. I could much

more easily persuade myself that the birds in the air and the beasts in the field have souls to be saved, than I can believe that very many of my fellow bipeds have any more soul than, as some of our divines have said, serves to keep their bodies from putrefaction. "God forgive me, worm that I am! for the sinful thought of which I am too often conscious, — that of the greater part of the human race, the souls are not worth saving!" — I have not forgotten the look which accompanied these words, and the tone in which he uttered them, dropping his voice toward the close.

"We must of necessity," said he, "become better or worse as we advance in years. Unless we endeavour to spiritualise ourselves, and supplicate in this endeavour for that Grace which is never withheld when it is sincerely and earnestly sought, age bodilises us more and more, and the older we grow the more we are emburied and debased: so manifestly is the awful text verified which warns us that 'unto every one which hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him.' In some the soul seems gradually to be absorbed and extinguished in its crust of clay; in others as if it purified and sublimed the vehicle to which it was united. *Viget animus, et gaudet non multum sibi esse cum corpore; magnam oneris partem sui posuit.** Nothing therefore is more beautiful than a wise and religious old age; nothing so pitiable as the latter stages of mortal existence — when the World and the Flesh, and that false philosophy which is of the Devil, have secured the victory for the Grave!"

"He that hath led a holy life," says one of our old Bishops, "is like a man which hath travelled over a beautiful valley, and being on the top of a hill, turneth about with delight, to take a view of it again." The retrospect is delightful, and perhaps it is even more grateful if his journey has been by a rough and difficult way. But whatever may have been his fortune on the road, the Pilgrim who has reached the Delectable

Mountains looks back with thankfulness and forward with delight.

And wherefore is it not always thus? Wherefore, but because, as Wordsworth has said,

The World is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

"Though our own eyes," says Sir Walter Raleigh, "do every where behold the sudden and resistless assaults of Death, and Nature assureth us by never failing experience, and Reason by infallible demonstration, that our times upon the earth have neither certainty nor durability, that our bodies are but the anvils of pain and diseases, and our minds the hives of unnumbered cares, sorrows and passions; and that when we are most glorified, we are but those painted posts against which Envy and Fortune direct their darts; yet such is the true unhappiness of our condition, and the dark ignorance which covereth the eyes of our understanding, that we only prize, pauper, and exalt this vassal and slave of death, and forget altogether, or only remember at our cast-away leisure, the imprisoned immortal Soul, which can neither die with the reprobate, nor perish with the mortal parts of virtuous men; seeing God's justice in the one, and his goodness in the other, is exercised for evermore, as the ever-living subjects of his reward and punishment. But when is it that we examine this great account? Never, while we have one vanity left us to spend! We plead for titles till our breath fail us; dig for riches whilst our strength enableth us; exercise malice while we can revenge; and then when time hath beaten from us both youth, pleasure and health, and that Nature itself hateth the house of Old Age, we remember with Job that 'we must go the way from whence we shall not return, and that our bed is made ready for us in the dark.' And then I say, looking over-late into the bottom of our conscience, which Pleasure and Ambition had locked up from us all our lives, we behold therein the fearful images of our actions past, and withal this terrible inscription that 'God will bring every work into judgement that man hath done under the Sun.'

* SENECA.

"But what examples have ever moved us? what persuasions reformed us? or what threatenings made us afraid? We behold other men's tragedies played before us; we hear what is promised and threatened; but the world's bright glory hath put out the eyes of our minds; and these betraying lights, with which we only see do neither look up towards termless joys, nor down towards endless sorrows, till we neither know, nor can look for anything else at the world's hands. — But let us not flatter our immortal Souls herein! For to neglect God all our lives, and know that we neglect Him; to offend God voluntarily, and know that we offend Him, casting our hopes on the peace which we trust to make at parting, is no other than a rebellious presumption, and that which is the worst of all, even a contemptuous laughing to scorn and deriding of God, his laws and precepts. *Frustrâ sperant qui sic de misericordiâ Dei sibi blandiuntur*; they hope in vain, saith Bernard, which in this sort flatter themselves with God's mercy."

CHAPTER CLXXXV.

EVOLVEMENTS. ANALOGIES. ANTICIPATIONS.

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

I FORGET what poet it is, who, speaking of old age, says that

The Soul's dark mansion, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;

a strange conceit, imputing to the decay of our nature that which results from its maturation.*

As the ancients found in the butterfly a

* There is more true philosophy in what Wordsworth says,

— "The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind."

The Fountain.

beautiful emblem of the immortality of the Soul, my true philosopher and friend looked, in like manner, upon the chrysalis as a type of old age. The gradual impairment of the senses and of the bodily powers, and the diminution of the whole frame as it shrinks and contracts itself in age, afforded analogy enough for a mind like his to work on, which quickly apprehended remote similitudes and delighted in remarking them. The sense of flying in our sleep might probably, he thought, be the anticipation or forefeeling of an unevolved power, like an aurelia's dream of butterfly motion.

The tadpole has no intermediate state of torpor. This merriest of all creatures, if mirth may be measured by motion, puts out legs before it discards its tail and commences frog. It was not in our outward frame that the Doctor could discern any resemblance to this process; but he found it in that expansion of the intellectual faculties, those aspirations of the spiritual part, wherein the Soul seems to feel its wings and to imp them for future flight.

One has always something for which to look forward, some change for the better. The boy in petticoats longs to be dressed in the masculine gender. Little boys wish to be big ones. In youth we are eager to attain manhood, and in manhood matrimony becomes the next natural step of our desires. "Days then should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;" and teach it they will, if man will but learn; for nature brings the heart into a state for receiving it.

Jucundissima est ætas deversa jam, non tamen præceps; et illam quoque in extremâ regulâ stantem, judico habere suas voluptates; aut hoc ipsum succedit in locum voluptatum, nullis egere. Quam dulces est cupiditates fatigasse ac reliquisse!† This was not Dr. Dove's philosophy: he thought the stage of senescence a happy one, not because we outgrow the desires and enjoyments of youth and manhood, but because wiser desires, more permanent enjoyments, and holier hopes succeed to them, — because time in its course

† SENECA.

brings us nearer to eternity, and as earth recedes Heaven opens upon our prospect.

"It is the will of God and nature," says Franklin, "that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way."

"God," says Fuller, "sends his servants to bed when they have done their work."

This is a subject upon which even Sir Richard Blackmore could write with a poet's feeling.

Thou dost, O Death, a peaceful harbour lie
Upon the margin of Eternity;
Where the rough waves of Time's impetuous tide
Their motion lose, and quietly subside:
Weary, they roll their drowsy heads asleep
At the dark entrance of Duration's deep.
Hither our vessels in their turn retreat;
Here still they find a safe untroubled seat,
When worn with adverse passions, furious strife,
And the hard passage of tempestuous life.

Thou dost to man unfeigned compassion show,
Soothe all his grief, and solace all his woe.
Thy spiceries with noble drugs abound,
That every sickness cure and every wound.
That which anoints the corpse will only prove
The sovereign balm our anguish to remove.
The cooling draught administered by thee,
O Death! from all our sufferings sets us free.
Impetuous life is by thy force subdued,
Life, the most lasting fever of the blood.
The weary in thy arms lie down to rest,
No more with breath's laborious task oppress.
Hear, how the men that long life-ridden lie,
In constant pain, for thy assistance cry,
Hear how they beg and pray for leave to die.
For vagabonds that o'er the country roam,
Forlorn, unpitied and without a home,
Thy friendly care provides a lodging-room.
The comfortless, the naked, and the poor,
Much pinch'd with cold, with grievous hunger more,

Thy subterranean hospitals receive,
Assuage their anguish and their wants relieve.
Cripples with aches and with age oppress,
Crawl on their crutches to the Grave for rest.
Exhausted travellers that have undergone
The scorching heats of life's intemperate zone,
Haste for refreshment to their beds beneath,
And stretch themselves in the cool shades of death.
Poor labourers who their daily task repeat,
Tired with their still returning toil and sweat,
Lie down at last; and at the wish'd for close
Of life's long day, enjoy a sweet repose.

Thy realms, indulgent Death, have still possess
Profound tranquillity and unmolested rest.
No raging tempests, which the living dread,
Beat on the silent regions of the dead:
Proud Princes ne'er excite with war's alarms
Thy subterranean colonies to arms.
They undisturbed their peaceful mansions keep,
And earthquakes only rock them in their sleep.

Much has been omitted which may be found in the original, and one couplet removed from its place; but the whole is Blackmore's.

CHAPTER CLXXXVI.

LEONE HEBREO'S *DIALOGI DE AMORE*. THE
ELIXIR OF LIFE NO OBSTACLE TO DEATH.
PARACELSUS. VAN HELMONT AND JAN
MASS. DR. DOVE'S OPINION OF A BIO-
GRAPHER'S DUTIES.

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

IN Leone Hebreo's *Dialogi de Amore*, one of the interlocutors says, *Vediamo che gli huomini naturalmente desiano di mai non morire; laqual cosa è impossibile, manifesta, e senza speranza*. To which the other replies, *Coloro chel desiano, non credeno interamente che sia impossibile, et hanno inteso per le historie legali, che Enoc, et Elia, et ancor Santo Giovanni Evangelista sono immortali in corpo, et anima: se ben veggono essere stato per miracolo: onde ciascuno pensa che à loro Dio potria fare simil miracolo. E però con questa possibilita si gionta qualche remota speranza, laquale incita un lento desiderio, massimamente per essere la morte horribile, e la corruzione propria odiosa a chi si vuole, et il desiderio non è d'acquistare cosa nuova, ma di non perdere la vita, che si truova; laquale havendosi di presente, è facil cosa ingannarsi l'huomo à desiare che non si*

perda; se ben naturalmente è impossibile: chel desiderio di ciò è talmente lento, che può essere di cosa impossibile et imaginabile, essendo di tanta importantia al desiderante. Et ancora ti dirò chel fondamento di questo desiderio non è vano in se, se bene è alquanto ingannoso, però chel desiderio dell'huomo d'essere immortale è veramente possibile; perche l'essentia dell'huomo, (come rettamente Platon vuole,) non è altro che la sua anima intellettiva, laquale per la virtu, sapientia, cognitio, et amore divino si fa gloriosa et immortale.

Paracelsus used to boast that he would not die till he thought proper so to do; thus wishing it to be understood that he had discovered the Elixir of life. He died suddenly, and at a time when he seemed to be in full health; and hence arose a report, that he had made a compact with the Devil, who enabled him to perform all his cures, but came for him as soon as the term of their agreement was up.

Wherefore indeed should he have died by any natural means who so well understood the mysteries of life and of death? What, says he, is life? *Nihil meherclè vita est aliud, nisi Mumia quædam Balsamita conservans mortale corpus à mortalibus vermibus, et eschara cum impressâ liquoris salium commisturâ.* What is Death? *Nihil certe aliud quam Balsami dominium, Mumie interitus, salium ultima materia.* Do you understand this, Reader? If you do, I do not.

But he is intelligible when he tells us that Life may be likened to Fire, and that all we want is to discover the fuel for keeping it up, — the true Lignum Vitæ. "It is not against nature," he contends, "that we should live till the renovation of all things; it is only against our knowledge, and beyond it. But there are medicaments for prolonging life; and none but the foolish or the ignorant would ask why then is it that Princes and Kings who can afford to purchase them, die nevertheless like other people." "The reason," says the great Bombast von Hohenheim, "is, that their physicians know less about medicine than the very boors, and moreover that Princes and Kings

lead dissolute lives." And if it be asked why no one, except Hermes Trismegistus, has used such medicaments; he replies that others have used them, but have not let it be known.

Van Helmont was once of opinion that no metallic preparation could contain in itself the blessing of the Tree of Life, though that the Philosopher's stone had been discovered was a fact that consisted with his own sure knowledge. This opinion, however, was in part changed, in consequence of some experiments made with an aurific powder, given him by a stranger after a single evening's acquaintance; (*vir peregrinus, unius vesperi amicus*;) these experiments convinced him that the stone partook of what he calls Zoophyte life, as distinguished both from vegetative and sensitive. But the true secret, he thought, must be derived from the vegetable world, and he sought for it in the Cedar, induced, as it seems, by the frequent mention of that tree in the Old Testament. He says much concerning the cedar, — among other things, that when all other plants were destroyed by the Deluge, and their kinds preserved only in their seed, the Cedars of Lebanon remained uninjured under the waters. However, when he comes to the main point, he makes a full stop, saying, *Cætera autem quæ de Cedro sunt mecum sepelientur: nam mundus non capax est.* It is not unlikely that if his mysticism had been expressed in the language of intelligible speculation, it might have been found to accord with some of Berkeley's theories in the *Siris*. But for his reticence upon this subject, as if the world were not worthy of his discoveries, he ought to have been deprived of his two remaining talents. Five, he tells us, he had received for his portion, but because instead of improving them he had shown himself unworthy of so large a trust, he by whom they were given had taken from him three. *Ago illi gratias, quod cum contulisset in me quinque talenta, fecissemque me indignum, et hactenus repudium coram eo factus essem, placuit divinæ bonitati, auferre à me tria, et relinquere adhuc bina, ut me sic ad meliorem frugem exspectaret. Maudit, inquam, me depauperare et tolerare, ut*

non essem utilis plurimis, modò me salvaret ab hujus mundi periculis. Sit ipsi aeterna sanctificatio.

He has, however, informed posterity of the means by which he prolonged the life of a man to extreme old age. This person, whose name was Jan Mass, was in the service of Martin Rythovius, the first Bishop of Ypres, when that prelate, by desire of the illustrious sufferers, assisted at the execution of Counts Egmond and Horn. Mass was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. When he was fifty-eight, being poor, and having a large family of young children, he came to Van Helmont, and entreated him to prolong his life if he could, for the sake of these children, who would be left destitute in case of his death, and must have to beg their bread from door to door. Van Helmont, then a young man, was moved by such an application, and considering what might be the likeliest means of sustaining life in its decay, he called to mind the fact that wine is preserved from corruption by the fumes of burnt brimstone; it then occurred to him that the acid liquor of sulphur, *acidum sulfuris stigma*, (it is better so to translate his words than to call it the sulphuric acid,) must of necessity contain the fumes and odour of sulphur, being, according to his chemistry, nothing but those fumes of sulphur, combined with, or imbibed in, its mercurial salt. The next step in his reasoning was to regard the blood as the wine of life; if this could be kept sound, though longevity might not be the necessary consequence, life would at least be preserved from the many maladies which arose from its corruption, and the sanity, and immunity from such diseases, and from the sufferings consequent thereon, must certainly tend to its prolongation. He gave Mass therefore a stone bottle of the distilled liquor of sulphur, and taught him also how to prepare this oil from burnt sulphur. And he ordered him at every meal to take two drops of it in his first draught of beer; and not lightly to exceed that; two drops, he thought, contained enough of the fumes for a sufficient dose. This was in the year 1600; and now,

says Helmont, in 1641, the old man still walks about the streets of Brussels. And what is still better, (*quodque augustius est,*) in all these forty years, he has never been confined by any illness, except that by a fall upon the ice he once broke his leg near the knee; and he has constantly been free from fever, remaining a slender and lean man, and always poor.

Jan Mass had nearly reached his hundredth year when this was written, and it is no wonder that Van Helmont, who upon a fantastic analogy had really prescribed an efficient tonic, should have accounted, by the virtue of his prescription, for the health and vigour which a strong constitution had retained to that extraordinary age. There is no reason for doubting the truth of his statement; but if Van Helmont relied upon his theory he must have made further experiments; it is probable therefore that he either distrusted his own hypothesis, or found, upon subsequent trials, that the result disappointed him.

Van Helmont's works were collected and edited by his son Francis Mercurius, who styles himself *Philosophus per Unum in quo Omnia Eremita peregrinans*, and who dedicated the collection as a holocaust to the ineffable Hebrew Name. The *Vita Authoris* which he prefixed to it relates to his own life, not to his father's, and little can be learned from it, except that he is the more mystical and least intelligible of the two. The most curious circumstances concerning the father are what he has himself communicated in the treatise entitled his *Confession*, into which the writer of his life in Aikin's Biography seems not to have looked, nor indeed into any of his works, the articles in that as in our other Biographies, being generally compiled from compilations, so as to present the most superficial information, with the least possible trouble to the writer, and the least possible profit to the reader,—skimming for him not the cream of knowledge but the scum.

Dr. Dove used to say that whoever wrote the life of an author without carefully perusing his works acted as iniquitously as a

Judge who should pronounce sentence in a cause without hearing the evidence; nay, he maintained, the case was even worse, because there was an even chance that the Judge might deliver a right sentence; but it was impossible that a life so composed should be otherwise than grievously imperfect, if not grossly erroneous. For all the ordinary business of the medical profession he thought it sufficient that a practitioner should thoroughly understand the practice of his art, and proceed empirically: God help the patients, he would say, if it were not so! and indeed without God's help they would fare badly at the best. But he was of opinion that no one could take a lively and at the same time a worthy interest in any art or science without as it were identifying himself with it, and seeking to make himself well acquainted with its history: a Physician therefore, according to his way of thinking, ought to be as curious concerning the writings of his more eminent predecessors, and as well read in the most illustrious of them, as a general in the wars of Hannibal, Cæsar, the Black Prince, the Prince of Parma, Gustavus Adolphus, and Marlborough. How carefully he had perused Van Helmont was shown by the little landmarks whereby, after an interval of — alas how many years, — I have followed him through the volume, — *haud passibus æquis*.

CHAPTER CLXXXVII.

VAN HELMONT'S WORKS, AND CERTAIN SPECIALITIES IN HIS LIFE.

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

"THE works of Van Helmont," Dr. Aikin says, "are now only consulted as curiosities: but with much error and jargon, they contain many shrewd remarks, and curious speculations."

How little would any reader suppose from this account of them, or indeed from

anything which Dr. Aikin has said concerning this once celebrated person, that Van Helmont might as fitly be classed among enthusiasts as among physicians, and with philosophers as with either; and that, like most enthusiasts, it is sometimes not easy to determine whether he was deceived himself, or intended to deceive others.

He was born at Brussels in the year 1577, and of noble family. In his Treatise entitled *Tumulus Pestis* (to which strange title a stranger* explanation is annexed) he gives a sketch of his own history, saying, *imitemini, si quid forte boni in eâ occurrerit*. He was a devourer of books, and digested into common places for his own use whatever he thought most remarkable in them, so that few exceeded him in diligence, but most, he says, in judgment. At the age of seventeen he was appointed by the Professors Thomas Fyenus, Gerard de Velleers, and Stornius, to read surgical lectures in the Medical College at Louvain. *Eheu*, he exclaims, *præsumsi docere, quæ ipse nesciebam!* and his presumption was increased because the Professors of their own accord appointed him to this Lectureship, attended to hear him, and were the Censors of what he delivered. The writers from whom he compiled his discourses were Holerius, Tagaultius, Guido, Vigo, Ægineta, and "the whole tribe of Arabian authors." But then he began, and in good time, to marvel at his own temerity and inconsiderateness in thinking that by mere reading he could be qualified to teach what could be learned only by seeing, and by operating, and by long practice, and by careful observation: and this distrust in himself was increased, when he discovered that the

* Lector, titulus quem legis, terror lugubris, foribus affixus, intus mortem, mortis genus, et hominum nunciat flagrum. Sta, et inquire, quid hoc?

Mirare. Quid sibi vult

Tumuli Epigraphæ Pestis?

Sub anatome abii, non obii; quamdiu malesuada invidia

Momi, et hominum ignara cupido,

me fovebunt.

Ergo heic

Non funus, non cadaver, non mors, non skeleton,

non luctus, non contagium.

ÆTERNO DA GLORIAM

Quod Pestis jam desit, sub Anatomæ proprio supplicio.

Professors could give him no further light than books had done. However, at the age of twenty-two he was created Doctor of Medicine in the same University.

Very soon he began to repent that he, who was by birth noble, should have been the first of his family to choose the medical profession, and this against the will of his mother, and without the knowledge of his other relations. "I lamented," he says, "with tears the sin of my disobedience, and regretted the time and labour which had been thus vainly expended: and often with a sorrowful heart I intreated the Lord that he would be pleased to lead me to a vocation not of my own choice, but in which I might best perform his will; and I made a vow that to whatever way of life he might call me I would follow it, and do my utmost endeavour therein to serve him. Then, as if I had tasted of the forbidden fruit, I discovered my own nakedness. I saw that there was neither truth nor knowledge in my putative learning; and thought it cruel to derive money from the sufferings of others; and unfitting that an art, founded upon charity, and conferred upon the condition of exercising compassion, should be converted into a means of lucre."

These reflections were promoted if not induced by his having caught a disorder which, as it is not mentionable in polite circles, may be described by intimating that the symptom from which it derives its name is alleviated by what Johnson defines tearing or rubbing with the nails. It was communicated to him by a young lady's glove, into which, in an evil minute of sportive gallantry, he had insinuated his hand. The physicians treated him, *secundum artem*, in entire ignorance of the disease; they bled him to cool the liver, and they purged him to carry off the torrid cholera and the salt phlegm; they repeated this clearance again and again, till from a hale strong and active man they had reduced him to extreme leanness and debility without in the slightest degree abating the cutaneous disease. He then persuaded himself that the humours which the Gale-nists were so triumphantly expelling from

his poor carcase had not pre-existed there in that state, but were produced by the action of their drugs. Some one cured him easily by brimstone, and this is said to have made him feelingly perceive the inefficiency of the scholastic practice which he had hitherto pursued.

In this state of mind he made over his inheritance to a widowed sister, who stood in need of it, gave up his profession, and left his own country with an intention of never returning to it. The world was all before him, and he began his travels with as little fore-knowledge whither he was going, and as little fore-thought of what he should do, as Adam himself when the gate of Paradise was closed upon him; but he went with the hope that God would direct his course by His good pleasure to some good end. It so happened that he who had renounced the profession of medicine, as founded on delusion and imposture, was thrown into the way of practising it, by falling in company with a man who had no learning, but who understood the practical part of chemistry, or pyrotechny, as he calls it. The new world which Columbus discovered did not open a wider or more alluring field to ambition and rapacity than this science presented to Van Helmont's enthusiastic and inquiring mind. "Then," says he, "when by means of fire I beheld the *penetrata*, the inward or secret part of certain bodies, I comprehended the separations of many, which were not then taught in books, and some of which are still unknown." He pursued his experiments with increasing ardour, and in the course of two years acquired such reputation by the cures which he performed, that because of his reputation he was sent for by the Elector of Cologne. Then indeed he became more ashamed of his late and learned ignorance, and renouncing all books because they sung only the same cuckoo note, perceived that he profited more by fire, and by conceptions acquired in praying. "And then," says he, "I clearly knew that I had missed the entrance of true philosophy. On all sides obstacles and obscurities and difficulties appeared, which neither labour, nor time, nor

vigils, nor expenditure of money could overcome and disperse, but only the mere goodness of God. Neither women nor social meetings deprived me then of even a single hour, but continual labour and watching were the thieves of my time; for I willingly cured the poor and those of mean estate, being more moved by human compassion, and a moral love of giving, than by pure universal charity reflected in the Fountain of Life."

INTERCHAPTER XX.

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

*Non dica le cose senza il quia ;
Che il dritto distingueva dal mancino,
E dica pane al pane, e vino al vino.*

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 snufflers, 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.

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 Braccè 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 Pantaloons are 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 language, and corrupting their native tongue by the introduction of illegitimate words. But this is the age of affectation. Even our fish-women 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 Cob-

* The Bible here alluded to was the Geneva one, by Rowland Hall, A. D. 1560. It was for many years the most popular one in England, and the notes were great favourites with the religious public, insomuch so that they were attached to a copy of King James' Translation as late as 1715. From the peculiar rendering of Genesis, iii. 7., the Editions of this translation have been commonly known by the name of "*Breeches Bibles.*"—See Cotton's *Various Editions of the Bible*, p. 14., and Ames and Herbert, Ed. Dibdin, vol. iv. p. 410.

bett, 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 nothing 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.

But wherefore did he not instruct us by which monosyllable he would express the female garment, “which is indeed the sister to a shirt,”—as an old poet says, and which he hath left unnamed,—for there are two by which it is denominated. Such a discussion would be worthy both of his good sense and his decorous style.

For my part, instead of expelling the word *chemise* from use I would have it fairly naturalised.

Many plans have been proposed for reducing our orthography to some regular system, and improving our language in various ways. Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Pinkerton, and Mr. Spence, the founder of the Spencean Philanthropists, have distinguished themselves in these useful and patriotic projects, and Mr. Pytches is at present in like manner laudably employed,—though that gentleman contents himself with reforming what these bolder spirits would revolutionise. I also would fain contribute to so desirable an end.

We agree that in spelling words it is proper to discard all reference to their etymology. The political reformer would confine the attention of the Government exclusively to what are called truly British objects; and the philological reformers in like manner are desirous of establishing a truly British language.

Upon this principle, I would anglicise the orthography of *chemise*; and by improving upon the hint which the word would then offer in its English appearance, we might

introduce into our language a distinction of genders—in which it has hitherto been defective. For example,

Hemise and Shemise.

Here, without the use of an article or any change of termination, we have the needful distinction made more perspicuously than by *ò* and *ì*, *hic* and *hæc*, *le* and *la*, or other articles serving for no other purpose.

Again. In letter-writing, every person knows that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should therefore be generally distinguished thus,

Hepistle and Shepistle.

And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes I would propose

Penmanship and Penwomanship.

Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines may be divided into

Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs,

so that we should speak of

the Heresy of the Quakers,
the Sheresy of Joanna Southcote's people.

The troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is, upon the same principle, to be called according to the sex of the patient

Hecups or Shecups,

which, upon the principle of making our language truly British, is better than the more classical form of

Hiccups and Hæccups.

In its objective use the word becomes

Hiscups or Hærcups;

and in like manner Histeries should be altered into Hætereries, the complaint never being masculine.

So also instead of making such words as agreeable, comfortable, &c. adjectives of one termination, I would propose,

Masculine agreeabeau, Feminine agreeabelle

comfortabeau	comfortabelle
miserabeau	miserabelle,
	&c. &c.

These things are suggested as hints to Mr. Pytches, to be by him perpended in his improvement of our Dictionary. I beg leave also to point out for his critical notice the remarkable difference in the meaning of the word misfortune, as applied to man, woman, or child: a peculiarity for which perhaps no parallel is to be found in any other language.

But to return from these philological speculations to the Anti-Jacobin by whom we have been led to them, how is it that this critic, great master as he is of the vulgar tongue, should affirm that breeches is the only word by which this part of a man's dress can be expressed? Had he forgotten that there was such a word as galligaskins?—to say nothing of inexpressibles and dontmentation 'ems. Why also did he forget pantaloons?—and thus the Chapter like a rondeau comes round to St. Pantaleon with whom it began,

SANCTE PANTALEON, ORA PRO NOBIS!

“HERE is another Chapter without a heading,”—the Compositor would have said, when he came to this part of the Manuscript, if he had not seen at a glance, that in my great consideration I had said it for him.

Yes, Mr. Compositor! Because of the matter whereon it has to treat, we must, if you please, entitle this an

ARCH-CHAPTER.

A Frenchman once, who was not ashamed of appearing ignorant on such a subject, asked another who with some reputation for classical attainments had not the same rare virtue, what was the difference between Dryads and Hamadryads; and the man of erudition gravely replied that it was much the same as that between Bishops and Archbishops.

I have dignified this Arch-Chapter in its designation, because it relates to the King.

Dr. Gooch, you are hereby requested to order this book for his Majesty's library,

*C'est une rare pièce, et digne sur ma foi,
Qu'on en fasse présent au cabinet d'un roi.**

Dr. Gooch, I have a great respect for you. At the time when there was an intention of bringing a bill into Parliament for emancipating the Plague from the Quarantine Laws, and allowing to the people of Great Britain their long withheld right of having this disease as freely as the small pox, measles and any other infectious malady, you wrote a paper, and published it in the Quarterly Review, against that insane intention; proving its insanity so fully by matter of fact, and so conclusively by force of reasoning, that your arguments carried conviction with them, and put an end, for the time, to that part of the emancipating and free trade system.

Dr. Gooch, you have also written a volume of medical treatises of which I cannot speak more highly than by saying, sure I am that if the excellent subject of these my reminiscences were living, he would, for his admiration of those treatises have solicited the pleasure and honour of your acquaintance.

Dr. Gooch, comply with this humble request of a sincere, though unknown admirer, for the sake of your departed brother-in-physic, who, like yourself, brought to the study of the healing art a fertile mind, a searching intellect, and a benevolent heart. More, Dr. G., I might say, and more I would say, but —

Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.†

When the King (God bless his Majesty!) shall peruse this book, and be well-pleased therewith, if it should enter into his royal mind to call for his Librarian, and ask of him what honour and dignity hath been done to the author of it, for having delighted the heart of the King, and of so many of his

* MOLIÈRE.

† BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

liege subjects, and you shall have replied unto his Majesty, "there is nothing done for him ;" then Dr. Gooch when the King shall take it into consideration how to testify his satisfaction with the book and to manifest his bounty toward the author, you are requested to bear in mind my thoughts upon this weighty matter, of which I shall now proceed to put you in possession.

Should he generously think of conferring upon me the honour of knighthood, or a baronetcy, or a peerage, (Lord Doncaster the title,) or a step in the peerage, according to my station in life, of which you, Dr. Gooch, can give him no information; or should he meditate the institution of an Order of Merit for men of letters, with an intention of nominating me among the original members, worthy as such intentions would be of his royal goodness, I should nevertheless, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain, deem it prudent to decline any of these honours.

Far be it from me, Dr. Gooch, to wish that the royal apparel should be brought which the King useth to wear, and the horse that the King rideth upon, and the crown royal which is set upon his head; and that this apparel and horse should be delivered to the hand of one of the King's most noble princes, that he might array me withal; and bring me on horseback through the streets of London, and proclaim before me, thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour! Such an exhibition would neither accord with this age, nor with the manners of this nation, nor with my humility.

As little should I desire that his Majesty should give orders for me to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold and to sleep upon gold, and to ride in a chariot with bridles of gold, and to have an head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about my neck, and to eat next the King, because of my wisdom, and to be called the King's cousin. For purple garments, Dr. Gooch, are not among the *propria quæ maribus* in England at this time; it is better to drink in glass than in gold, and to sleep upon a feather bed than

upon a golden one; the only head-tire which I wear is my night-cap. I care not therefore for the fineness of its materials; and I dislike for myself chains of any kind.

That his Majesty should think of sending for me to sit next him because of my wisdom, is what he in his wisdom will not do; and what, if he were to do, would not be agreeable to me, in mine. But should the King desire to have me called his Cousin, accompanying that of course with such an appanage as would be seemly for its support, and should he notify that most gracious intention to you his Librarian, and give order that it should be by you inserted in the Gazette, — to the end that the secret which assuredly no sagacity can divine, and no indiscretion will betray, should incontinently thereupon be communicated through you to the royal ear; and that in future editions of this work the name of the thus honoured author should appear with the illustrious designation, in golden letters, of "by special command of his Majesty,

COUSIN TO THE KING."

A gracious mandate of this nature, Dr. Gooch, would require a severe sacrifice from my loyal and dutiful obedience. Not that the respectful deference which is due to the royal and noble house of Gloucester should withhold me from accepting the proffered honour; to that house it could be nothing derogatory; the value of their consanguinity would rather be the more manifest, when the designation alone, unaccompanied with rank, was thus rendered by special command purely and singularly honourable. Still less should I be influenced by any apprehension of being confounded in cousinship with Olive, calling herself Princess of Cumberland. Nevertheless let me say, Dr. Gooch, while I am free to say it, — while I am treating of it paulo-post-futuratively, as of a possible case, not as a question brought before me for my prompt and irrevocable answer, — let me humbly say that I prefer the incognito even to this title. It is not necessary, and would not be proper to enter into my reasons for that preference: suffice

it that it is my humour (speaking be it observed respectfully, and using that word in its critical and finer sense,) that it is the idiosyncrasy of my disposition, the familiar way in which it pleases me innocently to exercise my privilege of free will. It is not a secret which every body knows, which nobody could help knowing and which was the more notoriously known, because of its presumed secrecy. Incognito I am and wish to be, and incognoscible it is in my power to remain :

He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy councillor to himself ;

but my secret, (being my own,) is like my life (if that were needed) at the King's service, and at his alone ;

*Τοῖς κυρίοις γὰρ πάντα κερὶ δηλοῦν λόγος.**

Be pleased therefore, Dr. Gooch, if his Majesty most graciously and most considerately should ask, what may be done for the man (—meaning me, —) whom the King delighteth to honour ;—be pleased, good Dr. Gooch, to represent that the allowance which is usually granted to a retired Envoy, would content his wishes, make his fortunes easy, and gladden his heart ;—(Dr. Gooch you will forgive the liberty thus taken with you!)—that “where the word of a King is, there is power,”—that an ostensible reason for granting it may easily be found, a sealed communication from the unknown being made through your hands ;—that many Envoys have not deserved it better, and many secret services which have been as largely rewarded have not afforded to the King so much satisfaction ;—finally, that this instance of royal bounty will not have the effect of directing public suspicion toward the object of that bounty, nor be likely to be barked at by Joseph Hume, Colonel Davies, and Daniel Whittle Harvey !

CHAPTER CLXXXVIII.

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

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

You have in the earlier chapters of this Opus, gentle Reader, heard much of the musical history of Doncaster ; not indeed as it would have been related by that thoroughly good, fine-ear'd, kind-hearted, open-handed, happiest of musicians and men, Dr. Burney the first ; and yet I hope thou mayest have found something in this relation which has been to thy pleasure in reading, and which, if it should be little to thy profit in remembrance, will be nothing to thy hurt. From music to dancing is an easy transition ; but do not be afraid that I shall take thee to a Ball,—for I would rather go to the Treading Mill myself.

What I have to say of Doncaster dancing relates to times long before those to which my reminiscences belong.

In a collection of Poems entitled “Folly in Print” — (which title might be sufficiently appropriate for many such collections) — or a book of Rhymes, printed in 1667, there is a Ballad called the Northern Lass, or the Fair Maid of Doncaster. Neither book or ballad has ever fallen in my way, nor has that comedy of Richard Broome's, which from its name Oldys supposed to have been founded upon the same story. I learn, however, in a recent and voluminous account of the English Stage from the Revolution, (by a gentleman profoundly learned in the most worthless of all literature, and for whom that literature seems to have been quite good enough,) that Broome's play has no connection with the ballad, or with Doncaster. But the note in which Oldys men-

* SOPHOCLES.

tions it has made me acquainted with this Fair Maid's propensity for dancing, and with the consequences that it brought upon her. Her name was Betty Maddox; a modern ballad writer would call her Elizabeth, if he adopted the style of the Elizabethan age; or Eliza, if his taste inclined to the refinements of modern euphony. When an hundred horsemen wooed her, says Oldys, she conditioned that she would marry the one of them who could dance her down;

You shall decide your quarrel by a dance,*

but she wearied them all; and they left her a maid for her pains.

*Legiadria suos fervebat tanta per artus,
Ut quæcunque potest fieri saltatio per nos
Humanos, agili motu fiebat ab illâ.†*

At that dancing match they must have footed it till, as is said in an old Comedy, a good country lass's capermonger might have been able to copy the figure of the dance from the impressions on the pavement.

For my own part I do not believe it to be a true story; they who please may. Was there one of the horsemen but would have said on such occasion, with the dancing Peruvians in one of Davenant's operatic dramas,

Still round and round and round,
Let us compass the ground.
What man is he who feels
Any weight at his heels,

Since our hearts are so light, that, all weigh'd together,
Agree to a grain, and they weigh not a feather.

I disbelieve it altogether, and not for its want of verisimilitude alone, but because when I was young there was no tradition of any such thing in the town where the venue of the action is laid; and therefore I conjecture that it is altogether a fictitious story, and may peradventure have been composed as a lesson for some young spinster whose indefatigable feet made her the terror of all partners.

The Welsh have a saying that if a woman were as quick with her feet as her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning; it is a fanciful saying, as many of the Welsh sayings are. But if Miss Maddox had been as quick with

her tongue as her feet, instead of dancing an hundred horsemen down, she might have talked their hundred horses to death.

Why it was a greater feat than that of Kempe the actor, who in the age of odd performance danced from London to Norwich. He was nine days in dancing the journey, and published an account of it under the title of his "Nine Days Wonder."‡ It could have been no "light fantastic toe" that went through such work; but one fit for the roughest game at football. At sight of the awful foot to which it belonged, Cupid would have fled with as much reason as the Dragon of Wantley had for turning tail when Moor of Moor Hall with his spiked shoe-armour pursued him. He would have fled before marriage, for fear of being kicked out of the house after it. They must have been feet that instead of gliding and swimming and treading the grass so trim, went, as the old Comedy says, *lumperdee, clumperdee*.§

The Northern Lass was in this respect no Cinderella. Nor would any one, short of an Irish Giant, have fallen in love with her slipper, as Thevenard the singer did with that which he saw by accident at a shoemaker's, and inquiring for what enchanting person it was made, and judging of this earthly Venus as the proportions of Hercules have been estimated *ex pede*, sought her out, for love of her foot, commenced his addresses to her, and obtained her hand in marriage.

The story of Thevenard is true; at least it has been related and received as such; this of the Fair Maid of Doncaster is not even *ben trovato*. Who indeed shall persuade me, or who indeed will be persuaded, that if she had wished to drop the title of spinster, and take her matrimonial degree, she would not have found some good excuse for putting an end to the dance when she had found a partner to her liking? A little of that wit which seldom fails a woman when it is

‡ WEBSTER'S Westward Ho. Act. v. Sc. 1. — Anno 1600. — R. S. Since this note was written by the lamented author, the Dancing Journey has been republished by Mr. Dyce.

§ RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.

* DRYDEN.

† MACARONICA.

needed, would have taught her how to do this with a grace, and make it appear that she was still an invincible dancer, though the Stars had decreed that in this instance she should lose the honour of the dance. Some accident might have been feigned like those by which the ancient epic poets and their imitators contrive in their Games to disappoint those who are on the point of gaining the prize which is contended for.

If the Stars had favoured her, they might have predestined her to meet with such an accident as befel a young lady in the age of minuets. She was led out in a large assembly by her partner, the object of all eyes; and when the music began and the dance should have begun also, and he was in motion, she found herself unable to move from the spot, she remained motionless for a few seconds, her colour changed from rose to ruby, presently she seemed about to faint, fell into the arms of those who ran to support her, and was carried out of the room. The fit may have been real, for though nothing ailed her, yet what had happened was enough to make any young woman faint in such a place. It was something far more embarrassing than the mishap against which Soame Jenyns cautions the ladies when he says,

No waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edged with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button, rough with gold;
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once the entangled Gordian knot is tied.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power
Together joined in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds the indissoluble chain.

It was worse than this in the position in which she had placed herself according to rule; for beginning the minuet, she was fastened not by a spell, not by the influence of her malignant Stars, but by the hooks and eyes of her garters. The Countess of Salisbury's misfortune was as much less embarrassing as it was more celebrated.

No such misfortunes could have happened to that Countess who has been rendered illustrious thereby, nor to the once fair danceress, who would have dreaded nothing

more than that her ridiculous distress should become publicly known, if they had worn *genouillères*, that is to say, knee-pieces. A necessary part of a suit of armour was distinguished by this name in the days of chivalry; and the article of dress which corresponds to it may be called kneelets, if for a new article we strike a new word in that mint of analogy, from which whatever is lawfully coined comes forth as the King's English. Dress and cookery are both great means of civilisation; indeed they are among the greatest; both in their abuse are made subservient to luxury and extravagance, and so become productive of great evils, moral and physical; and with regard to both the physician may sometimes interfere with effect, when the moralist would fail. In diet the physician has more frequently to oppose the inclinations of his patient, than to gratify them; and it is not often that his advice in matters of dress meets with willing ears, although in these things the maxim will generally hold good, that whatever is wholesome is comfortable, and that whatever causes discomfort or uneasiness is more or less injurious to health. But he may recommend kneelets without having any objection raised on the score of fashion, or of vanity; and old and young may be thankful for the recommendation. Mr. Ready-to-halt would have found that they supported his weak joints, and rendered him less liable to rheumatic attacks; and his daughter Much-afraid, if she had worn them when she "footed it handsomely," might have danced without any fear of such accidents as happened to the Countess of old, or the heroine of the minuet in later times.

Begin therefore forthwith, dear Lady-readers, to knit *genouillères* for yourselves, and for those whom you love. You will like them better, I know, by their French name, though English comes best from English lips; but so you knit and wear them, call them what you will.

CHAPTER CLXXXIX.

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

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

THE Doctor was no dancer. He had no inclination for this pastime even in what the song calls "our dancing days," partly because his activity lay more in his head than in his heels, and partly perhaps from an apprehension of awkwardness, the consequence of his rustic breeding. In middle and later life he had strong professional objections, not to the act of dancing, but to the crowded and heated rooms wherein it was carried on, and to the late hours to which it was continued. In such rooms and at such assemblies, the Devil, as an old dramatist says, "takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes."* Bishop Hall, in our friend's opinion, spake wisely when, drawing an ideal picture of the Christian, he said of him, "in a due season he betakes himself to his rest. He presumes not to alter the ordinance of day and night; nor dares confound, where distinctions are made by his Maker."

Concerning late hours indeed he was much of the same opinion as the man in the old play, who thought that "if any thing was to be damned, it would be Twelve o'clock at night."

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. †

He used to say that whenever he heard of a

* WEBSTER.

† SHAKESPEARE.

ball carried on far into the night, or more properly speaking, far into the morning, it reminded him, with too much reason, of the Dance of Death.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed:
The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of ev'ry flow'r that blows. Go to the field,
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
Her oriental veil puts off? Think why,
Nor let the sweetest blossom Nature boasts
Be thus exposed to night's unkindly damp.
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
Compell'd to taste the rank and pois'nous steam
Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
And from the forehead of the morning steal
The sweet occasion. O there is a charm
Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
A smack of earth, and makes the lip of youth
Shed perfume exquisite. Expect it not,
Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
Indulging feverous sleep. ‡

The reader need not be told that his objections were not puritanical, but physical. The moralist who cautioned his friend to refrain from dancing, because it was owing to a dance that John the Baptist lost his head, talked, he said, like a fool. Nor would he have formed a much more favourable opinion of the Missionary in South Africa, who told the Hottentots that dancing is a work of darkness, and that a fiddle is Satan's own instrument. At such an assertion he would have exclaimed — a fiddlestick! § — Why and how that word has become an interjection of contempt, I must leave those to explain who can. The Albigenes and the Vaudois are said to have believed that a dance is the Devil's procession, in which they who dance break the promise and vow which their sponsors made for them at their baptism, that they should renounce the Devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, — (not to proceed further,) — this being one of his works, and undeniably one of the aforesaid vanities and

‡ HURDIS' VILLAGE CURATE.

§ The explanation following is given in Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue. FIDDLESTICK'S END. Nothing: the ends of the ancient fiddlesticks ending in a point: hence metaphorically used to express a thing terminating in nothing.

pomps. They break, moreover, all the ten commandments, according to these fanatics; for fanatics they must be deemed who said this; and the manner in which they attempted to prove the assertion, by exemplifying it through the decalogue, shows that the fermentation of their minds was in the acetous stage.

Unfortunately for France, this opinion descended to the Huguenots; and the progress of the Reformation in that country was not so much promoted by Marot's psalms, as it was obstructed by this prejudice,—a prejudice directly opposed to the temperament and habits of a mercurial people. "Dancing," says Peter Heylyn, "is a sport to which they are so generally affected, that were it not so much enveighed against by their straight-laced Ministers, it is thought that many more of the French Catholics had been of the Reformed Religion. For so extremely are they bent upon this disport, that neither Age nor Sickness, nor poverty itself, can make them keep their heels still, when they hear the Music. Such as can hardly walk abroad without their Crutches, or go as if they were troubled all day with a Sciatica, and perchance have their rags hang so loose about them, that one would think a swift Galliard might shake them into their nakedness, will to the Dancing Green howsoever, and be there as eager at the sport, as if they had left their several infirmities and wants behind them. What makes their Ministers (and indeed all that follow the Genevian Discipline) enveigh so bitterly against Dancing, and punish it with such severity when they find it used? I am not able to determine, nor doth it any way belong unto this discourse. But being, as it is, a Recreation which this people are so given unto, and such a one as cannot be followed but in a great deal of company, and before many witnesses and spectators of their carriage in it; I must needs think the Ministers of the French Church more nice than wise, if they choose rather to deter men from their Congregations, by so strict a Stoicism, than indulge anything unto the jollity and natural gaiety of this people,

in matters not offensive, but by accident only." *

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And at their heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.†

It is a good-natured Roman Catholic who says, "that the obliging vices of some people are better than the sour and austere virtues of others." The fallacy is more in his language than in his morality; for virtue is never sour, and in proportion as it is austere we may be sure that it is adulterated. Before a certain monk of St. Gal, Iso by name, was born, his mother dreamed that she was delivered of a hedgehog; her dream was fulfilled in the character which he lived to obtain of being bristled with virtues like one. Methinks no one would like to come in contact with a person of this description. Yet among the qualities which pass with a part of the world for virtues, there are some of a soft and greasy kind, from which I should shrink with the same instinctive dislike. I remember to have met somewhere with this eulogium passed upon one dissenting minister by another, that he was a lump of piety! I prefer the hedgehog.

A dance, according to that teacher of the Albigenes whose diatribe has been preserved, is the service of the Devil, and the fiddler, whom Ben Jonson calls Tom Ticklefoot, is the Devil's minister. If he had known what Plato had said he would have referred to it in confirmation of this opinion; for Plato says that the Gods, compassionating the laborious life to which mankind were doomed, sent Apollo, Bacchus and the Muses to teach them to sing, to drink, and to dance. And the old Puritan would, to his own entire satisfaction, have identified Apollo with Apollyon.

"But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?" ‡

* The Rector of a Parish once complained to Fenelon of the practice of the villagers in dancing on Sunday evenings. "My good friend," replied the prelate, "you and I should not dance; but allowance must be made to the poor people, who have only one day in the week to forget their misfortunes."

† SHAKESPEARE.

‡ *IBID.*

Sir John Davies, who holds an honourable and permanent station among English statesmen and poets, deduces Dancing, in a youthful poem of extraordinary merit, from the Creation, saying that it

then began to be

When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disordered combating ;
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

He says that it with the world

in point of time begun :

Yea Time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
And which indeed is elder than the Sun.)
Had not one moment of his age outrun,
When out leapt Dancing from the heap of things,
And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.
For that brave Sun, the father of the day,
Doth love this Earth, the mother of the Night,
And like a reveller in rich array,
Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight.

* * * *

Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth every year ?
And ends her pavin thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part, and proudly doth it wear ;
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descried.
And lo ! the Sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand :
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the Moon, and on her fixed fast ;
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

This is lofty poetry, and one cannot but regret that the poet should have put it in the mouth of so unworthy a person as one of Penelope's suitors, though the best of them has been chosen. The moral application which he makes to matrimony conveys a wholesome lesson :

If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
Do, as they dance, in all their course of life ;
Never shall burning grief, nor bitter moan,
Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
Arise betwixt the husband and the wife ;
For whether forth, or back, or round he go,
As the man doth, so must the woman do.

What if, by often interchange of place
Sometimes the woman gets the upper hand ?
That is but done for more delightful grace ;
For on that part she doth not ever stand ;
But as the measure's law doth her command,
She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
Into her former place she doth transcend.*

* It is remarkable that Sir John Davies should have written this Poem, which he entitled the Orchestra, and

This poem of Sir John Davies could not have been unknown to Burton, for Burton read everything ; but it must have escaped his memory ; otherwise he who delighted in quotations and quoted so well, would have introduced some of his stanzas, when he himself was treating of the same subject, and illustrated it with some of the same similitudes. "The Sun and Moon, some say," (says he,) "dance about the earth ; the three upper planets about the Sun as their centre, now stationary, now direct, now retrograde, now *in apogæo*, then *in perigæo*, now swift, then slow ; occidental, oriental, they turn round, jump and trace ♀ and ♂ about the Sun, with those thirty-three *Macule* or Burbonian planets, *circa Solem saltantes cytharedum*, saith Fromundus. Four Medicæan stars dance about Jupiter, two Austrian about Saturn, &c., and all belike to the music of the spheres."

Sir Thomas Browne had probably this passage in his mind, when he said "acquaint thyself with the *choragium* of the stars."

"The whole matter of the Universe and all the parts thereof," says Henry More, "are ever upon motion, and in such a dance as whose traces backwards and forwards take a vast compass ; and what seems to have made the longest stand, must again move, according to the modulations and accents of that Music, that is indeed out of the hearing of the acutest ears, but yet perceptible by the purest minds, and the sharpest wits. The truth whereof none would dare to oppose, if the breath of the gainsayer could but tell its own story, and declare through how many Stars and Vortices it has been strained, before the particles thereof met, to be abused to the framing of so rash a contradiction."

that very remarkable and beautiful one on the Immortality of the Soul.

CHAPTER CXC.

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

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

IL CORTEGIANO.

THE Methodist Preachers in the first Conference (that is Convocation or Yearly Meeting) after Mr. Wesley's death, passed a law for the public over which their authority extends, or, in their own language, made a rule, that "schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who received dancing-masters into their schools, and parents also who employed dancing-masters for their children, should be no longer members of the Methodist Society." Many arguments were urged against this rule, and therefore it was defended in the Magazine, which is the authorised organ of the Conference, by the most learned and the most judicious of their members, Adam Clarke. There was, however, a sad want of judgment in some of the arguments which he employed. He quoted the injunction of St. Paul, "whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him," and he applied the text thus. Can any person, can any Christian *dance* in the name of the Lord Jesus? Or, through him, give thanks to God the Father for such an employment?

Another text also appeared to him decisive against dancing and its inseparable concomitants; "woe unto them who chaunt unto the sound of the viol, and invent unto themselves instruments of music, as did David." The original word, which we translate *chaunt*, signifies, according to him, *to quaver, to divide, to articulate*, and may, he says, as well be applied to the management of the feet, as to the modulations of the voice. This interpretation is supported by the Septuagint, and by the Arabic version;

but suppose it be disputed, he says, "yet this much will not be denied, that the text is pointedly enough against that without which dancing cannot well be carried on, I mean, instrumental music." He might have read in Burton that "nothing was so familiar in France as for citizens' wives and maids to dance a round in the streets, and often too for want of better instruments to make good music of their own voices, and dance after it." Ben Jonson says truly "that measure is the soul of a dance, and Tune the tickle-foot thereof;" but in case of need the mouth can supply its own music.

It is true the Scripture says "there is a time to dance;" but this he explains as simply meaning "that human life is a variegated scene." Simple readers must they be who can simply understand it thus, to the exclusion of the literal sense. Adam Clarke has not remembered here that the Psalms enjoin us to praise the Lord with tabret and harp and lute, the strings and the pipe, and the trumpet and the loud cymbals, and to praise his name in the dance, and that David danced before the Ark. And though he might argue that Jewish observances are no longer binding, and that some things which were *permitted* under the Jewish dispensation are no longer lawful, he certainly would not have maintained that anything which was *enjoined* among its religious solemnities can now in itself be sinful.

I grant, he says, "that a number of motions and steps, circumscribed by a certain given space, and changed in certain quantities of time, may be destitute of physical and moral evil. But it is not against these things abstractedly that I speak. It is against their concomitant and consequent circumstances; the undue, the improper mixture of the sexes; the occasions and opportunities afforded of bringing forth those fruits of death which destroy their own souls, and bring the hoary heads of their too indulgent parents with sorrow to the grave.

So good a man as Adam Clarke is not to be suspected of acting like an Advocate here, and adducing arguments which he knew to

be fallacious, in support of a cause not tenable by fair reasoning. And how so wise a man could have reasoned so weakly, is explained by a passage in his most interesting and most valuable autobiography. "*Malá are*, when about twelve or thirteen years of age, I learned to *dance*. I long resisted all solicitations to this employment; but at last I suffered myself to be overcome; and learnt, and profited beyond most of my fellows. I grew passionately fond of it, would scarcely walk but in *measured time*, and was continually *tripping*, moving, and *shuffling* in all times and places. I began now to value myself, which, as far as I can recollect, I had never thought of before. I grew impatient of control, was fond of company, wished to mingle more than I had ever done with young people. I got also a passion for *better clothing* than that which fell to my lot in life, was discontented when I found a neighbour's son *dressed better* than myself. I lost the spirit of *subordination*, and did not *love work*, imbibed a spirit of *illness*, and, in short, drank in all the brain-sickening effluvia of *pleasure*. Dancing and company took the place of *reading* and *study*; and the authority of my parents was feared indeed, but not respected; and few serious impressions could prevail in a mind imbued now with frivolity and the love of pleasure; yet I entered into no disreputable assembly, and in no one case ever kept any improper company. I formed no illegal connection, nor associated with any whose characters were either tarnished or suspicious. Nevertheless *dancing* was to me a *perverting influence*, an *unmixed moral evil*; for although, by the mercy of God, it led me not to depravity of manners, it greatly weakened the *moral principle*, drowned the voice of a well instructed conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me *to seek my happiness in this life*. Everything yielded to the disposition it had produced, and everything was absorbed by it. I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did me; and I can testify, (as far as my own observations have extended, and they have had a pretty wide range,) I have known it to produce the same

evil in others that it produced in me. I consider it therefore as a branch of that *worldly education*, which leads from heaven to earth, from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. Let them plead for it who will; I know it to be *evil*, and that *only*. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to these schools where *dancing* is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating the passions, so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature, with an additional rankness, deep-rooted inveteracy, and inexhaustible fertility. *Nemo sobrius saltat*, 'no man in his senses will dance,' said Cicero, a heathen; shame on those Christians who advocate a cause by which many *sons* have become profligate, and many *daughters* have been ruined." Such was the experience of Adam Clarke in *dancing*, and such was his opinion of the practice.*

An opinion not less unfavourable is expressed in homely old verse by the translator of the Ship of Fools, Alexander Barclay.

Than that in the earth no game is more damnable;
It seemeth no peace, but battle openly,
They that it use of minds seem unstable,
As mad folk running with clamour, shout and cry
What place is void of this furious folly?
None; so that I doubt within a while
These fools the holy Church shall defile.

Of people what sort or order may we find,
Rich or poor, high or low of name,
But by their foolishness and wanton mind,
Of each sort some are given unto the same.
The priests and clerks to dance have no shame.
The friar or monk, in his frock and cowl,
Must dance in his dortour, leaping to play the fool.

To it comes children, maids, and wives,
And flattering young men to see to have their prey;
The hand-in-hand great falsehood oft contrives.
The old quean also this madness will assay;
And the old dotard, though he scantily may
For age and lameness stir either foot or hand,
Yet playeth he the fool, with others in the band.

* It is old Fuller's observation, that "people over strait-laced in one part will hardly fail to grow awry in another." Over against the observations of Adam Clarke may be set the following, from the life of that excellent man — Sir William Jones. "Nor was he so indifferent to slighter accomplishments as not to avail himself of the instructions of a celebrated dancing-master at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had before taken lessons from Gallini in that trifling art." — Carey's Lives of English Poets. Sir William Jones, p. 359.

Then leap they about as folk past their mind,
 With madness amazed running in compage;
 He most is commended that can most lewdness find,
 Or can most quickly run about the place,
 There are all manners used that lack grace,
 Moving their bodies in signs full of shame,
 Which doth their hearts to sin right sore inflame.

Do away your dances, ye people much unwise!
 Desist your foolish pleasure of travayle!
 It is methinks an unwise use and guise
 To take such labour and pain without avayle.
 And who that suspecteth his maid or wives tayle,
 Let him not suffer them in the dance to be;
 For in that game though size or cinque them fayle,
 The dice oft runneth upon the chance of three.

The principle upon which such reasoning rests is one against which the Doctor expressed a strong opinion, whenever he heard it introduced. Nothing, he thought, could be more unreasonable than that the use of what is no ways hurtful or unlawful in itself, should be prohibited because it was liable to abuse. If that principle be once admitted, where is it to stop? There was a Persian tyrant, who having committed some horrible atrocity in one of his fits of drunkenness, ordered all the wine in his dominions to be spilt as soon as he became sober, and was conscious of what he had done; and in this he acted rightly, under a sense of duty as well as remorse; for it was enjoining obedience to a law of his religion, and enforcing it in a manner the most effectual. But a Christian government, which because drunkenness is a common sin shall prohibit all spirituous liquors, would by so doing subject the far greater and better part of the community to an unjust and hurtful privation; thus punishing the sober, the inoffensive, and the industrious, for the sake of the idle, the worthless, and the profligate.

Jones of Nayland regarded these things with no puritanical feeling. "In joy and thanksgiving," says that good and true minister of the Church of England, "the tongue is not content with speaking; it must evoke and utter a song, while the feet are also disposed to dance to the measures of music, as was the custom in sacred celebrities of old among the people of God, before the World and its vanities had engrossed to themselves all the expressions of mirth and festivity. They have now left

nothing of that kind to religion, which must sit by in gloomy solemnity, and see the World with the Flesh and the Devil assume to themselves the sole power of distributing social happiness."

"Dancing," says Mr. Burchell, "appears to have been in all ages of the world, and perhaps in all nations, a custom so natural, so pleasing, and even useful, that we may readily conclude it will continue to exist as long as mankind shall continue to people the earth. We see it practised as much by the savage as by the civilised, as much by the lowest as by the highest classes of society; and as it is a recreation purely corporeal, and perfectly independent of mental qualification, or refinement, all are equally fitted for enjoying it: it is this probably which has occasioned it to become universal. All attempts therefore at rendering any exertion of the mind necessary to its performance, are an unnatural distortion of its proper and original features. Grace and ease of motion are the extent of its perfection; because these are the natural perfections of the human body. Every circumstance and object by which man is surrounded may be viewed in a philosophical light; and thus viewed, dancing appears to be a recreative mode of exercising the body and keeping it in health, the means of shaking off spleen, and of expanding one of the best characters of the heart, — the social feeling. When it does not affect this, the fault is not in the dance, but in the dancer; a perverse mind makes all things like itself. Dancing and music, which appear to be of equal antiquity, and equally general among mankind, are connected together only by a community of purpose: what one is for the body, the other is for the mind."

The Doctor had come to a conclusion not unlike this traveller's concerning dancing, — he believed it to be a manifestation of that instinct by which the young are excited to wholesome exercise, and by which in riper years harmless employment is afforded for superfluous strength and restless activity. The delight which girls as well as boys take in riotous sports were proof enough, he said,

that Nature had not given so universal an inclination without some wise purpose. An infant of six months will ply its arms and legs in the cradle, with all its might and main, for joy,—this being the mode of dancing at that stage of life. Nay, he said, he could produce grave authorities on which casuists would pronounce that a probable belief might be sustained, to prove that it is an innate propensity, and of all propensities the one which has been developed in the earliest part of mortal existence; for it is recorded of certain Saints, that on certain holidays, dedicated either to the mystery, or to the heavenly patron under whose particular patronage they were placed, they danced before they were born, a sure token or presage of their future holiness and canonisation, and a not less certain proof that the love of dancing is an innate principle.

Lovest thou Music ?

Oh, 'tis sweet !

What's dancing ?

E'en the mirth of feet.*

CHAPTER CXCI.

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

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

COWPER.

HUNTING, gaming, and dancing are three propensities to which men are inclined equally in the savage and in the civilised,—in all stages of society from the rudest to the most refined, and in all its grades; the Doctor used to say they might be called semi-intellectual. The uses of hunting are obvious, wherever there are wild animals which may be killed for food, or beasts of

prey which for our own security it is expedient to destroy.

Indeed because hunting, hawking, and fishing, (all which according to Gwillim and Plato are comprised in the term Venation,) tend to the providing of sustenance for man, Farnesius doth therefore account them all a species of agriculture. The great heraldic author approves of this comprehensive classification. But because the more heroic hunting, in which danger is incurred from the strength and ferocity of the animals pursued, hath a resemblance of military practice, he delivers his opinion that "this noble kind of venation is privileged from the title of an Illiberal Art, being a princely and generous exercise; and those only, who use it for a trade of life, to make sure thereof, are to be marshalled in the rank of mechanics and illiberal artizans." The Doctor admired the refinement of these authors; but he thought that neither lawful sporting nor poaching could conveniently be denominated agricultural pursuits.

He found it not so easy to connect the love of gaming with any beneficial effect; some kind of mental emotion however, he argued, was required for rendering life bearable by creatures with whom sleep is not so completely an act of volition, that like dogs they can lie down and fall asleep when they like. For those persons, therefore, who are disposed either by education, capacity, or inclination to make any worthier exertion of their intellectual faculties, gaming, though infinitely dangerous as a passion, may be useful as a pastime. It has indeed a strong tendency to assume a dangerous type, and to induce as furious an excitement as drunkenness in its most ferocious form; but among the great card-playing public of all nations, long experience has produced an effect in mitigating it, analogous to what the practice of inoculation has effected upon the small-pox. Vaccination would have afforded our philosopher a better illustration, if it had been brought into notice during his life.

Pope has assigned to those women who neither toil or spin, "an old age of cards,"

* From a Masque quoted by D'ISRAELI.

after "a youth of pleasure." This, perhaps, is not now so generally the course of female life, in a certain class and under certain circumstances, as it was in his days and in the Doctor's. The Doctor certainly was of opinion that if the senescent spinsters and dowagers within the circle of his little world had not their cards as duly as their food, many of them would have taken to something worse in their stead. They would have sought for the excitement which they now found at the whist or quadrille table from the bottle, or at the Methodist Meeting. In some way or other, spiritual or spirituous, they must have had it*; and the more scandalous of these ways was not always that which would occasion the greatest domestic discomfort, or lead to the most injurious consequences. Others would have applied to him for relief from maladies which, by whatever names they might be called, were neither more nor less than the effect of that *tedium vitæ* which besets those who having no necessary employment have not devised any for themselves. And when he regarded the question in this light he almost doubted whether the invention of cards had not been more beneficial than injurious to mankind.

It was not with an unkind or uncharitable feeling, still less with a contemptuous one, that Anne Seward mentioning the death of a lady "long invalid and far advanced in life," described her as "a civil social being, whose care was never to offend; who had the spirit of a gentlewoman in never doing a mean thing, whose mite was never withheld from the poor; and whose inferiority of understanding and knowledge found sanctuary at the card-table, that universal leveller of intellectual distinctions." Let not such persons be despised in the pride of intellect! Let them not be condemned in the pride of self-righteousness!

"Our law," says the Puritan Matthew Mead, "supposes all to be of some calling,

not only men but women, and the young ladies too; and therefore it calls them during their virgin state spinsters. But alas, the viciousness and degeneracy of this age hath forfeited the title. Many can *card*, but few can spin; and therefore you may write them *carders, dancers, painters, ranters, spenders*, rather than spinsters. Industry is worn out by pride and delicacy; the comb and the looking-glass possess the place and the hours of the spindle and the distaff; and their great business is to curl the locks, instead of twisting wool and flax. So that both males and females are prepared for all ill impressions by the mischief of an idle education."

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

* It happened during one of the lamented Southey's visits here at the Vicarage, West-Tarring, that a cargo of spirits was run close by. His remark was—"Better spirituous smuggling than spiritual pride."

CHAPTER CXCI.

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

Ou tend l'auteur à cette heure ?

Que fait-il ? Revient-il ? Va-t-il ? Ou s'il demeure ?

L'AUTEUR.

Non, je ne reviens pas, car je n'ai pas été ;

Je ne vais pas aussi, car je suis arrêté ;

Et ne demeure point, car, tout de ce pas même

Je pretens m'en aller. MOLIÈRE.

The passage with which the preceding Chapter is concluded, is extracted from Sterne's Sermons, one of those discourses in which he tried the experiment of adapting the style of Tristram Shandy to the pulpit ; — an experiment which proved as unsuccessful as it deserved to be. Gray, however, thought these sermons were in the style which in his opinion was most proper for the pulpit, and that they showed "a very strong imagination and a sensible head. But you see him," he adds, "often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his perriwig in the face of his audience."

The extract which has been set before the reader is one of those passages which bear out Gray's judgment ; it is of a good kind, and in its kind so good, that I would not weaken its effect, by inserting too near it the following Epigram from an old Magazine, addressed to a lady passionately fond of cards.

Thou, whom at length incessant gaming dubs,
Thrice honourable title ! Queen of Clubs,
Say what vast joys each winning card imparts,
And that, too justly, called the King of Hearts.
Say, when you mourn of cash and jewels spoil'd,
May not the thief be Knave of Diamonds still'd ?
One friend, howe'er, when deep remorse invades,
Awaits thee, Lady ; 'tis the Ace of Spades !

It has been seen that the Doctor looked upon the love of gaming as a propensity given us to counteract that indolence which, if not thus amused, would breed for itself both real and imaginary evils. And dancing he thought was just as useful in counteracting the factitious inactivity of women in

their youth, as cards are for occupying the vacuity of their minds at a later period. Of the three semi-intellectual propensities, as he called them, which men are born with, those for hunting and gaming are useful only in proportion as the earth is uncultivated, and those by whom it is inhabited. In a well-ordered society there would be no gamblers, and the Nimrods of such a society must, like the heroes in Tongataboo, be contented with no higher sport than rat-catching : but dancing will still retain its uses. It will always be the most graceful exercise for children at an age when all that they do is graceful ; and it will always be that exercise which can best be regulated for them, without danger of their exerting themselves too much, or continuing in it too long. And for young women in a certain rank, or rather region of life, — the temperate zone of society, — those who are above the necessity of labour, and below the station in which they have the command of carriages and horses, — that is for the great majority of the middle class, — it is the only exercise which can animate them to such animal exertion as may suffice

To give the blood its natural spring and play.*

Mr. Coleridge says (in his Table Talk) "that the fondness for dancing in English women is the reaction of their reserved manners : it is the only way in which they can throw themselves forth in natural liberty." But the women are not more fond of it in this country, than they are in France and Spain. There can be no healthier pastime for them, — (as certainly there is none so exhilarating, and exercise unless it be exhilarating is rarely healthful) — provided, — and upon this the Doctor always insisted, — provided it be neither carried on in hot rooms, nor prolonged to late hours. They order these things, he used to say, better in France ; they order them better indeed anywhere than in England, and there was a time when they were ordered better among ourselves.

"The youth of this city," says the honest

* SOUTHEY.

old chronicler and historian of the metropolis his native place, "used on holidays, after evening prayers, to exercise their basters and bucklers, at their master's doors; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel, to dance for garlands hanged athwart the streets, which open pastimes in my youth, being now suppressed, worsè practises within doors are to be feared."

Every one who is conversant with the Middle Ages, and with the literature of the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles I. must have perceived in how much kindlier relations the different classes of society existed toward each other in those days than they have since done. The very word independence had hardly found a place in the English language, or was known only as denoting a mischievous heresy. It is indeed, as one of our most thoughtful contemporaries has well said, an "unscriptural word,"—and "when applied to man, it directly contradicts the first and supreme laws of our nature; the very essence of which is universal dependence upon God, and universal interdependence on one another."

The Great Rebellion dislocated the relations which had for some centuries thus happily subsisted; and the money-getting system which has long been the moving principle of British society, has, aided by other injurious influences, effectually prevented the recovery which time, and the sense of mutual interest, and mutual duty, might otherwise have brought about. It was one characteristic of those old times, which in this respect deserve to be called good, that the different classes participated in the enjoyments of each other. There were the religious spectacles, which, instead of being reformed and rendered eminently useful as they might have been, were destroyed by the brutal spirit of puritanism. There were the Church festivals, till that same odious spirit endeavoured to separate, and has gone far toward separating, all festivity from religion. There were tournaments and city pageants at which all ranks were brought together; they are now brought together only upon the race-course.

Christmas Mummers have long ceased to be heard of. The Morris dancers have all but disappeared even in the remotest parts of the kingdom. I know not whether a May-pole is now to be seen. What between manufactures and methodism England is no longer the merry England which it was once a happiness and an honour to call our country. Akenside's words "To the Country Gentlemen of England," may be well remembered.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
That the rude Village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them their ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace and heaven's due rites
fulfil.

My friend saw enough of this change in its progress to excite in him many melancholy forebodings in the latter part of his life. He knew how much local attachment was strengthened by the recollection of youthful sports and old customs; and he well understood how little men can be expected to love their country, who have no particular affection for any part of it. Holidays he knew attached people to the Church, which enjoined their observance; but he very much doubted whether Sunday Schools would have the same effect.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of the Prophetess, the countrymen discourse concerning the abdicated Emperor who has come to reside among them. One says to the other,

Do you think this great man will continue here?

The answer is

Continue here? what else? he has bought the great farm;

A great man * with a great inheritance
And all the ground about it, all the woods too,
And stock'd it like an Emperor. Now all our sports again
And all our merry gambols, our May Ladies,
Our evening dances on the green, our songs,
Our holiday good cheer; our bagpipes now, boys,
Shall make the wanton lasses skip again,
Our sheep-shearings and all our knacks.

* Southey has inserted a query here. "Qy Manor or Mansion." It is usually printed as in the text.—See Act v. Sc. iii.

It is said, however, in the *Cortegiano*;—*Che non saria conveniente che un gentilhuomo andasse ad honorare con la persona sua una festa di contado, dove i spettatori, et i compagni fussero gente ignobile.* What follows is curious to the history of manners. *Disse allhor' il S. Gasparo Pallavicino, nel paese nostro di Lombardia non s'hanno queste rispetti: anzi molti gentil' huomini giovani trovansi, che le feste ballano tutto'l di nel Sole co i villani, et con esti giocano a lanciar la barra, lottare, correre et saltare; et io non credo che sia male, perche ivi non si fa paragone della nobiltà, ma della forza, e destrezza, nelle quai cose spesso gli huomini di villa non vaglion meno che i nobili; et par che que quella domestichezza habbia in se una certa liberalità amabile.*—An objection is made to this; *Quel ballar nel Sole, rispose M. Federico, a me non piace per modo alcuno; ne so che guadagno vi si trovi. Ma chi vuol pur lottar, correr et saltar co i villani, dee (al parer mio) farlo in modo di provarsi, et (come si suol dir) per gentilezza, non per contendere con loro, et dee l'huomo esser quasi sicuro di vincere; altramente non vi si metta; perche sta troppo male, et troppo è brutta cosa, et fuor de la dignità vedere un gentilhuomo vinto da un villano, et massimamente alla lotta; però credo io che sia ben astenersi almano in presentia di molti, perche il guadagno nel vincere è pochissimo, et la perdita nell' esse vinto è grandissima.*

That is, in the old version of Master Thomas Hoby;—“It were not meet that a gentleman should be present in person, and a doer in such a matter in the country, where the lookers-on and the doers were of a base sort. Then said the Lord Gaspar Pallavicino, in our country of Lombardy these matters are not passed upon; for you shall see there young gentlemen, upon the holydays, come dance all the day long in the sun with them of the country, and pass the time with them in casting the bar, in wrestling, running and leaping. And I believe it is not ill done; for no comparison is there made of nobleness of birth, but of force and sleight; in which things many times the men of the country are not a whit inferior to gen-

tlemen: and it seemeth this familiar conversation containeth in it a certain lovely freeness.” “The dancing in the sun,” answered Sir Frederick, “can I in no case away withal; and I cannot see what a man shall gain by it. But whoso will wrestle, run and leap with men of the country, ought, in my judgment, to do it after a sort; to prove himself, and (as they are wont to say) for courtesy, not to try mastery with them. And a man ought (in a manner) to be assured to get the upper hand, else let him not meddle withal; for it is too ill a sight, and too foul a matter, and without estimation, to see a gentleman overcome by a carter, and especially in wrestling. Therefore I believe it is well done to abstain from it, at the leastwise in the presence of many; if he be overcome, his gain is small, and his loss in being overcome very great.”

This translation is remarkable for having a Sonnet, or more correctly speaking a quatorzain by Sackville prefixed to it, and at the end of the volume a letter of Sir John Cheke's to the translator, curious for its peculiar spelling, and for the opinion expressed in it that our language ought as much as possible to be kept pure and un-mixed.

“I have taken sum pain,” he says, “at your request, cheslie in your preface; not in the reading of it, for that was pleasaunt unto me, boath for the roundnes of your saiences and welspeakings of the saam, but in changing certein wordes which might verie wel be let aloan, but that I am verie curious in mi freendes matters, not to determijn, but to debaat what is best. Whearin I seek not the bestnes haplie bi truth, but bi mijn own phansie and sheo of goodnes.

“I am of this opinion that our own tung shold be written cleane and pure, unmixt and unmangeled with borowing of other tungen; wherein if we take not heed bi tijd, ever borowing and never payng, she shall be fain to keep her house as bankrupt. For then doth our tung naturallie and praiseable utter her meaning, when she boroweth no conterfectness of other tungen to attire her self withall, but useth plainlie her own

with such shift as nature, craft, experiens, and folowing of other excellent doth lead her unto; and if she went at ani tijm (as being unperfight she must) yet let her borow with suche bashfulnes, that it mai appear, that if either the mould of our own tung could serve us to fascion a woord of our own, or if the old denisoned wordes could content and ease this neede, we wold not boldly venture of unknoven wordes. This I say, not for reproof of you, who have scarslic and necessarily used, whear occasion serveth, a strange word so, as it seemeth to grow out of the matter and not to be sought for; but for mijn our defens, who might be counted overstraigh a deemer of thinges, if I gave not thys accompt to you, my freend and wijs, of mi marring this your handiwork.

“But I am called awai. I prai you pardon mi shortnes; the rest of my saienges should be but praise and exhortacion in this your doinges, which at moar leisor I shold do better.

From my house in Wood street
the 16 of July 1557.

Yours assured
JOAN CHEEK.”

Sir John Cheke died about two months after the date of this letter: and Hoby's translation was not published till 1561, because “there were certain places in it, which of late years being misliked of some that had the perusing of it, the Author thought it much better to keep it in darkness a while, then to put it in light, unperfect, and in piecemeal, to serve the time.” The book itself had been put in the list of prohibited works, and it was not till 1576 that the Conte Camillo Castiglione, the author's son, obtained permission to amend the obnoxious passages and publish an expurgated edition.

It would have vexed Sir John if he had seen with how little care the printer, and his loving friend Master Hoby observed his system of orthography, in this letter. For he never used the final e unless when it is sounded, which he denoted then by doubling it; he rejected the y, wrote u when it was

long, with a long stroke over it, doubled the other vowels when they were long, and threw out all letters that were not pronounced. No better system of the kind has been proposed, and many worse. Little good would have been done by its adoption, and much evil, if the translators of the Bible had been required to proceed upon his principle of using no words but such as were true English of Saxon original. His dislike of the translation for corrupting as he thought the language into vocables of foreign growth, made him begin to translate the New Testament in his own way. The Manuscript in his own hand, as far as it had proceeded, is still preserved at Bene't College*, and it shows that he found it impracticable to observe his own rule. But though as a precisian he would have cramped and impoverished the language, he has been praised for introducing a short and expressive style, avoiding long and intricate periods, and for bringing “fair and graceful writing into vogue.” He wrote an excellent hand himself, and it is said that all the best scholars in those times followed his example, “so that fair writing and good learning seemed to commence together.”

O Soul of Sir John Cheke, thou wouldst have led me out of my way, if that had been possible,—if my ubiety did not so nearly resemble ubiquity, that in Anywhereness and Everywhereness I know where I am, and can never be lost till I get out of Whereness itself into Nowhere.

* This has been since printed with a good Glossary by the Rev. James Goodwin, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi Coll. Cambridge, and is very curious. All that remains is the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and part of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Mark. As an instance of Cheke's Englishisms I may refer to the rendering of *προσέβλεπον* in c. xxiii. v. 15. by *freschman*. Some little of the MS. is lost. — See Preface, p. 10.

CHAPTER CXCIH.

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

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

THOU wast informed, gentle Reader, in the third Volume, and at the two hundred and sixth* page of this much-hereafter-to-be-esteemed Opus, that a *Tattle de Moy* was a new-fashioned thing in the Year of our Lord 1676. This was on the authority of the good old Lutanist, whom, I then told you, I took leave of but for a while, bethinking me of Pope's well-known lines,

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS.

And now, gentle reader, seeing that whether with a consciousness of second sight or not, Master Mace, praiseworthy as the Man of Ross, has so clearly typified my Preludes and Voluntaries, my grave Pavines and graver Galliards, my Corantoes and Serabands, my Clichonas, and above all my *Tattle-de-Moys*, am I not bound in gratitude to revive the memory of Master Mace; or rather to extend it and make him more fully and more generally known than he has been made by the two historians of his science Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Burney? It is to the honour of both these eminent men, who have rendered such good services to that science, and to the literature of their country, that they should have relished the peculiarities of this simple-hearted old lutanist. But it might have been expected from both; for Dr. Burney was as simple-hearted himself, and as earnestly devoted to the art: and Sir John, who delighted in Ignoramus and in Izaak Walton, could not fail to have a liking for Thomas Mace.

"Under whom he was educated," says Sir John, "or by what means he became possessed of so much skill in the science of

music, as to be able to furnish out matter for a folio volume, he has nowhere informed us; nevertheless his book contains so many particulars respecting himself, and so many traits of an original and singular character, that a very good judgment may be formed both of his temper and ability. With regard to the first, he appears to have been an enthusiastic lover of his art; of a very devout and serious turn of mind; and cheerful and good-humoured under the infirmities of age, and the pressure of misfortunes. As to the latter his knowledge of music seems to have been confined to the practice of his own instrument; and so much of the principles of the science as enabled him to compose for it; but for his style in writing he certainly never had his fellow."

This is not strictly just as relating either to his proficiency in music, or his style as an author. Mace says of himself, "having said so much concerning the lute, as also taken so much pains in laying open all the hidden secrets thereof, it may be thought I am so great a lover of it, that I make light esteem of any other instrument besides; which truly I do not; but love the viol in a very high degree; yea close unto the lute; and have done much more, and made very many more good and able proficients upon it, than ever I have done upon the lute. And this I shall presume to say, that if I excel in either, it is most certainly upon the viol. And as to other instruments, I can as truly say, I value every one that is in use, according to its due place; as knowing and often saying, that all God's creatures are good; and all ingenuities done by man, are signs, tokens, and testimonies of the wisdom of God bestowed upon man."

So also though it is true that Thomas Mace stands distinguished among the writers on Music, yet it could be easy to find many fellows for him as far as regards peculiarity of style. A humourist who should collect odd books might form as numerous a library, as the man of fastidious taste who should confine his collection to such works only as in their respective languages were esteemed classical. "The singularity of his style,"

* P. 213. of this Edition.

says Sir John, "remarkable for a profusion of epithets and words of his own invention, and tautology without end, is apt to disgust such as attend less to the matter than manner of his book; but in others it has a different effect; as it exhibits, without the least reserve, all the particulars of the author's character, which was not less amiable than singular."—"The vein of humour that runs through it presents a lively portraiture of a good-natured, gossiping old man, virtuous and kind-hearted."—The anxious "precision with which he constantly delivers himself, is not more remarkable than his eager desire to communicate to others all the knowledge he was possessed of, even to the most hidden secrets."—"The book breathes throughout a spirit of devotion; and, agreeable to his sentiments of music is a kind of proof that his temper was improved by the exercise of his profession."—There is no pursuit by which, if it be harmless in itself, a man may not be improved in his moral as well as in his intellectual nature, provided it be followed for its own sake: but most assuredly there is none however intrinsically good, or beneficial to mankind, from which he can desire any moral improvement, if his motive be either worldly ambition, or the love of gain. — *Ἀδύνατον ἐκ φαύλης ἀφορμῆς ἐπὶ τὸ τέλος εὐδραμεῖν.**

To give an account of "Music's Monument," which Dr. Burney calls a matchless book, not to be forgotten among the curiosities of the seventeenth century! will be to give the character of Thomas Mace himself, for no author ever more compleatly embodied his own spirit in his writings.

It is introduced with an Epistle Dedicatory, which by an easy misrepresentation has been made to appear profane.

To Thee, One-Only-Oneness, I direct
My weak desires and works.
Thou only art The Able True Protector;
Oh be my shield, defender and director,
Then sure we shall be safe.
Thou know'st, O Searcher of all hearts how I,
With right, downright, sincere sincerity,
Have longed long to do some little good,
(According to the best I understand)

* IAMBLICUS.

With thy rich talent, though by me made poor,
For which I grieve, and will do so no more,
By thy good Grace assisting, which I do
Most humbly beg for. Oh, adjoin it to
My longing ardent soul; and have respect
To this my weak endeavour, and accept,
In thy great mercy, both of it and me,
Even as we dedicate ourselves to Thee.

An Epistle, in verse, follows, "to all Divine Readers, especially those of the Dissenting Ministry, or Clergy, who want not only skill, but good will to this most excellent part of divine service, viz. singing of psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, to the praise of the Almighty, in the public Assemblies of his Saints: and yet more particularly, to all great and high Persons, Supervisors, Masters, or Governors of the Church, (if any such there should be,) wanting skill, or good will thereunto."

He says to those "high men of honour," that

Example is the thing;
There's but one way, which is yourselves to sing.
This sure will do it; for when the vulgar see
Such worthy presidents their leaders be,
Who exercise therein and lead the van,
They will be brought to't, do they what they can.
But otherwise for want of such example,
Tis meanly valued, and on it they trample;
And by that great defect, so long unsought,
Our best Church Music's well-nigh brought to nought.

Besides,
No robes adorn high persons like to it;
No ornaments for pure Divines more fit.

That Counsel given by the Apostle Paul
Does certainly extend to Christians all.
Colossians the third, the sixteenth verse;
(Turn to the place:) that text will thus rehearse,
Let the word of Christ dwell in you plentifully,
(What follows? Music in its excellency.)
Admonishing yourselves, in sweet accord,
In singing psalms with grace unto the Lord,
Sed sine arte, that cannot be done,
Et sine arte, better let alone.

Having thus "fronted this Book with the divine part, and preached his little short sermon" upon the last of St. Paul, he says that his first and chief design in writing this book was only to discover the occult mysteries of the noble lute, and to shew the great worthiness of that too much neglected and abused instrument, and his good will to all the true lovers of it, in making it plain and easy, giving the true reasons why it has been formerly a very hard instrument to play well upon, and also why now it is

become so easy and familiarly pleasant. "And I believe," says he, "that whosoever will but trouble himself to read those reasons, —and join his own reason, with the reasonableness of those reasons, will not be able to find the least reason to contradict those reasons."

He professed that by his directions "any person, young or old, should be able to perform so much and so well upon it, in so much or so little time, towards a full and satisfactory delight and pleasure, (yea, if it were but only to play common toys, jigs or tunes,) as upon any instrument whatever; yet with this most notable and admirable exception, (for the respectable commendation of the lute,) that they may, besides such ordinary and common contentments, study and practice it all the days of their lives, and yet find new improvements, yea doubtless if they should live unto the age of Methusalem, ten times over; for there is no limitation to its vast bounds and bravery."

It appears that the merit of this book in this respect is not overstated: one of his sons attained to great proficiency on this instrument by studying the book without any assistance from his father; and Sir John Hawkins affirms on his own knowledge that Mr. John Immyns, lutanist to the Chapel Royal, has the like experience of it. "This person who had practised on sundry instruments for many years, and was able to sing his part at sight, at the age of forty took to the lute, and by the help of Mace's book alone, became enabled to play thorough base, and also easy lessons on it; and by practice had rendered the tablature as familiar to him, as the notes of the scale."

The notation called the tablature is minutely explained in the work. It has not the least relation to the musical character; the six strings of the lute are represented by as many lines, "and the several frets or stops by the letters a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, y, (a preference to i as being more conspicuous,) k; the letter *a* ever signifying the open string in all positions." Many persons have been good performers on the lute, and at the same time totally ignorant of the notes

of the Gamut. His printer, he said, "had outdone all music work in this kind ever before printed in this nation; and was indeed the only fit person to do the like, he only having those new materials, the like to which was never had made before in England." They might have been more distinct, and more consistent; — five being common English characters, the *e* more resembling the third letter in the Greek alphabet than any thing else, the *b* reversed serving for *g*, and the *d* in like manner for *e*.

The characters for the time of notes he compares to money, as supposing that most people would be ready enough to count them the better for that. Considering therefore the semi-breve as a groat, the minim becomes two pence, the crotchet a penny, the quaver a half-penny, and the semi-quaver a farthing. "Trouble not yourself for the demi-quaver," he says, "till you have a quick hand, it being half a semi-quaver."

But besides these, there are marks in his notation for the fifteen graces which may be used upon the lute, though few or none used them all. They are the Shake, the Beat, the Back-fall, the Half-fall, the Whole-fall, the Elevation, the Single Relish, the Double Relish, the Slur, the Slide, the Spinger, the Sting, the Tutt, the Pause and the Soft and Loud Play, "which is as great and good a grace as any other whatever."

"Some," says Master Mace, "there are, and many I have met with, who have such a natural agility in their nerves, and aptitude to that performance, that before they could do any thing else to purpose, they would make a shake rarely well. And some again can scarcely ever gain a good shake, by reason of the unaptness of their nerves to that action, but yet otherwise come to play very well. I, for my own part, have had occasion to break both my arms; by reason of which, I cannot make the nerve-shake well, nor strong; yet by a certain motion of my arm, I have gained such a contentive shake, that sometimes my scholars will ask me, how they shall do to get the like. I have then no better answer for them, than

to tell them, they must first break their arm, as I have done; and so possibly after that, by practice, they may get my manner of Shake."

Rules are given for all these graces, but observe, he says, "that whatever your grace be, you must in your farewell express the true note perfectly, or else your pretended grace, will prove a disgrace."

"The Spinger is a grace very neat and curious, for some sort of notes, and is done thus: After you have hit your note, you must just as you intend to part with it, dab one of your rest fingers lightly upon the same string, a fret or two frets below, (according to the air,) as if you did intend to stop the string, in that place, yet so gently, that you do not cause the string to sound, in that stop, so dab'd; but only so that it may suddenly take away that sound which you last struck, yet give some small tincture of a new note, but not distinctly to be heard as a note; which grace, if well done and properly, is very taking and pleasant."

The Sting is "another very neat and pretty grace," it makes the sound seem to swell with pretty unexpected humour, and gives much contentment upon cases.

The Tut is easily done, and always with the right hand. "When you would perform this grace, it is but to strike your letter which you intend shall be so graced, with one of your fingers, and immediately clap on your next striking finger upon the string which you struck; in which doing, you suddenly take away the sound of the letter; and if you do it clearly, it will seem to speak the word, *Tut*, so plainly, as if it were a living creature, speakable!"

While, however, the pupil was intent upon exhibiting these graces, the zealous master exhorted him not to be unmindful of his own, but to regard his postures, for a good posture is comely, creditable and praiseworthy, and moreover advantageous as to good performance. "Set yourself down against a table, in as becoming a posture, as you would choose to do for your best reputation. Sit upright and straight; then take up your lute, and lay the body of it in your

lap across. Let the lower part of it lie upon your right thigh, the head erected against your left shoulder and ear; lay your left hand down upon the table, and your right arm over the lute, so that you may set your little finger down upon the belly of the lute, just under the bridge, against the treble, or second string: and then keep your lute stiff, and strongly set with its lower edge against the table-edge; and so, leaning your breast something hard against its ribs, cause it to stand steady and strong, so that a bystander cannot easily draw it from your breast, table, and arm. This is the most becoming, steady and beneficial posture."

"Your left hand thus upon the table, your lute firmly fixed, yourself and it in your true postures, — bring up your left hand from the table, bended, just like the balance of a hook, all excepting your thumb, which must stand straight and span'd out; your fingers also, all divided out from the other in an equal and handsome order; and in this posture, place your thumb under the neck of the lute, a little above the fret, just in the midst of the breadth of the neck; all your four-fingers in this posture, being held close over the strings on the other side, so that each finger may be in a readiness to stop down upon any fret. And now in this lively and exact posture, I would have your posture drawn, which is the most becoming posture I can direct unto for a lutanist."

"Know that an old lute is better than a new one." Old instruments indeed are found by experience to be far the best, the reasons for which Master Mace could no further dive into than to say, he apprehended, "that by extreme age, the wood and those other adjuncts, glue, parchment, paper, linings of cloth, (as some used,) but above all the varnish, are by time very much dried, limped, made gentle, rarified, or to say better, even airified; so that that stiffness, stubbornness, or *clunguiness* which is natural to such bodies, are so debilitated and made pliable, that the pores of the wood have a more free liberty to move, stir or secretly vibrate; by which means the air, (which is the life of all things both animate

and inanimate,) has a more free and easy recourse to pass and re-pass, &c. Whether I have hit upon the right cause I know not, but sure I am that age adds goodness to instruments."

The Venice lutes were commonly good; and the most esteemed maker was Laux Malles, whose name was always written in text letters. Mace had seen two of his lutes, "pitiful, old, battered, cracked things;" yet for one of these, which Mr. Gootiere the famous lutanist in his time showed him, the King paid an hundred pounds. The other belonged to Mr. Edward Jones, one of Gootiere's scholars; and he relates this "true story" of it; that a merchant bargained with the owner to take it with him in his travels, on trial; if he liked it, he was on his return to give an hundred pounds for it; otherwise he was to return it safe, and pay twenty pounds "for his experience and use of it."—He had often seen lutes of three or four pounds a-piece "more illustrious and taking to a common eye."

The best shape was the Pearl mould, both for sound and comeliness, and convenience in holding. The best wood for the ribs was what he calls air-wood, this was absolutely the best; English maple next. There were very good ones, however, of plum, pear, yew, rosemary-air, and ash. Ebony and ivory, though most costly and taking to a common eye, were the worst. For the belly the finest grained wood was required, free from knots or obstructions; cypress was very good, but the best was called Cullen's-cliff, being no other than the finest sort of fir, and the choicest part of that fir. To try whether the bars within, to strengthen and keep it straight and tight, were all fast, you were gently to knock the belly all along, round about, and then in the midst, with one of your knuckles; "if any thing be either loose in it, or about it, you may easily perceive it, by a little fuzzing or hizzing; but if all be sound, you shall hear nothing but a tight plump and twanking knock."

Among the aspersions against the lute which Master Mace indignantly repelled, one was that it cost as much in keeping

as a horse. "I do confess," said he, "that those who will be prodigal and extraordinary curious, may spend as much as may maintain two or three horses, and men to ride upon them too if they please. But he never charged more than ten shillings for first stringing one, and five shillings a quarter for maintaining it with strings."

The strings were of three sorts, minikins, Venice Catlins, and Lyons, for the basses; but the very best for the basses were called Pistoy Basses; these, which were smooth and well-twisted strings, but hard to come by, he supposes to be none others than thick Venice Catlins, and commonly dyed of a deep dark red. The red strings, however, were commonly rotten, so were the yellow; the green sometimes very good; the clear blue the best. But good strings might be spoilt in a quarter of an hour, if they were exposed to any wet, or moist air. Therefore they were to be bound close together, and wrapt closely up either in an oiled paper, a bladder, or a piece of sere cloth, "such as often comes over with them," and then to be kept in some close box, or cupboard, but not amongst linen, (for that gives moisture,) and in a room where is usually a fire. And when at any time you open them for your use, take heed they lie not too long open, nor in a dark window, nor moist place; for moisture is the worst enemy to your strings.

"How to choose and find a true string, which is the most curious piece of skill in stringing, is both a pretty curiosity to do, and also necessary. First, draw out a length, or more; then take the end, and measure the length it must be of, within an inch or two, (for it will stretch so much at least in the winding up,) and hold that length in both hands, extended to reasonable stiffness: then, with one of your fingers strike it; giving it so much liberty in slackness as you may see it vibrate, or open itself. If it be true, it will appear to the eye just as if they were two strings; but if it shows more than two, it is false, and will sound unpleasantly upon your instrument, nor will it ever be well in tune, either stopt or open, but snarl!" Sir John Hawkins

observes that this direction is given by Adrian Le Roy in his instructions for the lute, and is adopted both by Mersennus and Kircher. Indeed this experiment is the only known test of a true string, and for that reason is practised by such as are curious at this day.

In his directions for playing, Master Mace says, "take notice that you strike not your strings with your nails, as some do, who maintain it the best way of play; but I do not; and for this reason; because the nail cannot draw so sweet a sound from the lute as the nibble end of the flesh can do. I confess in a concert it might do well enough, where the mellowness, (which is the most excellent satisfaction from a lute,) is lost in the crowd; but alone, I could never receive so good content from the nail as from the flesh."

Mace considered it to be absolutely necessary that all persons who kept lutes should know how to repair them; for he had known a lute "sent fifty or sixty miles to be mended of a very small mischance, (scarce worth twelve pence for the mending,) which besides the trouble and cost of carriage, had been broken all to pieces in the return, and so farewell lute and all the cost." One of the necessary tools for this work is "a little working knife, such as are most commonly made of pieces of broken good blades, fastened into a pretty thick haft of wood or bone, leaving the blade out about two or three inches;" "grind it down upon the back," he says, "to a sharp point, and set to a good edge; it will serve you for many good uses, either in cutting, carving, making pins, &c."

His directions for this work are exceedingly minute; but when the lute was in order, it was of no slight importance to keep it so, and for this also he offers some choice observations. "You shall do well, ever when you lay it by in the day-time, to put it into a bed that is constantly used, between the rug and blanket, but never between the sheets, because they may be moist." "This is the most absolute and best place to keep it in always." There are

many great commodities in so doing; it will save your strings from breaking, it will keep your lute in good order, so that you shall have but small trouble in tuning it; it will sound more brisk and lively, and give you pleasure in the very handling of it; if you have any occasion extraordinary to set up your lute at a higher pitch, you may do it safely, which otherwise you cannot so well do, without danger to your instrument and strings: it will be a great safety to your instrument, in keeping it from decay, it will prevent much trouble in keeping the bars from flying loose and the belly from sinking: and these six conveniences considered all together, must needs create a seventh, which is, that lute-playing must certainly be very much facilitated, and made more delightful thereby. Only no person must be so inconsiderate as to tumble down upon the bed whilst the lute is there, for I have known," said he, "several good lutes spoilt with such a trick."

I will not say of the reader, who after the foregoing specimens of Music's Monument has no liking for Master Mace and his book, that he

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoil,

but I cannot but suspect that he has no taste for caviare, dislikes laver, would as willingly drink new hock as old, and more willingly the base compound which passes for champagne, than either. Nay I could even suspect that he does not love those "three things which persons loving, love what they ought,—the whistling of the wind, the dashing of the waves, and the rolling of thunder:" and that he comes under the commination of this other triad, "let no one love such as dislike the scent of cloves, the taste of milk, and the song of birds." My Welsh friends shall have the pleasure of reading these true sayings, in their own ancient, venerable, and rich language.

Tri dyn o garu tri pheth à garant à ddy-laint; gorddyan y gwgent, boran y tinau, ac angerdd y daran.

Tri pheth ma chared neb a'u hanghara: rhogleu y meillion, blás llaeth, a chàn adar.

CHAPTER CXCIV.

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

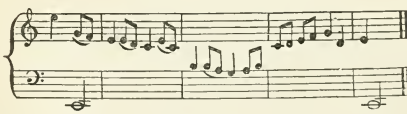
What shall I say? Or shall I say no more?
I must go on! I'm brim-full, running o'er.
But yet I'll hold, because I judge ye wise;
And few words unto such may well suffice.
But much—much more than this I could declare;
Yet for some certain reasons I'll forbear.
But less than this I could not say; because,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

THOMAS MACE, TO ALL DIVINE READERS.

O LADY fair, before we say,

Now cease my lute; this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun;
My lute be still, for I have done: *

before we say this, O Lady fair, play I pray
you the following lesson by good Master
Mace. It will put you in tune for the story
“not impertinent” concerning it, which he
thought fit to relate, although, he said, many
might choose to smile at it. You may thank
Sir John Hawkins for having rendered it
from tablature into the characters of musical
notation.



* SIR THOMAS WYAT.

“This Lesson,” says Master Mace, “I call my Mistress, and I shall not think it impertinent to detain you here a little longer than ordinary in speaking something of it, the occasion of it, and why I give it that name. And I doubt not, but the relation I shall give may conduce to your advantage in several respects, but chiefly in respect of Invention.

“You must first know, That it is a lesson, though old; yet I never knew it disrelished by any, nor is there any one lesson in this Book of that age, as it is; yet I do esteem it (in its kind) with the best Lesson in the Book, for several good reasons, which I shall here set down.

“It is, this very winter, just forty years since I made it—and yet it is new, because all like it,—and then when I was past being a suitor to my best beloved, dearest, and sweetest living Mistress, but not married, yet contriving the best, and readiest way towards it; And thus it was,

“That very night, in which I was thus agitated in my mind concerning her, my living Mistress,—she being in Yorkshire, and myself at Cambridge, close shut up in my chamber, still and quiet, about ten or eleven o'clock at night, musing and writing letters to her, her Mother, and some other Friends, in summing up and determining the whole matter concerning our Marriage. You may conceive I might have very intent thoughts all that time, and might meet with some difficulties, for as yet I had not gained her Mother's consent,—so that in my writings I was sometimes put to my studyings. At which times, my Lute lying upon my table, I sometimes took it up, and walked about my chamber, letting my fancy drive which way it would,—(for I studied nothing, at that time, as to Music,)—yet my secret genius or fancy prompted my fingers, do what I could, into this very

humour. So that every time I walked, and took up my Lute, in the interim, betwixt writing and studying, this Air would needs offer itself unto me continually; insomuch that, at the last, (liking it well, and lest it should be lost,) I took paper and set it down, taking no further notice of it at that time. But afterwards it passed abroad for a very pleasant and delightful Air amongst all. Yet I gave it no name till a long time after, nor taking more notice of it, in any particular kind, than of any other my Compo-sures of that nature.

“But after I was married, and had brought my wife home to Cambridge, it so fell out that one rainy morning I stay’d within, and in my chamber my wife and I were all alone, she intent upon her needlework, and I playing upon my Lute, at the table by her. She sat very still and quiet, listening to all I played without a word a long time, till at last, I hapned to play this lesson; which, so soon as I had once played, she earnestly desired me to play it again, ‘for,’ said she, ‘That shall be called my Lesson.’

“From which words, so spoken, with emphasis and accent, it presently came into my remembrance, the time when, and the occasion of its being produced, and I returned her this answer, viz., That it may very properly be called your Lesson, for when I composed it you were wholly in my fancy, and the chief object and ruler of my thoughts; telling her how, and when it was made. And therefore, ever after, I thus called it MY MISTRESS, and most of my scholars since call it MRS. MACE, to this day.

“Thus I have detained you, (I hope not too long,) with this short relation; nor should I have been so seemingly vain, as to have inserted it, but that I have an intended purpose by it, to give some advantage to the reader, and doubt not but to do it to those who will rightly consider what here I shall further set down concerning it.

“Now in reference to the occasion of it, &c. It is worth taking notice, That there are times and particular seasons, in which the ablest Master of his Art shall not be able to command his Invention or produce things so

to his content or liking, as he shall at other times; but he shall be (as it were) stupid, dull, and shut up, as to any neat, spruce, or curious Invention.

“But again, at other times, he will have Inventions come flowing in upon him, with so much ease and freedom, that his greatest trouble will be to retain, remember, or set them down, in good order.

“Yet more particularly, as to the occasion of this Lesson, I would have you take notice, that as it was at such a time, when I was wholly and intimately possessed with the true and perfect idea of my living Mistress, who was at that time lovely, fair, comely, sweet, debonair, uniformly-neat, and every way compleat; how could, possibly, my fancy run upon anything at that time, but upon the very simile, form, or likeness, of the same substantial thing?

“And that this Lesson doth represent, and shadow forth such a true relation, as here I have made, I desire you to take notice of it, in every particular; which I assure myself may be of benefit to any, who shall observe it well.

“First, therefore, observe the two first Bars of it, which will give you the Fugue; which Fugue is maintained quite through the whole lesson.

“Secondly, observe the Form, and Shape of the whole lesson, which consists of two uniform, and equal strains; both strains having the same number of Bars.

“Thirdly, observe the humour of it; which you may perceive (by the marks and directions) is not common.

“These three terms, or things, ought to be considered in all compositions, and performances of this nature, viz. Ayres, or the like.

“The Fugue is lively, ayrey, neat, curious, and sweet, like my Mistress.

“The Form is uniform, comely, substantial, grave, and lovely, like my Mistress.

“The humour is singularly spruce, amiable, pleasant, obliging, and innocent, like my Mistress.

“This relation to some may seem odd, strange, humorous, and impertinent; but to

others (I presume) it may be intelligible and useful; in that I know, by good experience, that in Music, all these significations, (and vastly many more,) may, by an experienced and understanding Artist, be clearly, and most significantly expressed; yea, even as by language itself, if not much more effectually. And also, in that I know, that as a person is affected or disposed in his temper, or humour, by reason of what object of his mind soever, he shall at that time produce matter, (if he be put to it,) answerable to that temper, disposition, or humour, in which he is.

“Therefore I would give this as a caveat, or caution, to any, who do attempt to exercise their fancies in such matters of Invention, that they observe times, and seasons, and never force themselves to anything, when they perceive an indisposition; but wait for a fitter, and more hopeful season, for what comes most completely, comes most familiarly, naturally, and easily, without pumping for, as we use to say.

“Strive therefore to be in a good, cheerful, and pleasant humour always when you would compose or invent, and then, such will your productions be; or, to say better, chuse for your time of Study, and Invention, if you may, that time wherein you are so disposed, as I have declared. And doubtless, as it is in the study and productions of Music, so must it needs be in all other studies, where the use and exercise of fancy is requirable.

“I will, therefore, take a little more pains than ordinary, to give such directions, as you shall no ways wrong, or injure my Mistress, but do her all the right you can, according to her true deserts.

“First, therefore, observe to play *soft*, and *loud*, as you see it marked quite through the Lesson.

“Secondly, use *that Grace*, which I call the *Sting*, where you see it set, and the *Spinger* after it.

“And then, in the last four strains, observe the *Slides*, and *Sturs*, and you cannot fail to know my *Mistress's Humour*, provided you keep *true time*, which you must be extremely careful to do in all lessons: FOR TIME IS THE ONE HALF OF MUSIC.

“And now, I hope I shall not be very hard put to it, to obtain my pardon for all this trouble I have thus put you to, in the exercise of your patience; especially from those, who are so ingenious and good-natured, as to prize, and value, such singular and choice endowments, as I have here made mention of in so absolute and complete a subject.”

MY MISTRESS OR MRS. MACE.

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass). The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and ornaments, particularly in the treble staff.

THOMAS MACE.

There is no prettier story in the history of Music than this; and what a loving, loveable, happy creature must he have been who could thus in his old age have related it!

CHAPTER CXC.V.

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

Οὐδὲς ἐρεῖ σοῦ, ὡς ὑπέβλητον λόγον,
— ἔλαξας, ἀλλὰ εἴς σου τοῦ ὀρεῖνός.

SOPHOCLES.

MASTER Mace has another lesson which he calls Hab-Nab; it "has neither fugue, nor very good form," he says, "yet a humour, although none of the best;" and his "story of the manner and occasion of Hab-Nab's production," affords a remarkable counterpart to that of his favourite lesson.

"View every bar in it," he says, "and you will find not any one Bar like another, nor any affinity in the least kind betwixt strain and strain, yet the Air pleaseth some sort of people well enough; but for my own part, I never was pleased with it; yet because some liked it, I retained it. Nor can I tell how it came to pass that I thus made it, only I very well remember the time, manner, and occasion of its production, (which was on a sudden,) without the least premeditation, or study, and merely accidentally; and, as we use to say, *ex tempore*, in the tuning of a lute.

"And the occasion, I conceive, might possibly contribute something towards it, which was this.

"I had, at that very instant, when I made it, an agitation in hand, viz., the stringing up, and tuning of a Lute, for a person of an ununiform, and inharmonical disposition, (as to Music,) yet in herself well proportioned, comely, and handsome enough, and ingenious for other things, but to Music very unapt, and learned it only to please her friends, who had a great desire she should be brought to it, if possible, but never could, to the least good purpose; so that at the last we both grew weary; for there is no striving against such a stream.

"I say, this occasion possibly might be the cause of this so inartificial a piece, in regard that that person, at that time, was the chief object of my mind and thoughts.

I call it inartificial, because the chief observation (as to good performance) is wholly wanting. Yet it is true Music, and has such a form and humour, as may pass, and give content to many. Yet I shall never advise any to make things thus by hab-nab*, without any design, as was this. And therefore I give it that name.

"There are abundance of such things to be met with, and from the hands of some, who fain would pass for good composers; yet most of them may be traced, and upon examination, their things found only to be snaps and catches; which they,—having been long conversant in Music, and can command an Instrument, through great and long practice, some of them very well,—have taken here and there, (hab-nab,) from several airs and things of other men's works, and put them handsomely together, which then pass for their own compositions.

"Yet I say, it is no affront, offence, or injury, to any Master, for another to take his Fugue, or Point to work upon, nor dishonour for any Artist so to do, provided he shew by his Workmanship, a different Discourse, Form, or Humour. But it is rather a credit and a repute for him so to do; for by his works he shall be known. It being observable, That great Master Composers may all along be as well known by their Compositions, or their own compositions known to be of them, as the great and learned writers may be known by their styles and works."

* *Hab-Nab* is a good old English word, derived from the Anglo-Saxon. Skinner is correct enough. "Temerè, sine consilio ab AS. *Habban* Habere, *Nabban*, non Habere, addito scilicet *na*, non, cum apostropho" Willnill, i. e. Will ye, or will ye not, is a parallel form. Every one will recollect the lines of Hudibras, (Part ii. Canto iii.)

With that he circles draws, and squares,
With cyphers, astral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em
Although set down, *hab nab*, at random.

Dr. Grey illustrates the expression from Don Quixote: "Let every man," says Sancho Pancha, "take care what he talks or how he writes of other men, and not set down at random, *hab-nab*, *higgledy-piggledy*, what comes into his noddle." Part ii c. iii.

On referring to the original it will be seen that the Translator has used three words for one. "Cada uno mire como habla ó como e-criba de las presonas, y no ponga á troche moche lo primero que le vicnie al magiu."

CHAPTER CXCVI.

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

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

SMALL GARLAND OF PIOUS AND GODLY SONGS.

LITTLE more is known of Thomas Mace than can be gathered from his book. By a good portrait of him in his sixty-third year, it appears that he was born in 1613, and by his arms that he was of gentle blood. And as he had more subscribers to his book in York than in any other place, (Cambridge excepted,) and the name of Henry Mace, Clerk, occurs among them, it may be presumed that he was a native of that city, or of that county. This is the more likely, because when he was established at Cambridge in his youth, his true love was in Yorkshire; and at that time his travels are likely to have been confined between the place of his birth and of his residence.

The price of his book was twelve shillings in sheets; and as he obtained about three hundred subscribers, he considered this fair encouragement to publish. But when the work was completed and the accounts cast up, he discovered that "in regard of his unexpected great charge, besides his unconceivable care and pains to have it compleatly done, it could not be well afforded at that price, to render him any tolerable or reasonable requital." He gave notice therefore, that after it should have been published three months, the price must be raised; "adding thus much, (as being bold to say) that there were several pages, yea several lessons in this book, (according to the ordinary value, esteem, or way of procuring such things,) which were every one of them of more value than the price of the whole book by far."

It might be truly said of him, that

Poorly, poor man, he lived, poorly, poor man, he died,*

for he never attained to any higher preference than that of being "one of the Clerks of Trinity College." But it may be doubted whether any of those who partook more largely of the endowment of that noble establishment, enjoyed so large a portion of real happiness. We find him in the sixty-third year of his age, and the fortieth of his marriage, not rich, not what the world calls fortunate, but a contented, cheerful old man; even though "Time had done to him this wrong" that it had half deprived him of his highest gratification, for he had become so deaf that he could not hear his own lute. When Homer says of his own blind bard that the Muse gave him good and evil, depriving him of his eyes, but giving him the gift of song, we understand the compensation;

Ἦν τίρι Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθὸν τε κακὸν τε,
Ὅρβαλμῶν μὲν ἀμελεσε, δίδου δ' ἠδύων αἰδέην†

but what can compensate a musician for the loss of hearing! There is no inward ear to be the bliss of solitude. He could not, like Pythagoras, ἀρήτιω τινὶ καὶ ἐνσεινωήτῃ θεϊότητι χρώμενος, by an effort of ineffable and hardly conceivable divinity retire into the depths of his own being, and there listen to that heavenly harmony of the spheres which to him alone of all the human race was made audible; — *Ἐαντῷ γὰρ μόνῳ τῶν ἐπὶ γῆς ἀπάντων συνετὰ καὶ ἐπήκοα τὰ κοσμικὰ φθέγματα ἐνόμιζεν ἀπ' αὐτῆς τῆς φυσικῆς πηγῆς καὶ ῥιζῆς.*† Master Mace had no such supernatural faculty, and no such opinion of himself. But the happy old man devises a means of overcoming to a certain degree his defect by inventing what he called a Dyphone, or Double Lute of fifty strings, a representation of which is given in his book, as "the one only instrument in being of that kind, then lately invented by himself, and made with his own hands in the year 1672."

"The occasion of its production was my necessity; viz. my great defect in hearing; adjoined with my unsatiable love and desire

* PHINEAS FLETCHER.

† IAMBELICH *Liber de Pythagoricâ Vitâ*, c. xv.

after the Lute. It being an instrument so soft, and past my reach of hearing, I did imagine it was possible to contrive a louder Lute, than ever any yet had been; whereupon, after divers casts and contrivances, I pitched upon this order, the which has (in a great degree) answered my expectation, it being absolutely the lustiest or loudest Lute that I ever yet heard. For although I cannot hear the least twang of any other Lute, when I play upon it, yet I can hear this in a very good measure, yet not so loud as to distinguish every thing I play, without the help of my teeth, which when I lay close to the edge of it, (there, where the lace is fixed,) I hear all I play distinctly. So that it is to me (I thank God!) one of the principal refreshments and contentments I enjoy in this world. What it may prove to others in its use and service, (if any shall think fit to make the like,) I know not, but I conceive it may be very useful, because of the several conveniences and advantages it has of all other Lutes."

This instrument was on the one side a Theorboe, on the other lute, having on the former part twenty-six strings, twenty-four on the latter. It had a fuller, plumper, and lustier sound, he said, than any other lute, because the concave was almost as long again, being hollow from neck to mouth. "This is one augmentation of sound; there is yet another; which is from the strange and wonderful secret, which lies in the nature of sympathy, in unities, or the uniting of harmonical sounds, the one always augmenting the other. For let two several instruments lie asunder at any reasonable distance, when you play upon one, the other shall sound, provided they be both exactly tuned in unisons to each other; otherwise not. This is known to all curious inspectors into such mysteries. If this therefore be true, it must needs be granted, that when the strings of these two twins, accordingly put on, are tuned in unities and set up to a stiff lusty pitch, they cannot but more augment and advantage one the other."

Some allowances he begged for it, because it was a new-made instrument and could not

yet speak so well as it would do, when it came to age and ripeness, though it already gave forth "a very free, brisk, trouling, plump and sweet sound," and because it was made by a hand that never before attempted the making of any instrument. He concludes his description of it, with what he calls a Recreative Fancy: saying, "because it is my beloved darling, I seemed, like an old dotting body, to be fond of it; so that when I finished it, I bedecked it with these five rhymes following, fairly written upon each belly.

"First, round the Theorboe knot, thus,

I am of old, and of Great Britain's fame,
Theorboe was my name.

Then next, about the French Lute knot, thus,

I'm not so old; yet grave, and much acute;
My name was the French lute.

Then from thence along the sides, from one knot to the other, thus,

But since we are thus joined both in one,
Henceforth our name shall be the Lute Dyphone.

Then again cross-wise under the Theorboe-knot, thus,

Lo here a perfect emblem seen in me,
Of England and of France, their unity;
Likewise that year they did each other aid,
I was contrived, and thus compleatly made.

viz. when they united both against the Dutch and beat them soundly, A. D. 1672.

"Then lastly, under the French Lute-knot, thus,

Long have we been divided, now made one,
We sang in sevenths; now in full unison.
In this firm union, long may we agree,
No uni-on is like Lute's harmony.

Thus in its body, tis trim, spruce and fine
But in its sp'rit, tis like a thing divine."

Poor Mace formed the plan of a Music-room, and hoped to have erected it himself; "but it pleased God," says he, "to disappoint and discourage me several ways, for such a work; as chiefly by the loss of my hearing, and by that means the emptiness of my purse, (my meaning may easily be guessed at,) I only wanted money enough but no good will thereunto." However he engraved his plan, and annexed a description of it,

"in hopes that at one time or other, there might arise some honourable and truly nobly-spirited person, or persons, who may consider the great good use and benefit of such a necessary convenience, and also find in his heart to become a benefactor to such an eminent good work, — for the promotion of the art and encouragement of the true lovers of it; there being great need of such a thing, in reference to the compleating and illustrating of the University Schools."

What he designed was a room six yards square, having on each side three galleries for spectators, each something more than three yards deep. These were to be one story from the ground, "both for advantage of sound, and also to avoid the moisture of the earth, which is very bad, both for instrument and strings;" and the building was to be "in a clear and very delightful dry place, both free from water, the overhanging of trees, and common noises." The room was for the performers, and it was to be "one step higher on the floor than the galleries the better to convey the sound to the auditors:" — being thus clear and free from company, all inconvenience of talking, crowding, sweating and blustering, &c. are taken away; the sound has its free and uninterrupted passage; the performers are no ways hindered; and the instruments will stand more steadily in tune, (for no lutes, viols, pedals, harpsicorns, &c., will stand in tune at such a time; no, nor voices themselves;) "For I have known," says he, "an excellent voice, well prepared for a solemn performance, who has been put up in a crowd, that when he has been to perform his part, could hardly speak, and by no other cause but the very distemper received by that crowd and overheat."

The twelve galleries, though but little, would hold two hundred persons very well; and thus the uneasy and unhandsome accommodation, which has often happened to persons of quality, being crowded up, squeezed and sweated among persons of an inferior rank, might be avoided, "which thing alone, having such distinct reception for persons of different qualities, must needs

be accounted a great conveniency." But there was a scientific convenience included in the arrangement; for the lower walls were to be "wainscoted, hollow from the wall, and without any kind of carved, bossed, or rugged work, so that the sound might run glib and smooth all about, without the least interruption. And through that wainscot there must be several conveyances all out of the room — by grooves, or pipes to certain auditor's seats, where the hearer, as he sate, might at a small passage, or little hole, receive the pent-up sound, which let it be never so weak in the music-room, he, (though at the furthest end of the gallery,) should hear as distinctly as any who were close by it." The inlets into these pipes should be pretty large, a foot square at least, yet the larger the better, without all doubt, and so the conveyance to run proportionably narrower, till it came to the ear of the auditor, where it need not be above the wideness of one's finger end. "It cannot," says he, "be easily imagined, what a wonderful advantage such a contrivance must needs be, for the exact and distinct hearing of music; without doubt far beyond all that ever has yet been used. For there is no instrument of touch, be it never so sweet, and touched with the most curious hand that can be, but in the very touch, if you be near unto it, you may perceive the touch to be heard; especially of viols and violins: but if you be at a distance, that harshness is lost, and conveyed unto the air, and you receive nothing but the pure sweetness of the instrument; so as I may properly say, you lose the body, but enjoy the soul or spirit thereof."

Such a necessary, ample and most convenient erection would become, he thought, any nobleman, or gentleman's house; and there might be built together with it as convenient rooms for all services of a family, as by any other contrivance whatever, and as magnificently stately. Were it but once experienced, he doubted not, but that the advantages would apparently show themselves, and be esteemed far beyond what he had written, or that others could conceive.

The last notice which we have of good Master Mace is an advertisement, dated London, 1690, fourteen years after the publication of his book. Dr. Burney found it in the British Museum, in a collection of title-pages, devices and advertisements. It is addressed "to all Lovers of the best sort of Music."

Men say the times are strange;—tis true;
 'Cause many strange things hap to be.
 Let it not then seem strange to you
 That here one strange thing more you see.

That is, in Devereux Court, next the Grecian Coffee House, at the Temple back gate, there is a deaf person teacheth music to perfection; who by reason of his great age, viz. seventy-seven, is come to town, with his whole stock of rich musical furniture; viz. instruments and books, to put off, to whomsoever delights in such choice things; for he has nothing light or vain, but all substantial and solid Music. Some particulars do here follow.

"First, There is a late invented Organ, which, for private use, exceeds all other fashioned organs whatever; and for which, substantial artificial reasons will be given; and, for its beauty, it may become a nobleman's dining-room.

"Second, There belongs to it a pair of fair, large-sized consort viols, chiefly fitted and suited for that, or consort use; and 'tis great pity they should be parted.

"Third, There is a pedal harpsicon, (the absolute best sort of consort harpsicon that has been invented; there being in it more than twenty varieties, most of them to come in with the foot of the player; without the least hindrance of play,) exceedingly pleasant.

"Fourth, Is a single harpsicon.

"Fifth, A new invented instrument, called a Dyphone, viz. a double lute; it is both theorboe and French lute compleat; and as easy to play upon as any other lute.

"Sixth, Several other theorboes, lutes and viols, very good.

"Seventh, Great store of choice collections of the works of the most famous composers that have lived in these last hundred

years, as Latin, English, Italian and some French.

"Eighth, There is the publishers own Music's Monument; some few copies thereof he has still by him to put off, it being a subscribed book, and not exposed to common sale. All these will be sold at very easy rates, for the reasons aforesaid; and because, indeed, he cannot stay in town longer than four months, exactly."

He further adds, "if any be desirous to partake of his experimental skill in this high noble art, during his stay in town, he is ready to assist them; and haply, they may obtain that from him, which they may not meet withal elsewhere. He teacheth these five things; viz. the theorboe, the French lute, and the viol, in all their excellent ways and uses; as also composition, together with the knack of procuring invention to young composers, (the general and greatest difficulty they meet withal;) this last thing not being attempted by any author, (as he knows of,) yet may be done, though some have been so wise, or otherwise to contradict it:

Scd experientia docuit.

Any of these five things may be learned so understandingly, in this little time he stays, by such general rules as he gives, together with Music's Monument, (written principally to such purposes,) as that any, aptly inclined, may, for the future, teach themselves, without any other help."

This is the last notice of poor Mace: poor he may be called, when at the age of seventy-seven he is found in London upon the forlorn hope of selling his instruments and his books, and getting pupils during this stay. It may be inferred that he had lost the son of whose musical proficiency he formerly spoke with so much pleasure; for otherwise this professional collection and stock in trade would hardly have been exposed to sale, but it appears that the good old man retained his mental faculties, and his happy and contented spirit.

Dr. Burney recommends the perusal of what he calls his matchless book "to all who have taste for excessive simplicity and quaintness, and can extract pleasure from

the sincere and undissembled happiness of an author, who with exalted notions of his subject and abilities, discloses to his readers every inward working of self-approbation in as undisguised a manner, as if he were communing with himself in all the plenitude of mental comfort and privacy."

CHAPTER CXCVII.

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

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

DR. JOHN SCOTT.

Is man magnified or minified by considering himself as under the influence of the heavenly bodies,—not simply as being

Moved round in earth's dismal course
With rocks and stones and trees *;

but as affected by them in his constitution bodily and mental, and dependent on them for weal or woe, for good or evil fortune; as subjected, that is, according to astrological belief to

The Stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without reason, govern those who most,
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reason boast;
And by some mighty magic, yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own.†

Apart from what one of our Platonic divines calls "the power of astral necessity, and uncontrollable impressions arising from the subordination and mental sympathy and dependence of all mundane causes," which is the Platonist's and Stoic's "proper notion of fate ‡;" apart, I say, from this, and from the Calvinist's doctrine of predestination, is it a humiliating, or an elevating considera-

tion, that the same celestial movements which cause the flux and reflux of the ocean, should be felt in the pulse of a patient suffering with a fever: and that the eternal laws which regulate the stars in their courses should decide the lot of an individual?

Here again a distinction must be made,—between the physical theory and the pseudo-science. The former is but a question of more or less; for that men are affected by atmospherical influence is proved by every endemic disease; and invalids feel in themselves a change of weather as decidedly as they perceive its effect upon the weather-glass, the hygrometer, or the strings of a musical instrument. The sense of our weakness in this respect,—of our dependence upon causes over which we have no control, and which in their operation and nature are inexplicable by us, must have a humbling and therefore a beneficial tendency in every mind disposed to goodness. It is in the order of Providence that we should learn from sickness and adversity lessons which health and prosperity never teach.

Some of the old theoretical physicians went far beyond this. Sachs von Lewenheim compared the microcosm of man with the macrocosm in which he exists. "The heart in the one," he said, "is what the ocean is in the other, the blood has its ebbing and flowing like the tide, and as the ocean receives its impulse from the moon and the winds, the brain and the vital spirits act in like manner upon the heart." Baillet has noticed for censure the title of his book in his chapter *Des préjugés des Titres des Livres*; it is *Oceanus Macro-Micro-cosmicus*. Peder Severinsen carrying into his medical studies a fanciful habit of mind which he might better have indulged in his younger days when he was a Professor of Poetry, found in the little world of the human body, antitypes of everything in the great world, its mountains and its valleys, its rivers and its lakes, its minerals and its vegetables, its elements and its spheres. According to him the stars are living creatures, subject to the same diseases as ourselves. Ours indeed

* WORDSWORTH.

† CHURCHILL.

‡ JOHN SMITH.

are derived from them by sympathy, or astral influence, and can be remedied only by those medicines, the application of which is denoted by their apparent qualities, or by the authentic signature of nature.

This fancy concerning the origin of diseases is less intelligible than the mythology of those Rosicrucians who held that they were caused by evil demons rulers of the respective planets, or by the Spirits of the Firmament and the Air. A mythology this may more properly be called than a theory; and it would belong rather to the history of Manicheism than of medicine, were it not that in all ages fanaticism and imposture have, in greater or less degree, connected themselves with the art of healing.

But however dignified, or super-celestial the theoretical causes of disease, its effect is always the same in bringing home, even to the proudest heart, a sense of mortal weakness: whereas the belief which places man in relation with the Stars, and links his petty concerns and fortunes of a day with the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the great chain of events, tends to exalt him in his own conceit. The thriftless man in middle or low life who says, in common phrase, that he was born under a threepenny planet, and therefore shall never be worth a groat, finds some satisfaction in imputing his unprosperity to the Stars, and casting upon them the blame which he ought to take upon himself. In vain did an old Almanack-maker say to such men of the Creator, in a better strain than was often attained by the professors of his craft.

He made the Stars to be an aid unto us,
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to help us do us:
Much less without our fault to ruinate
By doom of irrecoverable Fate.
And if our best endeavours use we will,
These glorious Creatures will be helpful still
In all our honest ways: for they do stand
To help, not hinder us, in God's command,
Who doth not only rule them by his powers
But makes their glory servant unto ours.
Be wise in Him, and if just cause there be
The Sun and Moon shall stand and wait on thee.

On the other hand the lucky adventurer proceeds with superstitious confidence in his Fortune; and the ambitious in many instances have devoted themselves, or been

deceived to their own destruction. It is found accordingly that the professors of astrology generally in their private practice addressed themselves to the cupidity or the vanity of those by whom they were employed. Honest professors there were who framed their schemes faithfully upon their own rules; but the greater number were those who consulted their own advantage only, and these men being well acquainted with human nature in its ordinary character, always took this course.—Their character has changed as little as human nature itself in the course of two thousand years since Ennius expressed his contempt for them, in a passage preserved by Cicero.

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
Non vicanos haruspices, non de circo astrologos,
Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium.
Non enim sunt ii aut scientiâ aut arte divini.
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sibi amitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam.
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam ipsi petunt.
De his divitis sibi deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.*

Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar were each assured by the Chaldæans that he should die in his own house, in prosperity, and in a good old age. Cicero tells us this upon his own knowledge: *Quam multa ego Pompeio, quam multa Crasso, quam multa huic ipsi Cæsari à Chaldæis dicta memini, neminem eorum nisi senectute, nisi domi, nisi cum claritate esse moriturum! ut mihi ermirum videatur, quemquam extare, qui etiam nunc credat iis, quorum prædicta quotidie videat re et eventis refelli.*

And before the age of Ennius, Euripides had in the person of Tiresias shown how surely any such profession, if the professor believed in his own art, must lead to martyrdom, or falsehood. When the blind old Prophet turns away from Creon, he says, in words worthy of Milton's favourite poet,

*Τὰ μὲν παρ' ἡμῶν πάντ' ἔχεις ἄγον, τίκανο,
Πρὸς αἶον ὅστις δ' εὐτύχη χεῖρται τέχνη,
Μάταιος: ἢ μὲν ἔχθρα σημῆσας τύχη,
Πικρὸς καθίστηχ', οἷς ἂν δεινὸς κορυθί,
Ψυδῶ δ' ὑπ' αἶκτου τοῖσι χρομῆσιν λίγων,
Ἄδικα τὰ τὸν θεῶν. Φαῖρον ἀθεώτοις μόνον
Χεῖρ θεσπιῶδῶν, ὅς δίδωκεν οὐδῖνα.*

The sagacity of the poet will be seen by those who are versed in the history of the

Old Testament; and for those who are not versed in it, the sooner they cease to be ignorant in what so nearly concerns them, the better it may be for themselves.

Jeremy Taylor says that he reproves those who practised judicial astrology, and pretended to deliver genethliacal predictions, "not because their reason is against religion, for certainly," said he, "it cannot be; but because they have not reason enough in what they say; they go upon weak principles which they cannot prove; they reduce them to practice by impossible mediums; they argue about things with which they have little conversation. Although the art may be very lawful if the stars were upon the earth, or the men were in heaven, if they had skill in what they profess, and reason in all their pretences, and after all that their principles were certain, and that the stars did really signify future events, and that those events were not overruled by everything in heaven and in earth, by God, and by our own will and wisdom,—yet because here is so little reason and less certainty, and nothing but confidence and illusion, therefore it is that religion permits them not; and it is not the reason in this art that is against religion, but the folly or the knavery of it; and the dangerous and horrid consequents which they feel that run a-whoring after such idols of imagination."

In our days most of those persons who can afford to employ the greater part of their thoughts upon themselves fall at a certain age under the influence either of a physical or a spiritual director, for Protestantism has its *Directeurs* as well as Popery, less to its advantage and as little to its credit. The spiritual professors have the most extensive practice, because they, like their patients, are of all grades, and are employed quite as much among the sound as the sick. The astrologer no longer contests the ascendancy with either. That calling is now followed by none but such low impostors, that they are only heard of when one of them is brought before a magistrate for defrauding some poor cre-

dulous creature in the humblest walks of life. So low has that cunning fallen, which in the seventeenth century introduced its professors into the cabinets of kings, and more powerful ministers. An astrologer was present at the birth of Louis XIV., that he might mark with all possible precision the exact moment of his nativity. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, Catherine de Medici, deep in blood as she was, hesitated about putting to death the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, and the person of whom she took counsel was an astrologer,—had she gone to her Confessor their death would have been certain. Cosmo Ruggieri was an unprincipled adventurer, but on this occasion he made a pious use of his craft, and when the Queen inquired of him what the nativities of these Princes prognosticated, he assured her that he had calculated them with the utmost exactness, and that according to the principles of his art, the State had nothing to apprehend from either of them. He let them know this as soon as he could, and told them that he had given this answer purely from regard for them, not from any result of his schemes, the matter being in its nature undiscoverable by astrology.

The Imperial astrologers in China excused themselves once for a notable failure in their art, with more notable address. The error indeed was harmless, except in its probable consequences to themselves; they had predicted an eclipse, and no eclipse took place. But instead of being abashed at this proof of their incapacity the ready rogues complimented the Emperor, and congratulated him upon so wonderful and auspicious an event. The eclipse, they said, portended evil, and therefore in regard to him the Gods had put it by.

An Asiatic Emperor who calls himself Brother to the Sun and Moon might well believe that his relations would go a little out of their way to oblige him, if the Queen of Navarre could with apparent sincerity declare her belief that special revelations are made to the Great, as one of the privileges of their high estate, and that her

mother, that Catherine de Medici whose name is for ever infamous, was thus miraculously forewarned of every remarkable event that befell her husband and her children, nor was she herself without her share in this privilege, though her character was not more spotless in one point than her mother's in another. *De ces divins advertissemens*, she says, *je ne me veuz estimer digne, toutes-fois pour ne me taire comme ingrante des graces que j'ay receües de Dieu, que je dois et veuz confesser toute ma vie, pour luy en rendre grace, et que chacun le loue aux merveilles des effets de sa puissance, bonté, et miséricorde, qu'il luy a plú faire en moy, j'avoueray n'avoir jamais esté proche de quelques signalez accidens, ou sinistres, ou heureux, que j'en aye eu quelque advertissement ou en songe, ou autrement; et puis bien dire ce vers,*

De mon bien ou mon mal, mon esprit m'est oracle.

CHAPTER CXCVIII.

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

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

LUDOVICO DOLCE.

PETER HOPKINS had believed in astrology when he studied it in early life with his friend Gray; his faith in it had been overthrown by observation and reflection, and the unperceived influence of the opinions of the learned and scientific public; but there was more latent doubt in his incredulity than had ever lurked at the root of his belief.

He was not less skilled in the kindred, though more trivial art of Chiromancy, Palmistry, or Manual Divination, for the divine origin of which a verse in the Book of Job

was adduced as scriptural proof; "He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work." The text appears more chiromantical in the Vulgate: *Qui in manu omnium hominum signa posuit*: Who has placed signs in the hand of all men. The uses of the science were represented to be such, as to justify this opinion of its origination: "For hereby," says Fabian Withers, "thou shalt perceive and see the secret works of Nature, how aptly and necessarily she hath compounded and knit each member with other, giving unto the hand, as unto a table, certain signs and tokens whereby to discern and know the inward motions and affections of the mind and heart, with the inward state of the whole body: as also our inclination and aptness to all our external actions and doings. For what more profitable thing may be supposed or thought, than when a man in himself may foresee and know his proper and fatal accidents, and thereby to embrace and follow that which is good, and to avoid and eschew the evils which are imminent unto him, for the better understanding and knowledge thereof?"

But cautioning his readers against the error of those who perverted their belief in palmistry and astrology, and used it as a refuge or sanctuary for all their evil deeds, "we ought," said he, "to know and understand that the Stars do not provoke or force us to anything, but only make us apt and prone; and being so disposed, allure as it were, and draw us forward to our natural inclination. In the which if we follow the rule of Reason, taking it to be our only guide and governor, they lose all the force, power and effect which they by any means may have in and upon us: contrariwise, if we give ourselves over to follow our own sensuality and natural dispositions, they work even the same effect on us—that they do in brute beasts."

Farther he admonishes all "which should read or take any fruit of his small treatise, to use such moderation in perusing of the same that they do not by and by take in hand to give judgment either of their own, or other men's estates or nativities, without

diligent circumspection and taking heed; weighing and considering how many ways a man may be deceived; as by the providence and discretion of the person on whom he gives judgment, also, the dispensation of God, and our fallible and uncertain speculation." "Wherefore," he continues, "let all men in seeking hereby to foresee their own fortune, take heed that by the promise of good, they be not elate, or high-minded, giving themselves over to otiosity or idleness, and trusting altogether to the Natural Influences; neither yet by any signs or tokens of adversity, to be dejected or cast down, but to take and weigh all things with such equality and moderation, directing their state of life and living to all perfectness and goodness, that they may be ready to embrace and follow all that which is good and profitable; and also not only to eschew and avoid, but to withstand and set at nought all evil and adverse fortune, whensoever it may happen unto them."

Whoever studies the history of opinions, that is, of the aberrations, caprices, and extravagances of the human mind, may find some consolation in reflecting upon the practical morality which has been preached not only by men of the most erroneous faith, but even by fanatics, impostors and hypocrites, as if it were in the order of Providence that there should be no poison which had not also some medicinal virtue. The books of palmistry have been so worn by perusal that one in decent preservation is now among the rarities of literature; and it may be hoped that of the credulous numbers who have pored over them, many have derived more benefit from the wholesome lessons which were thus unexpectedly brought home to them, than they suffered detriment from giving ear to the profession of a fallacious art.

The lesson was so obvious that the Spaniards expressed it in one of their pithy proverbs, *es nuestra alma en nuestra palma*. The thought has been expanded into a sonnet by Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola, a poet whose strains of manly morality have not been exceeded in that language.

*Fabio, pensar que el Padre soberano
En esas rayas de la palma diestra
(Que son arrugas de la piel) te muestra
Los accidentes del discurso humano;
Es beber con el vulgo el error vano
De la ignorancia, su comun maestra.
Bien te confieso, que la suerte nuestra.
Mala, o buena, la puso en nuestra mano.
Di, quién te estorvará el ser Rey, si vives
Sin envidiar la suerte de los Reyes,
Tan contento y pacífico en la tuya,
Que estén ociosas para ti sus leyes;
Y qualquier novedad que el Cielo influya,
Como cosa ordinaria la recibes?*

Fabius to think that God hath interlined
The human hand like some prophetic page,
And in the wrinkles of the palm defined
As in a map, our mortal pilgrimage,
This is to follow, with the multitude,
Error and Ignorance, their common guides,
Yet heaven hath placed, for evil or for good,
Our fate in our own hands, what'er betides,
Being as we make it. Art thou not a king
Thyself my friend, when envying not the lot
Of thrones, ambition hath for thee no sting,
Laws are to thee as they existed not,
And in thy harmless station no event
Can shake the calm of thy assured content.

"Nature," says a Cheirolgist, "was a careful workman in the creation of the human body. She hath set in the hand of man certain signs and tokens of the heart, brain and liver, because in them it is that the life of man chiefly consists, but she hath not done so of the eyes, ears, mouth, hands and feet, because those parts of the body seem rather to be made for a comeliness or beauty, than for any necessity." What he meant to say was that any accident which threatened the three vital parts was betokened in the lines of the palm, but that the same fashioning was not necessary in relation to parts which might be injured without inducing the loss of life. Therefore every man's palm has in it the lines relating to the three noble parts; the more minute lines are only found on subjects of finer texture, and if they originally existed in husbandmen and others whose hands are rendered callous by their employments, they are effaced.

It was only cheirolgically speaking that he disparaged what sailors in their emphatic language so truly call our precious eyes and limbs, not that he estimated them like Tippoo Sultan, who in one of his letters says, that if people persisted in visiting a

certain person who was under his displeasure, "their ears and noses should be dispensed with." This strange tyrant wrote odes in praise of himself, and describes the effect of his just government to be such, that in the security of his protection "the deer of the forest made their pillow of the lion and the tyger, and their mattress of the leopard and the panther."

Tippoo did not consider ears and noses to be superfluities when in that wanton wickedness which seldom fails to accompany the possession of irresponsible power he spoke of dispensing with them. But in one instance arms and legs were regarded as worse than superfluous. Some years ago a man was exhibited who was born without either, and in that condition had found a woman base enough to marry him. Having got some money together, she one day set this wretched creature upon a chimney-piece, from whence he could not move, and went off with another man, stripping him of everything that she could carry away. The first words he uttered, when some one came into the room and took him down, were an imprecation upon those people who had legs and arms, because, he said, they were always in mischief!

The Mahomedans believe that every man's fate is written on his forehead, but that it can be read by those only whose eyes have been opened. The Brahmins say that the sutures of the skull describe in like manner the owner's destined fortune, but neither can this mysterious writing be seen by any one during his life, nor decyphered after his death. Both these notions are mere fancies which afford a foundation for nothing worse than fable. Something more extraordinary has been excogitated by W. Y. Playtes, Lecturer upon the Signs of the light of the Understanding. He announces to mankind that the prints of the nails of the Cross which our Lord showed Thomas are printed in the roots of the nails of the hands and feet of every man that is born into the world, for witnesses, and for leading us to believe in the truth of all the signs, and graven images and pictures that are

seen in the Heavenly Looking Glass of Reflection, in the Sun and the Moon and the Stars. This Theosophist has published a short Prospectus of his intended work entitled the Horn Book for the remembrance of the Signs of Salvation, which Horn Book is (should subscriptions be forthcoming) to be published in one hundred and forty-four numbers, forming twelve octavo volumes of six hundred pages each, with fifty plates, maps and tables, and 365,000 marginal references, — being one thousand for every day in the year. Wonder not, reader, at the extent of this projected work; for, says the author, "the Cow of the Church of Truth giveth abundance of milk, for the Babes of Knowledge." But for palmistry there was a plausible theory which made it applicable to the purposes of fraud.

Among the odd persons with whom Peter Hopkins had become acquainted in the course of his earlier pursuits, was a sincere student of the occult sciences, who, being a more refined and curious artist, whenever he cast the nativity of any one, took an impression from the palm of the hand, as from an engraved plate, or block. He had thus a fac-simile of what he wanted. According to Sir Thomas Browne, the variety in the lines is so great, that there is almost no strict conformity. Bewick in one of his works has in this manner printed his own thumb. There are French deeds of the 15th century which are signed by the imprint of five fingers dipt in ink, underwritten *Ce est la griffe de monseigneur*.*

Hopkins himself did not retain any lurking inclination to believe in this art. You could know without it, he said, whether a person were open-handed, or close-fisted, and this was a more useful knowledge than palmistry could give us. But the Doctor sometimes made use of it to amuse children, and gave them at the same time playful admonition, and wholesome encouragement.

* The Reader, who is curious in such matters, may turn to Ames and Herbert, (Dibdin, il. 380.) for the hands in Holt's *Lac Puerorum*, emprinted at London by Wynkyn de Worde.

CHAPTER CXCIX.

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

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

BALBUENA.

THERE have been great and good horses whose merits have been recorded in history and in immortal song as they well deserved to be. Who has not heard of Bucephalus? of whom Pulteney said that he questioned whether Alexander himself had pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. Statius hath sung of Arion, who when he carried Neptune left the winds panting behind him, and who was the best horse that ever has been heard of for taking the water.

*Sæpe per Ionium Libycumque natantibus ire
Interjunctus equis, omnesque assuetus in oras
Ceruleum d'ferre patrem.*

Tramp, tramp across the land he went,
Splash, splash across the sea.

But he was a dangerous horse in a gig. Hercules found it difficult to hold him in, and Polyneices when he attempted to drive him made almost as bad a figure as the Taylor upon his ever-memorable excursion to Brentford.

The virtues of Caligula's horse, whom that Emperor invited to sup with him, whom he made a Priest, and whom he intended to make Consul, have not been described by those historians who have transmitted to us the account of his extraordinary fortune; and when we consider of what materials, even in our days, both Priests and Senators are sometimes made, we may be allowed to demur at any proposition which might include an admission that dignity is to be considered an unequivocal mark of desert. More certain it is that Borysthenes was a good horse, for the Emperor Adrian erected a monument to his memory, and it was recorded in his epitaph that he used to fly over the plains and marshes and Etrurian hills, hunting Pannonian boars; he appears

by his name to have been, like Nobs, of Tartaric race.

Bavicca was a holy and happy horse, — I borrow the epithets from the Bishop of Chalons's sermon upon the Bells. Gil Diaz deserved to be buried in the same grave with him. And there is an anonymous Horse, of whom honourable mention is made in the Roman Catholic Breviary, for his religious merits, because after a Pope had once ridden him, he never would suffer himself to be unhallowed by carrying a woman on his back. These latter are both Roman Catholic Houyhnhnms, but among the Mahometans also, quadrupedism is not considered an obstacle to a certain kind of canonisation. Seven of the Emperor of Morocco's horses have been Saints, or Marabouts, as the Moors would call it; and some there were who enjoyed that honour in the year 1721 when Windus was at Mequinez. One had been thus distinguished for saving the Emperor's life; "and if a man," says the Traveller, "should kill one of his children, and lay hold of this horse, he is safe. This horse has saved the lives of some of the captives, and is fed with *cuscura* and camel's milk. After the Emperor has drank, and the horse after him, some of his favourites are suffered to drink out of the same bowl." This was probably the horse who had a Christian slave appointed to hold up his tail when he was led abroad, and to carry a vessel and towel, — "for use unmeet to tell."

I have discovered only one Houyhnhnm who was a martyr, excepting those who are sometimes burnt with the rest of the family by Captain Rock's people in Ireland. This was poor Morocco, the learned horse of Queen Elizabeth's days: he and his master Banks, having been in some danger of being put to death at Orleans, were both burnt alive by the Inquisition at Rome, as magicians. — The word martyr is here used in its religious acceptation: for the victims of avarice and barbarity who are destroyed by hard driving and cruel usage are numerous enough to make a frightful account among the sins of this nation.

Fabretti the antiquary had a horse which, when he carried his master on an antiquarian excursion, assisted him in his researches; for this sagacious horse had been so much accustomed to stop where there were ruins, and probably had found so much satisfaction in grazing, or cropping the boughs among them at his pleasure, that he was become a sort of antiquary himself; and sometimes by stopping and as it were pointing like a setter, gave his master notice of some curious and half-hidden objects which he might otherwise have passed by unperceived.

How often has a drunken rider been carried to his own door by a sure-footed beast, sensible enough to understand that his master was in no condition either to guide him, or to take care of himself. How often has a stage coach been brought safely to its inn after the coachman had fallen from the box. Nay, was there not a mare at Ennis races in Ireland (Atalanta was her name) who, having thrown her rider, kept the course with a perfect understanding of what was expected from her, looked back and quickened her speed as the other horses approached her, won the race, trotted a few paces beyond the post, then wheeled round, and came up to the scale as usual? And did not Hurleyburley do the same thing at the Goodwood races?

That Nobs was the best horse in the world I will not affirm. Best is indeed a bold word to whatever it be applied, and yet in the shopkeeper's vocabulary it is at the bottom of his scale of superlatives. A haberdasher in a certain great city is still remembered, whose lowest priced gloves were what he called Best, but then he had five degrees of optimism; Best, Better than Best, Best of all, Better than Best of all, and the Real Best. It may be said of Nobs, then, that he was one of the Real Best: equal to any that Spain could have produced to compare with him, though concerning Spanish horses, the antiquary and historian Morales, (properly and as it were prophetically baptized Ambrosio, because his name ought ever to be in ambrosial odour among his countrymen,) concerning Spanish

horses, I say, that judicious author has said, *la estima que agora se hace en todo el mundo de un caballo Español es la mas solemne cosa que puede haber en animales.*

Neither will I assert that there could not have been a better horse than Nobs, because I remember how Roger Williams tells us, "one of the chiefest Doctors of England was wont to say concerning strawberries, that God could have made a better berry, but he never did." Calling this to mind, I venture to say as that chiefest Doctor might, and we may believe would have said upon the present occasion, that a better horse than Nobs there might have been, — but there never was.

The Duchess of Newcastle tells us that her Lord, than whom no man could be a more competent judge, preferred barbs and Spanish to all others, for barbs, he said, were like gentlemen in their kind, and Spanish horses like Princes. This saying would have pleased the Doctor, as coinciding entirely with his own opinions. He was no believer in equality either among men or beasts; and he used to say, that in a state of nature Nobs would have been the king of his kind.

And why not? If I do not show you sufficient precedents for it call me FIMBUL FAMBIL.

CHAPTER CC.

A CHAPTER OF KINGS.

FIMBUL-FAMBIL *heitr*
Sá er fatt kann segja,
That er ósnótors athal.

Fimbul-fambil (fatusus) vocatur
Qui pauca novit narrare:
Ea est hominis insciti proprietas.

EDDA, *Hava Mál.*

THERE are other monarchies in the inferior world, besides that of the Bees, though they have not been registered by Naturalists, nor studied by them.

For example, the King of the Fleas keeps his court at Tiberias, as Dr. Clarke discovered to his cost, and as Mr. Cripps will testify for him.

The King of the Crocodiles resides in Upper Egypt; he has no tail, but Dr. Southey has made one for him.

The Queen Musele may be found at the Falkland Islands.

The Oysters also have their King according to Pliny. Theirs seems to be a sort of patriarchal monarchy, the King, or peradventure the Queen, Oyster being distinguished by its size and age, perhaps therefore the parent of the bed; for every bed, if Pliny err not, has its sovereign. In Pliny's time the diver made it his first business to catch the royal Oyster, because his or her Majesty being of great age and experience, was also possessed of marvellous sagacity, which was exercised for the safety of the commonweal; but if this were taken the others might be caught without difficulty, just as a swarm of Bees may be secured after the Queen is made prisoner. Seeing, however, that his Oyster Majesty is not to be heard of now at any of the Oyster shops in London, nor known at Colchester or Milton, it may be that liberal opinions have, in the march of intellect, extended to the race of Oysters, that monarchy has been abolished among them, and that republicanism prevails at this day throughout all Oysterdom, or at least in those parts of it which be near the British shores. It has been observed also by a judicious author that no such King of the Oysters has been found in the West Indian Pearl fisheries.

The King of the Bears rules over a territory which is on the way to the desert of Hawaida, and Hatim Tai married his daughter, though the said Hatim was long unwilling to become a Mac Mahon by marriage.

"I was told by the Sheikh Othman and his son, two pious and credible persons," says the traveller Ibn Batista, "that the Monkies have a leader whom they follow as if he were their King (this was in Ceylon). About his head is tied a turban composed of the leaves of trees, (for a crown,) and he reclines upon a staff, (which is his sceptre). At his right and left hand are four Monkies with rods in their hands, (gold sticks,) all

of which stand at his head whenever the leading Monkey (his Majesty) sits. His wives and children are daily brought in on these occasions, and sit down before him; then comes a number of Monkies (his privy council), which sit and form an assembly about him. After this each of them comes with a nut, a lemon or some of the mountain fruit, which he throws down before the leader. He then eats (dining in public, like the King of France,) together with his wives, and children, and the four principal Monkies: they then all disperse. One of the Jogres also told me, that he once saw the four Monkies standing in the presence of the leader, and beating another Monkey with rods; after which they plucked off all his hair."

The Lion is the King of Beasts. Hutchinson, however, opines that Bulls may be ranked in a higher class; for helmets are fortified with their horns, which is a symbol of pre-eminence. Certainly he says, both the Bull and Lion discover the King, but the Bull is a better and more significant representative of a King than the Lion. But neither Bull nor Lion is King of all Beasts, for a certain person whose name being anagrammatised rendereth Johnny the Bear, is notoriously the King of the Bears at this time: even Ursa Major would not dispute his title. And a certain honourable member of the House of Commons would by the tittle of that whole House be voted King of the Bores.

The King of the Codfish frequents the shores of Finmark. He has a sort of chubbed head, rising in the shape of a crown, his forehead is broad, and the lower jaw bone projects a little; in other parts he resembles his subjects, whom he leads and directs in their migrations. The Laplanders believe that the fisherman who takes him will from that time forth be fortunate, especially in fishing; and they show their respect for his Cod-Majesty, when he is taken, by hanging him up whole to dry, instead of cutting off his head as they do to the common fish.

In Japan the Tai, which the Dutch call

Steenbrassem, is the King of Fish, because it is sacred to their sea-god Jebis, and because of its splendid colours, and also, perhaps, because of its exorbitant price, it being so scarce, that for a court entertainment, or on other extraordinary occasions, one is not to be had under a thousand cobangs.

Among the Gangas or Priests of Congo is one whose official title is Mutuin, and who calls himself King of the Water, for by water alone he professes to heal all diseases. At certain times all who need his aid are assembled on the banks of a river. He throws an empty vessel in, repeats some mysterious words, then takes it out full and distributes the water as an universal medicine.

The Herring has been called the King of Fish, because of its excellence, the Herring, as all Dutchmen know, and as all other men ought to know, exceeding every other fish in goodness. Therefore it may have been that the first dish which used to be brought to table in this country on Easter Day, was a Red Herring on horseback, set in a corn sallad.

Others have called the Whale, King of Fish. But Abraham Rees, D.D. and F.R.S. of Cyclopædian celebrity, assures us that the whale, notwithstanding its piscine appearance, and its residence in the waters, has no claim to a place among fishes. Uncle Toby would have whistled Lillabullero at being told that the Whale was not a fish. The said Abraham Rees, however, of the double Dees, who is, as the advertisement on the cover of his own Cyclopædia informs us, "of acknowledged learning and industry, and of unquestionable experience in this (the Cyclopædian) department of literary labour," candidly admits that the Ancients may surely be excused for thinking Whales were fish. But how can Abraham Rees be excused for denying the Whale's claim to a place among the inhabitants of the Great Deep,—which was appointed for him at the Creation?

But the Great Fish, who is undoubtedly the King of Fish, and of all creatures that exist in the sea, Whales, Mermen-and-Maids

included, is the fish Arez, which Ormuzd created, and placed in the water that surrounds Hom, the King of Trees, to protect that sacred arboreal Majesty against the Great Toad sent there by Ahriman to destroy it.

It is related in the same archives of cosmogony that the King of the Goats is a White Goat, who carries his head in a melancholy and cogitabund position, regarding the ground,—weighed down perhaps by the cares of royalty; that the King of the Sheep has his left ear white,—from whence it may appear that the Royal Mutton is a black sheep, which the Royal Ram of the Fairy Tales is not: that the King of the Camels has two white ears: and that the King of the Bulls is neither Apis, nor John Bull, but a Black Bull with yellow ears. According to the same archives, a White Horse with yellow ears and full eyes is King of the Horses;—doubtless the Mythological Horse King would acknowledge Nobs for his Vicegerent. The Ass King is also white: his Asinine Majesty has no Vicegerent. The number of competitors being so great that he has appointed a regency.

The King of Dogs is yellow. The King of Hares red.

There are Kings among the Otters in the Highland waters, and also among their relations the Sea Otters. The royal Otter is larger than his subjects, and has a white spot upon the breast. He shuns observation, which it is sometimes provident for Kings to do, especially under such circumstances as his, for his skin is in great request, among soldiers and sailors; it is supposed to ensure victory, to secure the wearer from being wounded, to be a prophylactic in times of contagious sickness, and a preservative in shipwreck. But it is not easy to find an Otter King, and when found there is danger in the act of regicide, for he bears a charmed life. The moment in which he is killed proves fatal to some other creature, either man or beast, whose mortal existence is mysteriously linked with his. The nature of the Otter monarchy has not been described: it is evident, however, that his

ministers have no loaves to dispose of, — but then they have plenty of fishes.

The Ant, who, when Solomon entered the Valley of Ants with his armies of Genii and men and birds, spoke to the nation of Ants, saying, "O Ants, enter ye not your habitations, lest Solomon and his host tread you under foot, and perceive it not," — that wise pismire is said by certain commentators upon the Koran to have been the Queen of the Ants.

Men have held the Eagle to be the King of Birds; but, notwithstanding the authority of Horace, the Gods know otherwise, for they appointed the Tchamrosch to that dignity, at the beginning. Some writers indeed would have the Eagle to be Queen, upon the extraordinary ground that all Eagles are hens; though in what manner the species is perpetuated these persons have not attempted to show.

The Carrion Crows of Guiana have their King, who is a White Crow (*rara avis in terris*) and has wings tipped with black. When a flight of these birds arrive at the prey which they have scented from afar, however ravenous they may be, they keep at a respectful distance from the banquet, till his Carrion Majesty has satisfied himself. But there is another Bird, in South America, whom all the Birds of prey of every species acknowledge for their natural sovereign, and carry food to him in his nest, as their tribute.

The King of the Elks is so huge an elk that other elks look like pismires beside him. His legs are so long, and his strength withal such, that when the snow lies eight feet deep it does not in the least impede his pace. He has an arm growing out of his shoulder, and a large suite who attend upon him wherever he goes, and render him all the service he requires.

I have never heard anything concerning the King of the Crickets except in a rodomontade of Matthew Merrygrees, who, said Ralph Roister Doister,

 Bet him on Christmas day

That he crept in a hole, and had not a word to say.

Among the many images of Baal, one was

the form or representation of a Fly, and hence, says Master Perkins, he is called Baalzebub the Lord of Flies, because he was thought to be the chiefest Fly in the world. That is he was held to be the King of the Flies. I wish the King of the Spiders would catch him.

The King of the Peacocks may be read of in the Fairy Tales. The Japanese name for a crane is Tsuri, and the common people in that country always give that bird the same title which is given to their first secular Emperor, Tsuri-sama — my great Lord Crane.

The Basilisk, or crowned Cockatrice, who is the chief of a Cock's egg, is accounted the King of Serpents. And as it has been said that there is no Cock Eagle, so upon more probable cause it is affirmed that there is no female Basilisk, that is no Henatrice, the Cock laying only male eggs. But the most venomous of this kind is only an earthly and mortal vicegerent, for the true King of Serpents is named Sanc-ha-naga, and formerly held his court in Chacragiri, a mountain in the remote parts of the East, where he and his serpentine subjects were oppressed by the Rational Eagle Garuda. In the spirit of an imperial Eagle, Garuda required from them a serpent every day for his dinner, which was regarded by the serpents as a most unpleasant tribute, especially by such as were full grown and in good condition; for the Rational Eagle being large and strong enough to carry Vishnu on his back, expected always a good substantial snake sufficient for a meal. Sanc-ha-naga, like a Patriot King, endeavoured to deliver his liege subjects from this consuming tyranny; the attempt drew upon him the wrath of Garuda, which would soon have been followed by his vengeance, and the King of Serpents must have been devoured himself, if he and all the snakes had not retired, as fast as they could wriggle, to Sanc-ha-vana, in Sanc-ha-dwip, which is between Cali and the Sea; there they found an asylum near the palace of Carticeya, son of the mountain goddess Parvats, and Commander of the Celestial Armies. Carticeya is more powerful than Garuda, and therefore the divine

Eagle is too rational to invade them while they are under his protection. It would have been more fortunate for the world if the King of Serpents had not found any one to protect him; for whatever his merits may be towards his subjects, he is a most pestilent Potentate, the breath of his nostrils is a fiery wind which destroys and consumes all creatures and all herbs within an hundred *yojanas* of his abode, and which, in fact, is the Simoom, so fatal to those who travel in the deserts. The sage Agastya for a time put a stop to this evil, for he, by the virtue of his self-inflection, obtained such power, that he caught Sanc-ha-naga, and carried him about in an earthen vessel. That vessel, however, must have been broken in some unhappy hour, for the fiery and poisonous wind is now as frequent as ever in the deserts.

The Hindoos say that whoever performs yearly and daily rites in honour of the King of the Serpents will acquire immense riches. *This* King of the Serpents, I say, to wit Sanc'-ha-naga, — (or Sanc' ha-mucha, as he is also called from the shape of his mouth resembling that of a shell),—because there is another King of the Serpents, Karkotaka by name, whom the sage Narada for deceiving him punished once by casting him into a great fire, and confining him there by a curse till he was delivered in the manner which the reader may find related in the 14th book of Nela and Damarante, as translated by Mr. Milman from the Sanscrit.

The Locusts according to Agur in the Book of Proverbs have no King, although they go forth all of them by bands. Perhaps their form of government has changed, for the Moors of Morocco inform us that they have a sovereign, who leads forth their innumerable armies; and as his nation belongs to the Mahometan world, his title is Sultan Jereed.

The Rose is the Queen of the Garden :

*Plebei cedit flores;
Hortorum regina suos ostendit honores.**

Bampfield Moore Carew was King of the

Beggars; and James Bosvill was King of the Gypsies. He lies buried in Rossington Churchyard, near Doncaster, and for many years the gypsies from the south visited his grave annually, and among other rites poured a flagon of ale upon it.

There was a personage at Oxford who bore in that University the distinguished title of Rex Rafforum. After taking his degree he exchanged it for that of the Reverend.

The *Scurra*,—(we have no word in our language which designates men who profess and delight in indulging an ill-mannered and worse-minded buffoonery,)—the *Scurra* also have their King. He bears a Baron's coronet.

The throne of the Dandies has been vacant since the resignation of the personage dignified and distinguished by the title of Beau Brummel.

By an advertisement in the Times of Friday, June 18. 1830, I learn that the beautiful and stupendous Bradwell Ox is at present the "truly wonderful King of the Pastures," the said King Ox measuring fourteen feet in girth, and sixteen feet in length, being eighteen hands high, and five years and a half old, and weighing four thousand five hundred pounds, or more than five hundred and sixty stone, which is nearly double the size of large oxen in general.

Under the Twelve Cæsars (and probably it might deserve the title long after them), the Via Appia was called the Queen of Roads. That from Hyde Park Corner is *Regina viarum* in the 19th century.

Easter Sunday has been called the King of Days, though Christmas Day might dispute the sovereignty, being in Greek the Queen day of the Kalendar. 'H βασιλίσσα ἡμέρα Justin Martyr calls it.

Who is King of the Booksellers? There is no King among them at this time, but there is a Directory of five Members, Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown and Green in the East: the Emperor Murrayemagne, whom Byron used to call the Grand Murray, reigned alone in the West, till Henry Colburn divided his empire, and supported the sta-

tion which he had assumed by an army of trumpeters which he keeps in constant pay.

If the Books had a King that monarchy must needs be an elective one, and the reader of these volumes knows where the election would fall. But literature being a Republic, this cannot be the King of Books. Suffice it that it is a BOOK FOR A KING, or, for our SOVEREIGN LADY THE QUEEN.

INTERCHAPTER XXI.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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

The Public, will, I very well know, make free with me *more suo*, as it thinks it has a right to do with any one who comes before it with anything designed for its service, whether it be for its amusement, its use, or its instruction. Now, my Public, I will *more meo* make free with you—that we may be so far upon equal terms :

Οὐδὲν δεῖ παραμυθίζην λόγους.*

You have seldom or never had the truth spoken to you when you have been directly addressed. You have been called the enlightened Public, the generous Public, the judicious Public, the liberal Public, the discerning Public, and so forth. Nay your bare title THE PUBLIC oftentimes stands alone *par excellence* in its plain majesty like that of the king, as if needing no affix to denote its inherent and pre-eminent importance. But I will speak truth to you, my Public.

Be not deceived ! I have no bended knees,
No supple tongue, no speeches steep'd in oil,
No candied flattery, nor honied words ! †

I must speak the truth to you, my Public,

Sincera veritas non vult taceri. ‡

Where your enlightenedness (if there be such a word) consists, and your generosity, and your judgment, and your liberality, and

your discernment, and your majesty to boot, — to express myself as Whitfield or Rowland Hill would have done in such a case (for they knew the force of language) — I must say, it would puzzle the Devil to tell. *Il faut librement avec verité francher ce mot, sans en estre repris ; ou si l'on est, c'est très-mal à propos.* §

I will tell you what you are ; you are a great, ugly, many-headed beast, with a great many ears which are long, hairy, ticklish, moveable, erect, and never at rest.

Look at your picture in Southey's Hexameters, — that poem in which his laureated Doctorship writes verses by the yard instead of the foot, — he describes you as “many-headed and monstrous,”

with numberless faces,
Numberless bestial ears, erect to all rumours, and restless,
And with numberless mouths which are fill'd with lies as
with arrows.

Look at that Picture, my Public ! — It is very like you !

For individual readers I profess just as much respect as they individually deserve. There are a few persons in every generation for whose approbation, — rather let it be said for whose gratitude and love, — it is worth while “to live laborious days,” and for these readers of this generation and the generations that are to follow, — for these

Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their understanding parts ; —
For these I'll prodigally spend myself,
And speak away my spirit into air ;
For these I'll melt my brain into invention,
Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polished jewels in their bounteous ears. ||

Such readers, they who to their learning add knowledge, and to their knowledge wisdom, and to their wisdom benevolence, will say to me,

Ὁ καλὸν λίγαν, πολλὸ δ' ἄμεινον ἔστι τῶν λόγων
ἐγασσάμεν', εἴθ' ἐπίλ-
θοις ἀπαντὰ μαι σφῶς'
ὡς ἐγὼ μαι δοκῶ
πάν μακρὰν ὄσον διελθεῖν ὡστ' ἀποῦσαι.
πεῖς τὰδ' ὦ βέλτιστε θεοβήσας λίγ', ὡς ἄ-
παντες ἡδόμισθ' αἰ σοι. ¶

But such readers are very few. Walter Landor said that if ten such persons should

* EURIPIDES.

† RANDOLPH'S ARISTIPPUS.

‡ CHIABRERA.

§ BRANTOME.

|| BEN JONSON.

¶ ARISTOPHANES.

approve his writings, he would call for a division and count a majority. To please them is to obtain an earnest of enduring fame; for which, if it be worth anything, no price can be too great. But for the aggregate anything is good enough. Yes, my Public, Mr. Hume's arithmetic, and Mr. Brougham's logic, Lord Castlereagh's syntax, Mr. Irving's religion, and Mr. Carlisle's irreligion, the politics of the Edinburgh Review, and the criticism of the Quarterly, Thames water, Brewers' beer, Spanish loans, old jokes, new constitutions, Irish eloquence, Scotch metaphysics, Tom and Jerry, Zimmerman on Solitude, Chancery Equity and Old Bailey Law, Parliamentary wit, the patriotism of a Whig Borough-monger, and the consistency of a British cabinet; *Et s'il y a encore quelque chose à dire, je le tiens pour dit.* —

Yes, my Public,

Nor would I you should look for other looks,
Gesture, or compliment from me. *

Minus dico quam vellem, et verba omnino frigidiora hæc quam ut satis expriment quod concipio †: these and anything worse than these, — if worse than what is worse can be imagined, will do for you. If there be anything in infinite possibility more worthless than these, more floccical-naucal, nihilish-pilish, assisal-teruncial, more good for nothing than good for nothingness itself, it is good enough for you.

INTERCHAPTER XXII.

VARIETY OF STILES.

Qualis vir, talis oratio.

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.

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 representatur, ac vel intima pectoris, arcanis quibusdam vestigiis, deprehenduntur.

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; 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 lumi-

* BEN JONSON.

† PICUS MIRANDULA.

nous 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 atrabilious, 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, ἄντιπρῶτον, ὡςπερ ἄλλός τις ἢ ἴστω ἀγαθὸν ἢ κακὸν ἢ ἀρετὴν ἤδικται, οὕτω καὶ ἐπι μᾶλλον ἤδομαι τοῖς φίλοις ἀγαθοῖς καὶ, ἴαν τι σχῶ ἀγαθὸν διδάσκειν, καὶ ἄλλοις σύνοισται, παρ' ὧν ἂν ἠρώμαι ἀρετήσισθαι τι αὐτοῦ εἰς ἀρετὴν καὶ τοὺς θνητοὺς τῶν πάλαι σοφῶν ἀνδρῶν, οὓς ἐνείνοι κατέλιπον ἐν βιβλίῳ γράψαντες, ἀνετίττον κοινῆ σὺν τοῖς φίλοις διερχομαι καὶ ἂν τι ἐρωτῶμεν ἀγαθόν, ἐκλογόμεθα, καὶ μίαν νομίζομεν κίεδος, ἰὰν ἀλλήλοις ἀρίστῳ γινώμεθα.

INTERCHAPTER XXIII.

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

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

BEN JONSON.

I WILL now bestow a little advice upon the scornful reader.

"And who the Devil are you," exclaims that reader, "who are impertinent enough to offer your advice, and fool enough to suppose that I shall listen to it?"

"Whatever your opinion may be, Sir, concerning an Evil Principle, whether you hold

with the thorough-paced Liberals, that there is no Principle at all, (and in one sense, exemplify this in your own conduct,) or with the Unitarians that there is no Evil one; or whether you incline to the Manichean scheme of Two Principles, which is said to have its advocates,—in either case the diabolical expletive in your speech is alike reprehensible: you deserve a reprimand for it; and you are hereby reprimanded accordingly.—Having discharged this duty, I answer your question in the words of Terence, with which I doubt not you are acquainted, because they are to be found in the Eton grammar: *Homo sum, nihil humani à me alienum puto.*"

"And what the Devil have the words of Terence to do with my query?"

"You are again reprimanded, Sir. If it be a bad thing to have the Devil at one's elbow, it cannot be a good one to have him at one's tongue's end. The sentence is sufficiently applicable. It is a humane thing to offer advice where it is wanted, and a very humane thing to write and publish a book which is intended to be either useful or delightful to those who read it."

"A humane thing to write a book!—Martin of Galway's humanity is not a better joke than that!"

"Martin of Galway's humanity is no joke, Sir. He has begun a good work, and will be remembered for it with that honour which is due to all who have endeavoured to lessen the sum of suffering and wickedness in this wicked world."

"Answer me one question, Mr. Author, if you please. If your book is intended to be either useful or delightful, why have you filled it with such a parcel of nonsense?"

"What you are pleased to call by that name, Mr. Reader, may be either sense or nonsense according to the understanding which it meets with. *Quicquid recipitur, recipitur in modum recipientis.* Look in the seventh Chapter of the second book of Esdras, and at the twenty-fifth verse you will find the solution of your demand."

"And do you suppose I shall take the trouble of looking into the Bible to please the humour of such a fellow as you?"

“If you do not, Sir, there are others who will; and more good may arise from looking into that book,—even upon such an occasion,—than either they or I can anticipate.”

And so, scornful reader, wishing thee a better mind, and an enlightened understanding, I bid thee gladly and heartily farewell!

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.*

INVENIAS ETIAM DISJECTI MEMBRA POETÆ.

THE present Volume contains all that it is thought advisable to publish of the Papers and Fragments for THE DOCTOR, &c. Some of these Papers, as in the former Volume, were written out fair and ready for Publication—but the order, and the arrangement intended is altogether unknown.

I have taken care to examine the different extracts,—and occasionally I have added a note or an explanation, where such seemed to be needed. The whole has been printed

with scrupulous exactness from the MSS. The Epilude of Mottoes is a selection from such as had not been used in the body of the work. Some of them may possibly have been quoted before—but if so, it has escaped my recollection.—

*Mihi dulces
Ignoscent, si quid peccâro stultus, amici,
Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter.*

JOHN WOOD WARTER.

*Vicarage, West-Tarring, Sussex.
Sept. 14th, 1847.*

CHAPTER CCI.

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

*Perseveremus, peractis quæ rem continebant, scrutari
etiam ea quæ, si vis verum, conneza sunt, non coherentia;
quæ quisquis diligenter inspicit, nec facit opera prætium,
nec tamen perdit operam.* SENECA.

For what use were our tongues given us? “To speak with, to be sure,” will be the immediate reply of many a reader. But Master, Mistress, Miss or Master Speaker, (whichever you may happen to be,) I beg leave to observe that this is only one of the uses for which that member was formed, and that for this alone it has deserved to be called an unruly member; it is not its primary, nor by any means its most important use. For what use was it given to

thy labourer the ox, thy servant the horse, thy friend,—if thou deservest to have such a friend,—the dog,—thy playfellow the kitten,—and thy cousin the monkey? †

In another place I shall answer my own question, which was asked in this place, because it is for my present purpose to make it appear that the tongue, although a very convenient instrument of speech, is not necessary for it.

It is related in Gibbon's great history, a work which can never be too highly praised for its ability, nor too severely condemned for the false philosophy which pervades it, that the Catholics, inhabitants of Tipasa, a maritime colony of Mauritania, were by command of the Arian King, Hunneric, Genseric's detestable son and successor, assembled on the forum, and there deprived of their right hands and their tongues. “But the holy confessors,” he proceeds to say, “continued to speak without tongues;

* This refers to Vol. vii. of the edition in 8vo.

† Simia quam simillis, turpissima bestia notis.

ENNUS.

and this miracle is attested by Victor, an African bishop, who published an history of the persecution within two years after the event. 'If any one,' says Victor, 'should doubt of the truth, let him repair to Constantinople, and listen to the clear and perfect language of Restitutus, the sub-deacon, one of these glorious sufferers, who is now lodged in the palace of the Emperor Zeno, and is respected by the devout Empress.' At Constantinople we are astonished to find a cool, a learned, an unexceptionable witness, without interest and without passion.

Æneas of Gaza, a Platonic philosopher, has accurately described his own observations on these African sufferers. 'I saw them myself: I heard them speak: I diligently inquired by what means such an articulate voice could be formed without any organ of speech: I used my eyes to examine the report of my ears: I opened their mouth, and saw that the whole tongue had been completely torn away by the roots; an operation which the physicians generally suppose to be mortal.' The testimony of Æneas of Gaza might be confirmed by the superfluous evidence of the Emperor Justinian, in a perpetual edict; of Count Marcellinus in his Chronicles of the times; and of Pope Gregory the First, who had resided at Constantinople as the minister of the Roman Pontiff. They all lived within the compass of a century, and they all appeal to their personal knowledge, or the public notoriety, for the truth of a miracle, which was repeated in several instances, displayed on the greatest theatre of the world, and submitted during a series of years, to the calm examination of the senses." He adds in a note that "the miracle is enhanced by the singular instance of a boy who had *never* spoken before his tongue was cut out."

Now comes the unbelieving historian's comment. He says, "this supernatural gift of the African confessors, who spoke without tongues, will command the assent of those, and of those only, who already believe, that their language was pure and orthodox. But the stubborn mind of an infidel is

guarded by secret, incurable suspicion; and the Arian, or Socinian, who has seriously rejected the doctrines of the Trinity, will not be shaken by the most plausible evidence of an Athanasian miracle."

Well has the sceptical historian applied the epithet stubborn to a mind affected with the same disease as his own.

Oh dear unbelief
How wealthy dost thou make thy owner's wit!
Thou train of knowledge, what a privilege
Thou givest to thy possessor! anchorest him
From floating with the tide of vulgar faith,
From being damn'd with multitudes! *

Gibbon would not believe the story because it had been adduced as a miracle in confirmation of the Catholic doctrine as opposed to the Arian heresy. He might probably have questioned the relation between the alleged miracle and the doctrine: and if he had argued that it is not consistent with the plan of revelation (so far as we may presume to reason upon it) for a miracle to be wrought in proof of a doctrinal point, a Christian who believes sincerely in that very doctrine might agree with him.

But the circumstances are attested, as he fairly admits, by the most ample and unexceptionable testimony; and like the Platonic philosopher whose evidence he quotes, he ought to have considered the matter of fact, without regard to the application which the Catholics, in perfect good faith, made of it. The story is true, but it is not miraculous.

Cases which demonstrate the latter part of this question were known to physiologists before a book was published at Paris in the year 1765, the title of which I find in Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, thus translated; "The Christian Religion proved by a single fact; or a Dissertation in which is shown that those Catholics whose tongues Hunneric King of the Vandals cut out, spoke miraculously all the remainder of their days: from whence is deduced the consequence of the miracle against the Arians, the Socinians and the Deists, and particularly against the author of *Emilius*,

by solving their difficulties." It bears this motto, *Ecce Ego admirationem facio populo huic, miraculo grandi et stupendo*. And Mr. D'Israeli closes his notice of the Book by saying "there needs no farther account of it than the title." That gentleman, who has contributed so much to the instruction and entertainment of his contemporaries, will I am sure be pleased at perusing the facts in disproof of the alleged miracle, brought together here by one who as a Christian believes in miracles and that they have not ceased, and that they never will cease.

In the Philosophical Transactions, and in the Gentleman's Magazine, is an account of a woman, Margaret Cutting by name, who about the middle of the last century was living at Wickham Market in Suffolk. When she was four years of age "a cancer ate off her tongue at the root, yet she never lost the power of speech, and could both read distinctly afterwards and sing." Her speech was very intelligible, but it was a little through the nose owing to the want of the uvula; and her voice was low. In this case a new tongue had been formed, about an inch and half in length and half an inch broad; but this did not grow till some years after the cure.

Upon the publication of this case it was observed that some few instances of a like nature had been recorded; and one in particular by Tulpius of a man whom he had himself examined, who, having had his tongue cut out by the Turks, could after three years speak distinctly. One of the persons who published an account of this woman saw several men upon whom the same act of cruelty had been committed by these barbarians or by the Algerines: "one of them," says he, "aged thirty-three, wrote a good hand, and by that means answered my questions. He informed me that he could not pronounce a syllable, nor make any articulate sound; though he had often observed that those who suffered that treatment when they were very young, were some years after able to speak; and that their tongues might be observed to grow in proportion to the other parts of the

body: but that if they were adults, or full-grown persons, at the time of the operation, they were never able to utter a syllable. The truth of this observation was confirmed to me by the two following cases. Patrick Strainer and his son-in-law came to Harwich, in their way to Holland, the third of this month. I made it my business to see and examine them. The father told me he had his tongue cut out by the Algerines, when he was seven years of age: and that some time after he was able to pronounce many syllables, and can now speak most words tolerably well; his tongue, he said, was grown at least half an inch. The son-in-law, who is about thirty years of age, was taken by the Turks, who cut out his tongue; he cannot pronounce a syllable; nor is his tongue grown at all since the operation; which was more than five years ago."

Sir John Malcolm, in one of his visits to Persia, became acquainted with Zâl Khan of Khist, who "was long distinguished as one of the bravest and most attached followers of the Zend family. When the death of Looft Ali Khan terminated its powers, he, along with the other governors of provinces and districts in Furs, submitted to Aza Mahomed Khan. That cautious and cruel monarch, dreading the ability, and doubtful of the allegiance of this chief, ordered his eyes to be put out. An appeal for the recall of the sentence being treated with disdain, Zâl Khan loaded the tyrant with curses. 'Cut out his tongue,' was the second order. The mandate was imperfectly executed, and the loss of half this member deprived him of speech. Being afterwards persuaded that its being cut close to the root would enable him to speak so as to be understood, he submitted to the operation; and the effect has been, that his voice, though indistinct and thick, is yet intelligible to persons accustomed to converse with him. This I experienced from daily intercourse. He often spoke to me of his sufferings and of the humanity of the present King, who had restored him to his situation as head of his tribe, and governor of Khist. — I am not an anatomist," Sir John adds,

"and cannot therefore give a reason why a man, who could not articulate with half a tongue, should speak when he had none at all. But the facts are as stated; and I had them from the very best authority, old Zâl Khan himself." *

A case occurred in the household of that Dr. Mark Duncan whom our James I. would have engaged as his Physician in ordinary, but Duncan having married at Saumur and settled in that city declined the invitation, because his wife was unwilling to leave her friends and relations and her native place. Yielding therefore, as became him, to her natural and reasonable reluctance, he passed the remainder of his useful and honourable life at Saumur. It is noticed as a remarkable circumstance that the five persons of whom his family consisted died and were interred in as many different kingdoms, one in France, another at Naples, a third at Stockholm, a fourth in London, and the fifth in Ireland. A son of Duncan's valet, in his thirteenth year, lost his tongue by the effects of the small-pox, the root being so consumed by this dreadful disease, that in a fit of coughing it came away. The boy's speech was no otherwise affected by the loss than that he found it difficult to pronounce the letter r. He was exhibited throughout Europe, and lived long afterwards. A surgeon at Saumur composed a treatise upon the case, and Duncan, who was then Principal of the College in that city, supplied him with this title for it Aglosso-

* This account of Zâl Khan (Mrs. Southey writes me word) was farther confirmed by the testimony of Mr. Bruce, her relative, who knew him and had looked into the tongue-less mouth. Mr. Bruce was well acquainted with another person who had undergone the same cruel punishment. Being a wealthy man, he bribed the executioner to spare a considerable portion of the tongue; but finding that he could not articulate a word with the imperfect member, he had it entirely extracted—root and all, and then spoke almost as intelligibly as before his punishment.

This person was well known at Calcutta, as well as at Bushire and Shiraz—where Mr. Bruce first became acquainted with him. He was a man of some consequence and received as such in the first circles at Calcutta, and it was in one of those—a dinner party—that on the question being warmly argued—as to the possibility of articulation after the extraction of the tongue, he opened his mouth and desired the company assembled to look into it, and so set their doubts on the matter for ever at rest.

stomographie. A rival physician published a dissertation to prove that it ought to be Aglossostomatographie, and he placed these verses at the conclusion of this odd treatise.

*Lecteur, tu l'esmerveilleras
Qu'un garçon qui n'a point de langue,
Prononce bien une harangue;
Mais bien plus tu l'estonneras
Qu'un barbier que ne sçait pas lire
Le grec, se mesle d'en écrire.
Que si ce plaisant épigramme,
Doux fruit d'un penser de mon âme
Te semble n'aller pas tant mal,
C'est que je l'ai fait à cheval.*

Quelques gens malins changèrent le dernier vers dans les exemplaires qu'ils purent trouver, et y mirent — C'est que je l'ai fait en cheval.

The reader who thinks upon what he reads, will find some materials for thinking on, in what has here been collected for him. First as to the physical facts:—they show that the power of reproduction exists in the human body, in a greater degree than has been commonly supposed. But it is probable that this power would be found only in young subjects, or in adults whose constitutions were unusually healthful and vigorous. A very small proportion of the snails which have been decapitated by experimental physiologists have reproduced their heads; though the fact of such reproduction is certainly established.

Rhazes records two cases which had fallen under his own observation; in one of which the tibia, in the other the under-jaw, had been reproduced; neither acquired the consistency of the other bones. The Doctor used to adduce these cases in support of a favourite theory of his own, with which the reader will in due time be made acquainted.

Secondly, there is a moral inference to be drawn from the effect which the story produced upon Gibbon. He could not invalidate, or dispute the testimony upon which it came before him; but he chose to disbelieve it. For he was ignorant that the facts might be physically true, and he would not on any evidence give credit to what appeared miraculous. A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom, or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness.

CHAPTER CCII.

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

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

IF the laws of our great Alfred, whose memory is held in such veneration by all who are well acquainted with his history, and his extraordinary virtues, and whose name has been so often taken in vain by speculative reformers who were ignorant of the one, and incapable of estimating the other; — if the laws of Alfred, I say, had continued in use, everything relating to the reproduction of human tongues would long before this time have been thoroughly understood; for by those laws any one who broached a public falsehood, and persisted in it, was to have his tongue cut out; and this punishment might not be commuted for any smaller fine than that at which the life of the criminal would have been rated.

The words of the law are these :

DE RUMORIBUS FICTITIS.

Si quis publicum mendacium confingat, et ille in eo firmetur, nullâ levi re hoc emendet, sed lingua ei excidatur; nec minori precio redimi liceat, quam juxta capitis æstimationem censebatur.

What a wholesome effect might such a law have produced upon orators at public meetings, upon the periodical press, and upon the debates in Parliament.

"I am charmed," says Lady M. W. Montague, "with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows!): they are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their

eyebrows, were this law in practice with us!"

But who can expect that human laws should correct that propensity in the wicked tongue! They who have "the poison of asps under their lips," and "which have said with our tongues will we prevail; we are they that ought to speak: who is lord over us?" — they who "love to speak all words that may do hurt, and who cut with lies like a sharp razor" — what would they care for enactments which they would think either to evade by their subtlety, or to defy in the confidence of their numbers and their strength? Is it to be expected that those men should regard the laws of their country, who set at nought the denunciations of scripture, and will not "keep their tongues from evil, and their lips that they speak no guile," though they have been told that it is "he who hath used no deceit in his tongue and hath not slandered his neighbour, who shall dwell in the tabernacle of the Lord, and rest upon his holy hill!"

Leave we them to their reward, which is as certain as that men shall be judged according to their deeds. Our business is with the follies of the unruly member, not with its sins: with loquacious speakers and verbose writers, those whose "tongues are gentlemen-ushers to their wit, and still go before it,"* who never having studied the *exponibilia*, practise the art of battology by intuition; and in a discourse which might make the woeful hearer begin to fear that he had entered unawares upon eternity, bring forth, "as a man would say in a word of two syllables, nothing."* The West Britons had in their own Cornish language this good proverbial rhyme, (the — graphy whereof, be it ortho or not is Mr. Polwhele's),

*An lavar goth ewe lavar gwir,
Ne vedn nevera doaz vas a tavaz re hir.*

The old saying is a true saying,
Never will come good from a tongue too long.

Oh it is a grievous thing to listen, or seem to listen as one is constrained to do, some-

* BEN JONSON.

times by the courtesy of society, and sometimes by "the law of sermon," to an unmerciful manufacturer of speech, who before he ever arrives at the empty matter of his discourse,

*no puede — decir — de decir
— antes, — siguiente
quatro, o cinco mil palabras! **

Vossius mentions three authors, who, to use Bayle's language, — for in Bayle the extract is found, *enfermaient de grands riens dans une grande multitude de paroles*. Anaximenes the orator was one; when he was about to speak, Theocritus of Chios said, "here begins a river of words and a drop of sense," — *Ἀρχεται λέξεων μὴν ποταμὸς, νοῦ δὲ σταλαγμός*. Longolius, an orator of the Lower Empire, was the second. The third was Faustus Andrelinus, Professor of Poetry at Paris, and *Poeta Laureatus*: of him Erasmus *dicatur dixisse*, — is said to have said, — that there was but one thing wanting in all his poems, and that thing was comprised in one word of one syllable, ΝΟΤΩΣ.

It were better to be remembered as Bayle has remembered Petrus Carmilianus, because of the profound obscurity in which this pitiful poet was buried, than thus to be thought worthy of remembrance only for having produced a great deal that deserved to be forgotten. There is, or was, an officer of the Exchequer called Clericus Nihilorum, or Clerk of the Nihilis. If there were a High Court of Literature with such an officer on its establishment, it would be no sinecure office for him in these, or in any days, to register the names of those authors who have written to no purpose, and the titles of those books from which nothing is to be learned.

On ne vid jamais, says the Sieur de Brocourt, *homme qui ne die plustost trop, que moins qu'il ne doit; et jamais parole proferée ne servit tant, comme plusieurs teüs ont profité; car tousjours pouvons-nous bien dire ce qu'avons teu, et non pas taire ce qu'avons publié*. The latter part of this remark is true; the former is far too general. For

more harm is done in public life by the reticence of well-informed men, than by the loquacity of sciolists; more by the timidity and caution of those who desire at heart the good of their country, than by the audacity of those who labour to overthrow its constitutions. It was said in the days of old, that "a man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth." *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* †

Even in literature a leafy style, if there be any fruit under the foliage, is preferable to a knotty one, however fine the grain. Whipt cream is a good thing; and better still when it covers and adorns that amiable combination of sweetmeats and ratafia cakes soaked in wine, to which Cowper likened his delightful poem, when he thus described the "Task." "It is a medley of many things, some that may be useful, and some that, for aught I know, may be very diverting. I am merry that I may decoy people into my company, and grave that they may be the better for it. Now and then I put on the garb of a philosopher, and take the opportunity that disguise procures me, to drop a word in favour of religion. In short, there is some froth, and here and there a bit of sweetmeat, which seems to entitle it justly to the name of a certain dish the ladies call a Trifle." But in Task or Trifle unless the ingredients were good, the whole were nought. They who should present to their deceived guests whipt white of egg would deserve to be whipt themselves.

If there be any one who begins to suspect that in tasking myself, and trifling with my reader, my intent is not unlike Cowper's, he will allow me to say to him, "by your leave, Master Critic, you must give me licence to flourish my phrases, to embellish my lines, to adorn my oratory, to embroider my speeches, to interlace my words, to draw out my sayings, and to bombard the whole suit of the business for the time of your wearing." ‡

† See Remarks on Mr. Evans's Third Series of Scripture Biography: "MOSES," p. 43.

‡ TAYLOR, the Water Poet.

CHAPTER CCIII.

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

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

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

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"WHETHER this author means to make his Doctor more fool or philosopher, is more than I can discover," says a grave reader, who lays down the open book, and knits his brow while he considers the question.

Make him, good Reader! I, make him! — make "the noblest work of —" But as the Spaniards say, *el creer es cortesía*, and it is at your pleasure either to believe the veracity of these biographical sketches, or to regard them as altogether fictitious. It is at your pleasure, I say; not at your peril: but take heed how you exercise that pleasure in cases which are perilous! The worst that can happen to you for disbelief in this matter is, that I shall give you little credit for courtesy, and less for discrimination; and in Doncaster you will be laughed to scorn. You might as well proclaim at Coventry your disbelief in the history of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom; or tell the Swiss that their tale of shooting the apple on the child's head was an old story before William Tell was born.

But perhaps you did not mean to express any such groundless incredulity, your doubt may be whether I represent or consider my friend as having in his character a larger portion of folly or of philosophy?

This you might determine, Reader, for yourself, if I could succeed in delineating him to the life, — the inner I mean, not the outward man,

*Et en peu de papier, comme sur un tableau.
Vous pourtraire au naïf tout son bon, et son beau.**

He was the soul of goodness,
And all our praises of him are like streams
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
The part remaining greatest.

But the Duchess of Newcastle hath decided in her philosophy that it is not possible for any one person thoroughly to understand the character of another. In her own words, "if the Mind was not joined and mixed with the sensitive and inanimate parts, and had not interior as well as exterior parts, the whole Mind of one man might perceive the whole Mind of another man; but that being not possible — one whole Mind cannot perceive another whole Mind." By which observation we may perceive there are no Platonic Lovers in Nature. An odd conclusion of her Grace's, and from odd premises. But she was an odd personage.

So far, however, the beautiful and fanciful as well as fantastic Duchess is right, that the more congenial the disposition of two persons who stand upon the same intellectual level, the better they understand each other. The lower any one is sunk in animal life, the less is he capable of apprehending the motives and views of those who have cultivated the better part of their nature.

If I am so unfortunate as to fail in producing the moral likeness which I am endeavouring to pourtray, it will not be owing to any want of sympathy with the subject in some of the most marked features of his character.

It is a maxim of Bayle's, *Qu'il n'y a point de grand esprit dans le caractère du quel il n'entre un peu de folie*. And he named Diogenes as one proof of this. Think indeed somewhat more than a little upon the words folly and philosophy, and if you can see any way into a mist, or a stone wall, you will perceive that the same radicals are found in both.

This sort of mixed character was never more whimsically described than by Andrew

* PASQUIER.

Erskine in one of his letters to Boswell, in which he tells him, "since I saw you I received a letter from Mr. D —; it is filled with encomiums upon you; he says there is a great deal of humility in your vanity, a great deal of tallness in your shortness, and a great deal of whiteness in your black complexion. He says there's a great deal of poetry in your prose, and a great deal of prose in your poetry. He says that as to your late publication, there is a great deal of Ode in your Dedication, and a great deal of Dedication in your Ode. He says there is a great deal of coat in your waistcoat, and a great deal of waistcoat in your coat, that there is a great deal of liveliness in your stupidity, and a great deal of stupidity in your liveliness. But to write you all he says would require rather more fire in my grate than there is at present, and my fingers would undoubtedly be numbed, for there is a great deal of snow in this frost, and a great deal of frost in this snow."

The Marquis de Custine in a book which in all its parts, wise or foolish, strikingly characterises its author, describes himself thus: *J'ai un mélange de gravité et de légèreté qui m'empêchera de devenir autre chose qu'un vieil enfant bien triste. Si je suis destiné à éprouver de grands malheurs, j'aurai l'occasion de remercier Dieu de n'avoir fait naître avec cette disposition à la fois sérieuse et frivole: le sérieux m'aidera à me passer du monde — l'enfantillage à supporter le douleur. C'est à quoi il réussit mieux que la raison.*

Un peu de folie there certainly was in the *grand esprit* of my dear master, and more than *un peu* there is in his faithful pupil. But I shall not enter into a discussion whether the gravity of which the Marquis speaks preponderated in his character, or whether it was more than counterpoised by the levity. Enough of the latter, thank Heaven! enters into my own composition not only to preserve me from becoming *un vieil enfant bien triste*, but to entitle me in all innocent acceptance of the phrase to the appellation of a merry old boy, that is to

say, merry at becoming times, there being a time for all things. I shall not enter into the discussion as it concerns my guide, philosopher and friend, because it would be altogether unnecessary; he carried ballast enough, whatever I may do. The elements were so happily mixed in him that though Nature did not stand up and say to all the world "this is a man," because such a miracle could neither be in the order of Nature or of Providence; — I have thought it my duty to sit down and say to the public this was a Doctor.

There is another reason why I shall refrain from any such inquiry; and that reason may be aptly given in the words of a right-hearted old divine, with whom certain congenialities would lead my friend to become acquainted in that world, where I also hope in due season to meet and converse with him.

"People," says Adam Littleton, "are generally too forward in examining others, and are so taken up with impertinence and things that do not concern them, that they have no time to be acquainted with themselves; like idle travellers, that can tell you a world of stories concerning foreign countries, and are very strangers at home. Study of ourselves is the most useful knowledge, as that without which we can know neither God nor anything else aright, as we should know them.

"And it highly concerns us to know ourselves well; nor will our ignorance be pardonable, but prove an everlasting reproach, in that we and ourselves are to be inseparable companions in bliss or torment to all eternity; and if we, through neglect of ourselves here, do not in time provide for that eternity, so as to secure for ourselves future happiness, God will at last make us know ourselves, when it will be too late to make any good use of that knowledge, but a remediless repentance that we and ourselves ever met in company; when poor ruined self shall curse negligent sinful self to all ages, and wish direful imprecations upon that day and hour that first joined them together.

"Again, God has given man that advantage above all other creatures, that he can with reflex acts look back and pass judgment upon himself. But seeing examination here supposes two persons, the one to examine, the other to be examined, and yet seems to name but one, a man to examine himself; unless a man and himself be two, and thus every one of us have two selfs in him; let us first examine who 'tis here is to execute the office of examinant, and then who 'tis that is to be the party examined.

"Does the whole man in this action go over himself by parts? Or does the regenerate part call the unregenerate part to account? Or if there be a divided self in every man, does one self examine the other self, as to wit, the spiritual self, the carnal self? Or is it some one faculty in a man, by which a man brings all his other faculties and parts to trial, — such a one as the conscience may be? If so, how then is conscience itself tried, having no Peers to be tried by, as being superior to all other human powers, and calling them all to the bar?"

Here let me interpose a remark. Whether a man and himself be two must be all one in the end; but woe to that house in which the man and his wife are!

The end of love is to have two made one
In will, and in affection.*

The old Lexicographer answers his own question thus: "Why, yes; I do think 'tis the conscience of a man which examines the man, and every part of him, both spiritual and carnal, as well regenerate as unregenerate, and itself and all. For hence it was called *conscientia*, as being that faculty by which a man becomes conscious to himself, and is made knowing together with himself of all that good and evil that lies working in his nature, and has been brought forth in his actions. And this is not only the Register, and Witness and Judge of all parts of man, and of all that they do, but is so impartial an officer also, that it will give a strict account of all itself at any time does,

accusing or excusing even itself in every motion of its own."

Reader I would proceed with this extract, were it not for its length. The application which immediately follows it, is eloquently and forcibly made, and I exhort thee if ever thou comest into a library where Adam Littleton's Sermons are upon the shelf,

look

Not on, but *in* this Thee-concerning book! †

Take down the goodly tome, and turn to the sermon of Self-Examination, preached before the (Royal) Family at Whitehall, March 3, 1677-8. You will find this passage in the eighty-sixth page of the second paging, and I advise you to proceed with it to the end of the Discourse.

I will tell the reader for what reason I purchased that goodly tome. It was because of my grateful liking for the author, from the end of whose dictionary I, like Daniel in his boyhood, derived more entertainment and information to boot, than from any other book which, in those days, came within the walls of a school. That he was a truly learned man no one who ever used that dictionary could doubt, and if there had not been oddity enough in him to give his learning a zest, he never could have compounded an appellation for the Monument, commemorating in what he calls an heptastic vocable, — which may be interpreted a seven-leagued word, — the seven Lord Mayors of London under whose mayoralties the construction of that lying pillar went on from its commencement to its completion. He called it the Fordo-Watermanno-Hansono-Hookero-Vinero-Sheldono-Davisian pillar.

I bought the book for the author's sake, — which in the case of a living author is a proper and meritorious motive, and in the case of one who is dead, may generally be presumed to be a wise one. It proved so in this instance. For though there is nothing that bears the stamp of oddity in his sermons, there is much that is sterling. They have a merit of their own, and it is of no mean

* BEN JONSON.

† SIR WILLIAM DENNY.

degree. Their manner is neither Latimerist nor Andrewesian, nor Fullerish, nor Cotton-Matherish, nor Jeremy Taylorish, nor Barrowish, nor Southish, but Littletonian. They are full of learning, of wisdom, of sound doctrine, and of benevolence, and of earnest and persuasive piety. No one who had ears to hear could have slept under them, and few could have listened to them without improvement.

CHAPTER CCIV.

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

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

DR. JOHN SCOTT.

In the passage quoted from Adam Littleton in the preceding chapter, that good old divine inquired whether a man and himself were two. A Moorish prince in the most extravagant of Dryden's extravagant tragedies, (they do not deserve to be called romantic,) agrees with him, and exclaims to his confidential friend,

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be
The friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.

Machiavel says of Cosmo de Medici that whoever considered his gravity and his levity might say there were two distinct persons in him.

"There is often times," says Dean Young, (father of the poet,) "a prodigious distance betwixt a man's head and his heart; such a distance that they seem not to have any correspondence; not to belong to the same person, not to converse in the same world. Our heads are sometimes in Heaven, contemplating the nature of God, the blessedness of Saints, the state of eternity; while our hearts are held captive below in a conversation earthly, sensual, devilish. 'Tis possible we may sometimes commend virtue convincingly, unanswerably; and yet our

own hearts be never affected by our own arguments; we may represent vice in her native dress of horror, and yet our hearts be not at all startled with their own menaces. We may study and acquaint ourselves with all the truths of religion, and yet all this out of curiosity, or hypocrisy, or ostentation; not out of the power of godliness, or the serious purpose of good living. All which is a sufficient proof that the consent of the Head and of the Heart are two different things."

Dean Young may seem in this passage to have answered Adam the Lexicographer's query in the affirmative, by showing that the head belongs sometimes to one Self and the heart to the other. Yet these two Selves, notwithstanding this continual discord, are so united in matrimony, and so inseparably made one flesh, that it becomes another query whether death itself can part them.

The aforesaid Dean concludes one of his Discourses with the advice of an honest heathen. *Learn to be one Man*; that is, learn to live and act alike. "For," says he, "while we act from contrary principles; sometimes give, and sometimes defraud; sometimes love, and sometimes betray; sometimes are devout, and sometimes careless of God; this is to be *two Men*, which is a foolish aim, and always ends in loss of pains. 'No,' says wise Epictetus, '*Learn to be one Man*,' thou mayest be a good man; or thou mayest be a bad man, and that to the purpose; but it is impossible that thou shouldst be both. And here the Philosopher had the happiness to fall in exactly with the notion of my text. *We cannot serve two Masters.*"

But in another sermon Adam Littleton says that "every man is made of three Egos, and has three Selves in him;" and that this "appears in the reflection of Conscience upon actions of a dubious nature; whilst one Self accuses, another Self defends, and the third Self passes judgment upon what hath been so done by the man!" This he adduced as among various "means and unworthy comparisons, whereby to show that though the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity" far exceeds our reason, there want

not natural instances to illustrate it. But he adds most properly that we should neither "say or think aught of God in this kind," without a preface of reverence and asking pardon; "for it is sufficient for us and most suitable to the mystery, so to conceive, so to discourse of God, as He himself has been pleased to make Himself known to us in his Word."

If all theologians had been as wise, as humble, and as devout as Adam Littleton, from how many heresies and evils might Christendom have been spared!

In the Doctor's own days the proposition was advanced, and not as a paradox, that a man might be in several places at the same time. *Presence corporelle de l'homme en plusieurs lieux prouvée possible par les principes de la bonne Philosophie* is the title of a treatise by the Abbé de Lignac, who having been first a Jesuit, and then an Oratorian, secularised himself without departing from the principles in which he had been trained up. The object of his treatise was to show that there is nothing absurd in the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He made a distinction between man and his body, the body being always in a state of change, the man remaining the while identically the same. But how his argument that because a worm may be divided and live, the life which animated it while it was whole continues a single life when it animates all the parts into which the body may have separated, proves his proposition, or how his proposition, if proved, could prove the hyper-mysterious figment of the Romish Church to be no figment, but a divine truth capable of philosophical demonstration, Œdipus himself were he raised from the dead would be unable to explain.

CHAPTER CCV.

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

Mirths and toys

To cozen time withal: for o' my troth, Sir,
I can love, — I think well too, — well enough;
And thiook as well of women as they are, —
Pretty fantastic things, some more regardful,
And some few worth a service. I'm so honest
I wish 'em all in Heaven, and you know how hard, Sir,
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingals.

BEAUMONT AND FLEICHER.

And not much easier now with their great sleeves.

AUTHOR, A. D. 1830.

THE question concerning the equality of the sexes, which was discussed so warmly some thirty years ago in Magazines and Debating Societies, was one upon which it was not easy to collect the Doctor's real opinion. His manner indeed was frequently sportive when his meaning was most serious, and as frequently the thoughts and speculations with which he merely played, and which were sports or exercitations of intellect and humour, were advanced with apparent gravity. The propensity, however, was always retained within due bounds, for he had treasured up his father's lessons in his heart, and would have regarded it as a crime ever to have trifled with his principles or feelings. But this question concerning the sexes was a subject which he was fond of introducing before his female acquaintance; it was like hitting the right note for a dog when you play the flute, he said. The sort of half anger, and the indignation, and the astonishment, and the merriment withal, which he excited when he enlarged upon this fertile theme, amused him greatly, and moreover he had a secret pleasure in observing the invincible good-humour of his wife, even when she thought it necessary for the honour of her sex to put on a semblance of wrath at the notions which he repeated, and the comments with which he accompanied them.

He used to rest his opinion of male superiority upon divinity, law, grammar, natural history, and the universal consent of nations. Noting also by the way, that in the noble science of heraldry, it is laid down as a rule "that amongst things sensitive the males are of more worthy bearing than the females."*

The Salic law he looked upon as in this respect the Law of Nature. And therefore he thought it was wisely appointed in France, that the royal Midwife should receive a fee of five hundred crowns upon the birth of a boy, and only three hundred if it were a female child. This the famous Louise Bourgeois has stated to be the custom, who for the edification of posterity, the advancement of her own science, and the use of French historians, published a *Recit veritable de la naissance de Messieurs et Dames les enfans de France*, containing minute details of every royal parturition at which she had officiated.

But he dwelt with more force on the theological grounds of his position. "The wife is the weaker vessel. Wives submit yourselves to your husbands: be in subjection to them. The Husband is the head. Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord." And here he had recourse to the authority of Daniel Rogers, (whom he liked the better for his name's sake,) who in his Treatise of Matrimonial Honour teaches that the duty of subjection is woman's chief commandment; and that she is properly made subject by the Law of Creation and by the Law of Penalty. As thus. All other creatures were created male and female at the same time; man and woman were not so, for the Man was first created — as a perfect creature, and afterwards the woman was thought of. Moreover she was not made of the same matter, equally, with man, — but of him, of a rib taken from him, and thirdly, she was made for his use and benefit as a meet helpmate, "three weighty reasons and grounds of the woman's subjection to the man, and that from the purpose of the Creator; who might have done otherwise, that is, have yielded to

the Woman co-equal beginning, sameness of generation, or relation of usefulness; for he might have made her without any such precedency of matter, without any dependency upon him, and equally for her good as for his. All show at ennobling the Man as the Head and more excellent, not that the Man might upbraid her, but that she might in all these read her lesson of subjection. And doubtless, as Malachi speaks, herein is wisdom, for God hath left nothing to be bettered by our invention.

"The woman, being so created by God in the integrity of Nature had a most divine honour and partnership of his image, put upon her in her creation; yea, such as (without prejudice of those three respects) might have held full and sweet correspondence with her husband. But her sin still augmented her inequality, and brought her lower and lower in her prerogative. For since she would take upon her, as a woman, without respect to the order, dependence and use of her creation, to enterprise so sad a business, as to jangle and demur with the Devil about so weighty a point as her husband's freehold, and of her own brain to lay him and it under foot, without the least parley and consent of his, obeying Satan before him, — so that till she had put all beyond question and past amendment, and eaten, she brought not the fruit to him, therefore the Lord stript her of this robe of her honour, and smote into the heart of Eve an instinct of inferiority, a confessed yielding up of her insufficient self to depend wholly upon her husband."

This being a favourite commentary with the Doctor upon the first transgression, what would he have said if he had lived to read an Apology for Eve by one of her daughters? — yes, an Apology for her and a Defence, showing that she acted meritoriously in eating the Apple. It is a choice passage, and the reader shall have it from Miss Hatfield's Letters on the Importance of the Female Sex.

"By the creation of woman, the great design was accomplished, — the universal system was harmonised. Happiness and in-

* GWILLIM.

nocence reigned together. But unacquainted with the nature or existence of evil,—conscious only of good and imagining that all were of that essence around her; without the advantages of the tradition of forefathers to relate, or of ancient records to hand down, Eve was fatally and necessarily ignorant of the rebellious disobedience of the fallen Angels, and of their invisible vigilance and combination to accomplish the destruction of the new favourites of Heaven.

“In so momentous an event as that which has ever been exclusively imputed to her, neither her virtue nor her prudence ought to be suspected; and there is little reason to doubt, that if the same temptations had been offered to her husband under the same appearances, but he also would have acquiesced in the commission of this act of disobedience.

“Eve’s attention was attracted by the manner in which the Serpent first made his attack: he had the gift of speech, which she must have observed to be a faculty peculiar to themselves. This appeared an evidence of something supernatural. The wily tempter chose also the form of the serpent to assist his design, as not only in wisdom and sagacity that creature surpassed all others, but his figure was also erect and beautiful, for it was not until the offended justice of God denounced the curse, that the Serpent’s crest was humbled to the dust.

“During this extraordinary interview, it is evident that Eve felt a full impression of the divine command, which she repeated to the tempter at the time of his solicitations. She told him they were not to eat of that Tree.—But the Serpent opposed her arguments with sophistry and promises. He said unto the Woman, ye shall not surely die—but shall be as Gods. What an idea to a mortal!—Such an image astonished her!—It was not the gross impulses of greedy appetite that urged her, but a nobler motive had induced her to examine the consequences of the act.—She was to be better and happier;—to exchange a mortal for an angelic nature. Her motive was great,—virtuous,—irresistible. Might she not have felt herself awed and inspired with a belief

of a divine order?—Upon examination she found it was to produce a greater good than as mortals they could enjoy; this impression excited a desire to possess that good; and that desire determined her will and the future destiny of a World!”

It must be allowed that this Lady Authoress has succeeded in what might have been supposed the most difficult of all attempts, that of starting a new heresy,—her followers in which may aptly be denominated Eveites.

The novelty consists not in excusing the mother of mankind, but in representing her transgression as a great and meritorious act. An excuse has been advanced for her in Lodovico Domenichi’s Dialogue upon the Nobleness of Women. It is there pleaded that the fruit of the fatal tree had not been forbidden to Eve, because she was not created when the prohibition was laid on. Adam it was who sinned in eating it, not Eve, and it is in Adam that we have all sinned, and all die. Her offence was in tempting him to eat, *et questo anchora senza intention cattiva, essendo stata tentata dal Diavolo. L’uomo adunque peccò per certa scientia, et la Donna ignorantemente, et ingannata.*

I know not whether this special pleading be Domenichi’s own; but he must have been conscious that there is a flaw in it, and could not have been in earnest, as Miss Hatfield is. The Veronese lady Isotta Nogarola thought differently; *essendo studiosa molto di Theologia et di Philosophia*, she composed a Dialogue wherein the question whether Adam or Eve in the primal transgression had committed the greater sin. How she determined it I cannot say, never having seen her works.

Domenichi makes another assertion in honour of womankind which Miss Hatfield would undoubtedly consider it an honour for herself to have disproved in her own person, that no heresy, or error in the faith, ever originated with a woman.

Had this Lady, most ambitious of Eve’s daughters, been contemporary with Doctor Dove, how pleasant it would have been to have witnessed a debate between them upon

the subject! He would have wound her up to the highest pitch of indignation, and she would have opened the flood-gates of female oratory upon his head.

CHAPTER CCVI.

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

Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crotchets, and most sweet closes: It shall be 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 organisation 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 significative 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 chrysal 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 think it infamous for a nation to be governed by a woman—and yet perceiving the great advantage of preserving the suc-

cession, 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 *Quorum*, 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*, *Quorum*, *Quorum* before he had it again."

It was well known indeed to Philosophers, he said, that the female is an imperfection or default in nature, 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 *ἄθηνη* from *ἄθηλος* 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 Acadalius 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.

CHAPTER CCVII.

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

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

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"PĀPP-PĀAH!" says my daughter.

"You intolerable man!" says my wife.

"You abominable creature!" says my wife's eldest sister, "you wicked wretch!"

"Oh Mr. Author," says Miss Graveairs, "I did not expect this from you."

"Very well, Sir, very well! This is like you!" says the Bow-Begum.

"Was there ever such an atrocious libel upon the sex?" says the Lady President of the Celestial Blues.

The Ladies of the Stocking unanimously agree in the sentence of condemnation.

Let me see, who do I know among them? There is Mrs. Lapis Lazuli and her daughter Miss Ultramarine, — there is Mrs. Bluestone, the most caustic of female critics, and her friend Miss Gentian, — Heaven protect me from the bitterness of her remarks, — there is Lady Turquoise, Lady Celestina Sky, the widow Bluebeard, Miss Mazarine, and that pretty creature Serena Cerulean, it does me good to look at her, she is the blue-bell of

the party. There is Miss Sapphire, Miss Priscilla Prussian, Mrs. Indigo, and the Widow Wood. And Heaven knows who beside. Mercy on me — it were better to be detected at the mysteries of the Bona Dea, than be found here! Hear them how they open in succession —

"Infamous!"

"Shameful!"

"Intolerable!"

"This is too bad."

"He has heaped together all the slanderous and odious things that could be collected from musty books."

"Talk of his Wife and Daughter. I do not believe any one who had wife and daughter would have composed such a Chapter as that. An old bachelor I warrant him, and mustier than his books."

"Pedant!"

"Satirist!"

"Libeller!"

"Wretch!"

"Monster!"

And Miss Virginia Vinegar compleats the climax by exclaiming with peculiar emphasis, "Man!"

All Indigo-land is in commotion; and Ur-gand the Unknown would be in as much danger *proh-Jupiter!* from the Stockingers, if he fell into their hands, as Orpheus from the Mænades. *Tantene animis caelestibus iræ?*

"Why Ladies! dear Ladies! good Ladies! gentle Ladies! merciful Ladies! hear me, — hear me! In justice, in compassion, in charity, hear me! For your own sakes, and for the honour of feminality, hear me!"

"What has the wretch to say?"

"What *can* he say?"

"What indeed *can be said?* Nevertheless let us hear him, so bad a case must always be made worse by any attempt at defending it."

"Hear him! hear him!"

"Englishwomen, countrywomen, and lovelies, — lovelies, I certainly may call you, if it be not lawful for me to say lovers, — hear me for your honour, and have respect to your honour that you may believe, censure

me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may be better judges. Who is here so unfeminine that would be a male creature? if any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so coarse that would not be a woman? if any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love her sex? if any speak; for her have I offended. I can have offended none but those who are ashamed of their womanhood, if any such there be, which I am far from thinking."

Gentle Ladies, do you in your conscience believe that any reasonable person could possibly think the worse of womankind, for any of the strange and preposterous opinions which my lamented and excellent friend used to repeat in the playfulness of an eccentric fancy? Do you suppose that he was more in earnest when he brought forward these learned fooleries, than the Devil's Advocate when pleading against a suit for canonisation in the Papal Court?

*Questo negro inchiostro, ch' io dispenzo
Non fu per dare, o donne, a i vostri nasi,
Ingrato odore, o d' altro che d' incenzo.**

Hear but to the end, and I promise you on the faith of a true man, a Red Letter Chapter in your praise; not a mere panegyric in the manner of those who flatter while they despise you, but such an honest estimate as will bear a scrutiny,—and which you will not like the worse because it may perhaps be found profitable as well as pleasing.

Forgive me, sacred sex of woman, that,
In thought or syllable, I have declaim'd
Against your goodness; and I will redeem it
With such religious honouring your names,
That when I die, some never thought-stain'd virgin
Shall make a relic of my dust, and throw
My ashes, like a charm, upon those men
Whose faiths they hold suspected.†

CHAPTER CCVIII.

VALUE OF WOMEN AMONG THE AFGHAUNS. LIGON'S HISTORY OF BARBADOES, AND A FAVOURITE STORY OF THE DOCTOR'S THEREFROM. CLAUDE SEISSSEL, 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* ‡, and this the Doctor thought 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

* MAURO.

† SHIBLEY.

‡ BRANTÔME.

tongue, "declares a courage, gravity and constancy. To be born a woman, declares weakness of spirit, neshenes of body, and fickleness of mind."* 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.*

A favourite anecdote with our Philosopher was of the Barbadoes Planters, one of whom agreed to exchange an English maid servant with the other 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.

* WILSON.

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 disposition,

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

* The Soothsayer in Cymbeline was of a like opinion with Varro!

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*.

Southey's favourite play upon the stage was Cymbeline, and next to it, As you like it.

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!**

* BOUCHET.

INTERCHAPTER XXIV.

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

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

"IT was about six an' fifty year sen, in June, when a woman cam fra' Dent at see a Nebbor of ours e' Langdon.‡ They er terrible knitters e' Dent §—sea my Fadder an' Mudder sent me an' my lile Sister, Sally, back we' her at larn at knit. I was between sebben an' eight year auld, an' Sally twea year younger—T' Woman reade on ya Horse, we Sally afore her—an' I on anudder, we a man walking beside me—whiles he gat up behint an' reade—Ee' them Days Fwoak dud'nt gang e' Carts—but Carts er t'best—I'd rader ride e' yan than e' onny Carriage—I us't at think if I was t' Leady, here at t' Ho ||, how I wad tear about int' rwoads—but sen I hae ridden in a Chaise I hate t' nwtion ont' warst of ough—for t' Trees gang fleeing by o' ya side, an' t' Wa'as ¶ on tudder, an' gars ya be as seek as a pecate.**

"Weel, we dud'nt like Dent at a—nut that they wer bad tull us—but ther way o' leeving—it was round Meal—an' they stoult it int' frying pan, e' keacks as thick as my fing-cr.—Then we wer stawed †† we' sae

† By an oversight, this quotation has occurred before. See p. 410.

‡ The valley of Langdale, near Ambleside. The Langdale Pikes are known to all tourists.

§ Dent is a chapelry in the Parish and Union of Sedburgh, W. Division of the wapentake of Staincliffe and Ewecross, W. Riding of the County of York, sixteen miles E. from Kendal.—*Lewis's Topog. Dict.*

|| i. e. at the Hall.

¶ Wa'as, i. e. Walls, as in p. 560.

** Quære, does this mean pet, as in the Taming of the Shrew?

— "A pretty *peat!* 'tis best

Put finger in the eye,—an we knew why."

Act i. Sc. 1.

†† i. e. cloyed, saturated, fatigued. BROCKETT'S Glossary of North Country words.

mickle knitting—We went to a *Skeul* about a mile off—ther was a Maister an' Mistress—they larnt us our Lessons, yan a piece—an' then we o' knit as hard as we cud drive, striving whilk cud knit t' hardest yan again anudder—we hed our *Darracks** set afore we com fra' Heam int' mwornin; an' if we dud'nt git them duun we warrant to gang to our dinners—They hed o' macks o' contrivances to larn us to knit swift—T' Maister wad wind 3 or 4 clues togedder, for 3 or 4 Bairns to knitt off—*that*' at knit slawest raffled tudders yarn, an' than she gat weel thumpt (but ther was baith Lasses an' Lads 'at learnt at knit)—Than we ust at sing a mack of a sang, whilk we wer at git at t'end on at every needle, ca'ing ower t' Neams of o' t' fwoak in t' Deaal—but Sally an me wad never ca' *Dent* Fwoak—sea we ca'ed Langdon Fwoak—T' Sang was—

Sally an' I, Sally an' I,
For a good pudding pye,
Taa hoaf wheat, an' tudder hoaf rye,
Sally an' I, for a good pudding pye.

We sang this (altering t' neams) at every needle: and when we com at t' end cried "off" an' began again, an' sea we strave on o' t' day through.

"We wer *stawed*, as I telt yea—o' t' pleser we hed was when we went out a bit to beat t' fire for a nebbor 'at was baking—that was a grand day for us!—At Kursmas teea, ther was t' maskers—an' on Kursmas day at mworn they gav' us sum reed stuff to t' Breakfast—I think it maun ha' been Jocklat—but we dud'nt like 't at a, 't onmost puzzened us!—an' we cared for nought but how we wer to git back to Langdon—Neet an' Day ther was nought but *this* knitting! T' Nebbors ust at gang about fra' house to house, we' ther wark,—than yan fire dud, ye knaw, an' they cud hev a better—they hed girt lang black peeats—an' set them up an hed in a girt round we' a whol at top—an a' t' Fwoak sat about it. When ony o' them gat into a hubble we' ther wark, they shouted out

"*turn a Peeat*"—an' *them* 'at sat naarest t' fire turnt yan, an' meaad a *low*†—for they niver hed onny cannal.—We knat quorse wosset stockings—some gloves—an' some neet caps, an' wastecwoat breests, an' petticwoats. I yance knat a stocking, for mysell, e' six hours—Sally yan e' sebben—an' t' woman's Doughter, 'at was aulder than us e' eight—an' they sent a nwote to our Fwoak e' Langdon at tell them.

"Sally an' me, when we wer by our sells, wer always contrivin how we wer at git away, when we sleept by oursells we talk't of nought else—but when t' woman's Doughter sleept we' us we wer *qwhite* mum—summat or udder always happent at hinder us, till yan day, between Kursmas an' Cannalmas, when t' woman's Doughter stait at heaam, we teuk off. Our house was four mile on 'todder side o' Dent's Town—whor, efter we hed pass t' Skeul, we axed t' way to Kendal—It hed been a hard frost, an' ther was snaw on t' grund—but it was beginnin to thow, an' was varra sloshy an' cauld—but we *poted* along leaving our life footings behint us—we hed our cloggs on—for we durst'nt change them for our shoon for fear o' being fund out—an' we had nought on but our hats, an' bits o' blue bedgowns, an' brats—see ye may think we cuddent be varra heeat—I hed a sixpence e' my pocket, an' we hed three or four shilling mare in our box, 'at our Fwoak hed ge'en us to keep our pocket we'—but, lile mafflins‡ as we wer, we thought it wad be misst an' durst'nt tak ony mare.

"Afore we gat to Sebbes§ we fell hungr'y; an' ther was a fine, girt, reed house nut far off t' rwoad, whar we went an' begged for a bit o' breaad—but they wadd'nt give us ought—sea we tramp on, an com to a lile theakt house, an' I said—'Sally thou

† i. e. *a flame*; it is an Icelandic word. See Haldorson's Lexicon. *At loga, ardere, and Loga, flamma.* So in St. George for England,

As timorous larks arazed are
With light, and with a *low*-bell.

‡ *Maffling*—a state of perplexity.—BROCKETT. Maffled, mazed, and maised (as used a little further on) have all a like sense.

§ i. e. Sedbergh.

* i. e. *Days-works.* So the Derwent is called the Darron.

sall beg t' neesht — thou's less than me, an' mappen they'll sarra us' — an' they dud — an' gav us a girt shive* o' breed — at last we gat to *Scotch Jins*, as they ca' t' public House about three mile fra Sebber (o' this side) — a Scotch woman keep it. — It was amaist dark, sea we axt her at let us stay o' neet — she teuk us in, an' gav us sum boilt milk and breed — an' suun put us to bed — we telt her our tael; an' she sed we wer int' reet at run away.

“Neesht mwornin she gav us sum mare milk an' breed, an' we gav her our sixpence — an' then went off-sledding away amangt' snaw, ower that cauld moor (ye ken' t' weel enough) naarly starved to death, an' maished — sea we gat on varra slawly, as ye may think — an' t' rain'd tua. We begged again at anudder lile theakt house, on t' Hay Fell — there was a woman an' a heap of raggeltly Bairns stannin round a Teable — an' she gave us a few of their poddish, an' put a lock of sugar into a sup of cauld tea tull them.

“Then we trailed on again till we com to t' Peat Lane Turnpike Yat — they teuk us in there, an' let us warm oursells, an' gav us a bit o' breed. They sed had duun re'et to com away; for Dent was t' poorest plaace in t' warld, and we wer seafe to ha' been hungert — an' at last we gat to Kendal, when t' was naar dark — as we went up t' streat we met a woman, an' axt t' way to Tom Posts — (that was t' man at ust te bring t' Letters fra' Kendal to Ammelsid an' Hawksheead yance a week — an' baited at his house when we com fra' Langdon) — she telt us t' way an' we crept on, but we leaked back at her twea or three times — an' she was still stanning, leuking at us — then she com back an' quiesed us a deal, an' sed we sud gang heam with her — We telt her whor we hed cum fra' an' o' about our Tramp' at we hed hed. — She teuk us to her house — it was a varra poor yan — down beside t' brig at we had cum ower into t' Town — Ther was nea fire on — but she went out, an' brought in sam

eilding † (for they can buy a pennerth, or sea, o' quols or Peeats at onny time there) an' she set on a good fire — an' put on t' kettle — then laited ‡ up sum of her awn claes, an' tiet them on us as weel as she cud, an' dried ours — for they wer as wet as thack — it hed rained a' t' way — Then she meead us sum tea — an' as she hedden't a bed for us in her awn house she teuk us to a nebbors — Ther was an auld woman in a Bed naar us that flaed us sadly — for she teuk a fit int' neet an' her feace turnt as black as a cwol — we laid trimmiling, an' hutched oursells ower heead e' bed — Fwoks com an' steud round her — an' we hecard them say 'at we wer asleep — sea we meade as if we wer asleep, because we thought if we wer asleep they waddn't kill us — an' we wisht oursells e' t' streets again, or onny whor — an' wad ha' been fain to ha' been ligging under a Dyke.

“Neesht mwornin we hed our Brekfast, an' t' woman gav us baith a hopenny Keack beside (that was as big as a penny 'an now) to eat as we went — an' she set us to t' top o' t' House o' Correction Hill — It was freezing again, an' t' rwoad was terrible slape; sea we gat on varra badly — an' afore we com to Staaavley (an' that was but a lile bit o' t' rwoad) we fell hung'ry an' began on our keacks — then we sed we wad walk sea far, an' then tak a bite — an' then on again an' tak anudder — and afore we gat to t' Ings Chapel they wer o' gane — Every now an' than we stopped at reest — an' sat down, an' grat §, under a hedge or wa'a crudled up togedder, taking haud o' yan anudder's hands at try at warm them, for we were fairly maized wi' t' cauld — an' when we saw onny body cumming we gat up an' walked away

† *Fire-elding*, — the common term for fuel. *Ild* in Danish is *fire*. Such words were to be expected in Cumberland. The commencement of Landor's lines to Southey, 1833, will explain why —

Indweller of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged erewhile by white-hair'd Dane, &c.

‡ To *late* or *teat* is to seek out. See BROCKETT. It is from the Icelandic *at leyta*, *quarere*. Cf. Haldorsen in v.

§ i. e. wept, from the old word *greet*, common to all the Northern languages. Chaucer, Spenser, &c., use it. See Specimen Glossarii in Edda Sæmundar hinns Froda V. *Gvætr*, *ploratus*, at *græta*, *plorare*: hence *grief*, &c.

* i. e. a slice. So in Titus Andronicus.
“Easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a *shive* we know.”

— but we duddn't meet monny Fwoak — I dunnat think Fwoak warr sea mickle in t' rwoads e' them Days.

“We scraffled* on t' this fashion — an' it was quite dark afore we gat to Ammelsid Yat — our feet warr sare an' we warr nearly dune for — an' when we turnt round Windermer Watter heead, T' waves blasht sea dowly † that we warr fairly heart-brossen — we sat down on a cauld steane an' grat sare — but when we hed hed our belly-full o' greeting we gat up, an' felt better ‡ fort' an' sea dreed on again — slaw enough ye may be sure — but we warr e' hent rwoads — an' now when I gang that gait I can nwoote o' t' sports whor we reested — for them lile bye lwoans erent sea micklealtert, as t' girt rwoads, fra what they warr. At Clappers-gait t' Fwoak wad ha' knawn us, if it hedden been dark, an' o' ther duirs steeked §, an geen us a relief, if we hed begged there — but we began at be flate || 'at my Fadder an' Mudder wad be angert at us for running away.

“It was twea o'clock int' mworning when we gat to our awn Duir — I c'aed out 'Fadder! Fadder! — Mudder! Mudder!' ower an' ower again — She hard us, an' sed — 'That's our Betty's voice' — 'Thou's nought but fancies, lig still,' said my Fadder — but she waddent; an' sea gat up, an' opent' Duir and there warr we staming doddering ¶ — an' daized we' cauld, as deer deead as macks nea matter — When she so us she was mare flate than we — She brast out a crying — an' we grat — an' my Fadder grat an' a' — an' they duddent flight**, nor said nought tull us, for cumming away, —

they warrant a bit angert — an' my Fadder sed we sud niver gang back again.

“T' Fwoaks e' Dent niver mist us, tilt' Neet — because they thought 'at we hed been kept at dinner time 'at finish our tasks — but when neet com, an' we duddent cum heam, they set off efter us to Kendal — an' mun ha' gane by Scotch Jins when we warr there — how they satisfied theersells, I knan't, but they supposwed we hed gane heam — and sea they went back — My Fadder wasn't lang, ye may be seur, o' finding out' T' Woman at Kendal 'at was sea good tull us — an' my Mudder put her down a pot o' Butter, an' meead her a lile cheese an' sent her.”

INTERPOLATION.

The above affecting and very simple story, Reader, was taken down from the mouth of Betty Yewdale herself, the elder of the two children, — at that time an old woman, but with a bright black eye that lacked no lustre. A shrewd and masculine woman, Reader, was Betty Yewdale, — fond of the Nicotian weed and a short pipe so as to have the full flavour of its essence, — somewhat, sooth be said, too fond of it, for the pressure of the pipe produced a cancer in her mouth, which caused her death. — Knowest thou, gentle Reader, that most curious of all curious books — (we stop not to inquire whether Scarron be indebted to it, or it to Scarron) — the Anatomy of Melancholy by Democritus Junior, old Burton to wit? — Curious if thou art, it cannot fail, but that thou knowest it well, — curious or not, hear what he says of Tobacco, poor Betty Yewdale's bane!

“Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all their panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confesse, a vertuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used; but, as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruine and overthrow of body and soul.’

* i. e. struggled on. BROCKETT in v.

† i. e. lonely, melancholy. *Ibid.*

‡ The scholar will call to mind the *δραβὴ τετραετημίσθη* γένου of the Iliad, xxiii. 98., with like expressions in the Odyssey, e. g. xi. 211, xix. 213, and the reader of the Pseudo Ossian will remember the words of Fingal: “Strike the harp in my hall, and let Fingal hear the song. *Pleasant is the joy of grief.*” See Adam Littleton's Sermons: part ii. p. 263.

§ “Steek the heck,” — i. e. shut the door. BROCKETT.

|| From the verb “Flay,” to frighten.

¶ We still speak of *Dodder* or *Quaker's grass*, — a word, by the way, older than the Sect.

** A. S. *Flitan* — to scold.

Gentle Reader! if thou knowest not the pages of honest old Burton—we speak not of his melancholy end, which melancholy may have wrought, but of his honesty of purpose, and of his life,—thou wilt not be unacquainted with that excellent Poem of Wordsworth's,—"The Excursion, being a Portion of the Recluse."—*If any know not the wisdom contained in it, forthwith let them study it!*—Acquainted with it or not, it is Betty Yewdale that is described in the following lines, as holding the lanthorn to guide the steps of old Jonathan, her husband, on his return from working in the quarries, if at any time he chanced to be beyond his usual hour. They are given at length;—for who will not be pleased to read them *decies repetita* ?

Much was I pleased, the grey-haired wanderer said,
When to those shining fields our notice first
You turned; and yet more pleased have from your lips,
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement; whither, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A lone wayfaring man, I once was brought.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell
While I was traversing yon mountain pass,
And night succeeded with unusual gloom;
So that my feet and hands at length became
Guides better than mine eyes—until a light
High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,
For human habitation, but I longed
To reach it destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadiness as sailors look,
On the north-star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,
And saw the light—now fixed—and shifting, now—
Not like a dancing meteor; but in line
Of never varying motion, to and fro.
It is no night fire of the naked hills,
Thought I, some friendly covert must be near.
With this persuasion thitherward my steps
I turn, and reach at last the guiding light;
Joy to myself! but to the heart of Her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)
Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,
And by what help had gained those distant fields.
Drawn from her Cottage, on that open height,
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood
Or paced the ground,—to guide her husband home,
By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
An anxious duty I which the lofty Site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whenso'er untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
When night lies black upon the hills. 'But come,
Come,' said the Matron,—'to our poor abode;
Those dark rocks hide it! Entering, I beheld
A blazing fire—beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down; and to her office, with leave asked,
The Dame returned.—Or ere that glowing pile

Of mountain turf required the builder's hand
Its wasted splendour to repair, the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, make the evening's treat:
Need a bewildered Traveller wish for more?
But more was given; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Mau's face—composed
Of features elegant; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But in the quicker turns of his discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honour'd once, those features and that mien
May have descended, though I see them here,
In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness.
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.
This pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
By sundry recollections of such fall
From high to low, ascent from low to high,
As books record, and even the careless mind
Cannot but notice among men and things,
Went with me to the place of my repose.

BOOK V. THE PASTOR.

* * Miss Sarah Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, and Mrs. Warton took down the story from the old woman's lips, and Southey laid it by for the Doctor, &c. She then lived in a cottage at Rydal, where I afterwards saw her. Of the old man it was told me—(for I did not see him)—"He is a perfect picture,—like those we meet with in the better copies of Saints in our old Prayer Books."

There was another comical History intended for an Interchapter to the Doctor, &c. of a runaway match to Gretna Green by two people in humble life,—but it was not handed over to me with the MS. materials. It was taken down from the mouth of the old woman who was one of the parties—and it would probably date back some sixty or seventy years.

CHAPTER CCIX.

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

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

CERTAIN theologians, and certain theologians, as men who fancy themselves inspired sometimes affect to be called, had approached so nearly to the Doctor's hypothesis of progressive life, and propensities

continued in the ascending scale, that he appealed to them as authorities for its support. They saw the truth, he said, as far as they went; but it was only to a certain point: a step farther and the beautiful theory would have opened upon them. "How can we choose, said one, but remember the mercy of God in this our land in this particular, that no ravenous dangerous beasts do range in our nation, if men themselves would not be wolves, and bears, and lions one to another!" And why are they so, observed the Doctor commenting upon the words of the old Divine; why are they so, but because they have actually been lions, and bears, and wolves? Why are they so, but because, as the wise heathen speaks, more truly than he was conscious of speaking, *sub hominum effigie latet ferinus animus*. The temper is congenital, the propensity innate; it is bred in the bone; and what Theologians call the old Adam, or the old Man, should physiologically, and perhaps therefore preferably, be called the old Beast.

That wise and good man William Jones, of Nayland, has, in his sermon upon the nature and œconomy of Beasts and Cattle, a passage which, in elucidating a remarkable part of the Law of Moses, may serve also as a glose or commentary upon the Doctor's theory.

"The Law of *Moses*, in the xith chapter of *Leviticus*, divides the brute creation into two grand parties, from the fashion of their feet, and their manner of feeding, that is, from the *parting of the hoof*, and the *chewing of the cud*; which properties are indications of their general characters, as *wild* or *tame*. For the dividing of the hoof and the chewing of the cud are peculiar to those cattle which are serviceable to man's life, as sheep, oxen, goats, deer, and their several kinds. These are shod by the Creator for a peaceable and inoffensive progress through life; as the Scripture exhorts us to be *shod* in like manner *with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace*. They live temperately upon herbage, the diet of students and saints; and after the taking of their food, chew it deliberately over again for better

digestion; in which act they have all the appearance a brute can assume of pensiveness or meditation; which is, metaphorically, called *ruminat**, with reference to this property of certain animals.

"Such are these: but when we compare the beasts of the field and the forest, they, instead of the harmless hoof, have feet which are *swift to shed blood*, (Rom. iii. 15.) sharp claws to seize upon their prey, and teeth to devour it; such as lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, foxes, and smaller vermin.

"Where one of the Mosaic marks is found, and the other is wanting, such creatures are of a middle character between the wild and the tame; as the swine, the hare, and some others. Those that part the hoof afford us wholesome nourishment; those that are shod with any kind of hoof may be made useful to man; as the camel, the horse, the ass, the mule; all of which are fit to travel and carry burdens. But when the foot is divided into many parts, and armed with claws, there is but small hope of the manners; such creatures being in general either murderers, or hunters, or thieves; the malefactors and felons of the brute creation: though among the wild there are all the possible gradations of ferocity and evil temper.

"Who can review the creatures of God, as they arrange themselves under the two great denominations of wild and tame, without wondering at their different dispositions and ways of life! sheep and oxen lead a sociable as well as a peaceful life; they are formed into flocks and herds; and as they live honestly they walk openly in the day. The time of darkness is to them, as to the virtuous and sober amongst men, a time of rest. But the beast of prey goeth about in

* *Pallentes ruminat herbas.* — VIRGIL.

Dum jacet, et lentè revocatas ruminat herbas. — OVID.

It were hardly necessary to recal to an English reader's recollection the words of Brutus to Cassius,

Till then, my noble friend, *chew* upon this, —

JULIUS CÆSAR.

or those of Agrippa in Antony and Cleopatra,

Pardon what I have spoke;

For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty *ruminated*.

solitude; the time of darkness is to him the time of action; then he visits the folds of sheep, and stalls of oxen, thirsting for their blood; as the thief and the murderer visits the habitations of men, for an opportunity of robbing, and destroying, under the concealment of the night. When the sun riseth the beast of prey retires to the covert of the forest; and while the cattle are spreading themselves over a thousand hills in search of pasture, the tyrant of the desert is laying himself down in his den, to sleep off the fumes of his bloody meal. The ways of men are not less different than the ways of beasts; and here we may see them represented as on a glass; for, as the quietness of the pasture, in which the cattle spend their day, is to the howlings of a wilderness at night, such is the virtuous life of honest labour to the life of the thief, the oppressor, the murderer, and the midnight gamester, who live upon the losses and sufferings of other men."

But how would the Doctor have delighted in the first Lesson of that excellent man's Book of Nature, — a book more likely to be useful than any other that has yet been written with the same good intent.

THE BEASTS.

"The ass hath very long ears, and yet he hath no sense of music, but brayeth with a frightful noise. He is obstinate and unruly, and will go his own way, even though he is severely beaten. The child who will not be taught is but little better; he has no delight in learning, but talketh of his own folly, and disturbeth others with his noise.

"The dog barketh all the night long, and thinks it no trouble to rob honest people of their rest.

"The fox is a cunning thief, and men, when they do not fear God, are crafty and deceitful. The wolf is cruel and blood-thirsty. As he devoureth the lamb, so do bad men oppress and tear the innocent and helpless.

"The adder is a poisonous snake, and hath a forked double tongue; and so men

speak lies, and utter slanders against their neighbours, when *the poison of asps is under their lips*. The devil, who deceiveth with lies, and would destroy all mankind, is the *old serpent*, who brought death into the world by the venom of his bite. He would kill me, and all the children that are born, if God would let him; but Jesus Christ came to save us from his power, and to *destroy the works of the Devil*.

"Lord, thou hast made me a man for thy service: O let me not dishonour thy work, by turning myself into the likeness of some evil beast: let me not be as the fox, who is a thief and a robber: let me never be cruel, as a wolf, to any of thy creatures; especially to my dear fellow-creatures, and my dearer fellow Christians; but let me be harmless as the lamb; quiet and submissive as the sheep; that so I may be fit to live, and be fed on thy pasture, under the good shepherd, Jesus Christ. It is far better to be the poorest of his flock, than to be proud and cruel, as the lion or the tiger, who go about seeking what they may devour."

THE QUESTIONS.

"Q. What is the child that will not learn?"

"A. An ass, which is ignorant and unruly.

"Q. What are wicked men, who hurt and cheat others?"

"A. They are wolves, and foxes, and blood-thirsty lions.

"Q. What are ill-natured people, who trouble their neighbours and rail at them?"

"A. They are dogs, who bark at everybody.

"Q. But what are good and peaceable people?"

"A. They are harmless sheep; and little children under the grace of God, are innocent lambs.

"Q. But what are liars?"

"A. They are snakes and vipers, with double tongues and poison under their lips.

"Q. Who is the good shepherd?"

"A. Jesus Christ."

There is a passage not less apposite in Donne's Epistle to Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

Man is a lump where all beasts kneaded be ;
 Wisdom makes him an Ark where all agree.
 The fool in whom these beasts do live at jar,
 Is sport to others and a theatre ;
 Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey,
 All that was man in him is ate away ;
 And now his beasts on one another feed,
 Yet couple in anger and new monsters breed
 How happy he which hath due place assign'd
 To his beasts, and disforested his mind,
 Empaled himself to keep them out, not in ;
 Can sow and dares trust corn where they have been,
 Can use his horse, goat, wolf and every beast,
 And is not ass himself to all the rest.

To this purport the Patriarch of the Quakers writes, where he saith "now some men have the nature of Swine, wallowing in the mire : and some men have the nature of Dogs, to bite both the sheep and one another : and some men have the nature of Lions, to tear, devour, and destroy : and some men have the nature of Wolves, to tear and devour the lambs and sheep of Christ : and some men have the nature of the Serpent (that old destroyer) to sting, evenom, and poison. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear*, and learn these things within himself. And some men have the natures of other beasts and creatures, minding nothing but earthly and visible things, and feeding without the fear of God. Some men have the nature of a Horse, to prance and vapour in their strength, and to be swift in doing evil. And some men have the nature of tall sturdy Oaks, to flourish and spread in wisdom and strength, who are strong in evil, which must perish and come to the fire. Thus the Evil one is but *one in all*, but worketh many ways ; and whatsoever a Man's or Woman's nature is addicted to that is outward, the Evil one will fit him with that, and will please his nature and appetite, to keep his mind in his inventions, and in the creatures from the Creator."

To this purport the so-called Clemens writes in the Apostolical Constitutions when he complains that the flock of Christ was devoured by Demons and wicked men, or rather not men, but wild beasts in the shape of men, *πονηροῖς ἀνθρώποις, μᾶλλον δὲ οὐκ ἀνθρώποις, ἀλλὰ θηρίοις ἀνθρωποειδέσιν*, by Heathens, Jews and godless heretics.

With equal triumph, too, did he read a passage in one of the numbers of the *Connoisseur*, which made him wonder that the writer, from whom it proceeded in levity, should not have been led on by it to the clear perception of a great truth. "The affinity," says that writer, who is now known to have been no less a person than the author of the *Task*, "the affinity between chatters and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs. Snarlers are curs that continually shew their teeth, but never bite ; and the spit-fire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls ; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses ; critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing ; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no better than magpies."

So, too, the polyonymous Arabian philosopher Zechariah Ben Mohammed Ben Mahmud Al Camuni Al Cazvini. "Man," he says, "partakes of the nature of vegetables, because, like them, he grows and is nourished ; he stands in this further relation to the irrational animals, that he feels and moves ; by his intellectual faculties he resembles the higher orders of intelligences, and he partakes more or less of these various classes, as his inclination leads him. If his sole wish be to satisfy the wants of existence, then he is content to vegetate. If he partakes more of the animal than the vegetable nature, we find him fierce as the lion, greedy as the bull, impure as the hog, cruel as the leopard, or cunning as the fox ; and if, as is sometimes the case, he possesses all these bad qualities, he is then a demon in human shape."

Gratifying as these passages were to him, some of them being mere sports of wit, and others only the produce of fancy, he would have been indeed delighted if he had known

what was in his days known by no European scholar, that in the Institutes of Menu, his notion is distinctly declared as a revealed truth; there it is said, "In whatever occupation the Supreme Lord first employed any vital soul, to that occupation the same soul attaches itself spontaneously, when it receives a new body again and again. Whatever quality, noxious or innocent, harsh or mild, unjust or just, false or true, he conferred on any being at its creation, the same quality enters it of course on its future births."*

Still more would it have gratified him if he had known (as has before been cursorily observed) how entirely his own theory coincided with the Druidical philosophy, a philosophy which he would rather have traced to the Patriarchs, than to the Canaanites. Their doctrine, as explained by the Welsh translator of the Paradise Lost, in the sketch of Bardism which he has prefixed to the poems of Llywarc the Aged, was that "the whole animated creation originated in the lowest point of existence, and arrived by a regular train of gradations at the probationary state of humanity, the intermediate stages being all necessarily evil, but more or less so as they were removed from the beginning, which was evil in the extreme. In the state of humanity, good and evil were equally balanced, consequently it was a state of liberty, in which, if the conduct of the free agent preponderated towards evil, death gave but an awful passage whereby he returned to animal life, in a condition below humanity equal to the degree of turpitude to which he had debased himself, when free to choose between good and evil: and if his life were desperately wicked, it was possible for him to fall to his original vileness, in the lowest point of existence, there to recommence his painful progression through the ascending series of brute being. But if he had acted well in this his stage of probation, death was then to the soul thus tried and approved, what the word by which in the language of the Druids it is denoted,

literally means, enlargement. The soul was removed from the sphere wherein evil hath any place, into a state necessarily good; not to continue there in one eternal condition of blessedness, eternity being what no inferior existence could endure, but to pass from one gradation to another, gaining at every ascent increase of knowledge, and retaining the consciousness of its whole preceding progress through all. For the good of the human race, such a soul might again be sent on earth, but the human being of which it then formed the life, was incapable of falling." In this fancy the Bardic system approached that of the Bramins, this Celtic avatar of a happy soul, corresponding to the twice-born man of the Hindus. And the Doctor would have extracted some confirmation for the ground of the theory from that verse of the Psalm which speaks of us as "curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth."

Young, he used to say, expressed unconsciously this system of progressive life, when he spoke of man as a creature

From different natures marvellously mix'd;
Connection exquisite of distant worlds;
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity.

It was more distinctly enounced by Aken-side.

The same paternal hand
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore
To men, to angels, to celestial minds
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher scenes of being: while, supplied
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As vapours to the earth in showers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever listening planets charmed
By the Sun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day!
Centre of souls! nor doth the mastering voice
Of nature cease within to prompt aright
Their steps; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From sending to the toil external aid,
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the Life Divine.

The Bardic system bears in itself intrinsic evidence of its antiquity; for no such philosophy could have been devised among any Celtic people in later ages; nor could the

* SIR W. JONES.

Britons have derived any part of it from any nation with whom they had any opportunity of intercourse, at any time within reach of history. The Druids, or rather the Bards, (for these, according to those by whom their traditional wisdom has been preserved, were the superior order,) deduced as corollaries from the theory of Progressive Existence, these beautiful Triads.*

“There are three Circles of Existence; the Circle of Infinity, where there is nothing but God, of living or dead, and none but God can traverse it; the Circle of Inchoation, where all things are by nature derived from Death,—this Circle hath been traversed by man; and the Circle of happiness, where all things spring from life,—this man shall traverse in heaven.

“Animated beings having three states of Existence; that of Inchoation in the Great Deep, or lowest point of Existence; that of Liberty in the State of Humanity; and that of Love, which is the Happiness of Heaven.

“All animated Beings are subject to three Necessities; beginning in the Great Deep; Progression in the Circle of Inchoation; and Plenitude in the Circle of Happiness. Without these things nothing can possibly exist but God.

“Three things are necessary in the Circle of Inchoation; the least of all, Animation,

* Originally quoted in the notes to Madoc to illustrate the lines which follow.

“Let the Bard,
Exclaim'd the King, give his accustom'd lay:
For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song
He loved in earlier years.

Then strong of voice,
The officer proclaim'd the sovereign will,
Bidding the hall be silent; loud he spake
And smote the sounding pillar with his wand
And hush'd the banqueters. The chief of Bards
Then raised the ancient lay.

*Thee, Lord, he sung,
O Father! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee, whose power,
Whose love,—all love, all power, all wisdom, Thou!
Tongue cannot utter, nor can heart conceive.
He in the lowest depth of Being framed
The imperishable mind; in every change
Through the great circle of progressive life,
He guides and guards, till evil shall be known,
And being known as evil cease to be;
And the pure soul emancipate by death,
The Enlarger, shall attain its end predoom'd,
The eternal newness of eternal joy.*

and thence beginning; the materials of all things, and thence Increase, which cannot take place in any other state; the formation of all things out of the dead mass, and thence Discriminate Individuality.

“Three things cannot but exist towards all animated Beings from the nature of Divine Justice: Co-sufferance in the Circle of Inchoation, because without that none could attain to the perfect knowledge of anything; Co-participation in the Divine Love; and Co-ultimity from the nature of God's Power, and its attributes of Justice and Mercy.

“There are three necessary occasions of Inchoation: to collect the materials and properties of every nature; to collect the knowledge of everything; and to collect power towards subduing the Adverse and the Devastative, and for the divestation of Evil. Without this traversing every mode of animated existence, no state of animation, or of anything in nature, can attain to plenitude.”

“By the knowledge of three things will all Evil and Death be diminished and subdued; their nature, their cause, and their operation. This knowledge will be obtained in the Circle of Happiness.”

“The three Plenitudes of Happiness:—Participation of every nature, with a plenitude of One predominant; conformity to every cast of genius and character, possessing superior excellence in one: the love of all Beings and Existences, but chiefly concentrated in one object, which is God; and in the predominant One of each of these, will the Plenitude of Happiness consist.”

Triads, it may be observed, are found in the Proverbs of Solomon: so that to the evidence of antiquity which these Bardic remains present in their doctrines, a presumption is to be added from the peculiar form in which they are conveyed.

Whether Sir Philip Sydney had any such theory in his mind or not, there is an approach to it in that fable which he says old Lanquet taught him of the Beasts desiring from Jupiter, a King, Jupiter consented, but on condition that they should contribute the

qualities convenient for the new and superior creature.

Full glad they were, and took the naked sprite,
Which straight the Earth yelothed in her clay ;
The Lion heart, the Ounce gave active might ;
The Horse, good shape ; the Sparrow lust to play ;
Nightingale, voice enticing songs to say ;
Elephant gave a perfect memory,
And Parrot, ready tongue that to apply.

The Fox gave craft ; the Dog gave flattery ;
Ass, patience ; the Mole, a working thought ;
Eagle, high look ; Wolf, secret cruelty ;
Monkey, sweet breath ; the Cow, her faireyes brought :
The Ermine, whitest skin, spotted with nought.
The Sheep, mild-seeming face ; climbing the Bear,
The Stag did give his harm-eschewing fear.

The Hare, her slights ; the Cat, her melancholy ;
Ant, industry ; and Coney, skill to build ;
Cranes, order ; Storks, to be appearing holy ;
Cameleons, ease to change ; Duck, ease to yield ;
Crocodile, tears which might be falsely spill'd ;
Ape, great thing gave, tho' he did mowing stand,
The instrument of instruments, the hand.

Thus Man was made, thus Man their Lord became.

At such a system he thought Milton
glanced when his Satan speaks of the influences of the heavenly bodies, as

Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man :

for that the lines, though capable of another interpretation, ought to be interpreted as referring to a scheme of progressive life, appears by this fuller development in the speech of Rafael ;

O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life ;
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes : flow'rs and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimer,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual ; give both life and sense
Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul
Reason received, and reason is her being
Discursive, or intuitive ; discourse
Is oftst yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.*

Whether that true philosopher, in the exact import of the word, Sir Thomas

Browne, had formed a system of this kind, or only threw out a seminal idea from which it might be evolved, the Doctor, who dearly loved the writings of this most meditative author, would not say. But that Sir Thomas had opened the same vein of thought appears in what Dr. Johnson censured in "a very fanciful and indefensible section" of his Christian Morals; for there, and not among his Pseudodoxia Epidemica, that is to say, Vulgar Errors, the passage is found. Our Doctor would not only have deemed it defensible, but would have proved it to be so by defending it. "Since the brow," says the Philosopher of Norwich, "speaks often truth, since eyes and noses have tongues, and the countenance proclaims the heart and inclinations ; let observation so far instruct thee in physiognomical lines, as to be some rule for thy distinction, and guide for thy affection unto such as look most like men. Mankind, methinks, is comprehended in a few faces, if we exclude all visages which any way participate of symmetries and schemes of look common unto other animals. For as though man were the extract of the world, in whom all were in *coagulato*, which in their forms were *in soluto*, and at extension, we often observe that men do most act those creatures whose constitution, parts and complexion, do most predominate in their mixtures. This is a corner-stone in physiognomy, and holds some truth, not only in particular persons, but also in whole nations." †

But Dr. Johnson must cordially have assented to Sir Thomas Browne's inferential admonition. "Live," says that Religious Physician and Christian Moralist, — "live unto the dignity of thy nature, and leave it not disputable at last whether thou hast

By view whereof it plainly may appear
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more clear
And faire it grows, till to his perfect end
Of purest beantie it at last ascend ;
Ayre more than water, fire much more than ayre,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and fayre.

But these are somewhat of Pythagorean speculations — caught up by Lucretius and Virgil.

† Part ii. Section 9.

* Spenser in his "Hymne of Heavenly Beantie" falls into a similar tr. in of thought, as is observed by Thyer :—

been a man, or since thou art a composition of man and beast, how thou hast predominantly passed thy days, to state the denomination. Un-man not, therefore, thyself by a bestial transformation, nor realize old fables. Expose not thyself by fourfooted manners unto monstrous draughts and caricature representations. Think not after the old Pythagorean concert what beast thou mayest be after death. Be not under any brutal metempsychosis while thou livest and walkest about erectly under that scheme of man. In thine own circumference, as in that of the earth, let the rational horizon be larger than the sensible, and the circle of reason than of sense: let the divine part be upward, and the region of beast below: otherwise it is but to live invertedly, and with thy head unto the heels of thy antipodes. Desert not thy title to a divine particle and union with invisibles. Let true knowledge and virtue tell the lower world thou art a part of the higher. Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts; think of things long past, and long to come; acquaint thyself with the choragium of the stars, and consider the vast expansion beyond them. Let intellectual tubes give thee a glance of things which visive organs reach not. Have a glimpse of incomprehensible, and thoughts of things, which thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head, ascend unto invisibles; fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God; without which, though giants in wealth and dignity, we are but dwarfs and pygmies in humanity, and may hold a pitiful rank in that triple division of mankind into heroes, men and beasts. For though human souls are said to be equal, yet is there no small inequality in their operations; some maintain the allowable station of men, many are far below it; and some have been so divine as to approach the apogee of their natures, and to be in the confinium of spirits."

CHAPTER CCX.

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

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

HERE I shall inform the small critic, what it is, "a thousand pounds to one penny," as the nursery song says, or as the newspaper reporters of the Ring have it, Lombard Street to a China Orange, — no small critic already knows, whether he be diurnal, hebdomadal, monthly or trimestral, — that a notion of progressive Life is mentioned in Bishop Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, not as derived from any old system of philosophy or religion, but as the original speculation of one who belonged to a club of Free-thinkers. Another member of that worshipful society explains the system of his acquaintance, thus:

"He made a threefold partition of the human species into Birds, Beasts and Fishes, being of opinion that the Road of Life lies upwards in a perpetual ascent, through the scale of Being: in such sort, that the souls of insects after death make their second appearance in the shape of perfect animals, Birds, Beasts or Fishes; which upon their death are preferred into human bodies, and in the next stage into Beings of a higher and more perfect kind. This man we considered at first as a sort of heretic, because his scheme seemed not to consist with our fundamental tenet, the Mortality of the Soul: but he justified the notion to be innocent, inasmuch as it included nothing of reward or punishment, and was not proved by any argument which supposed or implied either incorporeal spirit, or Providence, being only inferred, by way of analogy, from what he had observed in human affairs, the Court, the Church, and the Army, wherein the tendency is always upwards, from lower posts to higher. According to this system, the Fishes are those men who swim in pleasure, such as *petits maitres, bons vivans*, and

honest fellows. The Beasts are dry, drudging, covetous, rapacious folk, and all those addicted to care and business like oxen, and other dry land animals, which spend their lives in labour and fatigue. The Birds are airy, notional men, Enthusiasts, Projectors, Philosophers, and such like; in each species every individual retaining a tincture of his former state, which constitutes what is called genius."

The quiet reader who sometimes lifts his eyes from the page (and closes them perhaps) to meditate upon what he has been reading, will perhaps ask himself wherefore I consider it to be as certain that no small critic should have read the Minute Philosopher, as that children cannot be drowned while "sliding on dry ground?" — My reason for so thinking is, that small critics never read anything so good. Like town ducks they dabble in the gutter, but never purify themselves in clear streams, nor take to the deep waters.

CHAPTER CCXI.

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

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

BAYLE.

HAD my ever-by-me-to-be-lamented friend, and from this time forth, I trust, ever-by-the-public-to-be-honoured philosopher, been a Welshman; or had he lived to become acquainted with the treasures of Welsh lore which Edward Williams, William Owen, and Edward Davies, the Curate of Olveston, have brought to light; he would have believed in the Bardic system as heartily as the Glamorganshire and Merionethshire Bards themselves, and have fitted it, without any apprehension of heresy, to his own religious creed. And although he would have perceived with the Curate of Olveston (worthy of the best Welsh Bishoprick for his labours; O George the Third, why did no one tell

thee that he was so, when he dedicated to thee his Celtic Researches?), — although (I say) he would have perceived that certain of the Druidical rites were derived from an accursed origin, — a fact authenticated by their abominations, and rendered certain by the historical proof that the Celtic language affords in both those dialects wherein any genuine remains have been preserved, — that knowledge would still have left him at liberty to adopt such other parts of the system as harmonised with his own speculations, and were not incompatible with the Christian faith. How he would have reconciled them shall be explained when I have taken this opportunity of relating something of the late Right Reverend Father in God, Richard Watson, Lord Bishop of Llandaff, which is more to his honour than anything that he has related of himself. He gave the Curate of Olveston, upon George Hardinge's recommendation, a Welsh Rectory, which, though no splendid preferment, placed that patient, and learned, and able and meritorious *poor* man, in a respectable station, and conferred upon him (as he gratefully acknowledged) the comfort of independence.

My friend had been led by Cudworth to this reasonable conclusion that there was a theology of divine tradition, or revelation, or a divine cabala, amongst the Hebrews first, and from them afterward communicated to the Egyptians and other nations. He had learned also from that greater theologian Jackson of Corpus (whom the Laureate Southey (himself to be commended for so doing) loses no opportunity of commending)* that divine communion was not confined to the Israelites before their distinction from other nations, and that "idolatry and superstition could not have increased so much in the old world, unless there had been evident documents of a divine power in ages precedent;" for "strange fables and lying

* Since Southey's death, Jackson's Works, to the much satisfaction of all sound theologians, have been reprinted at the Clarendon Press. I once heard Mr. Parker the Bookseller — the uncle of the present Mr. Parker — say, that he recollected the sheets of the Folio Edition being used as wrappers in the shops! Alexander's dust as a bung to a beer-barrel, quotha!

wonders receive being from notable and admirable decayed truths, as baser creatures do life from the dissolution of more noble bodies." These were the deliberate opinions of men not more distinguished among their contemporaries and eminent above their successors, for the extent of their erudition, than remarkable for capacity of mind and sobriety of judgment. And with these the history of the Druidical system entirely accords. It arose "from the gradual or accidental corruption of the patriarchal religion, by the abuse of certain commemorative honours which were paid to the ancestors of the human race, and by the admixture of Sabæan idolatry;" and on the religion thus corrupted some Canaanite abominations were engrafted by the Phœnicians. But as in other apostacies, a portion of original truth was retained in it.

Indeed just as remains of the antediluvian world are found everywhere in the bowels of the earth, so are traces not of scriptural history alone, but of primæval truths, to be discovered in the tradition of savages, their wild fables, and their bewildered belief; as well as in the elaborate systems of heathen mythology and the principles of what may deserve to be called divine philosophy. The farther our researches are extended, the more of these collateral proofs are collected, and consequently the stronger their collective force becomes. Research and reflection lead also to conclusions as congenial to the truly christian heart as they may seem starting to that which is christian in everything except in charity. Impostors acting only for their own purposes have enunciated holy truths, which in many of their followers have brought forth fruits of holiness. True miracles have been worked in false religions. Nor ought it to be doubted that prayers which have been directed to false Gods in erring, but innocent, because unavoidable misbelief, have been heard and accepted by that most merciful Father, whose eye is over all his creatures, and who hateth nothing that he hath made. — Here, be it remarked, that Baxter has protested against this fine expression in that paper of exceptions

against the Common Prayer which he prepared for the Savoy Meeting, and which his colleagues were prudent enough to set aside, lest it should give offence, they said, but probably because the more moderate of them were ashamed of its frivolous and captious cavillings; the Collect in which it occurs, he said, hath no reason for appropriation to the first day of Lent, and this part of it is unhandisomely said, being true only in a formal sense *quâ talis*, for "he hateth all the works of iniquity." Thus did he make iniquity the work of God, a blasphemy from which he would have revolted with just abhorrence if it had been advanced by another person: but dissent had become in him a cachexy of the intellect.

CHAPTER CCXII.

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

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

BUT although the conformity of the Bardic system to his own notions of progressive existence would have appeared to the Doctor

— confirmation strong
As proof of holy writ,—

he would have assented to that system no farther than such preceding conformity extended. Holding it only as the result of his own speculations, — as hypothesis, — a mere fancy, — a toy of the mind, — a plaything for the intellect in its lighter moments, and sometimes in its graver ones the subject of a dream, — he valued it accordingly. And yet the more he sported with it, and the farther he pursued it in his reveries, the more plausible it appeared, and the better did it seem to explain some of the physical phenomena, and some of the else seemingly inexplicable varieties of human nature. It was Henry More's opinion that the Pre-existence of the Soul, which is so explicit and frequent a doctrine of the Platonists, "was a tenet for which there are many plausible

reasons, and against which there is nothing considerable to be alleged; being a key," he said, "for some main mysteries of Providence which no other can so handsomely unlock." More however, the Doctor thought, might be advanced against that tenet, than against his own scheme, for to that no valid objection could be opposed. But the metempsychosis in a descending scale as a scheme of punishment would have been regarded by him as one of those corruptions which the Bards derived from the vain philosophy or false religions of the Levant.

Not that this part of their scheme was without a certain plausibility on the surface, which might recommend it to inconsiderate minds. He himself would have thought that no Judge ever pronounced a more just decision than the three Infernal Lord Chancellors of the dead would do, if they condemned his townsman the pettyfogger to skulk upon earth again as a pole-cat, creep into holes as an earwig, and be flattened again between the thumbnails of a London chambermaid, or exposed to the fatal lotion of Mr. Tiffin, bug-destroyer to his Majesty. It was fitting, he thought, that every keen sportsman, for once at least, should take the part of the inferior creature in those amusements of the field which he had followed so joyously, and that he should be winged in the shape of a partridge, run down in the form of a hare by the hounds, and Actæonised in a stag: that the winner of a Welsh main should be the cock of one, and die of the wounds received in the last fight; that the merciless post-master should become a post-horse at his own inn; and that they who have devised, or practised, or knowingly permitted any wanton cruelty for the sake of pampering their appetites, should in the next stage of their existence feel in their own person the effect of those devices, which in their human state they had only tasted. And not being addicted himself to "the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling," (forgive him Sir Humphrey Davy! forgive him Chantrey! forgive him, thou best of all publishers, John Major, who mightest write *Ne plus ultra* upon thy edition of any book

which thou delightest to honour,) he allowed that even Izaak Walton of blessed memory could not have shown cause for mitigation of the sentence, if Rhadamanthus and his colleagues in the Court below, had condemned him to be spitted upon the hook of some dear lover and ornament of the art, in the shape of "a black snail with his belly slit to shew the white;" or of a perch, which of fish, he tells us, is the longest lived on a hook; or sewed him metempsycho-sized into a frog, to the arming iron, with a fine needle and silk, with only one stitch, using him in so doing, according to his own minute directions, as if he loved him, that is, harming him as little as he possibly might, that he might live the longer.

This would be fitting, he thought, and there would have been enough of purgatory in it to satisfy the sense of vindictive justice, if any scheme of purgatory had been reconcilable with his scriptural belief. Bishop Hall has a passage in his *Choice Helps* for a Pious Spirit, which might be taken in the sense of this opinion, though certainly no such meaning was intended by the writer. "Man," he says, "as he consists of a double nature, flesh and spirit, so is he placed in a middle rank, betwixt an angel, which is a spirit, and a beast, which is flesh: partaking of the qualities and performing the acts of both. He is angelical in his understanding, in his sensual affections bestial; and to whether of these he most incline and comforteth himself, that part wins more of the other, and gives a denomination to him; so as he that was before half angel, half beast, if he be drowned in sensuality, hath lost the angel and is become a beast; if he be wholly taken up with heavenly meditations, he hath quit the beast, and is improved angelical. It is hard to hold an equal temper, either he must degenerate into a beast, or be advanced to an angel."

Had the Doctor held this opinion according to the letter, and believed that those who brutalised their nature in the stage of humanity, were degraded to the condition of brutes after death, he could even have persuaded himself that intelligible indica-

tions of such a transmigration might be discovered in the eyes of a dog when he looks to some hard master for mercy, or to some kind one for notice, and as it were for a recognition of the feelings and thoughts which had no other means of expression. But he could not have endured to think it possible that the spaniel who stood beside him in mute supplication, with half-erected ears, looking for a morsel of food, might be a friend or relation; and that in making a troublesome or a thievish cur slink away with his tail between his legs, he might be hurting the feelings of an old acquaintance.

And indeed on the whole it would have disturbed his sense of order, to think that while some inferior creatures were innocently and unconsciously ascending in the scale of existence through their appointed gradations, others were being degraded to a condition below humanity for their sins committed in the human state. Punishment such degradation could not be deemed, unless the soul so punished retained its consciousness; and such consciousness would make it a different being from those who were externally of its fellow kind, and thus would the harmony of nature be destroyed: and to introduce discord there were to bring back Chaos. Bad enough, as he saw, is the inequality which prevails among mankind, though without it men would soon be all upon the dead level of animal and ferine life: But what is it to that which would appear in the lower world, if in the same species some individuals were guided only by their own proper instincts, and others endowed with the consciousness of a human and reasonable mind?

The consequences also of such a doctrine where it was believed could not but lead to pitiable follies, and melancholy superstitions. Has humanity ever been put to a viler use than by the Banians at Surat, who support a hospital for vermin in that city, and regale the souls of their friends who are undergoing penance in the shape of fleas, or in loathsome pedicular form, by hiring beggars to go in among them, and afford them pasture for the night!

Even from his own system consequences followed which he could not reconcile to his wishes. Fond as he was of animals, it would have been a delight to him if he could have believed with the certainty of faith that he should have with him in Heaven all that he had loved on earth. But if they were only so many vehicles of the living spirit during its ascent to humanity, — only the egg, the caterpillar and the aurelia from which the human but immortal Psyche was to come forth at last, then must their uses be at an end in this earthly state: and Paradise he was sometimes tempted to think would want something if there were no beautiful insects to hover about its flowers, no birds to warble in its groves or glide upon its waters, — would not be the Paradise he longed for unless the lion were there to lie down with the lamb, and the antelope reclined its gentle head upon the leopard's breast. Fitting, and desirable, and necessary he considered the extinction of all noxious kinds, all which were connected with corruption, and might strictly be said to be of the earth earthly. But in his Paradise he would fain have whatever had been in Eden, before Paradise was lost, except the serpent.

"I can hardly," says an English officer who was encamped in India near a lake overstocked with fish, "I can hardly censure the taste of the Indians, who banish from a consecrated pond the net of the fisher, the angler's hook and the fowler's gun. Shoals of large fish giving life to the clear water of a large lake covered with flocks of aquatic birds, afford to the sight a gratification which would be ill exchanged for the momentary indulgence of appetite." My excellent friend would heartily have agreed with this Englishman; but in the waters of Paradise he would have thought, neither did the fish prey upon each other, nor the birds upon them, death not being necessary there as the means of providing aliment for life.

That there are waters in the Regions of the Blessed, Bede, it is said, assures us for this reason, that they are necessary there to temper the heat of the Sun. And Cornelius à Lapide has found out a most admirable

use for them above the firmament, — which is to make rivers, and fountains, and water-works for the recreation of the souls in bliss, whose seat is in the Empyrean Heaven.

“If an herd of kine,” says Fuller, “should meet together to fancy and define happiness, — (that is to imagine a Paradise for themselves,) — they would place it to consist in fine pastures, sweet grass, clear water, shadowy groves, constant summer; but if any winter, then warm shelter and dainty hay, with company after their kind, counting these low things the highest happiness, because their conceit can reach no higher. Little better do the heathen poets describe Heaven, paving it with pearl and roofing it with stars, filling it with Gods and Goddesses, and allowing them to drink, (as if without it, no poet’s Paradise,) nectar and ambrosia.”

CHAPTER CCXIII.

BIRDS OF PARADISE. THE ZIZ. STORY OF THE ABBOT OF ST. SALVADOR DE VILLAR. HOLY COLETTE’S NONDESCRIP PET. THE ANIMALCULAR WORLD. GIORDANO BRUNO.

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

HINDOOS and Mahomedans have stocked their heavens not only with mythological monsters but with beautiful birds of celestial kind. They who have read Thalaba will remember the

Green warbler of the bowers of Paradise:

and they who will read the history of the Nella-Rajah, — which whosoever reads or relates shall (according to the author) enjoy all manner of happiness and planetary bliss, — that is to say, all the good fortune that can be bestowed by the nine great luminaries which influence human events, — they who read that amusing story will find that in the world of Daivers, or Genii, there are milk-white birds called Aunnays, remarkable for the gracefulness of their walk,

wonderfully endowed with knowledge and speech, incapable of deceit, and having power to look into the thoughts of men.

These creatures of imagination are conceived in better taste than the Rabbis have displayed in the invention of their great bird Ziz, whose head when he stands in the deep sea reaches up to Heaven; whose wings when they are extended darken the sun; and one of whose eggs happening to fall crushed three hundred cedars, and breaking in the fall, drowned sixty cities in its yolk. That fowl is reserved for the dinner of the Jews in heaven, at which Leviathan is to be the fish, and Behemoth the roast meat. There will be cut and come again at all of them; and the carvers, of whatever rank in the hierarchy they may be, will have no sinecure office that day.

The monks have given us a prettier tale; — praise be to him who composed, — but the liar’s portion to those who made it pass for truth. There was an Abbot of S. Salvador de Villar who lived in times when piety flourished, and Saints on earth enjoyed a visible communion with Heaven. This holy man used in the intervals of his liturgical duties to recreate himself by walking in a pine forest near his monastery, employing his thoughts the while in divine meditations. One day when thus engaged during his customary walk, a bird in size and appearance resembling a blackbird alighted before him on one of the trees, and began so sweet a song, that in the delight of listening the good Abbot lost all sense of time and place, and of all earthly things, remaining motionless and in extasy. He returned not to the Convent at his accustomed hour, and the Monks supposed that he had withdrawn to some secret solitude; and would resume his office when his intended devotion there should have been completed. So long a time elapsed without his reappearance that it was necessary to appoint a substitute for him *pro tempore*; his disappearance and the forms observed upon this occasion being duly registered. Seventy years passed by, during all which time no one who entered the pine forest ever

lighted upon the Abbot, nor did he think of anything but the bird before him, nor hear anything but the song which filled his soul with contentment, nor eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor feel either want, or weariness, or exhaustion. The bird at length ceased to sing and took flight: and the Abbot then, as if he had remained there only a few minutes, returned to the monastery. He marvelled as he approached at certain alterations about the place, and still more when upon entering the house, he knew none of the brethren whom he saw, nor did any one appear to know him. The matter was soon explained, his name being well known, and the manner of his disappearance matter of tradition there as well as of record: miracles were not so uncommon then as to render any proof of identity necessary, and they proposed to reinstate him in his office. But the holy man was sensible that after so great a favour had been vouchsafed him, he was not to remain a sojourner upon earth; so he exhorted them to live in peace with one another, and in the fear of God, and in the strict observance of their rule, and to let him end his days in quietness; and in a few days, even as he expected, it came to pass, and he fell asleep in the Lord.

The dishonest monks who, for the honour of their Convent and the lucre of gain, palmed this lay (for such in its origin it was) upon their neighbours as a true legend, added to it, that the holy Abbot was interred in the cloisters; that so long as the brethren continued in the observance of their rule, and the place of his interment was devoutly visited, the earth about it proved a certain cure for many maladies, but that in process of time both church and cloisters became so dilapidated through decay of devotion, that cattle strayed into them, till the monks and the people of the vicinity were awakened to a sense of their sin and of their duty, by observing that every animal which trod upon the Abbot's grave fell and broke its leg.* The relics therefore were

translated with due solemnity, and deposited in a new monument, on which the story of the miracle, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, was represented in bas-relief.

The Welsh have a tradition concerning the Birds of Rhianon, — a female personage who hath a principal part in carrying on the spells in Gwlad yr Hud, or the Enchanted Land of Pembrokeshire. Whoso happened to hear the singing of her birds stood seven years listening, though he supposed the while that only an hour or two had elapsed. Owen Pughe could have told us more of these Birds.

Some Romish legends speak of birds which were of no species known on earth and who by the place and manner of their appearances were concluded to have come from Paradise, or to have been celestial spirits in that form. Holy Colette of portentous sanctify, the Reformeress of the Poor Clares, and from whom a short-lived variety of the Franciscans were called Colettines, was favoured, according to her biographers, with frequent visits by a four-footed pet, which was no mortal creature. It was small, resembling a squirrel in agility, and an ermine in the snowy whiteness of its skin, but not in other respects like either; and it had this advantage over all earthly pets, that it was sweetly and singularly fragrant. It would play about the saint, and invite her attention by its gambols. Colette felt a peculiar and mysterious kind of pleasure when it showed itself; and for awhile not supposing that there was anything supernatural in its appearance, endeavoured to catch it, for she delighted in having lambs and innocent birds to fondle: but though the Nuns closed the door, and used every art and effort to entice or catch it, the little nondescript always either eluded them, or vanished; and it never tasted of any food which they set before it. This miracle being unique in its kind is related with becoming admiration by the chroniclers of the Seraphic Order; as it well may, for, for a monastic writer to invent a new

* Superstition is confined to no country, but is spread, more or less, over all. The classical reader will call to mind what Herodotus tells happened in the territory of

Agyllæi. *Clio*, c. 167, ἐγένετο διάστροφα καὶ ἰσπανία καὶ ἀπότηληκτα, ὁμοίως πρὸς βατὰ καὶ ὑπεζύγια καὶ ἄνθρωποι.

miracle of any kind evinces no ordinary power of invention.

If this story be true, and true it must be unless holy Colette's reverend Roman Catholic biographers are liars, its truth cannot be admitted *sans tirer à consequence*; and it would follow as a corollary not to be disputed, that there are animals in the world of Angels. And on the whole it accorded with the general bearing of the Doctor's notions (notions rather than opinions he liked to call them where they were merely speculative) to suppose that there may be as much difference between the zoology of that world, and of this, as is found in the zoology and botany of widely distant regions here, according to different circumstances of climate: and rather to imagine that there were celestial birds, beasts, fishes, and insects, exempt from evil, and each happy in its kind to the full measure of its capacity for happiness, than to hold the immortality of brutes. Cudworth's authority had some weight with him on this subject, where the Platonical divine says that as "human souls could not possibly be generated out of matter, but were some time or other created by the Almighty out of nothing preexisting, either in generations, or before them," so if it be admitted that brute animals are "not mere machines, or *automata*, (as some seem inclinable to believe,) but conscious and thinking beings; then, from the same principle of reason, it will likewise follow, that their souls cannot be generated out of matter neither, and therefore must be derived from the fountain of all life, and created out of nothing by Him; who, since he can as easily annihilate as create, and does all for the best, no man need at all to trouble himself about their permanency, or immortality."

Now though the Doctor would have been pleased to think, with the rude Indian, that when he was in a state of existence wherein no evil could enter,

His faithful dog should bear him company,

he felt the force of this reasoning; and he perceived also that something analogous to the annihilation there intended might be

discerned in his own hypothesis. For in what may be called the visible creation he found nothing resembling that animalcular world which the microscope has placed within reach of our senses; nothing like those monstrous and prodigious forms which Leeuwenhoek, it must be believed, has faithfully delineated.—Bishop has a beautiful epigram upon the theme *κατὰ πείραντα*:

When thro' a chink *, a darkened room
Admits the solar beam,
Down the long light that breaks the gloom,
Millions of atoms stream.
In sparkling agitation bright,
Alternate dyes they bear;
Too small for any sense but sight,
Or any sight, but *there*.
Nature reveals not all her store
To human search, or skill;
And when she deigns to shew us more
She shows us Beauty still.

But the microscopic world affords us exceptions to this great moral truth. The forms which are there discovered might well be called

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Such verily they would be, if they were in magnitude equal to the common animals by which we are surrounded. But Nature has left all these seemingly misformed creatures in the lowest stage of existence,—the circle of inchoation; neither are any of the hideous forms of insects repeated in the higher grades of animal life; the sea indeed contains creatures marvellously uncouth and ugly, *beaucoup plus de monstres, sans comparaison, que la terre*, and the Sieur de Brocourt, who was as curious in collecting the opinions of men as our philosopher, though no man could

* The reader may not be displeas'd to read the following beautiful passage from Jeremy Taylor.

"If God is glorified in the sun and moon, in the rare fabric of the honeycombs, in the discipline of bees, in the economy of pismires, in the little houses of birds, in the curiosity of an eye, God being pleas'd to delight in those little images and reflexes of himself from those pretty mirrors, which, like a crevice in the wall, through a narrow perspective, transmit the species of a vast excellency; much rather shall God be pleas'd to behold himself in the glasses of our obedience, in the emissions of our will and understanding; these being rational and apt instruments to express him, far better than the natural, as being near communications of himself."—*Invalidity of a late or Death-bed Repentance*, vol. v. p. 464.

make more dissimilar uses of their knowledge, explains it *à cause de la facilité de la generation qui est en elle, dont se procreent si diverses figures, à raison de la grande chaleur qui se trouve en la mer, l'humour y estant gras, et l'aliment abondant; toute generation se faisant par chaleur et humidité, qui produisent toutes choses.* With such reasoning our Doctor was little satisfied; it was enough to know that as the sea produces monsters, so the sea covers them, and that fish are evidently lower in the scale of being than the creatures of earth and air. It is the system of Nature then that whatever is unseemly should be left in the earliest and lowest stages; that life as it ascends should cast off all deformity, as the butterfly leaves its *exuvie* when its perfect form is developed; and finally, that whatever is imperfect should be thrown off, and nothing survive in immortality but what is beautiful as well as good.

He was not acquainted with the speculation, or conception (as the Philotheistic philosopher himself called it) of Giordano Bruno, that *deformium animalium formæ, formosæ sunt in cælo.* Nor would he have assented to some of the other opinions which that pious and high-minded victim of papal intolerance connected with it. That *metallo-rum in se non lucentium formæ, lucent in planetis suis,* he might have supposed, if he had believed in the relationship between metals and planets. And if Bruno's remark applied to the Planets only, as so many other worlds, and did not regard the future state of the creatures of this our globe, the Doctor might then have agreed to his assertion that *non enim homo, nec animalia, nec metalla ut hic sunt, illic existunt.* But the Philotheist of Nola, in the remaining part of this his twelfth *Conceptus Idearum* soared above the Doctor's pitch: *Quod nempe hic discurrat, he says, illic actu viget, discursione superiori. Virtutes enim quæ versus materiam explicantur: versus actum primum univertur, et complicantur. Unde patet quod dicunt Platonicæ, ideam quamlibet rerum etiam non viventium, vitam esse et intelligentiam quandam. Item et in Primâ Mente unam esse rerum omnium*

ideam. Illuminando igitur, vivificando, et uniendo est quod te superioribus agentibus conformans, in conceptionem et retentionem specierum efferaris. Here the Philosopher of Doncaster would have found himself in the dark, but whether because "blinded by excess of light," or because the subject is within the confines of uttermost darkness, is not for me his biographer to determine.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

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

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

THERE was another argument against the immortality of brutes, to which, it may be, he allowed the more weight, because it was of his own excogitating. Often as he had heard of apparitions in animal forms, all such tales were of some spirit or hobgoblin which had assumed that appearance; as, for instance, that *simulacrum admodum monstruosum,* that portentous figure in which Pope Gregory the Ninth after his death was met roaming about the woods by a holy hermit: it was in the form of a wild beast with the head of an ass, the body of a bear, and the tail of a cat. Well might the good hermit fortify himself with making the sign of the cross when he beheld this monster: he approved himself a courageous man by speaking to the apparition, which certainly was not "in such a questionable shape" as to invite discourse: and we are beholden to him for having transmitted to posterity the bestial Pope's confession, that because he had lived an unreasonable and lawless life, it was the will of God and of St. Peter whose chair he had defiled by all kinds of abominations, that he should thus wander about in a form of ferine monstrosity.

He had read of such apparitions, and been sufficiently afraid of meeting a barguest* in

* A northern word, used in Cumberland and Yorkshire. Brocket and Grose neither of them seem aware that this

his boyish days; but in no instance had he ever heard of the ghost of an animal. Yet if the immaterial part of such creatures survived in a separate state of consciousness, why should not their spirits sometimes have been seen as well as those of our departed fellow creatures? No cock or hen ghost ever haunted its own barn door; no child was ever alarmed by the spirit of its pet lamb; no dog or cat ever came like a shadow to visit the hearth on which it rested when living. It is laid down as a certain truth deduced from the surest principles of demonology by the Jesuit Thyraeus, who had profoundly studied that science, that whenever the apparition of a brute beast or monster was seen, it was a Devil in that shape. *Quotiescumque sub brutorum animantium forma conspicuntur spiritus, quotiescumque monstra exhibentur dubium non est, autoprosopos adesse Dæmoniorum spiritus.* For such forms were not suitable for human spirits, but for evil Demons they were in many respects peculiarly so: and such apparitions were frequent.

Thus the Jesuit reasoned, the possibility that the spirit of a brute might appear never occurring to him, because he would have deemed it heretical to allow that there was anything in the brute creation partaking of immortality. No such objection occurred to the Doctor in his reasonings upon this point. His was a more comprehensive creed; the doubt which he felt was not concerning the spirit of brute animals, but whether it ever existed in a separate state after death, which the Ghost of one, were there but one such appearance well attested, would sufficiently prove.

He admitted, indeed, that for every authenticated case of an apparition, a peculiar cause was to be assigned, or presumed; but that for the apparition of an inferior animal, there could in general be no such cause. Yet cases are imaginable wherein there

might be such peculiar cause, and some final purpose only to be brought about by such preternatural means. The strong affection which leads a dog to die upon his master's grave, might bring back the spirit of a dog to watch for the safety of a living master. That no animal ghosts should have been seen afforded, therefore, in this judgment no weak presumption against their existence.

O Dove, "my guide, philosopher, and friend!" that thou hadst lived to see what I have seen, the portrait of the Ghost of a Flea, engraved by Varley, from the original by Blake! The engraver was present when the likeness was taken, and relates the circumstances thus in his Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy.

"This spirit visited his imagination in such a figure as he never anticipated in an insect. As I was anxious to make the most correct investigation in my power of the truth of these visions, on hearing of this spiritual apparition of a Flea, I asked him if he could draw for me the resemblance of what he saw. He instantly said, 'I see him now before me.' I therefore gave him paper and a pencil, with which he drew the portrait of which a fac-simile is given in this number. I felt convinced by his mode of proceeding, that he had a real image before him; for he left off, and began on another part of the paper to make a separate drawing of the mouth of the Flea, which the spirit having opened, he was prevented from proceeding with the first sketch till he had closed it. During the time occupied in completing the drawing, the Flea told him that all fleas were inhabited by the souls of such men as were by nature blood-thirsty to excess, and were therefore providentially confined to the size and form of insects; otherwise, were he himself, for instance, the size of a horse, he would depopulate a great portion of the country. He added that if in attempting to leap from one island to another he should fall into the sea, he could swim, and should not be lost."

The Ghost of the Flea spoke truly when he said what a formidable beast he should be, if with such power of leg and of pro-

spirit or demon had the form of the beast. Their derivations are severally "*Berg*, a hill, and *geest*, ghost;" — "*Bar*, a gate or stile, and *ghetst*."

The locality of the spirit will suggest a reference to the Icelandic *Berserkr*. In that language *Bera* and *Berskr* both signify a bear.

boscis, and such an appetite for blood, he were as large as a horse. And if all things came by chance, it would necessarily follow from the laws of chance that such monsters there would be: but because all things are wisely and mercifully ordered, it is, that these varieties of form and power which would be hideous, and beyond measure destructive upon a larger scale, are left in the lower stages of being; the existence of such deformity and such means of destruction there, and their non-existence as the scale of life ascends, alike tending to prove the wisdom and the benevolence of the Almighty Creator.

CHAPTER CCXV.

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

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

FULLER.

It may have been observed by the attentive reader — (and all my readers will be attentive, except those who are in love,) — that although the Doctor traced many of his acquaintance to their prior allotments in the vegetable creation, he did not discover such symptoms in any of them as led him to infer that the object of his speculations had existed in the form of a tree; — crabbed tempers, sour plums, cherry-cheeks, and hearts of oak being nothing more than metaphorical expressions of similitude. But it would be a rash and untenable deduction were we to conclude from the apparent omission that the arboreal world was excluded from his system. On the contrary, the analogies between animal and vegetable life led him to believe that the Archeus of the human frame received no unimportant part of his preparatory education in the woods.

Steele in a playful allegory has observed “that there is a sort of vegetable principle

in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants, the seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational leaves, which are words; and in due season the flowers begin to appear in variety of beautiful colours, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination; at last the fruit knits and is formed, which is green perhaps at first, sour and unpleasent to the taste, and not fit to be gathered; till, ripened by due care and application, it discovers itself in all the noble productions of philosophy, mathematics, close reasoning, and handsome argumentation. I reflected further on the intellectual leaves before mentioned, and found almost as great a variety among them as in the vegetable world.” In this passage, though written only as a sport of fancy, there was more, our speculator thought, than was dreamed of in Steele's philosophy.

Empedocles, if the fragment which is ascribed to him be genuine, pretended to remember that he had pre-existed not only in the forms of maiden and youth, fowl and fish, but of a shrub also;

*“Ἦδη γάρ ποτ' ἐγὼ γενόμενι κούρη τι κόρος τε,
Θάμνος τ', οἰανός τε, καὶ εἰς ἅλι ἑλλοτος ἰχθύς.”*

But upon such authority the Doctor placed as little reliance as upon the pretended recollections of Pythagoras, whether really asserted by that philosopher or falsely imputed to him by fablers in prose or verse. When man shall have effected his passage from the mortal and terrestrial state into the sphere where there is nothing that is impure, nothing that is evil, nothing that is perishable, then indeed it is a probable supposition that he may look back into the lowest deep from whence he hath ascended, recal to mind his progress step by step, through every stage of the ascent, and understand the process by which it had been appointed for him, (applying to Plato's words a different meaning from that in which they were intended,) *ἐκ πολλῶν ἕνα γεγονότα εὐδαιμόνα ἔσεισθαι*, to become of many creatures, one happy one. In that sphere such a retrospect would enlarge the knowledge, and consequently the

happiness also, of the soul which has there attained the perfection of its nature — the end for which it was created and redeemed. But any such consciousness of pre-existence would in this stage of our mortal being be so incompatible with the condition of humanity, that the opinion itself can be held only as a speculation, of which no certainty can ever have been made known to man, because that alone has been revealed, the knowledge of which is necessary: the philosophers therefore who pretended to it, if they were sincere in the pretension (which may be doubted) are entitled to no more credit, than the poor hypochondriac who fancies himself a bottle or a tea-pot.

Thus our philosopher reasoned, who either in earnest or in jest, or in serious sportiveness, *παίζων και σπουδάζων ἡμα*, was careful never to lean more upon an argument than it would bear. Sometimes he pressed the lame and halt into his service, but it was with a clear perception of their defects, and he placed them always in positions where they were efficient for the service required for them, and where more valid ones would not have been more available. He formed, therefore, no system of dendranthology, nor attempted any classification in it; there were not facts enough whereon to found one. Yet in more than one circumstance which observant writers have recorded, something he thought might be discerned which bore upon this part of the theory, — some traces of

those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

on which Wordsworth (in whose mystic strains he would have delighted) dwells. Thus he inferred that the soul of Xerxes must once have animated a plane tree, and retained a vivid feeling connected with his arboreal existence, when he read in Evelyn how that great king “stopped his prodigious army of seventeen hundred thousand soldiers to admire the pulchritude and procerity of one of those goodly trees; and became so fond of it, that spoiling both himself, his concubines, and great persons of all their jewels, he covered it with gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs and bracelets, and infinite riches;

in sum, was so enamoured of it, that for some days, neither the concernment of his grand expedition, nor interest of honour, nor the necessary motion of his portentous army, could persuade him from it. He stiled it his mistress, his minion, his goddess; and when he was forced to part from it, he caused the figure of it to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he continually wore about him.”

“That prudent Consul Passianus Crispus” must have been influenced by a like feeling, when he “fell in love with a prodigious beech of a wonderful age and stature, used to sleep under it, and would sometimes refresh it with pouring wine at the root.” Certainly, as Evelyn has observed, “a goodly tree was a powerful attractive” to this person. The practice of regaling trees with such libations was not uncommon among the wealthy Romans; they seem to have supposed that because wine gladdened their own hearts, it must in like manner comfort the root of a tree: and Pliny assures us that it did so, *compertum id maximè prodesse radicibus*, he says, *docuimusque etiam arbores vina potare*. If this were so, the Doctor reasoned that there would be a peculiar fitness in fertilising the vine with its own generous juice, which it might be expected to return with increase in richer and more abundant clusters: forgetting, ignoring, or disregarding this opinion which John Lily has recorded that the vine watered (as he calls it) with wine is soon withered. He was not wealthy enough to afford such an experiment upon that which clothed the garden-front of his house, for this is not a land flowing with wine and oil; but he indulged a favourite apple-tree (it was a Ribstone pippin) with cider; and when no sensible improvement in the produce could be perceived, he imputed the disappointment rather to the parsimonious allowance of that congenial liquor, than to any error in the theory.

But this has led me astray, and I must return to Xerxes the Great King. The predilection or passion which he discovered for the plane, the sage of Doncaster explained by deriving it from a dim reminiscence of

his former existence in a tree of the same kind; or which was not less likely in the wanton ivy which had clasped one, or in the wild vine which had festooned its branches with greener leaves, or even in the agaric which had grown out of its decaying substance. And he would have quoted Wordsworth if the Sage of Rydal had not been of a later generation :

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Other examples of men who have doated upon particular trees he accounted for by the same philosophy. But in the case of the Consul Crispus he was more inclined to hold the first supposition, — to wit, that he had been a beech himself, and that the tree which he loved so dearly had sprung from his own mast, so that the feeling with which he regarded it was a parental one. For that man should thus unconsciously afford proof of his relationship to tree, was rendered more probable by a singular, though peradventure single fact, in which a tree so entirely recognised its affinity with man, that a slip accidentally grafted on the human subject, took root in the body, grew there, flourished, blossomed and produced fruit after its kind. "A shepherd of Tarragon had fallen into a sloe tree, and a sharp point thereof having run into his breast, in two years time it took such root, that, after many branches had been cut off, there sprang up some at last which bare both flowers and fruit." "Peiresc," as Gassendi the writer of his life assures us, "would never be quiet till Cardinal Barberino procured the Archbishop of that place to testify the truth of the story; and Putean the knight received not only letters testifying the same, but also certain branches thereof, which he sent unto him."

CHAPTER CCXVI.

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

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

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

MAN is a Tree that hath no top in cares,
No root in comforts.*

This is one of the many poetical passages in which the sound is better than the sense;— yet it is not without its beauty. The same similitude has been presented by Henry More in lines which please the ear less, but satisfy the understanding.

The lower man is nought but a fair plant
Whose grosser matter is from the base ground.

"A plant," says Jones of Nayland, "is a system of life, but insensitive and fixed to a certain spot. An animal hath voluntary motion, sense, or perception, and is capable of pain and pleasure. Yet in the construction of each there are some general principles which very obviously connect them. It is literally as well as metaphorically true, that trees have limbs, and an animal body branches. A vascular system is also common to both, in the channels of which life is maintained and circulated. When the trachea, with its branches in the lungs, or the veins and arteries, or the nerves, are separately represented, we have the figure of a tree. The leaves of trees have a fibrous and fleshy part; their bark is a covering which answers to the skin in animals. An active vapour pervades them both, and perspires from both, which is necessary for the preservation of health and vigour. The *vis vitæ*, or involuntary, mechanical force of animal life, is kept up by the same elements which act upon plants for their growth and support." †

* CHAPMAN.

† The reader of Berkeley will naturally turn to the

"Plants," says Novalis, "are Children of the Earth; we are Children of the Æther. Our lungs are properly our root; we live when we breathe; we begin our life with breathing." Plato also compared man to a Tree, but his was a physical similitude, he likened the human vegetable to a tree inverted, with the root above and the branches below. Antonio Perez allegorised the similitude in one of his epistles to Essex, thus, *Unde credis hominem inversam arborem appellari? Inversam nostris oculis humanis et terrenis; rectam verò verè, virilemque, si radicem defixam habuerit in suo naturali loco, cælo, unde orta.* And Rabelais pursues the resemblance farther, saying that trees differ from beasts in this, *Qu'elles ont la teste, c'est le tronc, en bas; les cheveux, ce sont les racines, en terre; et les pieds, ce sont les rameaux, contremont; comme si un homme faisoit le chesne fourchu.*

The thought that man is like a tree arose in the Doctor's mind more naturally when he first saw the representation of the veins and arteries in the old translation of Ambrose Paré's works. And when in course of time he became a curious inquirer into the history of her art, he was less disposed to smile at any of the fancies into which Doña Oliva Sabuco Barrera had been led by this resemblance, than to admire the novelty and ingenuity of the theory which she deduced from it.

Bless ye the memory of this Spanish Lady, all ye who bear, or aspire to, the honour of the bloody hand as Knights of Esculapius! For from her, according to Father Feyjoo, the English first, and afterwards the physicians of other countries, learned the theory of nervous diseases;—never, therefore, did any other individual contribute so largely to the gratification of fee-feeling fingers!

Feyjoo has properly enumerated her among the women who have done honour to their country: and later Spaniards have

called her the immortal glory not of Spain alone, but of all Europe. She was born, and dwelt in the city of Alcaraz, and flourished in the reign of Philip II. to whom she dedicated in 1587 her "New Philosophy of the Nature of Man,"* appealing to the ancient law of chivalry, whereby great Lords and high-born Knights were bound always to favour women in their adventures. In placing under the eagle wings of his Catholic Majesty this child which she had engendered, she told the King that he was then receiving from a woman greater service than any that men had rendered him, with whatever zeal and success they had exerted themselves to serve him. The work which she laid before him would better the world, she said, in many things, and if he could not attend to it, those who came after him per-adventure would. For though there were already all too-many books in the world, yet this one was wanting.

The brief and imperfect notices of this Lady's system, which the Doctor had met with in the course of his reading, made him very desirous of procuring her works: this it would not be easy to do in England at this time, and then it was impossible. He obtained them, however, through the kindness of Mason's friend, Mr. Burgh, whom he used to meet at Mr. Copley's at Netterball, and who in great or in little things was always ready to render any good office in his power to any person. Burgh procured the book through the Rev. Edward Clarke, (father of Dr. Clarke the traveller,) then Chaplain to the British Ambassador in Spain. The volume came with the despatches from Madrid, it was forwarded to Mr. Burgh in an official frank, and the Doctor marked with a white stone the day on which the York carrier delivered it at his house. That precious copy is now in my possession †; my friend has noted in it,

* It should seem by her name, as suffixed to the Carta Dedicatorie, that she was of French or Breton extraction, for the signus herself, Oliva de Nantes, Sabuco Barera. — R. S.

† This curious book I unluckily missed at the Sale of Southey's Library. I was absent at the time, and it passed into private hands. It sold for thirteen shillings

Siris of that author — called by Southey in his life of Wesley "one of the best, wisest, and greatest men whom Ireland, with all its fertility of genius, has produced." Vol. ii. 260., 2nd Edit.

as was his custom, every passage that seemed worthy of observation, with the initial of his own name — a small capital, neatly written in red ink. Such of his books as I have been able to collect are full of these marks, showing how carefully he had read them. These notations have been of much use to me in my perusal, leading me to pause where he had paused, to observe what he had noted, and to consider what had to him seemed worthy of consideration. And though I must of necessity more frequently have failed to connect the passages so noted with my previous knowledge as he had done, and for that reason to see their bearings in the same point of view, yet undoubtedly I have often thus been guided into the same track of thought which he had pursued before me. Long will it be before some of these volumes meet with a third reader; never with one in whom these vestiges of their former owner can awaken a feeling like that which they never fail to excite in me!

But the red letters in this volume have led me from its contents; and before I proceed to enter upon them in another chapter, I will conclude this, recurring to the similitude at its commencement, with an extract from one of Yorick's Sermons. "It is very remarkable," he says, "that the Apostle St. Paul calls a bad man a wild olive tree, not barely a branch," — (as in the opposite case where our Saviour told his disciples that He was the vine, and that they were only branches,) — "but a Tree, which having a root of its own supports itself, and stands in its own strength, and brings forth its own fruit. And so does every bad man in respect of the wild and sour fruit of a vicious and corrupt heart. According to the resemblance, if the Apostle intended it, he is a Tree, — has a root of his own, and fruitfulness such as it is, with a power to bring it forth without help. But in respect of religion and the moral improvements of

virtue and goodness, the Apostle calls us, and reason tells us, we are no more than a *branch*, and all our fruitfulness, and all our support, depend so much upon the influence and communications of God, that without Him we can do nothing, as our Saviour declares."

CHAPTER CCXVII.

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

Yo — volveré

A nueva diligencia y paso largo,

Que es breve el tiempo, 's grande la memoria

Que para darla al mundo está á mi cargo.

BALBUENA.

CAREW the poet speaking metaphorically of his mistress calls her foot,

the precious root
On which the goodly cedar grows.

Doña Oliva on the contrary thought that the human body might be called a tree reversed, the brain being the root, and the other the bark. She did not know what great authority there is for thinking that trees stand upon their heads, for though we use vulgarly but improperly to call the uppermost of the branches the top of a tree, we are corrected, the learned John Gregory tells us, by Aristotle in his books *De Animá**, where we are taught to call the root the head, and the top the feet.

The *pia mater* according to her theory diffuses through this bark by the nerves that substance, moisture, sap, or white chyle which, when it flows in its proper course, preserves the human vegetable in a state of well being, but when its course is reverted it becomes the cause of diseases. This nervous fluid, the brain derived principally from the air, which she held to be water in a state of rarefaction, air being the chyle of the upper world, water of the inferior, and the Moon with air and water, as with milk, feeding like a nursing mother, all

only. See Catalogue, No. 3453. The title is as follows: — *Sabuco (Olivia) Nueva Filosofía de la Naturateza del hombre, no conocida ni alcançada de los Grandes Filósofos Antiguos.* FIRST EDITION. Madrid, 1587.

* Quære? Lib. ii. c. ii. § 6. αἱ δὲ ῥιζαὶ τῶν στόματι ἀνάλογον κ. τ. ἴ.

sublunary creatures, and imparting moisture for their increase, as the Sun imparteth heat and life. Clouds are the milk of the Moon, from which, if she may so express herself, she says it rains air and wind as well as water, wind being air, or rarefied water rarefied still farther. The mutation or rarefaction of water into air takes place by day, the remutation or condensation of air into water by night: this is shown by the dew, and by this the ebbing and flowing of the sea are caused.

In the brain, as in the root of the animal tree, all diseases, according to Doña Oliva, had their origin. From this theory she deduced a mode of practice, which if it did not facilitate the patient's recovery, was at least not likely to retard it; and tended in no way to counteract, or interfere with the restorative efforts of nature. And although fanciful in its foundation, it was always so humane, and generally so reasonable, as in a great degree to justify the confidence with which she advanced it. She requested that a board of learned men might be appointed, before whom she might defend her system of philosophy and of therapeutics, and that her practice might be tried for one year, that of Hippocrates and Galen having been tried for two thousand, with what effect was daily and miserably seen, when of a thousand persons there were scarcely three who reached the proper termination of life and died by natural decay, the rest being cut off by some violent disease. For, according to her, the natural termination of life is produced by the exhaustion of the radical moisture, which in the course of nature is dried, or consumed, gradually and imperceptibly; death therefore, when that course is not disturbed, being an easy passage to eternity. This gradual desiccation it is which gives to old age the perfection of judgment that distinguishes it; and for the same reason the children of old men are more judicious than others, young men being deficient in judgment by reason of the excess of radical moisture, children still more so.

She had never studied medicine, she said;

but it was clear as the light of day that the old system was erroneous, and must needs be so, because its founders were ignorant of the nature of man, upon which being rightly understood the true system must, of necessity, be founded. Hope is what supports health and life; fear, the worst enemy of both. Among the best preservatives and restoratives she recommended therefore cheerfulness, sweet odours, music, the country, the sound of woods and waters, agreeable conversation, and pleasant pastimes. Music, of all external things, she held to be that which tends most to comfort, rejoice and strengthen the brain, being as it were a spiritual pleasure in which the mind sympathises; and the first of all remedies, in this, her true system of medicine, was to bring the mind and body into unison, removing thus that discord which is occasioned when they are ill at ease; this was to be done by administering cheerfulness, content, and hope to the mind, and in such words and actions as produced these, the best medicine was contained. Next to this it imported to comfort the stomach, and to cherish the root of man, that is to say the brain, with its proper corroborants, especially with sweet odours and with music. For music was so good a remedy for melancholy, so great an alleviator of pain, such a soother of uneasy emotions, and of passion, that she marvelled wherefore so excellent a medicine should not be more in use, seeing that undoubtedly many grievous diseases, as for example epilepsy, might be disarmed and cured by it; and it would operate with the more effect if accompanied with hopeful words and with grateful odours, for Doña Oliva thought with Solomon that "pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

Consequently unpleasant sounds and ill smells were, according to her philosophy, injurious. The latter she confounded with noxious air, which was an error to be expected in those days, when nothing concerning the composition of the atmosphere had been discovered. Thus she thought it was by their ill odour that limekilns and

charcoal-fires occasioned death; and that owing to the same cause horses were frequently killed when the filth of a stable was removed, and men who were employed in cleaning vaults. Upon the same principle, in recommending perfumes as alexipharmic, she fell in with the usual practice. The plague, according to her, might be received not by the breath alone, but the eyes also, for through the sight there was ready access to the brain; it was prudent therefore to close the nostrils when there might be reason to apprehend that the air was tainted; and when conversing with an infected person, not to talk face to face, but to avert the countenance. In changing the air, with the hope of escaping an endemic disease, the place to go to should be that from whence the pestilence had come, rather than one whither it might be going.

All sounds were noxious in like manner, though not in like degree, because no discord can be so grating as to prove fatal; but any sound which is at once loud and discordant she held to be unwholesome, and that to hear any one sing badly, read ill, or talk impudently like a fool was sufficient to cause a defluxion from the brain; if this latter opinion were well founded, no Speaker of the House of Commons could hold his office for a single Session without being talked to death. With these she classed the sound of a hiccup, the whetting of a saw, and the cry of bitter lamentation.

Doña Oliva, it may be presumed, was endowed with a sensitive ear and a quick perception of odours, as well as with a cheerful temper, and an active mind. Her whole course of practice was intended to cheer and comfort the patient, if that was possible. She allowed the free use of water, and fresh air, and recommended that the apartments of the sick should be well ventilated. She prescribed refreshing odours, among others that of bread fresh from the oven, and that wine should be placed near the pillow, in order to induce sleep. She even thought that cheerful apparel conduced to health, and that the fashion of wearing black, which prevailed in her time, was repugnant to reason.

Pursuing her theory that the brain was the original seat of disease, she advised that the excessive moisture which would otherwise take a wrong course from thence should be drawn off through the natural channels by sneezing powders, or by pungent odours which provoke a discharge from the eyes and nostrils, by sudorifics also, exercise, and whatever might cause a diversion to the skin. When any part was wounded, or painful, or there was a tumour, she recommended compression above the part affected, with a woollen bandage, tightly bound, but not so as to occasion pain. And to comfort the root of the animal tree she prescribes scratching the head with the fingers, or combing it with an ivory comb,—a general and admirable remedy she calls this, against which some former possessor of the book, who seems to have been a practitioner upon the old system, and has frequently entered his protest against the medical heresies of the authoress, has written in the margin “bad advice.” She recommended also cutting the hair, and washing the head with white wine, which as it were renovated the skin, and improved the vegetation.

But Doña Oliva did not reject more active remedies; on the contrary she advised all such as men had learned from animals, and this included a powerful list, for she seems to have believed all the fables with which natural history in old times abounded, and of which indeed it may almost be said to have consisted. More reasonably she observed that animals might teach us the utility of exercise, seeing how the young lambs sported in the field, and dogs played with each other, and birds rejoiced in the air. When the stomach required clearing she prescribed a rough practice, that the patient should drink copiously of weak wine and water, and of tepid water with a few drops of vinegar and an infusion of camomile flowers; and that he should eat also things difficult of digestion, such as radishes, figs, carrots, onions, anchovies, oil and vinegar, with plenty of Indian pepper, and with something acid the better to cut the phlegm which was to be got rid of; having thus

stored the stomach well for the expenditure which was to be required from it, the patient was then to lay himself on a pillow across a chair, and produce the desired effect either by his fingers or by feathers dipped in oil. After this rude operation, which was to refresh the brain and elevate the pia mater, the stomach was to be comforted.

To bathe the whole body with white wine was another mode of invigorating the pia mater; for there it was that all maladies originated, none from the liver; the nature of the liver, said she, is that it cannot err; *es docta sin doctor.*

The latter treatises in her book are in Latin, but she not unfrequently passes, as if unconsciously, into her own language, writing always livelily and forcibly, with a clear perception of the fallacy of the established system, and with a confidence, not so well founded, that she had discovered the real nature of man, and thereby laid the foundation of a rational practice, conformable to it.

CHAPTER CCXVIII.

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

*Un cerchio immaginatoci bisogna,
A voler ben la spera contemplare;
Così chi intender questa storia agogna
Convienli altro per altro immaginare;
Perchè qui non si canta, e fuge, e sogna
Venuto è il tempo da filosofare.* PULCI.

ONE of Doña Oliva's treatises is upon the *Compostura del Mundo*, which may best be interpreted the Mundane System; herein she laid no claim to the merit of discovery, only to that of briefly explaining what had been treated of by many before her. The mundane system she illustrates by comparing it to a large ostrich's egg, with three whites and eleven shells, our earth being the yolk. The water, which according to this theory surrounded the globe, she likened to the first or innermost *albumen*; the second and more extensive was the air; the third

and much the largest consisted of fire. The eleven shells were so many leaves one inclosing the other, circle within circle, like a nest of boxes. The first of these was the first heaven, wherein the Moon hath her appointed place, the second that of the planet Mercury, the third that of Venus; the fourth was the circle of the Sun; Mars, Jupiter and Saturn moved in the fifth, sixth and seventh; the eighth was the starry sky; the ninth the chrystalline; the tenth the *primum mobile*, which imparted motion to all; and the eleventh was the *immobile*, or *empyreum*, surrounding all, containing all, and bounding all; for beyond this there was no created thing, either good or evil.

A living writer of no ordinary powers agrees in this conclusion with the old philosophers whom Doña Oliva followed; and in declaring his opinion he treats the men of science with as much contempt as they bestow upon their unscientific predecessors in astronomy.

Reader, if thou art capable of receiving pleasure from such speculations, (and if thou art not, thou art little better than an Oran-Otang,) send for a little book entitled the "Progress of the Human Mind, its objects, conditions and issue: with the relation which the Progress of Religion bears to the general growth of mind; by the Rev. James Miller." Send also for the "Sibyl's Leaves, or the Fancies, Sentiments and Opinions of Silvanus, miscellaneous, moral and religious," by the same author, the former published in 1823, the latter in 1829. Very probably you may never have heard of either: but if you are a buyer of books, I say unto you, buy them both.

"Infinity," says this very able and original thinker, "is the retirement in which perfect love and wisdom only dwell with God.

"In Infinity and Eternity the sceptic sees an abyss in which all is lost: I see in them the residence of Almighty Power, in which my reason and my wishes find equally a firm support. — Here holding by the pillars of Heaven, I exist — I stand fast.

"Surround our material system with a

void, and mind itself becoming blind and impotent in attempting to travel through it, will return to our little lights, like the dove which found no rest for the sole of her foot. But when I find Infinity filled with light, and life, and love, I will come back to you with my olive branch: follow me, or farewell! you shall shut me up in your cabins no more.

“In stretching our view through the wide expanse which surrounds us, we perceive a system of bodies receding behind one another, till they are lost in immeasurable distance. This region beyond, though to us dark and unexplored, from the impossibility of a limit, yet gives us its infinity as the most unquestionable of all principles. But though the actual extent to which this infinite region is occupied by the bodies of which the universe is composed, is far beyond our measure and our view, and though there be nothing without to compel us anywhere to stop in enlarging its bounds, Nature herself gives us other principles not less certain, which prove that she must have limits, and that it is impossible her frame can fill the abyss which surrounds her. Her different parts have each their fixed place, their stated distance. You may as well measure infinity by mile-stones as fill it with stars. To remove any one from an infinite distance from another, you must, in fixing their place, set limits to the infinity you assume. You can advance from unity as far as you please, but there is no actual number at an infinite distance from it. You may, in the same manner, add world to world as long as you please, only because no number of them can fill infinity, or approach nearer to fill it. We have the doctrine of Nature's abhorrence of a *vacuum*; it is from a *plenum* like this she shrinks, as from a region in which all her substance would be dissipated into nothing. Her frame is composed of parts which have each their certain proportion and relation. It subsists by mutual attractions and repulsions, lessening and increasing with distance; by a circulation which, actually passing through every part, rejects the idea of a space which it could

never pervade. Infinity cannot revolve; the circulation of Nature cannot pervade infinity. The globe we inhabit, and all its kindred planets, revolve in orbits which embrace a common power in the centre which animates and regulates their motions, and on the influence of which their internal energies evidently depend. That we may not be lost in looking for it in the boundless regions without, our great physical power is all within, in the bosom of our own circle; and the same facts which prove the greatness of this power to uphold, to penetrate, to enliven at such a distance, shew in what manner it might at last become weak, — become nothing. Whatever relations we may have to bodies without, or whatever they may have to one another, their influence is all directed to particular points, — to given distances. Material Nature has no substance, can make no effort, capable of pervading infinity. The light itself of all her powers the most expansive, in diffusing itself through her own frame, shews most of all her incapacity to occupy the region beyond, in which (as the necessary result of its own effort) it soon sinks, feeble and faint, where all its motion is but as rest, in an extent to which the utmost possible magnitude of Nature is but a point.”

The reader will now be prepared for the remarks of this free thinker upon the Plurality of Worlds. Observe I call him free thinker not in disparagement, but in honour; he belongs to that service in which alone is perfect freedom.

“Perceiving,” he says, “as it is easy to do, the imperfection of our present system, instead of contemplating the immense prospect opened to our view in the progress of man, in the powers and the means he possesses, the philosopher sees through his telescope worlds and scales of being to his liking. By means of these, without the least reference to the Bible, or the human heart, Pope, the pretty talking parrot of Bolingbroke, with the assistance of his pampered goose, finds it easy to justify the ways of God to man. From worlds he never saw, he proves ours is as it should be.

“To form the children of God for himself, to raise them to a capacity to converse with him, to enjoy all his love, this grand scenery is not unnecessary, — not extravagant. A smaller exhibition would not have demonstrated his wisdom and power. You would make an orrery serve perhaps! By a plurality of Gods, error degraded the Supreme Being in early ages; by a plurality of worlds it would now degrade his children, deprive them of their inheritance.

“What are they doing in these planets? Peeping at us through telescopes? We may be their Venus or Jupiter. They are perhaps praying to us, sending up clouds of incense to regale our nostrils. Hear them, far-seeing Herschel! gauger of stars. I will pray to One only, who is above them all; and if your worlds come between me and Him, I will kick them out of my way. In banishing your new ones, I put more into the old than is worth them all put together.

“These expanding heavens, the residence of so many luminous bodies of immeasurable distance and magnitude, and which the philosopher thinks must be a desert if devoted to man, at present possessing but so small a portion of his own globe, shall yet be too little for him, — the womb only in which the infant was inclosed, incapable of containing the mature birth.

“We shall yet explore all these celestial bodies more perfectly than we have hitherto done our own globe, analyse them better than the substances we can shut up in our retorts, count their number, tell their measure.

“As nature grows, mind grows. It grows to God, and in union with him shall fill, possess all.

“Our rank among worlds is indeed insignificant if we are to receive it from the magnitude of our globe compared with others, compared with space. Put Herschel with his telescope on Saturn, he would scarcely think us worthy of the name of even a German prince. We may well be the sport of Jupiter, the little spot round which Mars and Venus coquette with one another. Little as it is, however, — pepper-corn, clod of clay as it is, with its solitary satellite, and

all its spots and vapours, I prefer it to them all. I am glad I was born in it, I love its men, and its women, and its laws. It's people shall be my people; it's God shall be my God. Here I am content to lodge and here to be buried. What Abanas and Pharfars may flow in these planets I know not: here is Jordan, here is the river of life. From this world I shall take possession of all these; while those, who in quest of strange worlds have forsaken God, shall be desolate.

“This globe is large enough to contain man; man will yet grow large enough to fill Heaven.

“Fear not, there is no empty space in the universe, none in eternity: nothing lost. God possesses all, and there is room for nothing but the objects of his affections.”

CHAPTER CCXIX.

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

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

THE extracts with which the preceding Chapter concludes will have put thee in a thoughtful mood, Reader, if thou art one of those persons whose brains are occasionally applied to the purpose of thinking upon such subjects as are worthy of grave consideration. Since then I have thee in this mood, let us be serious together. Egregiously is he mistaken who supposes that this book consists of nothing more than

Fond Fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought.*

Everywhere I have set before thee what Bishop Reynolds calls *verba desiderii*, — “pleasant, delightful, acceptable words, such as are worthy of all entertainment, and may minister (not a few of them) comfort and refreshment to the hearers.” I now come

* SIR P. SIDNEY.

to thee with *verba rectitudinis* — “equal and right words; not loose, fabulous, amorous, impertinent, which should satisfy the itch of ear, or tickle only a wanton fancy; but profitable and wholesome words,—so to please men as that it may be unto edification and for their profit: words written to make men sound and upright;—to make their paths direct and straight, without falseness or hypocrisy.” Yea they shall be *verba veritatis*, — “words of truth, which will not deceive or misguide those that yield up themselves to the direction of them: a truth which is sanctifying and saving, and in these respects most worthy of our attention and belief.”

Make up your mind then to be Tremayed in this chapter.

The benevolent reader will willingly do this, he I mean who is benevolent to himself as well as towards me. The so-called philosopher or man of liberal opinions, who cannot be so inimical in thought to me, as they are indeed to themselves, will frown at it; one such exclaims pshaw, or pish, according as he may affect the *forté* manner, or the fine, of interjecting his contemptuous displeasure; another already winces, feeling himself by anticipation touched upon a sore place. To such readers it were hopeless to say *favete, Numquid æger laudat medicum secantem?* But I shall say with the Roman Philosopher of old, who is well entitled to that then honourable designation, *tacete, — et præbete vos curationi: etiam si exclamaveritis, non aliter audiam, quam si ad tactum vitiorum vestrorum ingemiscatis.**

My own observation has led me to believe with Mr. Miller, that some persons are brought by speculating upon a Plurality of Worlds to reason themselves out of their belief in Christianity: such Christianity indeed it is as has no root, because the soil on which it has fallen is shallow, and though the seed which has been sown there springs up, it soon withers away. Thus the first system of superstition, and the latest pretext for unbelief, have both been derived from the

contemplation of the heavenly bodies. The former was the far more pardonable error, being one to which men, in the first ages, among whom the patriarchal religion had not been carefully preserved, were led by natural piety. The latter is less imputable to the prevalence of unnatural impiety, than to that weakness of mind and want of thought which renders men as easily the dupe of the infidel propagandist in one age, as of the juggling friar in another. These objectors proceed upon the gratuitous assumption that other worlds are inhabited by beings of the same kind as ourselves, and moreover in the same condition; that is having fallen, and being therefore in need of a Redeemer. Ask of them upon what grounds they assume this, and they can make no reply.

Too many, alas! there are who part with their heavenly birth-right at a viler price than Esau! It is humiliating to see by what poor sophistries they are deluded,—by what pitiable vanity they are led astray! And it is curious to note how the same evil effect is produced by causes the most opposite. The drunken pride of intellect makes one man deny his Saviour and his God: another, under the humiliating sense of mortal insignificance, feels as though he were “a worm and no man,” and therefore concludes that men are beneath the notice, still more beneath the care of the Almighty. “When I consider thy Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the Moon and the Stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?” Of those who pursue this feeling to a consequence as false as it is unhappy, there is yet hope; for the same arguments (and they are all-sufficient) by which the existence of the Deity is proved, prove also his infinite goodness; and he who believes in that goodness, if he but feelingly believe, is not far from trusting in it,

— οὐ δὲ κεν ἴσα πάντ' ἐσθλοῦσι
Αἱ κεν ἴδης αὐτόν.†

It is a good remark of Mr. Riland's, in his

* SENECA.

† ORPHEUS.

Estimate of the Religion of the Times, that men quarrel with the Decalogue rather than with the Creed. But the quarrel that begins with one, generally extends to the other; we may indeed often perceive how manifestly men have made their doctrines conform to their inclinations: *Αἱ ἀερόασεις κατὰ τὰ ἔθνη συμβαίνουσιν ὡς γὰρ εἰώθαμεν, οὕτως ἀζινοῦμεν λέγεσθαι.** They listen only to what they like, as Aristotle has observed, and would be instructed to walk on those ways only which they choose for themselves. But if there be many who thus make their creed conform to their conduct, and are led by an immoral life into irreligious opinions, there are not a few whose error begins in the intellect, and from thence proceeds to their practice in their domestic and daily concerns. Thus if unbelief begins not in the evil heart, it settles there. But perhaps it is not so difficult to deal with an infidel who is in either of these predicaments, as with one whose disposition is naturally good, whose course of life is in no other respect blameless, or meritorious, but who, owing to unhappy circumstances, has either been allowed to grow up carelessly in unbelief, or trained in it systematically, or driven to seek for shelter in it from the gross impostures of popery, or the revolting tenets of Calvinism, the cant of hypocrisy, or the crudities of cold Socinianism. Such persons supposing themselves whole conclude that they have no need of a physician, and are thus in the fearful condition of those righteous ones of whom our Lord said that he came not to call them to repentance! The sinner, brave it as he may, feels inwardly the want of a Saviour, and this is much, though not enough to say with the poet

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit; †

nor with the philosopher, *Et hoc multum est velle servari*; nor with the Father, *Ὁ τὸ πρῶτον δοῖς καὶ τὸ δεύτερον δώσει*. For if this be rejected, then comes that "penal induration, as the consequent of voluntary and con-

tracted induration," which one of our own great Christian philosophers pronounces to be "the sorest judgement next to hell itself." Nevertheless it is much to feel this self-condemnation and this want. But he who confides in the rectitude of his intentions, and in his good works, and in that confidence rejects so great salvation, is in a more awful state, just as there is more hope of him who suffers under an acute disease, than of a patient stricken with the dead palsy.

CHAPTER CCXX.

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

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

ACCORDING to Doña Oliva's philosophy, the quantity of water is ten times greater than that of earth, air in like manner exceeding water in a tenfold degree, and fire in the same proportion out-measuring air. From the centre of the earth to the first heaven the distance by her computation is 36,292 leagues of three miles each and two thousand paces to the mile. From the surface of the earth to its centre, that centre being also the central point of the Infernal regions, her computed distance is 117,472 leagues. How far it is to the confines has not been ascertained by discovery, and cannot be computed from any known data.

Pliny has preserved an anecdote in geological history, which relates to this point, and which, not without reason, he calls *exemplum vanitatis Græca maximum*. It relates to a certain philosopher, Dionysiodorus by name, who was celebrated for his mathematical attainments, and who it seems retained his attachment to that science after death, and continued the pursuit of it. For having died in a good old age, and received all fitting sepulchral rites, he wrote a letter from Hades to the female relations who had succeeded to his property, and who probably

* Bp. Reynolds quotes this same passage in his Sermon on "Brotherly Reconciliation," and applies it in the same way. Works, vol. v. p. 158.

† SENECA IN HIPPOL.

were addicted to the same studies as himself, for otherwise he would not have communicated with them upon such a subject. They found the letter in his sepulchre, wherein he had deposited it as at a post-office "till called for;" and whither he knew they would repair for the due performance of certain ceremonies, among others that of pouring libations through the perforated floor of the Tomb-chamber upon the dust below. The purport of his writing was not to inform them of his condition in the Shades, nor to communicate any information concerning the World of Spirits, but simply to state the scientific fact, that having arrived in the depths of the earth, he had found the distance from the surface to be 42,000 stadia. The philosophers to whom this *post-mortem* communication was imparted, reasonably inferred that he had reached the very centre, and measured from that point; they calculated upon the data thus afforded them, and ascertained that the globe was exactly 250,000 stadia in circumference. Pliny, however, thought that this measurement was 12,000 stadia short of the true amount. *Harmonica ratio*, he says, *quæ cogit rerum naturam sibi ipsam congruere, addit huic mensuræ stadia xii. millia; ter-ræque nonagesimam sextam totius mundi partem facit.*

"What is the centre of the earth?" says the melancholy Burton. "Is it pure element only as Aristotle decrees? Inhabited, as Paracelsus thinks, with creatures whose chaos is the earth? Or with Faeries, as the woods and waters, according to him, are with Nymphs? Or, as the air, with Spirits? Dionysiodorus," he adds, "might have done well to have satisfied all these doubts."

But the reason, according to Doña Oliva, wherefore the place of punishment for sinful souls has been appointed in the centre of this our habitable earth, is this; the soul being in its essence lighter than air, fire, or any of the ten spheres, has its natural place in the Empyreum or Heaven of Heavens, where the Celestial Court is fixed, and whither it would naturally ascend when set

free from the body, as to its natural and proper place of rest. The punishment, therefore, is appropriately appointed in the place which is most remote from its native region, and most repugnant to its own nature; the pain, therefore, must needs be *fort et dure* which it endures when confined within that core of the earth, to which all things that are heaviest gravitate.

In these fancies she only followed or applied the received opinions of the middle ages. A more remarkable part of her works, considering the time and place in which they were composed, is a Colloquy* upon the means by which the World and the Governments thereof might be improved. Having in her former treatises laid down a better system for treating the infirmities of the human microcosm, she enters nothing loth, and nothing doubting her own capacity, upon the maladies of the body politic.

The first evils which occurred to her were those of the law, its uncertainty and its delays, by which properties were wasted, families ruined, and hearts broken. "What barbarity it is," she says, "that a cause should continue forty years in the Courts! that one Counsellor should tell you the right is on your side, and another should say the same thing to your adversary; that one decision should be given in one place, and another to revoke it in that; and in a third a different one from either, and all three perhaps equally wide of the truth and justice of the case, and yet each such as can be maintained by legal arguments, and supported by legal authorities!" The cause of all this she ascribes to the multiplicity of laws and of legal books, which were more than enough to load twenty carts, and yet more were continually added, and all were in Latin. Could any folly exceed that of those law-givers who presumed to prescribe laws for all possible contingencies, and for the whole course of future generations! She was therefore for reducing the written laws to a few fundamentals in the vernacular tongue, and leaving everything else to be decided

* *Colloquio de las Cosas que mejoraran este Mundo y sus R.publicas. — R.S.*

by men of good conscience and sincere understanding; by which the study of jurisprudence as a science would be abolished, and there might be an end to those numerous costly professorships for which so many chairs and universities had been founded. Ten short commandments comprised the law of God; but human laws by their number and by the manner in which they were administered occasioned more hurt to the souls of men than even to their lives and fortunes; for in courts of law it was customary, even if not openly permitted, to bear false witness against your neighbour, to calumniate him in writing, and to seek his destruction or his death. Laws which touched the life ought to be written, because in capital cases no man ought to be left to an uncertain sentence, nor to the will of a Judge, but all other cases should be left to the Judges, who ought always to be chosen from Monasteries, or some other course of retired life, and selected for their religious character. This she thought, with the imposition of a heavy fine for any direct falsehood, or false representation advanced either in evidence, or in pleading, and for denying the truth, or suppressing it, would produce the desired reformation.

Next she considered the condition of the agricultural labourers, a class which had greatly diminished, and which it was most desirable to increase. Their condition was to be bettered by raising their wages and consequently the price of produce, and exempting their cattle, their stores and their persons from being taken in execution. She would also have them protected against their own imprudence, by preventing them from obtaining credit for wedding-garments, that being one of the most prevalent and ruinous modes of extravagance in her days. In this rank of life it sometimes happened, that a shopkeeper not only seized the garments themselves, but the peasant's cattle also, to make up the payment of a debt thus contracted.

She thought it a strange want of policy that in a country where the corn failed for want of rain, the waters with which all

brooks and rivers were filled in winter should be allowed to run to waste. Therefore she advised that great tanks and reservoirs should be formed for the purposes of irrigation, and that they should be rendered doubly profitable by stocking them with fish, such as shad, tench and trout. She advised also that the seed should frequently be changed, and crops raised in succession, because the soil loved to embrace new products: and that new plants should be introduced from the Indies; where hitherto the Spaniards had been more intent upon introducing their own, than in bringing home from thence others to enrich their own country; the cacao in particular she recommended, noticing that this nut for its excellence had even been used as money.

Duels she thought the Christian Princes and the Pope might easily prevent, by erecting a Jurisdiction which should take cognizance of all affairs of honour. She would have had them also open the road to distinction for all who deserved it, so that no person should be debarred by his birth from attaining to any office or rank; "this," she said, "was the way to have more Rolands and Cids, more Great Captains, more Hannibals and Tamerlanes."

Such were Doña Oliva's views of political reformation, the wretched state of law and of medicine explaining satisfactorily to her most of the evils with which Spain was afflicted in the reign of Philip II. She considered Law and Physic as the two great plagues of human life, according to the Spanish proverb,

*A quien yo quiero mal,
De le Dios pleyto y orinal.*

Upon these subjects and such as these the Spanish lady might speculate freely; if she had any opinions which "savoured of the frying-pan," she kept them to herself.

CHAPTER CCXXI.

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

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

FR. SANSOVINO.

THE Doctor's opinion of Doña Oliva's practice was that no one would be killed by it, but that many would be allowed to die whom a more active treatment might have saved. It would generally fail to help the patient, but it would never exasperate the disease; and therefore in her age it was an improvement, for better is an inert treatment than a mischievous one.

He liked her similitude of the tree, but wondered that she had not noted as much resemblance to the trunk and branches in the bones and muscles, as in the vascular system. He admired the rational part of her practice, and was disposed to think some parts of it not irrational which might seem merely fanciful to merely practical men.

She was of opinion that more persons were killed by affections of the mind, than by intemperance, or by the sword: this she attempts to explain by some weak reasoning from a baseless theory; but the proofs which she adduces in support of the assertion are curious. "Many persons," she says, "who in her own time had fallen under the King's displeasure, or even received a harsh word from him, had taken to their beds and died." It was not uncommon for wives who loved their husbands dearly, to die a few days after them; two such instances had occurred within the same week in the town in which she resided: and she adds the more affecting fact that the female slaves of the better kind (*esclavas abiles*), meaning perhaps those upon whom any care had been bestowed, were frequently observed to pine away as they grew up, and perish; and that this was not more frequent with those who had a child born to an inheritance of slavery. Mortified ambition, irremediable grief, and hopeless misery, had within

her observation produced the same fatal effect. The general fact is supported by Harvey's testimony. That eminent man said to Bishop Hacket that during the Great Rebellion, more persons whom he had seen in the course of his practice died of grief of mind than of any other disease. In France it was observed not only that nervous diseases of every kind became much more frequent during the revolution but cases of cancer also,—moral causes producing in women a predisposition to that most dreadful disease.

Our friend was fortunate enough to live in peaceful times, when there were no public calamities to increase the sum of human suffering. Yet even then, and within the limits of his own not extensive circle, he saw cases enough to teach him that it is difficult to minister to a mind diseased, but that for a worm in the core there is no remedy within the power of man.

He liked Doña Oliva for the humanity which her observations upon this subject implies. He liked her also for following the indications of nature in part of her practice; much the better he liked her for prescribing all soothing circumstances and all inducements to cheerfulness that were possible; and nothing the worse for having carried some of her notions to a whimsical extent. He had built an Infirmary in the air himself, "others," he said, "might build Castles there."

It was not such an Infirmary as the great Hospital at Malta, where the Knights attended in rotation and administered to the patients, and where every culinary utensil was made of solid silver, such was the ostentatious magnificence of the establishment. The doctor provided better attendance, for he had also built a Beguinage in the air, as an auxiliary institution; and as to the utensils, he was of opinion that careful neatness was very much better than useless splendour. But here he would have given Doña Oliva's soothing system a fair trial, and have surrounded the patients with all circumstances that could minister to the comfort or alleviation of either a body or a mind diseased. "The principal remedy in

true medicine," said that Lady practitioner, "is to reconcile the mind and body, or to bring them in accord with each other, — (*componer el anima con el cuerpo* :) to effect this you must administer contentment and pleasure to the mind, and comfort to the stomach and to the brain: the mind can only be reached by judicious discourse and pleasing objects; the stomach is to be comforted by restoratives; the brain by sweet odours and sweet sounds." The prospect of groves and gardens, the shade of trees, the flowing of water, or its gentle fall, music and cheerful conversation, were things which she especially advised. How little these circumstances would avail in the fiercer forms of acute diseases, or in the protracted evils of chronic suffering, the Doctor knew but too well. But he knew also that medical art was humanely and worthily employed, when it alleviated what no human skill could cure.

"So great," says Dr. Currie, "are the difficulties of tracing out the hidden causes of the disorders to which this frame of ours is subject, that the most candid of the profession have allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark; so that the best medicines, administered by the wisest heads, shall often do the mischief they intend to prevent." There are more reasons for this than Dr. Currie has here assigned. For not only are many of the diseases which flesh is heir to, obscure in their causes, difficultly distinguishable by their symptoms, and altogether mysterious in their effect upon the system, but constitutions may be as different as tempers, and their varieties may be as many and as great as those of the human countenance. Thus it is explained wherefore the treatment which proves successful with one patient should fail with another, though precisely in the same stage of the same disease. Another and not unfrequent cause of failure is that the life of a patient may depend as much upon administering the right remedy at the right point of time, as the success of an alchemist was supposed to do upon seizing the moment of projection. And where constant attendance is not possible, or where

skill is wanting, it must often happen that the opportunity is lost. This cause would not exist in the Columbian Infirmary, where the ablest Physicians would be always within instant call, and where the *Beguines* in constant attendance would have sufficient skill to know when that call became necessary.

"A ship-captain," the Doctor used to say, "when he approaches the coast of France from the Bay of Biscay, or draws near the mouth of the British Channel, sends down the lead into the sea, and from the appearance of the sand which adheres to its tallowed bottom, he is enabled to find upon the chart where he is, with sufficient precision for directing his course. Think," he would say, "what an apparently impossible accumulation of experience there must have been, before the bottom of that sea everywhere within soundings could be so accurately known, as to be marked on charts which may be relied on with perfect confidence! No formal series of experiments was ever instituted for acquiring this knowledge; and there is nothing in history which can lead us to conjecture about what time sailors first began to trust to it. The boasted astronomy of the *Hindoos* and *Egyptians* affords a feeblér apparent proof in favour of the false antiquity of the world, than might be inferred from this practice. Now if experience in the Art of Healing had been treasured up with equal care, it is not too much to say that therapeutics might have been as much advanced, as navigation has been by preserving the collective knowledge of so many generations."*

Fragments.

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

Such prescriptions as were composed of any part of the human body were repro-

* The following fragments belong to the chapters which were to have treated on the Medical Science. They may therefore appropriately be appended to these chapters on *Doña Oliva*. I have only prefixed a motto from Butler.

bated by Galen, and he severely condemned Xenocrates for having introduced them, as being worse than useless in themselves, and wicked in their consequences. Yet these abominable ingredients continued in use till what may be called the Reformation of medicine in the Seventeenth century. Human bones were administered internally as a cure for ulcers, and the bones were to be those of the part affected. A preparation called Aqua Divina was made by cutting in pieces the body of a healthy man who had died a violent death, and distilling it with the bones and intestines. Human blood was prescribed for epilepsy, by great authorities, but others equally great with better reason condemned the practice, for this among other causes, that it might communicate the diseases of the person from whom it was taken. Ignorant surgeons when they bled a patient used to make him drink the warm blood that he might not lose the life which it contained. The heart dried, and taken in powder, was thought good in fevers; but conscientious practitioners were of opinion that it ought not to be used, because of the dangerous consequences which might be expected if such a remedy were in demand. It is not long since a Physician at Heidelberg prescribed human brains to be taken inwardly in violent fevers, and boasted of wonderful cures. And another German administered cat's entrails as a panacea!

The Egyptian physicians, each being confined to the study and treatment of one part of the body, or one disease, were bound to proceed in all cases according to the prescribed rules of their art. If the patient died under this treatment, no blame attached to the physician; but woe to the rash practitioner who ventured to save a life by any means out of the regular routine; the success of the experiment was not admitted as an excuse for the transgression, and he was punished with death; for the law presumed that in every case the treatment enjoined was such as by common consent of the most learned professors had been approved, be-

cause by long experience it had been found beneficial. The laws had some right to interfere because physicians received a public stipend.

Something like this prevails at this day in China. It is enacted in the Ta Tsing Leu Lee, that "when unskilful practitioners of medicine or surgery administer drugs, or perform operations with the puncturing needle, contrary to the established rules and practice, and thereby kill the patient, the Magistrates shall call in other practitioners to examine the nature of the medicine, or of the wound, as the case may be, which proved mortal; and if it shall appear upon the whole to have been simply an error without any design to injure the patient, the practitioner shall be allowed to redeem himself from the punishment of homicide, as in cases purely accidental, but shall be obliged to quit his profession for ever. If it shall appear that a medical practitioner intentionally deviates from the established rules and practice, and while pretending to remove the disease of his patient, aggravates the complaint, in order to extort more money for its cure, the money so extorted shall be considered to have been stolen, and punishment inflicted accordingly, in proportion to the amount. If the patient dies, the medical practitioner who is convicted of designedly employing improper medicines, or otherwise contriving to injure his patient, shall suffer death by being beheaded after the usual period of confinement."

No man ever entertained a higher opinion of medical science, and the dignity of a Physician, than Van Helmont. What has been said of the Poet ought, in his opinion, to be said of the Physician also, *Nascitur, non fit*; and in his relation to the Creator, he was more Poet, or Prophet, whom the word VATES brings under one predicament, — more than Priest. *Scilicet Pater Misericordiarum, qui Medicum ab initio, ceu Mediatorem inter Deum et hominem, constituit, immo sibi in deliciis posuit, à Medico vinci velle, nimirum, ad hoc se creasse peculiari*

elogio, et elegisse testatur. Ita est sane. Non enim citius hominem punit Deus, infirmat, aut interimere minatur, sibi quam optet opponentem Medicum, ut se Omnipotentem, etiam meritas immittendo pœnas, vincat propriis clementiæ suæ donis. Ejusmodi autem Medici sunt in ventre matris præparati, — suo fungentes munere, nullius lucri intuitu, nudèque reflectuntur super beneplacitum (immo mandatum) illius, qui solus, verè misericors, nos jubet, sub indictione pœnæ infernalis, fore Patri suo similes. — Obedite præpositis præceptum quidem: sed honora parentes, honora Medicum, angustius est quam obedire, cum cogamur etiam obedire minoribus. Medicus enim Mediator inter Vitæ Principem et Mortem.

“To wit,”—this done into English by J. C. sometime of M. H. Oxon.—“the Father of mercies, he who appointed a Physician, or Mediator between God and man from the beginning, yea He made it his delight that he would be overcome by a Physician, indeed he testified that he created and chose him to this end—for a peculiar testimony of his praise. It is so in truth. For no sooner doth He punish, weaken, and threaten to kill man, but he desireth a Physician opposing himself, that He may conquer himself, being Omnipotent, and even in sending deserved punishments, by the proper gifts of his clemency.—Of this sort are Physicians, which are fitted from their Mothers’ wombs, exercise their gift with respect to no gain; and they are nakedly cast upon the good pleasure—yea the command—of him, who alone being truly merciful commands us that, under pain of infernal punishment, we be like to his father.—*Obey those that sit over you*, is a precept indeed; but honour thy Parents, honour the Physician, is more strict than to obey, seeing we are constrained even to obey our youngers. For the Physician is a Mediator between the Prince of life and Death.”

Some of the Floridian tribes had a high opinion of medical virtue. They buried all their dead, except the Doctors; them they burned, reduced their bones to powder, and drank it in water.

A century ago the Lions in the Tower were named after the different Sovereigns then reigning, “and it has been observed that when a King dies, the Lion of that name dies also.”

In the great Place at Delhi the poor Astrologers sit, as well Mahometan as Heathen. These Doctors, forsooth, sit there in the sun upon a piece of tapestry, all covered with dust, having about them some old mathematical instruments, which they make show of to draw passengers, and a great open book representing the animals of the Zodiac. These men are the oracles of the vulgar, to whom they pretend to give for one *Payssa*, that is a penny, good luck, and they are they that looking upon the hands and face, turning over their books and making a show of calculation, determine the fortunate moment when a business is to be begun, to make it successful. The mean women, wrapped up in a white sheet from head to foot, come to find them out, telling them in their ear their most secret concerns, as if they were their confessors, and intreat them to render the stars propitious to them, and suitable to their designs, as if they could absolutely dispose of their influences.

The most ridiculous of all these astrologers, in my opinion, was a mongrel Portugeze from Goa, who sat with much gravity upon his piece of tapestry, like the rest, and had a great deal of custom, though he could neither read nor write; and as for instruments and books was furnished with nothing but an old sea-compass, and an old Romish prayer-book in the Portugeze language, of which he showed the pictures for figures of the Zodiac. “*As taes bestias, tal Astrologo*,”—for such beasts, such an Astrologer,” said he to father Buze, a Jesuit, who met him there.

M. Rondeau in 1780 opened a large tumour which had grown behind a woman’s left ear, at Brussels, and found in it a stone, in form and size like a pigeon’s egg, which all the experiments to which it was subject proved to be a real Bezoar, of the same

colour, structure, taste and substance with the oriental and occidental Bezoars. This, however, was a fact which the Doctor could not exactly accommodate to his theory, though it clearly belonged to it; the difficulty was not in this, that there are those animals in which the Bezoar is produced, the goat, in which it is most frequent, the cow, in which it is of less value, and the ape, in which it is very seldom found, but is of most efficacy. Through either of these forms the Archens might have passed. But how the Bezoar, which is formed in the stomach of these animals, should have concentered in a sort of wen upon the woman's head was a circumstance altogether anomalous.

At Mistra, a town built from the ruins of Sparta, the sick are daily brought and laid at the doors of the metropolitan Church, as at the gates of the ancient temples, that those who repair thither to worship may indicate to them the remedies by which their health may be recovered.

It is well remarked of the Spaniards by the Abbé de Vayrac, *Que d'un trop grand attachement pour les Anciens en matière de Philosophie et de Medecine, et de trop de negligence pour eux en matière de Poësie, il arrive presque toujours qu'ils ne sont ni bons Philosophes, ni bons Medecins, ni bons Poëtes.*

The desire of having something on which to rely, as dogmatical truths, "as it appears," says Donne, "in all sciences, so most manifestly in Physic, which for a long time considering nothing but plain curing, and that by example and precedent, the world at last longed for some certain canons and rules how these cures might be accomplished: and when men are inflamed with this desire, and that such a fire breaks out, it rages and consumes infinitely by heat of argument, except some of authority interpose. This produced Hippocrates his Aphorisms; and the world slumbered, or took breath, in his resolution divers hundreds of years. And

then in Galen's time, which was not satisfied with the effect of curing, nor with the knowledge how to cure, broke out another desire of finding out the causes why those simples wrought those effects. Then Galen, rather to stay their stomachs than that he gave them enough, taught them the qualities of the four Elements, and arrested them upon this, that all differences of qualities proceeded from them. And after, (not much before our time,) men perceiving that all effects in physic could not be derived from these beggarly and impotent properties of the Elements, and that therefore they were driven often to that miserable refuge of specific form, and of antipathy and sympathy, we see the world hath turned upon new principles, which are attributed to Paracelsus, but indeed too much to his honour."

"This indenture made 26 Apr. 18 Hen. 8, between Sir Walter Strickland, knight, of one part, and Alexander Kenet, Doctor of Physic, on the other part, witnesseth, that the said Alexander permitteth, granteth, and by these presents bindeth him, that he will, with the grace and help of God, render and bring the said Sir Walter Strickland to perfect health of all his infirmities and diseases contained in his person, and especially stomach and lungs and breast, wherein he has most disease and grief; and over to minister such medicines truly to the said Sir Walter Strickland, in such manner and ways as the said Master Alexander may make the said Sir Walter heal of all infirmities and diseases, in as short time as possible may be, with the grace and help of God. And also the said Master Alexander granteth he shall not depart at no time from the said Sir Walter without his license, unto the time the said Sir Walter be perfect heal, with the grace and help of God. For the which care the said Sir Walter Strickland granteth by these presents, binding himself to pay or cause to be paid to the said Mr. Alexander or his assigns £20. sterling monies of good and lawful money of England, in manner and

form following: that is, five marks to be paid upon the first day of May next ensuing, and all the residue of the said sum of £20. to be paid parcel by parcel as shall please the said Sir Walter, as he thinks necessary to be delivered and paid in the time of his disease, for sustaining such charges as the said Mr. Alexander must use in medicine for reducing the said Sir Walter to health; and so the said payment continued and made, to the time the whole sum of £20. aforesaid be fully contented and paid. In witness whereof, either to these present indentures have interchangeably set their seals, the day and year above mentioned."

Sir Walter, however, died on the 9th of January following.

Je voudrois de bon cœur, says an interlocutor in one of the evening conversation parties of Guillaume Bouchet, Sieur de Brocourt, qu'il y eust des Medecins pour remedier aux ennuis et maladies de l'esprit, ne plus ne moins qu'il en y a qui guerissent les maladies et douleurs du corps; comme il se trouve qu'il y en avoit en Grece; car il est escrit que Xenophon ayant fait bastir une maison à Corinthe, il mit en un billet sur la porte, qu'il faisoit profession, et avoit le moyen de guerir de paroles ceux qui estoient ennuyez et faschez; et leur demandant les causes de leurs ennuis, il les guerissoit, les recomfortant, et consolant de leurs douleurs et ennuis.

Under barbarous governments the most atrocious practices are still in use. It was reported in India that when Hyder Aly was suffering with a malignant bile on his back common in that country, and which occasioned his death, an infant's liver was applied to it every day. An Englishman in the service of Phizal Beg Cawn was on an embassy at Madras when this story was current; the Governor asked him whether he thought it likely to be true, and he acknowledged his belief in it, giving this sufficient reason, that his master Phizal Beg had tried the same remedy, but then he begged leave to affirm, in behalf of his master, that

the infants killed for his use were slaves, and his own property.

Of odd notions concerning virginity I do not remember a more curious one than that virgin mummy was preferred in medicine.

INTERCHAPTER XXV.

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!*

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."

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.

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 acceptance 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!"

CHAPTER CCXXII.

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

Πρᾶγμα, πρᾶγμα μίγα κικίνηται, μίγα.

ARISTOPHANES.

Magnus thesaurus latet in nominibus, said Strafford, then Lord Deputy Wentworth, when noticing a most unwise scheme which was supposed to proceed from Sir Abraham Dawes, he observes, it appeared most plainly that he had not his name for nothing! In another letter, he says, "I begin to hope I may in time as well understand these customs as Sir Abraham Dawes. Why should I fear it? for I have a name less ominous than his."

Gonin, Court de Gebelin says, is a French word or rather name which exists only in these proverbial phrases, *Maître Gonin*, — *un tour de Maître Gonin*; it designates *un Maître passé en ruses et artifices*; *un homme fin et rusé*. The origin of the word, says

he, was altogether unknown. Menage rejects with the utmost contempt the opinion of those who derive it from the Hebrew גִּוְנִין, *Gwunen*, a diviner, an enchanter. It is true that this etymology has been advanced too lightly, and without proofs: Menage, however, ought to have been less contemptuous, because he could substitute nothing in its place.

It is remarkable that neither Menage nor Court de Gebelin should have known that *Maître Gounin* was a French conjuror, as well known in his day as *Katterfelto* and *Jonas*, or the *Sieur Ingleby Emperor of Conjurors* in later times. He flourished in the days of Francis the First, before whom he is said to have made a private exhibition of his art in a manner perfectly characteristic of that licentious King and his profligate court. Thus he effected *par ses inventions, illusions et sorcelleries et enchantements, — car il estoit un homme fort expert et subtil en son art*, says Brantôme; *et son petit-fils, que nous avons veu, n'y entendoit rien au prix de luy*. Grandfather and grandson having been at the head of their worshipful profession, the name passed into a proverbial expression, and survived all memory of the men.

Court de Gebelin traced its etymology far and wide. He says, it is incontestable that this word is common to us with the ancient Hebrews, though it does not come to us from them. We are indebted for it to the English. *Cunning designe chez eux un homme adroit, fin, rusé*. Master Cuning *a fait Maître Gonin*. This word comes from the primitive *Cen* pronounced *Ken*, which signifies ability, (*habilité*), art, power. The Irish have made from it *Kanu*, I know; *Kunna*, to know; *Kenning*, knowledge, (*science*); *Kenni-mann*, wise men (*hommes savans*), Doctors, Priests.

It is a word common to all the dialects of the Celtic and Teutonic; to the Greek in which *Konne-ein** signifies to know (*savoir*), to be intelligent and able, &c., to the Tartar languages, &c.

* So in the MS.

Les Anglois, associant Cunning avec Man, homme, en font le mot Cunning-Man, qui signifie Devin, Enchanteur, homme qui fait de grandes choses, et qui est habile : c'est donc le correspondant du mot Hebreu Gwunen, Enchanteur, Devin ; Gwuna, Magicienne, Devineresse ; d'où le verbe Gwunen, deviner, observer les Augures, faire des prestiges. Ne soyons pas étonnés, says the author, bringing this example to bear upon his system, de voir ce mot commun à tant de Peuples, et si ancien : il vint chez tous d'une source commune, de la haute Asie, berceau de tous ces Peuples et de leur Langue.

If Mr. Canning had met with the foregoing passage towards the close of his political life, when he had attained the summit of his wishes, how would it have affected him in his sober mind? Would it have tickled his vanity, or stung his conscience? Would he have been flattered by seeing his ability prefigured in his name? or would he have been mortified at the truth conveyed in the proverbial French application of it, and have acknowledged in his secret heart that cunning is as incompatible with self-esteem as it is with uprightness, with magnanimity, and with true greatness?

His name was unlucky not only in its signification, but according to Roman de Vandemont, in its initial.

*Maudit est non qui par C se commence,
Coquin, cornard, caignard, coqu, caphard :
Aussi par B, badaud, badin, bavard,
Mais pire est C, si j'ay bien remembrance.*

Much as the Doctor insisted upon the virtues of what he called the divine initial, he reprehended the uncharitable sentiment of these verses, and thought that the author never could have played at "I love my Love with an A," or that the said game perhaps was not known among the French ; for you must get to x, y, and z before you find it difficult to praise her in any letter in the alphabet, and to dispraise her in the same.

Initials therefore, he thought, (always with one exception,) of no other consequence than as they pleased the ear, and combined gracefully in a cypher, upon a seal or ring.

But in names themselves a great deal more presents itself to a reflecting mind.

Shenstone used to bless his good fortune that his name was not obnoxious to a pun. He would not have liked to have been complimented in the same strain as a certain Mr. Pegge was by an old epigrammatist.

What wonder if my friendship's force doth last
Firm to your goodness? You have pegg'd it fast.

Little could he foresee, as Dr. Southey has observed, that it was obnoxious to a rhyme in French English. In the gardens of Ermenonville M. * placed this inscription to his honour.

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural ;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural.

Poor Shenstone hardly appears more ridiculous in the frontispiece to his own works, where, in the heroic attitude of a poet who has won the prize and is about to receive the crown, he stands before Apollo in a shirt and boa, as destitute of another less dispensable part of dress as Adam in Eden ; but like Adam when innocent, not ashamed : while the shirtless God holding a lyre in one hand prepares with the other to place a wreath of bay upon the brow of his delighted votary.

The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds fancied that if he gave his son an uncommon Christian name, it might be the means of bettering his fortune ; and therefore he had him christened Joshua. It does not appear, however, that the name ever proved as convenient to the great painter as it did to Joshua Barnes. He to whose Barnesian labours Homer and Queen Esther, and King Edward III. bear witness, was a good man and a good scholar, and a rich widow who not imprudently inferred that he would make a good husband, gave him an opportunity by observing to him one day that Joshua made the Sun and Moon stand still, and significantly adding that nothing could resist Joshua. The hint was not thrown

* So in the MS.

away;—and he never had cause to repent that he had taken, nor she that she had given it.

A Spanish gentleman who made it his pastime to write books of chivalry, being to bring into his work a furious Giant, went many days devising a name which might in all points be answerable to his fierceness; neither could he light upon any; till playing one day at cards in his friend's house, he heard the master of the house say to the boy—*muchacho—tra qui tantos*. As soon as he heard *Traquitantos* he laid down his cards, and said that now he had found a name which would fit well for his Giant.*

I know not whether it was the happy-minded author of the *Worthies* and the *Church History of Britain* who proposed as an Epitaph for himself the words "*Fuller's Earth*," or whether some one proposed it for him. But it is in his own style of thought and feeling.

Nor has it any unbeseeing levity, like this which is among *Browne's* poems.

Here lieth in sooth
Honest John Tooth,
Whom Death on a day
From us drew away.

Or this upon a Mr. Button,

Here lieth one, God rest his soul,
Whose grave is but a button-hole.

No one was ever punned to death, nor, though *Ditton* is said to have died in consequence of "the unhappy effect" which *Swift's* verses produced upon him, can I believe that any one was ever rhymed to death.

A man may with better reason bless his godfathers and godmothers if they chuse for him a name which is neither too common nor too peculiar.†

It is not a good thing to be *Tom'd* or *Bob'd*, *Jack'd* or *Jim'd*, *Sam'd* or *Ben'd*, *Natty'd* or *Batty'd*, *Neddy'd* or *Teddy'd*, *Will'd* or *Bill'd*, *Dick'd* or *Nick'd*, *Joe'd* or *Jerry'd*, as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a christian name,

* HUARTE.

† It is said of an eccentric individual that he never forgave his Godfathers and Godmother for giving him the name of *Moses*, for which the short is *Mo*.

that for its oddity shall be in every body's mouth when you are spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead:—*Quintin Dick*, for example, which would have been still more unlucky if *Mr. Dick* had happened to have a cast in his eye. The Report on Parochial Registration contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth christian name. A gentleman called *Anketil Gray* had occasion for a certificate of his baptism: it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there no such name could be found; some mistake was presumed therefore not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. At length the first register was again recurred to, and then upon a closer investigation they found him entered as *Miss Ann Kettle Grey*.

Souvent, says *Brantôme*, ceux qui portent le nom de leurs ayeuls, leur ressemblent volontiers, comme je Tay veu observer et en discourir à aucuns philosophes. He makes this remark after observing that the Emperor *Ferdinand* was named after his grandfather *Ferdinand of Arragon*, and *Charles V.* after his great-grandfather *Charles the Bold*. But such resemblances are, as *Brantôme* implies, imitational where they exist. And *Mr. Keightley's* observation, that "a man's name and his occupation have often a most curious coincidence," rests perhaps on a similar ground, men being sometimes designated by their names for the way of life which they are to pursue. Many a boy has been called *Nelson* in our own days, and *Rodney* in our father's, because he was intended for the sea service, and many a seventh son has been christened *Luke*, in the hope that he might live to be a physician. In what other business than that of lottery-office would the name *Goodluck* so surely have brought business to the house? *Captain Death* could never have practised medicine or surgery, unless under an *alias*; but there would be no better name with which to meet an enemy

in battle. Dr. Damman was an eminent physician and royal professor of midwifery at Ghent in the latter part of the last century. He ought to have been a Calvinistic divine.

The Ancients paid so great a regard to names, that whenever a number of men were to be examined on suspicion, they began by putting to the torture the one whose name was esteemed the vilest. And this must not be supposed to have had its origin in any reasonable probability, such as might be against a man who, being apprehended for a riot, should say his name was Patrick Murphy, or Dennis O'Connor, or Thady O'Callaghan; or against a Moses Levi, or a Daniel Abrahams for uttering bad money; it was for the import of the name itself, and the evidence of a base and servile origin which it implied.

J'ai été tousjours fort etomé, says Bayle, *que les familles qui portent un nom odieux ou ridicule, ne le quittent pas.* The Leatherheads and Shufflebottoms, the Higgenses and Huggenses, the Scroggses and the Scraggses, Sheepshanks and Ramsbottoms, Taylors and Barbers, and worse than all, Butchers, would have been to Bayle as abominable as they were to Dr. Dove. "I ought," the Doctor would say, "to have a more natural dislike to the names of Kite, Hawk, Falcon and Eagle; and yet they are to me (the first excepted) less odious than names like these: and even preferable to Bull, Bear, Pig, Hog, Fox or Wolf."

"What a name," he would say, "is Lamb for a soldier, Joy for an undertaker, Rich for a pauper, or Noble for a taylor: Big for a lean and little person, and Small for one who is broad in the rear and abominous in the van. Short for a fellow six feet without his shoes, or Long for him whose high heels hardly elevate him to the height of five. Sweet for one who has either a vinegar face, or a foxey complexion. Younghusband for an old bachelor. Merryweather for any one in November and February, a black spring, a cold summer or a wet autumn. Goodenough for a person no better than he

should be: Toogood for any human creature, and Best for a subject who is perhaps too bad to be endured."

Custom having given to every Christian name its *alias*, he always used either the baptismal name or its substitute as it happened to suit his fancy, careless of what others might do. Thus he never called any woman Mary, though *Mare* he said being the sea was in many respects but too emblematic of the sex. It was better to use a synonyme of better omen, and Molly therefore was to be preferred as being soft. If he accosted a vixen of that name in her worst temper he *mollyfied* her. On the contrary he never could be induced to substitute Sally for Sarah.—Sally he said had a salacious sound, and moreover it reminded him of rovers, which women ought not to be. Martha he called Patty, because it came pat to the tongue. Dorothy remained Dorothy, because it was neither fitting that women should be made Dolls nor Idols. Susan with him was always Sue, because women were to be sued, and Winifred Winny because they were to be won.

CHAPTER CCXXIII.

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

*Tal nombre, que a los siglos extendido,
Se olvide de olvidarsele al Olvido.* LOPE DE VEGA.

CONSIDERING the many mysteries which our Doctor discovered in the name of Dove, and not knowing but that many more may be concealed in it which will in due time be brought to light, I am particularly desirous, — I am solicitous, — I am anxious, — I wish (which is as much as if a Quaker were to say "I am moved," or "it is upon my mind,") to fix for posterity, if possible, the true pronounciation of that name. *If possible,* I say, because whatever those readers may think, who have never before had the sub

ject presented to their thoughts, it is exceedingly difficult. My solicitude upon this point will not appear groundless, if it be recollected to what strange changes pronunciation is liable, not from lapse of time alone, but from caprice and fashion. Who in the present generation knows not how John Kemble was persecuted about his *a-ches*, a point wherein, right as he was, he was proved to be wrong by a new *norma loquendi*. Our allies are no longer iambic as they were wont to be, but pure trochees now, like Alley Croker and Mr. Alley the counsellor. *Beta* is at this day called *Veta* in Greece, to the confusion of Sir John Cheke, to the triumph of Bishop Gardiner, and in contempt of the whole ovine race. Nay, to bring these observations home to the immediate purport of this chapter, the modern Greeks when they read this book will call the person, on whose history it relates, Thaniel Thove! and the Thoctor! their Delta having undergone as great a change as the Delta in Egypt. Have I not reason then for my solicitude?

Whoever examines that very rare and curious book, *Lesclaircissement de la langue françoise*, printed by Johan Haukyns, 1530, (which is the oldest French grammar in our language, and older than any that the French possess in their own,) will find indubitable proof that the pronunciation of both nations is greatly altered in the course of the last three hundred years.

Neither the Spaniards nor Portuguese retain in their speech that strong Rhotacism which they denoted by the double *rr*, and which Camden and Fuller notice as peculiar to the people of Carlton in Leicestershire. Lily has not enumerated it among those *isms* from which boys are by all means to be deterred; a most heinous *ism*, however, it is. A strange uncouth wharling Fuller called it, and Camden describes it as a harsh and ungrateful manner of speech with a guttural and difficult pronunciation. They were perhaps a colony from Durham or Northumberland in whom the *burr* had become hereditary.

Is the poetry of the Greeks and Romans

ever read as they themselves read it? Have we not altered the very metre of the pentameter by our manner of reading it? Is it not at this day doubtful whether Cæsar was called Kæsar, Chæsar, or as we pronounce his name? And whether Cicero ought not to be called Chichero* or Kikero? Have I not therefore cause to apprehend that there may come a time when the true pronunciation of Dove may be lost or doubtful? Major Jardine has justly observed that in the great and complicated art of alphabetical writing, which is rendered so easy and familiar by habit, we are not always aware of the limits of its powers.

"Alphabetical writing," says that always speculative writer, "was doubtless a wonderful and important discovery. Its greatest merit, I think, was that of distinguishing sounds from articulations, a degree of perfection to which the eastern languages have not yet arrived; and that defect may be, with those nations, one of the chief causes of their limited progress in many other things. You know they have no vowels, except some that have the *a*, but always joined to some articulation: their attempt to supply that defect by points give them but very imperfect and indistinct ideas of vocal and articulate sounds, and of their important distinction. But even languages most alphabetical, if the expression may be allowed, could not probably transmit by writing a compleat idea of their own sounds and pronunciation from any one age or people to another. Sounds are to us infinite and variable, and we cannot transmit by one sense the ideas and objects of another. We shall be convinced of this when we recollect the innumerable qualities of tone in human voices, so as to enable us to distinguish all

* The well-known verses of Catullus would be against Chichero, at least.

*Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere, et hinsidias Arrius insidias:
Et tum mirificè sperabat se esse locutum,
Cum quantum poterat, dixerat hinsidias, &c.*

CARM. LXXXIV.

The *h* appears to have been an old Shibleth, and not restricted either to Shropshire or Warwickshire. Mr. Evans' verses will occur to many readers of "The Doctor, &c."

our acquaintances, though the number should amount to many hundreds, or perhaps thousands. With attention we might discover a different quality of tone in every instrument; for all these there never can be a sufficient number of adequate terms in any written language; and when that variety comes to be compounded with a like variety of articulations, it becomes infinite to us. The varieties only upon the seven notes in music, varied only as to pitch and modulation throughout the audible scale, combined with those of time, are not yet probably half exhausted by the constant labour of so many ages. So that the idea of Mr. Steel and others, of representing to the eye the tune and time only of the sounds in any language, will probably ever prove inadequate to the end proposed, even without attempting the kinds and qualities of tones and articulations which would render it infinite and quite impossible."

Lowth asserts that "the true pronunciation of Hebrew is lost,—lost to a degree far beyond what can ever be the case of any European language preserved only in writing; for the Hebrew language, like most of the other Oriental languages, expressing only the consonants, and being destitute of its vowels, has lain now for two thousand years in a manner mute and incapable of utterance, the number of syllables is in a great many words uncertain, the quantity and accent wholly unknown."

In the pronouncing Dictionary of John Walker, (that great benefactor to all ladies employed in the task of education,) the word is written *Duv*, with a figure of 2 over the vowel, designating that what he calls the short simple *u* is intended, as in the English *tub*, *cup*, *sup*, and the French *veuf*, *neuf*. How Sheridan gives it, or how it would have been, as Mr. Southey would say, *uglyographed* by Elphinstone and the other whimsical persons who have laboured so disinterestedly in the vain attempt of regulating our spelling by our pronunciation, I know not, for none of their books are at hand. My public will forgive me that I have not taken the trouble to procure them.

It has not been neglected from idleness, nor for the sake of sparing myself any pains which ought to have been taken. Would I spare any pains in the service of my Public!

I have not sought for those books because their authority would have added nothing to Walker's: nor if they had differed from him, would any additional assistance have been obtained. They are in fact all equally inefficient for the object here required, which is so to describe and fix the true pronunciation of a particular word, that there shall be no danger of it ever being mistaken, and that when this book shall be as old as the *Iliad*, there may be no dispute concerning the name of its principal personage, though more places should vie with each other for the honour of having given birth to Urganth the Unknown, than contended for the birth of Homer. Now that cannot be done by literal notation. If you think it may, "I beseech you, Sir, paint me a voice! Make a sound visible if you can! Teach mine ears to see, and mine eyes to hear!"

The prosody of the ancients enables us to ascertain whether a syllable be long or short. Our language is so much more flexible in verse that our poetry will not enable the people of the third and fourth millenniums even to do this, without a very laborious collation, which would after all in many instances leave the point doubtful. Nor will rhyme decide the question; for to a foreigner who understands English only by book (and the people of the third and fourth millenniums may be in this state) *Dove* and *Glove*, *Rove* and *Grove*, *Move* and *Prove*, must all appear legitimate and interchangeable rhymes.

I must therefore have given up the matter in despair had it not been for a most fortunate and felicitous circumstance. There is one word in the English language which, happen what may, will never be out of use, and of which the true pronunciation, like the true meaning, is sure to pass down uninterruptedly and unaltered from generation to generation. That word, that one and only word which must remain immutable wherever English is spoken, whatever other

mutations the speech may undergo, till the language itself be lost in the wreck of all things, — that word (Youths and Maidens ye anticipate it now!) that one and only word —

Τόδε μὲν εὐκίτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις
Καθίζω*.

that dear delicious monosyllable LOVE, — that word is a true and perfect rhyme to the name of our Doctor.

Speak but one rhyme and I am satisfied ;
... pronounce but Love and Dove. †

CHAPTER CCXXIV.

CHARLEMAGNE, CASIMIR THE POET, MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, NOCTURNAL REMEMBRANCER. THE DOCTOR NOT AMBITIOUS OF FAME. THE AUTHOR IS INDUCED BY MR. POSBROOKE AND NORRIS OF BEMERTON TO EJACULATE A HEATHEN PRAYER IN BEHALF OF HIS BRETHREN.

*Tutte le cose son rose et viole
Ch'io dico ó ch'io dirò de la virtule.*
FR. SANSOVINO.

It is recorded of Charlemagne by his secretary Eginhart, that he had always pen, ink and parchment beside his pillow, for the purpose of noting down any thoughts which might occur to him during the night: and lest upon waking he should find himself in darkness, a part of the wall, within reach from the bed, was prepared, like the leaf of a tablet, with wax, on which he might indent his memoranda with a style.

The Jesuit poet Casimir had a black tablet always by his bedside, and a piece of chalk, with which to secure a thought, or a poetical expression that might occur to him, *si quid insomnis noctu non infeliciter cogitabat ne id sibi periret*. In like manner it is related of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle that some of her young ladies always slept within call, ready to rise at any hour in the night, and take down her thoughts, lest she should forget them before morning.

Some threescore years ago a little instrument was sold by the name of the Nocturnal

Remembrancer; it consisted merely of some leaves of what is called asses-skin, in a leathern case wherein there was one aperture from side to side, by aid of which a straight line could be pencilled in the dark: the leaf might be drawn up and fixed at measured distances, till it was written on from top to bottom.

Our Doctor, (—now that thou art so well acquainted with him and likest him so cordially, Reader, it would be ungenerous in me to call him mine) — our Doctor needed no such contrivances. He used to say that he “laid aside all his cares when he put off his wig, and that never any were to be found under his night-cap.” Happy man, from whom this might be believed! but so even had been the smooth and noiseless tenour of his life that he could say it truly. Anxiety and bereavements had brought to him no sleepless nights, no dreams more distressful than even the realities that produce and blend with them. Neither had worldly cares or ambitious hopes and projects ever disquieted him, and made him misuse in midnight musings the hours which belong to sleep. He had laid up in his mind an inexhaustible store of facts and fancies, and delighted in nothing more than in adding to these intellectual treasures; but as he gathered knowledge only for its own sake, and for the pleasure of the pursuit, not with any emulous feelings, or aspiring intent

— to be for ever known,

And make the years to come his own,

he never said, with the studious Elder Brother in Fletcher's comedy,

— the children

Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful studies
Shall be my living issue.

And therefore — *voilà un homme qui était fort savant et fort éloquent, et néanmoins — (altering a little the words of Bayle,) — il n'est pas connu dans la république des lettres, et il y a eu une infinité de gens beaucoup moins habile que lui, qui sont cent fois plus connus; c'est qu'ils ont publié des livres, et que la presse n'a point roulé sur ses productions. Il importe extrêmement aux hommes doctes,*

* EURIPIDES.

† ROMEO AND JULIET.

qui ne veulent pas tomber dans l'oubli après leur mort, de s'ériger en auteurs; sans cela leur nom ne passe guère la première génération; res erat unius aetatis. Le commun des lecteurs ne prend point garde au nom des savans qu'ils ne connaissent que par le témoignage d'autrui; on oublie bientôt un homme, lorsque l'éloge qu'en font les autres finit par le public n'a rien ou de lui.

Bayle makes an exception of men who like Peirese distinguish themselves *d'un façon singulière*.

"I am not sure," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "that the life of an author is a happy life; but yet, if the seeds of authorship be in him, he will not be happy except in the indulgence of this occupation. Without the culture and free air which these seeds require they will wither and turn to poison." It is no desirable thing, according to this representation, to be born with such a predisposition to the most dangerous of all callings. But still more pitiable is the condition of such a person, if Mr. Fosbrooke has described it truly: "the mind of a man of genius," says he, (who beyond all question is a man of genius himself,) "is always in a state of pregnancy, or parturition; and its power of bearing offspring is bounded only by supervening disease, or by death." Those who are a degree lower in genius are in a yet worse predicament; such a sort of man, as Norris of Bemerton describes, who, "although he conceives often, yet by some chance or other he always miscarries, and the issue proves abortive."

JUNO LUCINA, *fer opem!*

This invocation the Doctor never made metaphorically for himself, whatever serious and secret prayers he may have preferred for others, when exercising one branch of his tripartite profession.

Bernardin de Saint Pierre says in one of his letters, when his *Etudes de la Nature* were in the press, *Je suis a present dans les douleurs de l'enfantement, car il n'y a point de mère qui souffre autant en mettant un enfant au monde, et qui craigne plus qu'on ne l'écorche ou qu'on ne les crève un œil, qu'un auteur qui revoit les épreuves de son ouvrage.*

CHAPTER CCXXV.

TWO QUESTIONS GROWING OUT OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

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

BUT here two questions arise:

Ought Dr. Dove, or ought he not, to have been an author?

Was he, or was he not, the happier, for not being one?

"Not to leave the reader," as Lightfoot says, "in a *bivium* of irresolutions," I will examine each of these questions, *Escribiendo algunos breves reglones, sobre lo mucho que dezir y escribir se podria en esto;—moviendo me principalmente a ello la grande ignorancia que sobre esta matheria veo manifestamente entre las gentes de nuestro siglo.**

"I am and have been," says Robert Wilmot "(if there be in me any soundness of judgement,) of this opinion, that whatsoever is committed to the press is commended to eternity; and it shall stand a lively witness with our conscience, to our comfort or confusion, in the reckoning of that great day. Advisedly therefore was that proverb used of our elder Philosopher, *Manum a Tabulâ*; withhold thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the print, or light of the world."

Robert Wilmot *says*, I say, using the present tense in setting his words before the reader, because of an author it may truly be said that "being dead he yet speaketh." Obscure as this old author now is, for his name and his existing works are known only to those who love to pore among the tombs and the ruins of literature, yet by those who will always be enough "to make a few," his name will continue to be known, long after many of those bubbles which now glitter as they float upon the stream of popularity are "gone for ever;" and his remains are safe for the next half millennium, if the globe

* GARIBAY.

should last so long without some cataclasm which shall involve its creatures and its works in one common destruction.

Wilmot is right in saying that whatever is written for the public, is, as regards the individual responsibility of the writer, written for eternity; however brief may be its earthly duration; — an awful consideration for the authors of wicked books, and for those who by becoming instrumental in circulating such books involve themselves in the author's guilt as accessories after the fact, and thereby bring themselves deservedly under the same condemnation.

Looking at the first question in this point of view, it may be answered without hesitation, the Doctor was so pure in heart, and consequently so innocent in mind, that there was no moral reason why he ought not to have been an author. He would have written nothing but what, religiously speaking, might have been accounted among his good works, — so far as, so speaking, any works may deserve to be called good.

But the question has two handles, and we must now take it by the other.

An author, more obscure in the literature of his own country than Wilmot, (unless indeed some Spanish or Italian Haslewood may have disinterred his name,) has expressed an opinion directly the reverse of Wilmot's concerning authorship. Ye who understand the noble language which the Emperor Charles V. ranked above all other living tongues may have the satisfaction of here reading it in the original.

Muchos son los que del loable y fructuoso trabajo de escrevir, rehuir suelen; unos por no saber, a los quales su ignorancia en alguna manera excusa; otros por negligencia, que teniendo habilidad y disposicion par ello no lo hazen; y a estos es menester que Dios los perdone en lo passado, y emiende en lo por venir; otros dexan de hazello por temor de los detractores y que mal acostumburan dezir; los quales a mi parecer de toda reprehension son dignos, pues siendo el acto en si virtuoso, dexan de usarlo por temor. Mayormente que todos, o los mas que este exercicio usan, o con buen ingenio escriven, o con

*buen desseo querrian escrevir. Si con buen ingenio hazen buena obra, cierto es que dese ser alabada. Y se el defecto de mas no alcanzar algo, la haze diminuta de lo que mejor pudiera ser, deve se loar lo que el tal quisiera hazer, si mas supiera, o la invencion y fantasia de la obra, por que fue, o porque desseo ser bueno. De manere que es mucho mejor escrevir como quiera que se pueda hazer, que no por algun temor dexar de hazerlo.**

"Many," says this author, "are they who are wont to eschew the meritorious and fruitful labour of writing, some for want of knowledge, whom their ignorance in some manner excuses; others for negligence, who having ability and fitness for this nevertheless do it not, and need there is for them, that God should forgive them for the past, and amend them for the time to come; others forbear writing, for fear of detractors and of those who accustom themselves to speak ill; and these in my opinion are worthy of all reprehension, because the act being in itself so virtuous they are withheld by fear from performing it. Moreover it is to be considered that all, or most of those who practise this art, either write with a good genius, or a good desire of writing well. If having a good genius they produce a good work, certes that work deserves to be commended. And if for want of genius it falls short of this, and of what it might better have been, still he ought to be praised, who would have made his work praiseworthy if he had been able, and the invention and fancy of the work, either because it is or because he wished it to be so. So that it is much better for a man to write whatever his ability may be, than to be withheld from the attempt by fear."

A very different opinion was expressed by one of the most learned of men, *Ego multos studiosos quotidie video, paucos doctos; in doctis paucos ingeniosos; in semidoctis nullos bonos; atque adeo literæ generis humani unicum solamen, jam pestis et perniciæ maxime loco sunt.†*

M. Cornet used to say, *Que pour faire des*

* QUESTION DE AMOR. PROLOGO.

† SCALIGER.

lieres, il faloit être ou bien fou ou bien sage, que pour lui, comme il ne se croioit pas assez sage pour faire un bon livre, ni assez fou pour en faire un méchant, il avoit pris le parti de ne point écrire.

For *lui*, the Docteur of the Sorbonne : *pour moi*,—every reader will, in the exercise of that sovereign judgment whereof every reader is possessed, determine for himself whether in composing the present work I am to be deemed *bien sage* or *bien fou*. I know what Mr. Dulman thinks upon this point, and that Mr. Slapdash agrees with him. To the former I shall say nothing ; but to the latter, and to Slenderwit, Midge, Wasp, Dandepirat, Brisk and Blueman, I shall let Cordara the Jesuit speak for me.

*O quanti, o quanti sono, a cui dispiace
Vedere un uom contento ; sol per questo
Lo pungono con stile acre e mordace,
Per questi versi miei chi sa che presto
Qualche zanzara contro me non s'armi,
E non prenda di qui qualche pretesto.
Io certo me l' aspetto, che oltraggiarmi
Talun pretenderà sol perchè pare,
Che di lieti pensier' sappia occuparmi.
Ma canti pur, io lascerò cantare
E per mostrargli quanto me ne prendo,
Tornerò, se bisogna, a verseggiare.*

Leaving the aforesaid *litterateurs* to construe and apply this, I shall proceed in due course to examine and decide whether Dr. Daniel Dove ought or ought not to have been an author, — being the first of two questions, propounded in the present chapter, as arising out of the last.

CHAPTER CCXXVI.

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

*Jan paululum digressus a spectantibus,
Doctis loquar, qui non adco spectare quam
Audire gestiunt, logosque ponderant,
Examiuant, dijudicantque pro suo
Candore vel livore ; non latum tamen
Culmum (quod aiunt) dum loquar sapientibus
Loco movchor.* MACROPEDIUS.

THE boy and his schoolmaster were not mistaken in thinking that some of Textor's

Moralities would have delighted the people of Ingleton as much as any of Rowland Dixon's stock pieces. Such dramas have been popular wherever they have been presented in the vernacular tongue. The progress from them to the regular drama was slow, perhaps not so much on account of the then rude state of most modern languages, as because of the yet ruder taste of the people. I know not whether it has been observed in literary history how much more rapid it was in schools, where the Latin language was used, and consequently fit audience was found, though few.

George von Langeveldt, or Macropedius, as he called himself, according to the fashion of learned men in that age, was contemporary with Textor, and like him one of the pioneers of literature, but he was a person of more learning and greater intellectual powers. He was born about the year 1475, of a good family in the little town or village of Gemert, at no great distance from Bois-le-Duc. As soon as his juvenile studies were completed he entered among the *Fratres Vitæ Communis* ; they employed him in education, first as Rector in their college at Bois-le-duc, then at Liege, and afterwards at Utrecht, from whence in 1552, being infirm and grievously afflicted with gout, he returned to Bois-le-duc, there to pass the remainder of his days, as one whose work was done. Old and enfeebled, however, as he was, he lived till the year 1558, and then died not of old age but of a pestilential fever.

There is an engraved portrait of him in the hideous hood and habit of his order ; the countenance is that of a good-natured, intelligent, merry old man : underneath are these verses by Sanderus the topographer.

*Tu Seneca, et nostri potes esse Terentius ævi,
Seu struis ad faciles viva theatra pedes,
Seu ploras tragicas, Macropedi, carmine clades,
Materiam sanctis adsimilante modis.
Desine jam Latios mirari Roma cothurnos ;
Nescio quid majus Belgica scena dabit.*

Macropedius published Rudiments both of the Greek and Latin languages ; he had studied the Hebrew and Chaldee ; had some skill in mathematics, and amused his leisure

in making mathematical instruments, a branch of art in which he is said to have been an excellent workman. Most of the men who distinguished themselves as scholars in that part of the Low Countries, toward the latter part of the 16th century, had been his pupils: for he was not more remarkable for his own acquirements than for the earnest delight which he took in instructing others. There is some reason for thinking that he was a severe disciplinarian, perhaps a cruel one. Herein he differed widely from Textor, who took every opportunity for expressing his abhorrence of magisterial cruelty. In one of these Dialogues with which Guy and young Daniel were so well acquainted, two schoolmasters after death are brought before Rhadamanthus for judgment; one for his inhumanity is sent to be tormented in Tartarus, part of his punishment, in addition to those more peculiarly belonging to the region, being that

Verbera quæ pueris intulit, ipse ferat :

the other who indulged his boys and never maltreated them is ordered to Elysium, the Judge saying to him

*— tua te in pueros clementia salvum
Reddit, et æternis persimilem superis.*

That Textor's description of the cruelty exercised by the pedagogues of his age was not overcharged, Macropedius himself might be quoted to prove, even when he is vindicating and recommending such discipline as Dr. Parr would have done. I wish Parr had heard an expression which fell from the honest lips of Isaac Reid, when a school, noted at that time for its consumption of birch, was the subject of conversation;—the words would have burned themselves in. I must not commit them to the press; but this I may say, that the Recording Angel entered them on the creditor side of that kind-hearted old man's account.

Macropedius, like Textor, composed dramatic pieces for his pupils to represent. The latter, as has been shown in a former chapter, though he did not exactly take the Moralities for his model, produced pieces of the same kind, and adapted his conceptions

to the popular facts, while he clothed them in the language of the classics. His aim at improvement proceeded no farther, and he never attempted to construct a dramatic fable. That advance was made by Macropedius, who in one of his dedicatory epistles laments that among the many learned men who were then flourishing, no Menander, no Terence was to be found; their species of writing, he says, had been almost extinct since the time of Terence himself, or at least of Lucilius. He regretted this because comedy might be rendered useful to persons of all ages, *quid enim plus pueris ad eruditionem, plus adolescentibus ad honesta studia, plus provectoribus, immò omnibus in commune ad virtutem conducatur?*

Reuchlin, or Capnio, (as he who was one of the lights of his generation was misnamed and misnamed himself,) who had with his other great and eminent merits that of restoring or rather introducing into Germany the study of Hebrew, revived the lost art of comedy. If any one had preceded him in this revival, Macropedius was ignorant of it; and by the example and advice of this great man he was induced to follow him, not only as a student of Hebrew, but as a comic writer. Hrosvitha indeed, a nun of Gandersheim in Saxony, who lived in the tenth century and in the reign of Otho II., composed six Latin comedies *in emulation of Terence*, but in praise of virginity; and these with other of her poems were printed at Nuremburg in the year 1501. The book I have never seen, nor had De Bure, nor had he been able (such is its rarity) to procure any account of it farther than enabled him to give its title. The name of Conrad Celtes, the first German upon whom the degree of Poet Laureate was conferred, appears in the title, as if he had discovered the manuscript; *Conrado Celte inventore*. De Bure says the volume was *attribué au même Conradus Celtes*. It is rash for any one to form an opinion of a book which he has never examined, unless he is well acquainted with the character and capacity of its author; nevertheless I may venture to observe that nothing can be less in unison

with the life and conversation of this Latin poet, as far as these may be judged of by his acknowledged poems, than the subjects of the pieces published under Hrosvitha's name; and no reason can be imagined why, if he had written them himself, he should have palmed them upon the public as her composition.

It is remarkable that Macropedius, when he spoke of Reuchlin's comedies, should not have alluded to these, for that he must have seen them there can be little or no doubt. One of Reuchlin's is said to have been imitated from *la Farce de Pathelin*, which, under the title of the Village Lawyer, has succeeded on our own stage, and which was so deservedly popular that the French have drawn from it more than one proverbial saying. The French Editor who affirms this says that Pathelin was printed in 1474, four years before the representation of Reuchlin's comedy; but the story is one of those good travellers which are found in all countries, and Reuchlin may have dramatised it without any reference to the French drama, the existence of which may very probably have been unknown to him, as well as to Macropedius. Both his pieces are satirical. His disciple began with a scriptural drama upon the Prodigal Son; Asotus is its title. It must have been written early in the century, for about 1520 he laid it aside as a juvenile performance, and faulty as much because of the then comparatively rude state of learning, as of his own inexperience.

*Scripti olim adolescens, trimetris versibus,
Et tetrametris, eâ phrasi et facundia
Quæ tum per adolescentiam et mala tempora
Licebat, evangelicum Asotum aut Prodigum
Omnis quidem mei laboris initium.*

After it had lain among his papers for thirty years, he brought it to light, and published it. In the prologue he intreats the spectators not to be offended that he had put his sickle into the field of the Gospel, and exhorts them, while they are amused with the comic parts of the dialogue, still to bear in mind the meaning of the parable.

*Sed orat author carminis vos res duas :
Ne ægre feratis, quod levem falcem tulit*

*Sementem in evangelicam, camque quod audcat
Tractare majestatem Iambo et Tybracho ;
Neve insuper nimis hæreatis ludicris
Ludisque comicis, sed animum advortite
Hic addito mysterio, quod eruum.*

After these lines he proceeds succinctly to expound the parable.

Although the grossest representations were not merely tolerated at that time in the Miracle Plays, and Mysteries, but performed with the sanction and with the assistance of the clergy, it appears that objections were raised against the sacred dramas of this author. They were composed for a learned audience, — which is indeed the reason why the Latin, or as it may more properly be called the Collegiate drama, appeared at first in a regular and respectable form, and received little or no subsequent improvement. The only excuse which could be offered for the popular exhibitions of this kind, was that they were, if not necessary, yet greatly useful, by exciting and keeping up the lively faith of an ignorant, but all-believing people. That apology failed where no such use was needed. But Macropedius easily vindicated himself from charges which in truth were not relevant to his case; for he perceived what scriptural subjects might without impropriety be represented as he treated them, and he carefully distinguished them from those upon which no fiction could be engrafted without apparent profanation. In the prologue to his Lazarus he makes this distinction between the Lazarus of the parable, and the Lazarus of the Gospel History: the former might be thus treated for edification, the latter was too sacred a theme,

— quod is sine
Filiis Dei persona agi non possit.

Upon this distinction he defends himself, and carefully declares what were the bounds which ought not to be overpassed.

*Fortassis objectabit illi quispiam
Quod audeat sacerrimam rem, et serio
Nostræ salutis a Christo Jesu proditam
Tractare comicè, et facere rem ludicram.
Fateatur ingenuè, quod eadem ratio se
Sæpenumero deterruit, ne quid suum,
Vel ab aliis quantumlibet scriptum, piè
Doctè, quod personam haberet Christi Jesu
Agentis, histrionibus seu ludis
Populo exhibendum ex pulpito committeret.*

From this passage I am induced to suspect that the Jesus Scholasticus, and the tragedy De Passione Christi, which are named in the list of his works, have been erroneously ascribed to him. No date of time or place is affixed to either by the biographers. After his judicious declaration concerning such subjects it cannot be thought he would have written these tragedies; nor that if he had written them before he seriously considered the question of their propriety, he would afterwards have allowed them to appear. It is more probable that they were published without an author's name, and ascribed to him, because of his reputation. No inference can be drawn from their not appearing in the two volumes of his plays; because that collection is entitled *Omnes Georgii Macropedii Fabulæ COMICÆ*, and though it contains pieces which are deeply serious, that title would certainly preclude the insertion of a tragedy. But a piece upon the story of Susanna which the biographers have also ascribed to him is not in the collection*; the book was printed after his retirement to Bois-le-duc, when from his age and infirmities he was most unlikely to have composed it, and therefore I conclude that, like the tragedies, it is not his work.

Macropedius was careful to guard against anything which might give offence, and therefore he apologises for speaking of the *fable* of his Nama:

*Mirabitur fortasse vestrum quispiam,
Quod fabulam rem sacrosanctam dixerim.
Verum sibi is persuasum habebit, omne quod
Tragicæ artificis comicovè scribitur,
Dici poetis fabulam; quod utique non
Tam historia veri lezitur, quod proprium est,
Quam imago veri fingitur, quod artis est.
Nam comicus non propria personis solet,
Sed apta tribuere atque verisimilita, ut
Quæ pro loco vel tempore potuere agi
Vel dicier.*

For a very different reason he withdrew from one of these dramas certain passages, by the advice of his friends; he says, *qui rem seriam fabulosius tractandum dissuaserunt*. These it seems related to the first chapter of St. Luke, but contained circumstances derived not from that Gospel, but from the

legends engrafted upon it, and therefore he rejects them as *citra scripturæ auctoritatem*.

From the scrupulousness with which Macropedius in this instance distinguishes between the facts of the Gospel history and the fables of man's invention, it may be suspected that he was not averse at heart to those hopes of a reformation in the church which were at that time entertained. This is still further indicated in the drama called Hecastus (*Ἐκάστος* — Every one,) in which he represents a sinner as saved by faith in Christ and repentance. He found it necessary to protest against the suspicion which he had thus incurred, and to declare that he held works of repentance and the sacraments appointed by the Church necessary for salvation.†

Hecastus is a rich man, given over to the pomps and vanities of the world, and Epicuria his wife is of the same disposition. They have prepared a great feast, when Nomodidascalus arrives with a summons for him to appear before the Great King for judgement. Hecastus calls upon his son Philomathes, who is learned in the law, for counsel; the son is horror-stricken, and confesses his ignorance of the language in which the summons is written:

*Horror, pater, me invadit, anxietas quoque
Non mediocris; nam elementa quamquam barbara
Miram Dei potentiam præ se ferunt,
Humaniorcs literas scio; barbaras
Neque legere, neque intelligere, pater, queo.*

The father is incensed that a son who had been bred to the law for the purpose of

† Hecastus was represented by the schoolboys in 1538, *non sine magno spectantium plausu*. It was printed in the ensuing year; and upon reprinting it, in 1550, the author offers his apology. He says, *Fuere multi quibus (fabulæ scopo recte considerato) per omnia placuit; fuere quibus in ea nonnulla offenderunt; fuere quoque, quibus omnino displicuit, ob hoc præcipue, quod erroribus quibusdam nostri temporis conivere et suffragari videretur. Inprimis illi, quod citra penitentia opera (satisfactionem dicimus) et ecclesie sacramenta, per solum in Christum fidem et cordis contritionem, condemnationem criminum docere, vel asserere videretur; et quod quisque certo se fore servendum credere teneretur: Id quod nequam nec mente concepi, nec unquam docere volui, licet quibusdam fortassis fabulæ scopum non exactè considerantibus, primâ (quod atunt) fronte sic videri potuerit. Si enim rei scopum, quem in argumento indicabam, penitus observassent, secus fortassis iudicaturi fuissent.* — R. S.

* This must be a comic drama. — R. S.

pleading his cause at any time should fail him thus; but Nomodidascales vindicates the young man, and reads a severe lecture to Hecastus, in which Hebrew words of awful admonishment are introduced and interpreted. The guests arrive; he tells them what has happened, and entreats them to accompany him, and assist him when he appears before the Judge; they plead other engagements, and excuse themselves. He has no better success with his kinsmen; though they promise to look after his affairs, and say that they will make a point of attending him with due honour as far as the gate. He then calls upon his two sons to go with him unto the unknown country whereto he has been summoned. The elder is willing to fight for his father, but not to enter upon such a journey; the lawyer does not understand the practice of those courts, and can be of no use to him there; but he advises his father to take his servants with him, and plenty of money.

Madam Epicuria, who is not the most affectionate of wives, refuses to accompany him upon this unpleasant expedient, and moreover requests that her maids may be left with her; let him take his man servants with him, and gold and silver in abundance. The servants bring out his wealth. Plutus, *ex arcâ loquens*, is one of the Dramatis Personæ, and the said Plutus, when brought upon the stage in a chest, or strong box, complains that he is shaken to pieces by being thus moved. Hecastus tells him he must go with him to the other world and help him there, which Plutus flatly refuses. If he will not go of his own accord he shall be carried whether he will or no, Hecastus says. Plutus stands stiffly to his refusal.

*Non transferent; prizes quidem
Artus et itia ruperint, quam transferant.
In morte nemini opitator usquam gentium,
Quin magis ad alienum dominum transeo.*

Hecastus on his part is equally firm, and orders his men to fetch some strong poles, and carry off the chest, Plutus and all. Having sent them forward, he takes leave of his family, and Epicuria protests that she remains like a widowed dove, and his

neighbours promise to accompany him as far as the gate.

Death comes behind him now:

*Horrenda imago, larva abominabilis,
Figura tam execranda, ut atrum demona
Putetis obvium.**

This dreadful personage is with much difficulty entreated to allow him the respite of one short hour, after which Death declares he will return, and take him, will he or nill he before the Judge, and then to the infernal regions. During this interval who should come up but an old and long-neglected friend of Hecastus, Virtue by name; a poor emaciated person, in mean attire, in no condition to appear with him before the Judge, and altogether unfit to plead his desperate cause. She promises, however, to send him a Priest to his assistance, and says moreover that she will speak to her sister Faith, and endeavour to persuade her to visit him.

Meantime the learned son predicts from certain appearances the approaching end of his father.

*Actum Philocrate, de patris salute, uti
Plane recenti ex lotio prjudico,
Nam cerulea si tendit ad nigredinem
Urina mortem proximam denunciat.*

He has been called on, he says, too late,

Sero meam medentis admisit manum.

The brothers begin to dispute about their inheritance, and declare law against each other; but they suspend the dispute when Hieronymus the Priest arrives, that they may look after him lest he should prevail

* The reader should by all means consult Mr. Sharpe's "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed in Coventry." "The Devil," he observes, "was a very favourite and prominent character in our Religious Mysteries, wherein he was introduced as often as was practicable, and considerable pains taken to furnish him with appropriate habiliments, &c." p. 31. also pp. 57-60. There are several plates of "*Hell-Mought and Sir Sathanas*," which will not escape the examination of the curious. The bloody Herod was a character almost as famous as "*Sir Sathanas*;" hence the expression "*to out-herod Herod*," e. g. in Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. ii. With reference to the same personage Charmian says to the Soothsayer in Antony and Cleopatra, "Let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do homage," Act i. Sc. ii.; and Mrs. Page asks in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "What *Herod of Jewry* is this?" Act ii. Sc. i.

upon the dying to dispose of too large a part of his property in charitable purposes.

*Id cautum oportet maximè. Novimus enim
Quàm tum sibi, tum cæteris quibus favent,
Legata larga extorquet id hominum genus,
Cum morte ditem terminandum viderint.*

Virtue arrives at this time with his sister Faith; they follow Hieronymus into the chamber into which Hecastus has been borne; and as they go in up comes Satan to the door, and takes his seat there to draw up a bill of indictment against the dying man: he must do it carefully, he says, that there may be no flaw in it.

*Causam meam scripturus absolutus
Adversum Hecastum, hic paululum descedero;
Ne si quid insit falsitatis maximis
Facinoribus, res tota veniat in gravem
Fadamque controversiam. Abstinete vos,
Quotquot theatro adrestis, à petulantia,
Nisi sivi velitis et hos cachinnos scribier.*

Then he begins to draw up the indictment, speaking as he writes,

*Primum omnium superbus est et arrogans,—
Superbus est et arrogans,—et arrogans;—
Tum in ædibus,—tum in ædibus; tum in vestibus,—
Tum in vestibus. Jam reliqua tacitus scripsero,
Loquaculi ne exaudiant et deferant.*

While Satan is thus employed at the door, the priest Hieronymus within is questioning the patient concerning his religion. Hecastus possesses a very sound and firm historical belief. But this the Priest tells him is not enough, for the Devils themselves believe and tremble, and he will not admit Faith into the chamber till Hecastus be better instructed in the true nature of a saving belief.

*Credis quod omnia quæ patravit Filius
Dei unicus, tibi redimendo gesserit?
Tibi natus est? tibi vixerit? tibi mortuus
Sit? tibi sepultus? et tibi surrexerit?
Mortemque tibi devicrüt?*

Hecastus confesses in reply that he is a most miserable sinner, unworthy of forgiveness; and having brought him into this state of penitence the Priest calls Fides in.

Then says Fides,

*Hæc tria quidem, cognitio nempe criminis,
Horror gehennæ, et penitentia, læta sunt
Ieræ salutis omnium primordia,
Jam perge, ut in Deum excites fiduciam.*

When this trust has been given him, and he has declared his full belief, he confesses that still he is in fear,

*— est quod adhuc parit mihi scrupulum;
Mors horrida, atque aspectus atri Dæmonis,
Queis terribilius (inquiant) nil hominibus,
Post paululum quos adfuturos arbitros.*

But Hieronymus assures him that Fides and Virtus will defend him from all danger, and under their protection he leaves him.

The scene is now again at the door: Mors arrives. Satan abuses her for having made him wait so long, and the *improba bestia* in return reproaches him for his ingratitude and imprudence. However they make up their quarrel. Satan goes into the house expecting to have a long controversy with his intended victim, and Mors amuses herself in the mean time with sharpening her dart. Satan, however, finds that his controversy is not to be with Hecastus himself, but with his two advocates Fides and Virtus; and they plead their cause so provokingly that the old Lawyer tears his bill, and sculks into a corner to see how Mors will come off.

Now comes his son the Doctor, and prognosticates speedy dissolution *ex pulsu et atro lotio*. And having more professional pride than filial feeling, he would fain persuade the Acolyte, who is about to assist in administering extreme unction, that he has chosen a thankless calling, and would do wisely if he forsook it for more gainful studies. The youth makes a good defence for his choice, and remains master in the argument; for the Doctor getting sight of Death brandishing the sharpened dart takes fright and runs off. Having put the Doctor to flight, Death enters the sick chamber, and finding Fides there calls in Satan as an ally: their joint force avails nothing against Virtus, Fides, and Hieronymus; and these dismiss the departing Spirit under a convoy of Angels to Abraham's bosom.

Three supplementary scenes conclude the two dramas; in the two first the widow and the sons and kinsmen lament the dead, and declare their intention of putting themselves all in mourning, and giving a funeral worthy of his rank. But Hieronymus reproves

them for the excess of their grief, and for the manner by which they intended to show their respect for the dead. The elder son is convinced by his discourse, and replies

*Recte mones vir omnium piissime,
Linquamus omnem hunc apparatusum splendidum,
Linquamus hæcæ cuncta in usum pauperum,
Linquamus omnem luctum inane[m] et lachrymas ;
Moresque nostros corrigamus pristinos.
Si multo anoxiora vitæ munia,
Post hanc calamitatem, morantur in fide
Spe ut charitate mortuos, quid residuum est
Nisi et hunc diem cum patre agamus mortuo
Letissimum ? non in cibis et poculis
Gravioribus, natura quam poposcerit ;
Nec tympanis et organis, sed maximas
Deo exhibendo gratias. Viro pio
Congaudeamus intimis affectibus ;
Et absque pompâ inuiti exequias pias
Patris paremus mortuo.*

The Steward then concludes the drama by dismissing the audience in these lines :

*Vos qui aduolastis impigri ad
Nostra hæc theatra, tum viri, tum femineæ,
Adite nunc vestras domos sine remora,
Nam Hecastus hic quem Morte cæsum exhibuimus,
Non ante tertium diem tunulandus est,
Valete cuncti, et, si placuimus, plaudite.*

We have in our own language a dramatic piece upon the same subject, and of the same age. It was published early in Henry the Eighth's reign, and is well known to English philologists by the name of *Every Man*. The title page says, "Here begynneth a treatyse how the hye Fader of Heven sendeth Deth to somon every creature to come and gyve a counte of their lyves in this worlde, and is in maner of a moralle Playe."

The subject is briefly stated in a prologue by a person in the character of a Messenger, who exhorts the spectators to hear with reverence.

This mater is wonders preevous ;
But the extent of it is more gracyous,
And swete to bere awaye.
The story sayth, Man, in the begynnyng
Loke well and take good heed to the endyng,
Be you never so gay.

God (the Son) speaketh at the opening of the piece, and saying that the more He forbears the worse the people be from year to year, declares his intention to have a reckoning in all haste of every man's person, and do justice on every man living.

Where art thou, Deth, thou mighty messengere ?

DETHE.

Almighty God, I am here at your wyll
Your commaundement to fulfyll.

God.

Go thou to Every-man
And shewe hym in my name,
A pylgrymage he must on hym take,
Whiche he in no wyse may escape :
And that he bryng with him a sure rekenyng,
Without delay or ony taryenge.

DETHE.

Lorde, I wyll in the world go renne over all
And cruelly out serche bothe grete and small.

The first person whom Death meets is *Every-man* himself, and he summons him in God's name to take forthwith a long journey, and bring with him his book of accounts. *Every-man* offers a thousand pounds to be spared, and says that if he may but have twelve years allowed him, he will make his accounts so clear that he shall have no need to fear the reckoning. Not even till to-morrow is granted him. He then asks if he may not have some of his acquaintances to accompany him on the way, and is told yes, if he can get them. The first to whom he applies is his old boon-companion *Fellowship*, who promises to go with him anywhere, — till he hears what the journey is on which *Every-man* is summoned: he then declares that he would eat, drink and drab with him, or lend him a hand to kill anybody, but upon such a business as this he will not stir a foot; and with that bidding him God speed, he departs as fast as he can.

Alack, exclaims *Every-man*, when thus deserted,

Felawship herebefore with me wolde mery make,
And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.
Now wheder for secoure shall I flee
Syth that Felawship hath forsaken me ?
To my kynnesmen I wyll truly,
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyte.
I byleve that they wyll do so ;
For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go.

But one and all make their excuses; they have reckonings of their own which are not ready, and they cannot and will not go with him. Thus again disappointed he breaks out in more lamentations; and then catches at another fallacious hope.

Yet in my mynde a thyng there is ;
All my lyfe I have loved Ryches ;

If that my good now helpe me myght
He wolde make me herte full lyght.
I wyll speke to hym in this distresse,
Where art thou, my Goodes, and Ryches ?

GOODES.

Who calleth me ? Every-man ? What hast thou haste ?
I lye here in corners, trussed and pyled so hye,
And in chestes I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bagges, thou mayst se with thyn eye
I cannot styrre ; in packes low I lye.
What wolde ye have ? lightly me saye.—
Syr, an ye in the worlde have sorowe or adversyte
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.

EVERY-MAN.

In this world it is not, I tell thee so,
I am sent for an other way to go,
To gyve a straye counte generall
Before the hiest Jupiter of all ;
And all my life I have had joye and pleasure in the,
Therefore, I pray the, go with me :
For paraventure, thou mayst before God Almighty
My rekenynge helpe to clene and purifye ;
For it is said ever amonge
That money maketh all ryght that is wrong.

GOODES.

Nay, Every-man, I syngue an other songe ;
I folowe no man in such vyages.
For an I wente with the,
Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me.

Goodes then exults in having beguiled
him, laughs at his situation, and leaves him.
Of whom shall he take counsel ? He be-
thinks him of Good Dedes.

But alas she is so weke
That she can nother go nor speke.
Yet wyll I venter on her now
My Good Dedes, where be you ?

GOOD DEDES.

Here I lye colde on the grounde,
Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde
That I cannot stere.

EVERY-MAN.

I pray you that ye wyll go with me.

GOOD DEDES.

I wolde full fayne, but I can not stand verly.

EVERY-MAN.

Why, is there any thyngue on you fall ?

GOOD DEDES.

Ye, Sir ; I may thanke you of all.
If ye had parfytely sheved me,
Your boke of counte full redy had be.
Loke, the bokes of your workes and dedes eke,
A ! se how they lye under the fete,
To your soules hevynes.

EVERY-MAN.

Our Lorde Jesus helpe me,
For one letter here I cannot se !

GOOD DEDES.

There is a blynde rekenynge in tyme of dystres !

EVERY-MAN.

Good-Dedes, I pray you, helpe me in this nede,
Or elles I am for ever dampned in dede.

Good Dedes calls in Knowledge to help
him to make his reckoning ; and Knowledge

takes him lovingly to that holy man Con-
fession ; and Confession gives him a precious
jewel called Penance, in the form of a
scourge.

When with the scourge of Penance man doth hym bynde,
The oyl of forgyvenes than shall he fynde,—
Now may you make your rekenynge sure.

EVERY-MAN.

In the name of the holy Trynnye,
My body sore punyshed shall be.
Take this, Body, for the synne of the fesshe !
Also thou delytest to go gay and fresshe,
And in the way of dampnacyon thou dyd me brynge,
Therefore suffre now strokes of punysshynge.
Now of penance I wyll wede the water clere
To save me from Purgatory, that sharpe fyre.

GOOD DEDES.

I thanke God, now I can walke and go ;
And am delyvered of my sykenesse and wo,
Therefore with Every-man I wyll go and not spare ;
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to declare.

KNOWLEDGE.

Now Every-man, be mery and glad,
Your Good Dedes cometh now, ye may not be sad.
Now is your Good Dedes hole and sounde,
Goyngue upryght upon the grounde.

EVERY-MAN.

My herte is lyght, and shall be evermore,
Nor wyll I symyte faster than I dyde before.

Knowledge then makes him put on the
garment of sorrow called contrition, and
makes him call for his friends Discretion,
Strength, and Beauty, to help him on his
pilgrimage, and his Five Wits to counsel
him. They come at his call, and promise
faithfully to help him.

STRENGTH.

I Strength wyll by you stande in dystres,
Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the grownde.

FIVE-WYTTES.

And thought it were through the world rounde,
We wyll not depart for swete ne soure.

BEAUTE.

No more wyll I unto dethes howre,
Watssoever therof befall.

He makes his testament, and gives half
his goods in charity. Discretion and Know-
ledge send him to receive the holy sacrament
and extreme unction, and Five-Wits expan-
tiate upon the authority of the Priesthood.
To the Priest he says,

God hath — more power given
Than to ony Aungell that is in Heven,
With five wordes he may consecrate
Goddess body in fesshe and blode to make,
And handeeth his maker bytwene his handes.
The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
Both in erthe and in heven.—
No remedy we fynde under God
But all-onely preesthode.

— God gave Preeſt that dygnyte,
And ſetteth them in his ſtede among us to be :
Thus they be above Aungelles in degree.

Having received his viaticum Every-man
ſets out upon this mortal journey : his com-
rades renew their proteſtations of remaining
with him ; till when he grows faint on the
way, and his limbs fail, — they fail him alſo.

EVERY-MAN.

— into this cave muſt I crepe,
And tourne to erth, and there to ſlepe.

What, ſays Beauty ; into this Grave ?

— adewe by ſaynt Johan,

I take my tappe in my lappe and am gone.

Strength in like manner forſakes him ;
and Diſcretion ſays that “ when Strength
goeth before, he follows after ever more.”
And Fyve-Wyttes, whom he took for his
beſt friend, bid him, “ farewell and then an
end.”

EVERY-MAN.

O Jeſu, helpe ! all hath forſaken me !

GOOD DEDES.

Nay, Every-man, I wyll byde with the,
I wyll not forſake the in dede ;

Thou ſhalt fynde me a good frende at nede.

Knowledge alſo abides him till the laſt ;
the ſong of the Angel who receives his
ſpirit is heard, and a Doctour concludes the
piece with an application to the audience.

This morall men may have in mynde,
— forſake Pryde for he deceyeth you in the ende,
And remember Beaute, Fyve-Wyttes, Strength and Dys-
crecyon,

They all at the laſt do Every-man forſake,
Save his Good Dedes, theſe doth he take :
But be ware, an they be ſmall,
Before God he hath no helpe at all ! *

CHAPTER CCXXVII.

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

MONTENEGRO. How now, are thy arrows feathered ?

VELASCO. Well enough for roving.

MONTENEGRO. Shoot home then.

SHIRLEY.

It is only when Man interferes, that the
ſystem of progression, which the All Father
has eſtabliſhed throughout the living and
ſentient world, is interrupted, and Man, our

Philosopher would ſorrowfully obſerve, has
interrupted it, not only for himſelf, but for
ſuch of the inferior creatures as are under
his control. He has degraded the inſtincts
of ſome, and in others, perhaps it may not
be too much to ſay that he has corrupted
that moral ſenſe of which even the brute
creation partakes in its degree ; and has
inoculated them with his own vices. Thus
the decoy duck is made a traitor to her own
ſpecies, and ſo are all thoſe ſmaller birds
which the bird-catcher trains to aſſiſt him
in enſnaring others. The Rat, who is one
of the braveſt of created things, is in like
manner rendered a villain.

Upon hunting and hawking the Doctor
laid little ſtreſs, becauſe both dogs and
falcons in their natural ſtate would have
hunted and fowled on their own account.
Theſe ſports, according to his “ poor way of
thinking,” tended to deprave not ſo much
the animals, as the human beings employed
in them ; for when they ceaſed to be ne-
ceſſary for the ſupport or protection of man,
they became culpable. But to train dogs
for war, and fleſh them upon living pri-
ſoners, as the Spaniards did, (and as, long
ſince the deceaſe of my venerable friend,
Buonaparte's officers did in St. Domingo,)
— to make horſes, gentle and harmleſs as
well as noble in their diſpoſition as they are,
take a part in our ſenſeleſs political con-
tentions, charge a body of men, and trample
over their broken limbs and palpitating
bodies, — to convert the Elephant, whom
Pope, he ſaid, had wronged by only calling
him half-reasoning, the mild, the thoughtful,
the magnanimous Elephant, into a wilful,
and deliberate, and cruel executioner, — theſe,
he thought, were acts of high treaſon againſt
humanity, and of impiety againſt univerſal
nature. Grievous indeed it is, he ſaid, to
know that the whole creation groaneth and
travaieth in pain ; but more grievous to
conſider that man, who by his original ſin
was the guilty cauſe of their general de-
pravation, ſhould continue by repeated ſins to
aggravate it ; — to which he added that the
lines of the Roman Satiriſt, though not exactly
true, were yet humiliating and inſtructive.

* The reader who may wiſh to ſee EVERY-MAN com-
plete will find it in the firſt volume of Thomas Hawkins'
“ Origin of the English Drama,” &c.

Mundi

*Principio indulsit communis conditor illis
Tantum animas, nobis animum quoque, mutuos ut nos
Adfectus peleret auxilium et prestare juberet,
Dispensos trahere in populum, migrare vetusto
De nemore, et proavis habitatas linquere silvas;
Ædificare domos, Laribus conjungere nostris
Tectum aliud, tutis vicino limine somnos
Ut conlata daret fiducia; protegere armis
Labsum, aut ingenti tantantem vulnere civem,
Communi dare signa tubæ, defendier isdem
Turribus, atque unâ portarum clave teneri.
Sed jam serpentum major concordia; parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera; quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam: sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Ast homini ferrum lethale incude nefandâ
Produxisse parum est; quum rastra et sarcula tantum
Adsuæti coquere, et marris ac vomere lassæ
Nescierint primi gladios excudere fabri.
Adspicimus populos, quorum non sufficit iræ
Occidisse aliquem: sed pectora, brachia, vultum
Crediderint genus esse cibi. Quid diceret ergo
Vel quo non fugerit, si nunc hæc monstra videret
Pythagoras: cunctis animalibus abstinuit qui
Tanquam homine, et ventri indulsit non omne legumen.**

CHAPTER CCXXVIII.

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

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

THE Laureate Southey proposed some years
ago in one of his numerous and multifarious

* The reader may call to mind the commencement of
the Third Canto of Rokeby.

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel, chase to each assigned.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;
Even tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game began.

books, three methods for lessening the
number of rats, one of which was to in-
oculate some of these creatures with the
small-pox or any other infectious disease,
and turn them loose. Experiments, he said,
should first be made, lest the disease should
assume in them so new a form, as to be
capable of being returned to us with in-
terest. If it succeeded, man has means in
his hand which would thin the hyenas,
wolves, jackals and all gregarious beasts of
prey.

Considering the direction which the March
of his Intellect has long been taking, it
would surprise me greatly if the Laureate
were now to recommend or justify any such
plan. For setting aside the contemplated
possibility of physical danger, there are
moral and religious considerations which
ought to deter us from making use of any
such means, even for an allowable end.

Dr. Dove, like his master and benefactor
Peter Hopkins before him, never would sell
poison for destroying vermin. Hopkins
came to that resolution in consequence of
having been called as a witness upon a trial
for poisoning at York. The arsenic had not
been bought at his shop; but to prevent the
possibility of being innocently instrumental
to the commission of such a crime, he made
it from that time a rule for himself, ir-
revocable as the laws of the Medes and Per-
sians, that to no person whatever, on any
account, would he supply ingredients which
by carelessness or even by unavoidable ac-
cident might be so fatally applied.

To this rule his pupil and successor, our
Doctor, religiously adhered. And when
any one not acquainted with the rule of the
shop, came there on such an errand, he
used always, if he was on the spot, to re-
commend other methods, adapting his argu-
ments to what he knew of the person's
character, or judged of it from his phy-
siognomy. To an ill-conditioned and ill-
looking applicant he simply recommended
certain ways of entrapping rats as more
convenient, and more likely to prove effi-
cacious: but to those of whom he enter-
tained a more favourable opinion, he would

hint at the cruelty of using poison, observing that though we exercised a clear natural right in destroying noxious creatures, we were not without sin if in so doing we inflicted upon them any suffering more than what must needs accompany a violent death.

Some good-natured reader who is pestered with rats in his house, his warehouses, or his barns, will perhaps, when he comes to this part of our book, wish to be informed in what manner our Zoophilist would have advised him to rid himself of these vermin.

There are two things to be considered here, first how to catch rats, and secondly, how to destroy them when caught. And the first of these questions is a delicate one, when a greater catch has recently been made than any that was ever heard of before, except in the famous adventure of the Pied Piper at Hammel. Jack Robinson had some reputation in his day for his professional talents in this line, but he was a bungler in comparison with Mr. Peel.

The second belongs to a science which Jeremy the thrice illustrious Bentham calls Phthisozoics, or the art of destruction applied to noxious animals, a science which the said Jeremy proposes should form part of the course of studies in his Chrestomathic school. There are no other animals in this country who do so much mischief now as the disciples of Jeremy himself.

But leaving this pestilent set, as one of the plagues with which Great Britain is afflicted for its sins; and intending no offence to any particular Bishop, Peer, Baronet, Peer-expectant, or public man whatever, and protesting against any application of what may here be said to any person who is, has been, or may be included under any of the forementioned denominations, I shall satisfy the good-natured reader's desires, and inform him in what manner our Philosopher and Zoophilist, (philanthropist is a word which would poorly express the extent of his benevolence,) advised those who consulted him as to the best manner of taking and destroying rats. Protesting therefore once more, as is need-

ful in these ticklish times, that I am speaking not of the Pro-papist or Anti-Hanoverian rat, which is a new species of the Parliament rat, but of the old Norway or Hanoverian one, which in the last century effected the conquest of our island by extirpating the original British breed, I inform the humane reader that the Doctor recommended nothing more than the common rat-catcher's receipt, which is to lure them into a cage by oil of carraways, or of rhodium, and that when entrapped, the speediest and easiest death which can be inflicted is by sinking the cage in water.

Here Mr. Slenderwit, critic in ordinary to an established journal, wherein he is licensed to sink, burn and destroy any book in which his publisher has not a particular interest, turns down the corners of his mouth in contemptuous admiration, and calling to mind the anecdote of Grainger's invocation repeats in a tone of the softest self-complacence, "Now Muse, let's sing of Rats!" And Mr. Slapdash, who holds a similar appointment in a rival periodical, slaps his thigh in exultation upon finding so good an opportunity for a stroke at the anonymous author. But let the one simpler in accompaniment to the other's snarl. I shall say out my say in disregard of both. Ay, Gentlemen,

For if a Humble Bee should kill a Whale
With the butt end of the Antarctic pole,
'Tis nothing to the mark at which we aim.

CHAPTER CCXXIX.

RATS LIKE LEARNED MEN LIABLE TO BE
LED BY THE NOSE. THE ATTENDANT UPON
THE STEPS OF MAN, AND A SORT OF
INSEPARABLE ACCIDENT. SEIGNEUR DE
HUMESSENE AND PANTAGRUEL.

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

SKELTON.

MARVEL not, reader, that rats, though they are among the most sagacious of all animals,

should be led by the nose. It has been the fate of many great men, many learned men, most weak ones, and some cunning ones.

When we regard the comparative sagacity of animals, it should always be remembered that every creature, from the lowest point of sentient existence upward, till we arrive at man, is endowed with sagacity sufficient to provide for its own well-being, and for the continuance of its kind. They are gifted with greater endowments as they ascend in the scale of being, and those who lead a life of danger, and at the same time of enterprise, have their faculties improved by practice, take lessons from experience, and draw rational conclusions upon matters within their sphere of intellect and of action, more sagaciously than nine tenths of the human race can do.

Now no other animal is placed in circumstances which tend so continually to sharpen its wits — (were I writing to the learned only, I should perhaps say to acuate its faculties, or to develope its intellectual powers,) — as the rat, nor does any other appear to be of a more improvable nature. He is of a most intelligent family, being related to the Beaver. And in civilised countries he is not a wild creature, for he follows the progress of civilisation, and adapts his own habits of life to it, so as to avail himself of its benefits.

The "pampered Goose" who in Pope's Essay retorts upon man, and says that man was made for the use of Geese, must have been forgetful of plucking-time, as well as ignorant of the rites that are celebrated in all old-fashioned families on St. Michael's day. But the Rat might with more apparent reason support such an assertion: he is not mistaken in thinking that corn-stacks are as much for his use as for the farmer's; that barns and granaries are his winter magazines; that the Miller is his acting partner, the Cheesemonger his purveyor, and the Storekeeper his steward. He places himself in relation with man, not as his dependent like the dog, nor like the cat as his ally, nor like the sheep as his property, nor like the ox as his servant, nor like horse and

ass as his slaves, nor like poultry who are to "come and be killed" when Mrs. Bond invites them; but as his enemy, a bold borderer, a Johnnie Armstrong or Rob Roy, who acknowledge no right of property in others, and live by spoil.

Wheresoever man goes, Rat follows, or accompanies him. Town or country are equally agreeable to him. He enters upon your house as a tenant-at-will, (his own, not yours,) works out for himself a covered way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, takes possession of the space between floor and ceiling, as an entresol for himself. There he has his parties, and his revels, and his gallopades, (merry ones they are,) when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of Rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbours, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece or under your hearth-stone*, retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odour of sanctity. You have then the additional comfort of knowing that the spot so appropriated will thenceforth be used either as a common cemetery, or a family vault. In this respect, as in many others, nearer approaches are made to us by inferior creatures than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The adventurous merchant ships a cargo for some distant port, Rat goes with it. Great Britain plants a colony in Botany Bay, Van Diemen's Land, or at the Swan River, Rat takes the opportunity for colonising also. Ships are sent out upon a voyage of discovery, Rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the Stormy Cape with Diaz, arrived at Malabar in the first European vessel with Gama, discovered the

* Southey alludes here to an incident which occurred in his own house. On taking up the hearth-stone in the dining-room at Keswick, it was found that the mice had made underneath it a Campo Santo, — a depository for their dead.

new world with Columbus and took possession of it at the same time, and circumnavigated the globe with Magellan, and with Drake, and with Cook.

After all, the Seigneur de Humesnes, whatever were the merits of that great case which he pleaded before Pantagruel at Paris, had reasonable grounds for his assertion when he said, *Monsieur et Messieurs, si l'iniquité des hommes estoit aussi facilement vüe en jugement categorique, comme on connoit mousches en lait, le monde quatre bœufs ne seroit tant mangé de Rats comme il est.*

The Doctor thought there was no creature to which you could trace back so many persons in civilised society by the indications which they afforded of habits acquired in their prænatal professional education. In what other vehicle, during its ascent, could the Archeus of the Sailor have acquired the innate courage, the constant presence of mind, and the inexhaustible resources, which characterise a true seaman? Through this link too, on his progress towards humanity, the good soldier has passed, who is brave, alert and vigilant, cautious never to give his enemy an opportunity of advantage, and watchful to lose the occasion that presents itself. From the Rat our Philosopher traced the engineer, the miner, the lawyer, the thief, and the thief-taker,—that is, generally speaking: some of these might have pre-existed in the same state as moles or ferrets; but those who excelled in their respective professions had most probably been trained as rats.

The judicious reader will do me the justice to observe that as I am only faithfully representing the opinions and fancies of my venerable friend, I add neither M. P., Dean, Bishop nor Peer to the list, nor any of those public men who are known to hanker after candle-ends and cheese-parings.

Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.*

It behoves me to refrain more especially upon this subject from anything which the

malicious might interpret as scandal: for the word itself *σκάνδαλον*, the Greek grammarians tell us, and the great Anglo-Latin Lexicographer tells me, properly signifies that little piece of wood in a mouse-trap or pit-fall, which bears up the trap, and being touched lets it fall.

CHAPTER CCXXX.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN YOUNG ANGELS AND YOUNG YAHOO. FAIRIES, KILLCROPS, AND CHANGELINGS. LUTHER'S OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT. HIS COLLOQUIA MENSALIA. DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW EDITION.

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

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

It may easily be inferred from some of the Doctor's peculiar opinions, or fancies, as he in unaffected humility would call them, that though a dear lover of children, his love of them was not indiscriminate. He made a great distinction between young angels and young yahoos, and thought it might very early be discovered whether the angel or the brute part predominated.

This is sometimes so strongly marked and so soon developed as to excite observation even in the most incurious; and hence the well-known superstition concerning Changelings.

In the heroic ages a divine origin is ascribed to such persons as were most remarkable for their endowments either of body or of mind; but this may far more probably be traced to adulation in the poets, than to contemporary belief at any time prevailing among the people; whereas the opposite superstition was really believed in the middle ages, and traces of it are still to be found.

It is remarkable that the Fairies, who in

* SHAKSPEARE.

the popular belief of this country are never represented as malignant upon any other occasion, act an evil part in the supposed case of Changelings. So it is with the Trolls also of our Scandinavian kinsmen, (though this race of beings is in worse repute :) the children whom they substitute for those whom they steal are always a plague to the nurse and to the parents. In Germany such children were held to be young Devils, but whether Mac-Incubi, Mac-Succubi, or O'Devils by the whole blood is not clearly to be collected from Martin Luther, who is the great authority upon this subject. He is explicit upon the fact that the Nix or Water Fiend increases the population by a mixed breed; but concerning the Killcrops, as his countrymen the Saxons call them, whom the Devil leaves in exchange, when he steals children for purposes best known to himself, Luther does not express any definite opinion, farther than that they are of a devilish nature: how fathered, how mothered, the reader is left to conjecture as he pleases.

"Eight years since," said Luther, at "Dessau I did see and touch a changed child, which was twelve years of age; he had his eyes and all members like another child; he did nothing but feed, and would eat as much as two clowns or threshers were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out. When any evil happened in the house, then it laughed, and was joyful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, that if I were Prince of that country, so would I venture *homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldaw. I admonished the people dwelling in that place devoutly to pray to God to take away the Devil; the same was done accordingly, and the second year after the Changeling died.

"In Saxonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a Killcrop, who sucked the mother and five other women dry, and besides devoured very much. This man was advised that he should in his pilgrimage at Halberstad make a promise of the Killcrop to the Virgin Mary, and should cause him

there to be rocked. This advice the man followed, and carried the Changeling thither in a basket. But going over a river, being upon the bridge, another Devil that was below in the river called, and said, Killcrop! Killcrop! Then the child in the basket, (which never before spake one word,) answered Ho, ho! The Devil in the water asked further, whither art thou going? The child in the basket said, 'I am going towards Halberstad to our Loving Mother, to be rocked.' The man being much affrighted thereat, threw the child with the basket over the bridge into the water. Whereupon the two Devils flew away together, and cried, ho, ho, ha! tumbling themselves one over another and so vanished.

"Such Changelings and Killcrops," said Luther, "*supponit Satan in locum verorum filiorum*; for the Devil hath this power, that he changeth children, and instead thereof layeth Devils in the cradles, which thrive not, only they feed and suck: but such Changelings live not above eighteen or nineteen years. It oftentimes falleth out that the children of women in child-bed are thus changed, and Devils laid in their stead, one of which more fouleth itself than ten other children do, so that the parents are much therewith disquieted; and the mothers in such sort are sucked out, that afterwards they are able to give suck no more. Such Changelings," said Luther, "are baptized, in regard that they cannot be known the first year, but are known only by sucking the mothers dry."

Mr. Cottle has made this the subject of a lively eclogue; but if that gentleman had happened upon the modern edition of Luther's *Colloquia Mensalia*, or Divine Discourses at his Table, instead of the old one, this pleasant poem would never have been written, the account of the Killcrops being one of the passages which the modern editor thought proper to omit. His omissions are reprehensible, because no notice is given that any such liberty has been taken; and indeed a paragraph in the introductory life which is prefixed to the edition might lead the reader to conclude that it is a

faithful reprint; that paragraph saying there are many things which, for the credit of Luther, might as well have been left out, and proceeding to say, "but then it must be considered that such Discourses must not be brought to the test of our present refined age; that all what a man of Luther's name and character spoke, particularly at the latter part of his life, was thought by his friends worth the press, though himself meant it only for the recreation of the company; that he altered many opinions in his progress from darkness to light; and that it is with a work of this kind, as with the publishing of letters which were never intended for the press; the Author speaks his sentiments more freely, and you are able to form a true idea of his character, by looking, as it were, into his heart." Nevertheless there are considerable omissions, and as may be supposed of parts which are curious, and in a certain sense valuable because they are characteristic. But the reprint was the speculation of a low publisher, put forth in numbers, and intended only for a certain class of purchasers, who would read the book for edification. The work itself deserves farther notice, and that notice is the more properly and willingly bestowed upon it here, because the original edition is one of the few volumes belonging to my venerable friend which have passed into my possession, and his mark occurs frequently in its margin.

"I will make no long excursion here, but a short apology for one that deserved well of the reformed Religion. Many of our adversaries have aspersed *Luther*, with ill words, but none so violent as our *English* fugitives, because he doth confess it that the *Devil* did encounter him very frequently, and familiarly, when he first put pen to paper against the corruptions of the *Church of Rome*. In whose behalf I answer: much of that which is objected I cannot find in the *Latin Editions* of his works which himself corrected, although it appears by the quotations some such things were in his first writings set forth in the *Dutch* language. 2. I say no more than he confesseth in-

genuously of himself in an epistle to *Brentius*, his meaning was good, but his words came from him very unskillfully, and his style was most rough and unsavoury. St. Paul says of himself, that he was *rudis sermone, rude in speech*. But Luther was not so much *ἰδιώτης τῷ λόγῳ*, the word used in Saint Paul, as *ἄγροικος*, after his *Dutch Monastical* breeding, and his own hot freedom. By nature he had a boisterous clownish expression; but for the most part very good jewels of doctrine in the dung-hills of his language. 3. If the Devil did employ himself to delude and vex that heroic servant of God, who took such a task upon him, being a simple Monk, to inveigh against errors and superstitions which had so long prevailed, why should it seem strange to any man? *Ribadaneira* sticks it among the praises of his founder *Ignatius Loiola*, that the Devil did declaim and cry out against him, (believe it every one of you at your leisure,) and why might not the Devil draw near to vex *Luther*, as well as roar out a great way off against *Loiola*? I have digrest a little with your patience, to make *Luther's* case appear to be no outrageous thing, that weak ones may not be offended when they hear such stuff objected out of *Parsons*, or *Barclay*, or *Walsingham*, or out of *Bellarmino* himself. If *Beelzebub* was busy with the *Master*, what will he be with the *Servants*? When Christ did begin to lay the first corner stone of the *Gospel*, then he walked into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.*

CHAPTER CCXXXI.

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

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

BOOK OF RIDDLES.

LUTHER'S Table Talk is probably the earliest of that class of books, which, under the termination of *ana*, became frequent in the two succeeding centuries, and of which it may be questioned whether they have been more serviceable or injurious to literature. For though they have preserved much that is valuable, and that otherwise might probably have been lost, on the other hand they have introduced into literary history not a little that is either false, or of suspicious authority; some of their contents have been obtained by breach of confidence; many sayings are ascribed in them to persons by whom they were never uttered, and many things have been fabricated for them.

The Collection concerning Luther bears this title in the English translation: "Doctoris Martini Lutheri Colloquia Mensalia: or, Dr. Martin Luther's Divine Discourses at his Table, &c., which in his lifetime he held with divers learned men, (such as were Philip Melancthon, Casparus Cruciger, Justus Jonas, Paulus Eberus, Vitus Dietericus, Joannes Bugenhagen, Joannes Forsterus, and others :) containing Questions and Answers touching Religion, and other main Points of Doctrine; as also many notable Histories, and all sorts of Learning,

Comforts, Advices, Prophecies, Admonitions, Directions and Instructions. Collected first together by Dr. Antonius Lauterbach, and afterwards disposed into certain Common-places by John Aurifaber, Doctor in Divinity. Translated out of the High German into the English tongue, by Captain Henry Bell.

John vi. 12. Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.

1 Cor. x. 31. Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God.

Tertull. Apologet. cap. 39. The primitive Christians ate and drank to satisfy nature, and discoursed at their Tables of the Holy Scriptures, or otherwise, as became those that knew God did hear them, *ut non tam cœnam cœnaverint, quam disciplinam.*

Ancient Writers, Councils, and our University College Statutes require *sacra ad mensam.*

Luther in Gen. 2. *Sermones vera sunt condimenta ciborum.*

Melchior Adamus in Vita Lutheri. *Inter prandendum et cœnandum non rarò conciones aliis dictavit.*

London, Printed by William Du Gard, dwelling in Suffolk-lane, near London-stone, 1652."

The original Collection was first published three-and-thirty years after Luther's death, consequently not till most of those persons from whose reminiscences it professes to be compiled had passed away. The book therefore is far from carrying with it any such stamp of authenticity as Boswell's Life of Johnson, which in that respect, as well as for its intrinsic worth, is the *Ana* of all *Anas*. But though it may have been undertaken upon book-making motives, there seems no reason to suppose that the task was not performed faithfully by the Doctors Clearstream and Goldsmith, according to their judgement, and that much which had lightly or carelessly fallen from such a man as Luther was likely to be carefully preserved, and come into their hands. Many parts indeed authenticate themselves, bearing so

strong a likeness that no one can hesitate at filiating them upon the ipsissimus Luther. The editor of the modern English edition, John Gottlieb Burekhardt, D. D., who was Minister of the German Lutheran Congregation in the Savoy, says, "the Book made a great noise at its first appearance in 1569. Some indeed have called its authenticity in question; but there is no reason to doubt of the testimony of Dr. John Aurifaber; and indeed the full character of Luther's free manner of speaking and thinking is seen almost in every line. The same manly, open, bold and generous spirit breathes through the whole, as is felt in reading the compositions which he published himself in his lifetime. There is a pleasing variety of matters contained in these discourses, and many fundamental truths are proposed in a familiar, careless dress, and in Luther's own witty, acute manner; for which reason it is as much entertaining to popular capacities as to men of genius. Many good Christians have found it to be of great benefit for establishing their souls in the knowledge and practice of truth, and of the good old way; and since many weeds grow up from time to time in the Church, this book handed down to posterity, will be a standing test of sound doctrines, which our forefathers believed, and of such wise principles on which they acted at, and after the Reformation." On the other hand the book afforded as much gratification to the enemies of Luther, as to his admirers. Bayle after noticing some of the monstrous calumnies with which the Papists assailed his memory, proceeds to say, *La plupart de ces mediances sont fondées sur quelques paroles d'un certain livre publié par les amis de Luther, ausquelles on donne un sens tres-malin, et fort éloigné de la pensée de ce Ministre. Ce n'est pas qu'il ne faille convenir qu'il y eut une très-grande imprudence à publier une telle compilation. Ce fut l'effet d'un zèle inconsidéré, ou plutôt d'une preoccupation excessive, qui empêchoit de conoître les défauts de ce grand homme.* In like manner Seckendorf, whom Bayle quotes, says it was compiled with little prudence, and incautiously published, but

upon its authenticity, (as far as any such collection can be deemed authentic,) he casts no suspicion.

Something worse than want of prudence may be suspected in those who set forth the English translation. The translator introduced it by "a Narrative of the miraculous preserving" of the book, and "how by God's Providence it was discovered lying under the ground where it had lain hid fifty-two years:" "I, Capt. Henry Bell," he says, "do hereby declare both to the present age and also to posterity, that being employed beyond the seas in state affairs divers years together, both by King James, and also by the late King Charles, in Germany I did hear and understand in all places, great bewailing and lamentation made, by reason of the destroying or burning of above fourscore thousand of Martin Luther's books, entituled his last Divine Discourses. For after such time as God stirred up the spirit of Martin Luther to detect the corruptions and abuses of Popery, and to preach Christ, and clearly to set forth the simplicity of the Gospel, many Kings, Princes and States, Imperial Cities, and Hanse-Towns, fell from the Popish Religion, and became Protestants as their posterities still are, and remain to this very day. And for the further advancement of the great work of Reformation then begun, the foresaid Princes and the rest did then order, that the said Divine Discourses of Luther should forthwith be printed, and that every Parish should have and receive one of the foresaid printed Books into every Church throughout all their principalities and dominions, to be chained up, for the common people to read therein. Upon which the Reformation was wonderfully promoted and increased, and spread both here in England and other countries beside. But afterwards it so fell out, that the Pope then living, viz. Gregory XIII., understanding what great hurt and prejudice he and his popish religion had already received by reason of the said Luther's Divine Discourses; and also fearing that the same might bring farther contempt and mischief upon himself, and

upon the popish Church, he therefore, to prevent the same, did fiercely stir up and instigate the Emperor then in being, viz. Rudolphus II., to make an edict through the whole empire, that all the foresaid printed books should be burnt, and also that it should be *Death* for any person to have or keep a copy thereof, but also to burn the same: which edict was speedily put in execution accordingly, in so much that not one of all the said printed books, not so much as any one copy of the same, could be found out, nor heard of in any place."

Upon this it is to be observed that in the popish states of Germany such an edict was not required, and that in the Protestant ones it could not be enforced. There is therefore as little foundation for the statement, as for the assertion introduced in it that the Reformation was promoted in England by the publication of this book in German. The Book appears not to have been common, for Bayle had never seen it; but this was because few editions were printed, not because many copies were destroyed. The reader, however, will judge by what follows of the degree of credit which may be given to any statement of Capt. Henry Bell's.

"Yet it pleased God," the veracious Captain proceeds, "that anno 1626 a German Gentleman, named Casparus Van Sparr, (with whom, in the time of my staying in Germany about King James's business, I became very familiarly known and acquainted,) having occasion to build upon the old foundation of an house wherein his grandfather dwelt at that time when the said edict was published in Germany for the burning of the foresaid books, and digging deep into the ground under the said old foundation, one of the said original printed books was there happily found, lying in a deep obscure hole, being wrapt in a strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with bees-wax both within and without, whereby the book was preserved fair without any blemish. And at the same time Ferdinandus II. being Emperor in Germany, who was a severe enemy and persecutor of the

Protestant religion, the foresaid Gentleman and grandchild to him that had hidden the said Book in that obscure hole, fearing that if the said Emperor should get knowledge that one of the said Books was yet forthcoming and in his custody, thereby not only himself might be brought into trouble, but also the Book in danger to be destroyed, as all the rest were so long before; and also calling me to mind, and knowing that I had the High Dutch tongue very perfect, did send the said original Book over hither into England, unto me; and therewith did write unto me a letter, wherein he related the passages of the preserving and finding out of the said Book. And also he earnestly moved me in his letter, that for the advancement of God's glory, and of Christ's Church, I would take the pains to translate the said Book, to the end that that most excellent Divine Work of Luther might be brought again to light!

"Whereupon I took the said Book before me, and many times began to translate the same, but always I was hindered therein, being called upon about other business; insomuch that by no possible means I could remain by that work. Then about six weeks after I had received the said Book, it fell out, that I being in bed with my Wife, one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an Antient Man, standing at my bed-side, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard, hanging down to his girdle-stead; who, taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me. *Sirrah! Will not you take time to translate that Book which is sent unto you out of Germany? I will shortly provide for you both place and time to do it!* And then he vanished away out of my sight. Whereupon being much thereby affrighted, I fell into an extreme sweat, insomuch that my Wife awaking, and finding me all over wet, she asked me what I ailed; I told her what I had seen and heard; but I never did heed nor regard visions, nor dreams. And so the same fell soon out of my mind.

"Then, about a fortnight after I had seen

that Vision, I went to Whitehall to hear the Sermon; after which ended, I returned to my lodging, which was then in King Street at Westminster, and sitting down to dinner with my Wife, two Messengers were sent from the whole Council-Board, with a warrant to carry me to the Keeper of the Gate House, Westminster, there to be safely kept, until further order from the Lords of the Council; which was done without showing me any cause at all wherefore I was committed. Upon which said warrant I was kept there ten whole years close prisoner; where I spent five years thereof about the translating of the said Book: inasmuch as I found the words very true which the old man in the foresaid Vision did say unto me, *‘I will shortly provide for you both place and time to translate it.’*”

CHAPTER CCXXXII.

THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY FEELING.

It behoves the high
For their own sakes to do things worthily.

BEN JONSON.

No son ever regarded the memory of his father with more reverential affection than this last of the Doves. There never lived a man, he said, to whom the lines of Marcus Antonius Flaminius, (the sweetest of all Latin poets in modern times, or perhaps of any age,) could more truly be applied.

*Fixisti, genitor, bene, ac beate,
Nec pauper, neque dives; eruditus
Satis, et satis eloquens; valente
Semper corpore, mente sanâ; amicis
Jucundus, pietate singulari.*

“What if he could not with the Heveninghams of Suffolk count five and twenty knights of his family, or tell sixteen knights successively with the Tilneys of Norfolk, or with the Nauntons shew where his ancestors had seven hundred pounds a year before the conquest,”* he was, and with as much, or perhaps more reason, contented with his

* FULLER.

parentage. Indeed his family feeling was so strong, that, if he had been of an illustrious race, pride, he acknowledged, was the sin which would most easily have beset him; though on the other hand, to correct this tendency, he thought there could be no such persuasive preachers as old family portraits, and old monuments in the family church.

He was far, however, from thinking that those who are born to all the advantages, as they are commonly esteemed, of rank and fortune, are better placed for the improvement of their moral and intellectual nature, than those in a lower grade. *Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!* he used to say of this class, but this is a knowledge that they seldom possess; and it is rare indeed to find an instance in which the high privileges which hereditary wealth conveys are understood by the possessors, and rightly appreciated and put to their proper use. The one, and the two talents are,

(Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good
How seldom used, how little understood! †)

in general, more profitably occupied than the five; the five indeed are not often tied up in a napkin, but still less often are they faithfully employed in the service of that Lord from whom they are received in trust, and to whom an account of them must be rendered.

“A man of family and estate,” said Johnson, “ought to consider himself as having the charge of a district over which he is to diffuse civility and happiness.”—Are there fifty men of family and estate in the Three Kingdoms who feel and act as if this were their duty?—Are there five and forty?—Forty?—Thirty?—Twenty?—Or can it be said with any probability of belief that “peradventure Ten shall be found there?”

— *in sanguine illustre e signorile,
In uom d' alti parenti al mondo nato,
La virtù si raddoppia, e più si scorge
Che in coloro il cui grado alto non sorge. ‡*

Here in England stood a village, within the memory of man, — no matter where, —

† COWPER.

‡ TASSO RINALDO.

close by the Castle of a noble proprietor, — no matter who :

— il figlio
*Del tale, ed il nipote del cotale,
 Natò per madre della tale.**

It contained about threescore houses, and every cottager had ground enough for keeping one or two cows. The noble proprietor looked upon these humble tenements as an eye-sore; and one by one as opportunity offered, he purchased them, till at length he became owner of the whole, one field excepted, which belonged to an old Quaker. The old man resisted many offers, but at last he was induced to exchange it for a larger and better piece of land in another place. No sooner had this transaction been completed, than the other occupants, who were now only tenants at will, received notice to quit; the houses were demolished, the inclosures levelled, hearthsteads and homesteads, the cottage garden and the cottage field disappeared, and the site was in part planted, in part thrown into the park. The Quaker, who unlike Naboth had parted with the inheritance of his fathers, was a native of the village; but he knew not how dearly he was attached to it, till he saw its demolition: it was his fault, he said; and if he had not exchanged his piece of ground, he should never have lived to see his native place destroyed. He took it deeply to heart; it preyed upon his mind, and he soon lost his senses and died.

I tell the story as it was related, within sight of the spot, by a husbandman who knew the place and the circumstances, and well remembered that many people used to come every morning from the adjacent parts to buy milk there, — “a quart of new milk for a half-penny, and a quart of old given with it.”

Naboth has been named in relating this, but the reader will not suppose that I have any intention of comparing the great proprietor to Ahab, — or to William the Conqueror. There was nothing unjust in his proceedings, nothing iniquitous; and (though there may have been a great want of proper

feeling) nothing cruel. I am not aware that any hardship was inflicted upon the families who were ejected, farther than the inconvenience of a removal. He acted as most persons in the same circumstances probably would have acted, and no doubt he thought that his magnificent habitation was greatly improved by the demolition of the poor dwellings which had neighboured it so closely. Farther it may be said in his justification, (for which I would leave nothing unsaid,) that very possibly the houses had not sufficient appearance of neatness and comfort to render them agreeable objects, that the people may have been in no better state of manners and morals than villagers commonly are, which is saying that they were bad enough; that the filth of their houses was thrown into the road, and that their pigs, and their children, who were almost as unclean, ran loose there. Add to this, if you please, that though they stood in fear of their great neighbour, there may have been no attachment to him, and little feeling of good-will. But I will tell you how Dr. Dove would have proceeded if he had been the hereditary Lord of that Castle and that domain.

He would have considered that this village was originally placed there for the sake of the security which the Castle afforded. Times had changed, and with them the relative duties of the Peer and of the Peasantry: he no longer required their feudal services, and they no longer stood in need of his protection. The more, therefore, according to his “way of thinking,” was it to be desired, that other relations should be strengthened, and the bonds of mutual good-will be more closely intertwined. He would have looked upon these villagers as neighbours, in whose welfare and good conduct he was especially interested, and over whom it was in his power to exercise a most salutary and beneficial influence; and, having this power, he would have known that it was his duty so to use it. He would have established a school in the village, and have allowed no ale-house there. He would have taken his domestics preferably from thence. If there

* CHIABRELA.

were a boy who, by his gentle disposition, his diligence, and his aptitude for learning, gave promise of those qualities which best become the clerical profession, he would have sent that boy to a grammar-school, and afterwards to college, supporting him there in part, or wholly, according to the parents' means, and placing him on his list for preferment, according to his deserts.

If there were any others who discovered a remarkable fitness for any other useful calling, in that calling he would have had them instructed, and given them his countenance and support, as long as they continued to deserve it. The Archbishop of Braga, Fray Bartolomen dos Martyres, added to his establishment a Physician for the poor. Our friend would, in like manner, have fixed a medical practitioner in the village,—one as like as he could find to a certain Doctor at Doncaster; and have allowed him such a fixed stipend as might have made him reasonably contented and independent of the little emolument which the practice of the place could afford, for he would not have wished his services to be gratuitous where there was no need. If the parish, to which the village belonged, was too extensive, or the parochial Minister unwilling, or unable, to look carefully after this part of his flock, his Domestic Chaplain, (for he would not have lived without one,) should have taken care of their religious instruction.

In his own family and his own person he would have set his neighbours an example of "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." And as this example produced its sure effects, he would have left the Amateurs of Agriculture to vie with each other in their breeds of sheep and oxen, and in the costly cultivation of their farms. It would have been, not his boast, for he boasted of nothing;—not his pride, for he had none of

that poor vice which only empty men
Esteem a virtue — *

* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

it was out of the root of Christian humility that all his virtues grew,—but his consolation and his delight, to know that nowhere in Great Britain was there a neater, a more comfortable village than close to his own mansion; nowhere a more orderly, a more moral, a more cheerful, or a happier people. And if his castle had stood upon an elevation commanding as rich a survey as Belvoir or Shobden, that village, when he looked from his windows, would still have been the most delightful object in the prospect.

I have not mentioned the name of the old Quaker in my story; but I will preserve it in these pages, because the story is to his honour. It was Joshua Dickson. If Quakers have (and certainly they have) the quality which is called modest assurance, in a superlative degree, that distinguishes them from any other class of men (it is of the *men* only that I speak), they are the only sect, who, as a sect, cultivate the sense of conscience. This was not a case of conscience, but of strong feeling, assuming that character under a tendency to madness.

When Lord Harcourt, about the same time, removed the village of Nuneham, an old widow, Barbara Wyatt by name, earnestly intreated that she might be allowed to remain in her old habitation. The request, which it would have been most unfeeling to refuse, was granted; she ended her days there, and then the cottage was pulled down: but a tree, which grew beside it, and which she had planted in her youth, is still shown on the terrace at Nuneham, and called by her name. Near it is placed the following Inscription by that amiable man, the Laureate Whitehead. Like all his serious poems it may be read with pleasure and profit,—though the affecting circumstance, which gives the anecdote its highest interest, is related only in a note.

This Tree was planted by a female hand,
In the gay dawn of rustic beauty's glow;
And fast beside it did her cottage stand,
When age had clothed the matron's head with snow.

To her, long used to nature's simple ways,
This single spot was happiness complete;
Her tree could shield her from the noontide blaze,
And from the tempest screen her little seat.

Here with her Colin oft the faithful maid
 Had led the dance, the envious youths among ;
 Here when his aged bones in earth were laid,
 The patient matron turned her wheel and sung.

She felt her loss, yet felt it as she ought,
 Nor dared 'gainst Nature's general law exclaim,
 But check her tears and to her children taught
 That well-known truth their lot would be the same.

The Thames before her flowed, his farther shores
 She ne'er explored, contented with her own ;
 And distant Oxford, tho' she saw its towers,
 To her ambition was a world unknown.

Did dreadful tales the clowns from market bear
 Of kings and tumults and the courtier train,
 She coldly listened with unheeding ear,
 And good Queen Anne, for aught she cared, might reign.

The sun her day, the seasons marked her year,
 She toiled, she slept, from care, from envy free ;
 For what had she to hope, or what to fear,
 Blest with her cottage, and her favourite Tree.

Hear this ye Great, whose proud possessions spread
 O'er earth's rich surface to no space confined !
 Ye learn'd in arts, in men, in manners read,
 Who boast as wide an empire o'er the mind,

With reverence visit her august domain ;
 To her unlettered memory bow the knee ;
 She found that happiness you seek in vain,
 Blest with a cottage, and a single Tree.*

Mason would have produced a better inscription upon this subject, in the same strain ; Southey in a different one ; Crabbe would have treated it with more strength ; Bowles with a finer feeling ; so would his kinswoman and namesake Caroline, than whom no author or authoress has ever written more touchingly, either in prose or verse. Wordsworth would have made a picture from it worthy of a place in the great Gallery of his Recluse. But Whitehead's is a remarkable poem, considering that it was produced during what has been not unjustly called the neap tide of English poetry : and the reader who should be less pleased with it than offended by its faults, may have cause to suspect that his refinement has injured his feelings in a greater degree than it has improved his taste.

* The Classical reader will be aware that the Author of these lines had Claudian's " Old Man of Verona " in his mind's eye, as Claudian had Virgil's " Corycian Old Man." — *Georg.* iv. 127.

CHAPTER CCXXXIII.

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

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

"WE have long been accustomed to laugh at the pride and poverty of petty German Princes," says one of the most sensible and right-minded travellers that ever published the result of his observations in Germany † ; "but nothing," he proceeds, "can give a higher idea of the respectability which so small a people may assume, and the quantity of happiness which one of these insignificant monarchs may diffuse around him, than the example of the little state of Weimar, with a prince like the present ‡ Grand Duke at its head. The mere pride of sovereignty, frequently most prominent where there is only the title to justify it, is unknown to him ; he is the most affable man in his dominions, not simply with the condescension which any prince can learn to practise as a useful quality, but from goodness of heart." The whole population of his state little if at all exceeds that of Leicestershire ; his capital is smaller than a third or fourth rate country town ; so in fact it scarcely deserves the name of a town ; and the inhabitants, vain as they are of its well-earned reputation as the German Athens, take a pride in having it considered merely a large village : his revenue is less than that of many a British Peer, great Commoner, or commercial Millionist. Yet "while the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessities of their political relations, his confined revenues could give independence and careless leisure to the men who were gaining for Germany

† RUSSELL.

‡ A. D. 1822.

its intellectual reputation." It is not too much to say that for that intellectual reputation, high as it is, and lasting as it will be, Germany is little less beholden to the Duke of Weimar's well-bestowed patronage, than to the genius of Wieland, and Schiller, and Goëthe. "In these little principalities, the same goodness of disposition can work with more proportional effect than if it swayed the sceptre of an empire; it comes more easily and directly into contact with those towards whom it should be directed: the artificial world of courtly rank and wealth has neither sufficient glare nor body to shut out from the prince the more chequered world that lies below."

Alas no Prince either petty or great has followed the Duke of Saxe Weimar's example! "He dwells," says Mr. Downes, "like an estates gentleman, surrounded by his tenantry." Alas no British Peer, great Commoner, or commercial Millionist, has given to any portion of his ampler revenues a like beneficent direction.

A good old Bishop* quoting the text "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called," cautions us against distorting the Scripture as if it pronounced nothing but confusion to the rulers of the earth: "let not the honourable person," said he, "hang down his head, as if power and wisdom, and noble blood, and dignity, were causes of rejection before God: no, beloved! Isaiah foretold that Kings should be nursing fathers, and Queens should be nursing mothers of the Church, but it is often seen that the benignity of nature and the liberality of fortune are made impediments to a better life; and, therefore, Nobles and Princes are more frequently threatened with judgment. I adjoin moreover that the Scriptures speak more flatly against illustrious Magistrates, than the common sort; for if God had left it to men, whose tongues are prostituted to flattery, they had scarce been told that their abominable sins would bring damnation."

When our philosopher considered the

manner in which large incomes are expended, (one way he had opportunities enough of observing at Doncaster,) he thought that in these times high birth brought with it dangers and evils which in many or most instances more than counterbalanced its advantages.

That excellent person Mr. Boyle had formed a different opinion. To be the son of a Peer whose prosperity had found many admirers, but few parallels, and not to be his eldest son, was a happiness that he used to "mention with great expressions of gratitude; his birth, he said, so suiting his inclinations and designs, that, had he been permitted an election, his choice would scarce have altered God's assignment. For as on the one side, a lower birth would have too much exposed him to the inconveniences of a mean descent, which are too notorious to need specifying; so on the other side, to a person whose humour indisposes him to the distracting hurry of the world, the being born heir to a great family is but a glittering kind of slavery, whilst obliging him to a public entangled course of life, to support the credit of his family, and tying him from satisfying his dearest inclinations, it often forces him to build the advantages of his house upon the ruins of his own contentment."

"A man of mean extraction," he continues, "is seldom admitted to the privacy and secrets of great ones promiscuously, and scarce dares pretend to it, for fear of being censured saucy, or an intruder. And titular greatness is ever an impediment to the knowledge of many retired truths, that cannot be attained without familiarity with meaner persons, and such other condescensions, as fond opinion, in great men, disapproves and makes disgraceful." "But he himself," Mr. Boyle said, "was born in a condition that neither was high enough to prove a temptation to laziness, nor low enough to discourage him from aspiring." And certainly to a person that affected so much an universal knowledge, and arbitrary vicissitudes of quiet and employments, it could not be unwelcome to be of a quality that was a handsome

* BISHOP HACKET.

stirrup to preferment, without an obligation to court it, and which might at once both protect his higher pretensions from the guilt of ambition, and secure his retiredness from contempt.

There would be more and higher advantages in high birth than Mr. Boyle apprehended, if the Dean of Chalons, Pierre de St. Julien, were right when he maintained *contre l'opinion des Philosophes, et l'ordinaire des Predicaments,—que la vraie Noblesse a sa source du sang, et est substancielle.*

Ces mots Gentilhomme de sang, et d'armes, de race genereuse, de bonne part, &c., says the well-born Dean, who in his title pages let us know that he was *de la maison de Bal-leurrré,—sont termes non de qualité, ny d'habitude; ains importants substance de vray, comme il est bien dit,*

venit cum sanguine mores;

et aillieurs,

*Qui viret in foliis venit à radicibus humor;
Sic patrum in natalis abeunt cum semine mores.*

Et comme le sang est le vehicule, et porteur des esprits de vie, esquels est enclose la substance de l'âme; aussi est il le comme chariot, qui porte et soutient celle substance qui de-coupe des peres, et des ayeulx, par long ordre de generation, et provient aux enfants, qui, nez de bonne et gentille semence, sont (conformement à l'opinion du divin Philosophe Platon) rendu tels que leurs progeniteurs, par la vertu des esprits enclos en la semence.—Tellement qu'on ne peut nyer, que comme d'une bonne Ayre sortent de bons oyseaux, d'un bon Haras de bons chevaux, &c., aussi il importe beaucoup aux hommes d'estre nez de bons et valeureux parents; voire tant, que les mal nez, ennemys de ceste bien naissance, ne sont suffisants pour en juger.

Sir Robert Cotton once met with a man driving the plough, who was a true and undoubted Plantagenet. "That worthy Doctor," (Dr. Hervey) says that worthy Fuller, (*dignissimus* of being so styled himself,) "hath made many converts in physic to his seeming paradox, maintaining the circulation of blood running round about the body of man. Nor is it less true that gentle blood fetcheth a circuit in the body of a nation,

running from Yeomanry, through Gentry to Nobility, and so retrograde, returning through Gentry to Yeomanry again."

Plust à Dieu, said Maistre François Rabelais, of facetious memory, *qu'un chacun saust aussi certainement*—(as Gargantua that is,)—*sa genealogie, depuis l'Arche de Noé, jusqu'à cet âge! Je pense que plusieurs sont aujourd'hui Empereurs, Roys, Ducs, Princes et Papes en la terre, lesquels sont descendus de quelques Porteurs de rogatons et de con-strets. Comme au rebours plusieurs sont guez de l'hostiere, souffreteux et miserables, lesquels sont descendus de sang et ligne de grands Roys et Empereurs; attends l'admi-rable transport des Regnes et Empires*

*Des Assyriens, és Medes;
Des Medes, és Perses;
Des Perses, és Macédoniens;
Des Macédoniens, és Grecs;
Des Grecs, és François.*

Et pour vous donner à entendre de moy qui vous parle, je cuide que suis descendu de quelque riche Roy, ou Prince, au temps jadis; car oncques ne vistes homme qui eust plus grande affection d'estre Roy ou riche que moy, afin de faire grand chere, pas ne travailler, point ne me soucier et bien enrichir mes amis, et tous gens de bien et de sçavoir.

CHAPTER CCXXXIV.

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

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

WATTS, who came to the odd conclusion in his Philosophical Essay, that there may be Spirits which must be said in strict philosophy to be nowhere, endeavoured to explain what he called the *ubi* or *whereness* of those spirits which are in a more imaginable situation. While man is alive, the soul he thought

might be said to be in his brain, because the seat of consciousness seems to be there; but as soon as it is dislodged from that local habitation by death, it finds itself at once in a heaven or hell of its own, and this "without any removal or relation to place, or change of distances." The shell is broken, the veil is withdrawn; it is where it was, but in a different mode of existence, in the pure intellectual, or separate world. "It reflects upon its own temper and actions in this life, it is conscious of its virtues, or its vices," and it has an endless spring of peace and joy within, or is tormented with the anguish of self-condemnation.

In his speculations the separation of soul from body is total, till their reunion at the day of judgement; and this unquestionably is the christian belief. The fablers of all religions have taken a different view, because at all times and in all countries they have accommodated their fictions to the notions of the people. The grave is with them a place of rest, or of suffering. If Young had been a Jew, a Mahomedan, or a Roman Catholic, he might be understood as speaking literally when he says,

How populous, how vital is the grave.

St. Augustine had been assured by what he considered no light testimony that St. John was not dead, but asleep in his sepulchre, and that the motion of his breast as he breathed might be perceived by a gentle movement of the earth. The words of our Lord after his Resurrection, concerning the beloved disciple, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee," gave scope to conjecture concerning the fate of this Evangelist, and yet in some degree set bounds to that spirit of lying invention which in process of time annexed as many fables to corrupted Christianity as the Greek and Roman poets had engrafted upon their heathenism, or the Rabbis upon the Jewish faith. "Sinner that I am," said a French prelate with demure irony, when a head of St. John the Baptist was presented to him to kiss in some Church of which it was the choicest treasure,—"sinner that I am, this is the fourth head of the glorious Baptist

that I have had the happiness of holding in these unworthy hands!" But while some half dozen or half score of these heads were produced, because it was certain that the Saint had been beheaded, no relic of St. John the Evangelist's person, nor of the Virgin Mary's, was ever invented. The story of the Assumption precluded any such invention in the one case,—and in St. John's the mysterious uncertainty of his fate had the same effect as this received tradition. The Benedictines of St. Claude's Monastery in the Jura exhibited his own manuscript of the Apocalypse,—(the most learned of that order in no unlearned age believed or affected to believe that it was his actual autograph,)—and they considered that it was greatly enhanced in value by its being the only relic of that Saint in existence.

The fable which St. Augustine seems to have believed was either parent or child of the story told under the name of Abdias, that when the Beloved Disciple had attained the postdiluvian age of ninety-seven, our Lord appeared to him, said unto him, "come unto me, that thou mayest partake at my feast with thy brethren," and fixed the next Sunday, being Easter, for his removal from this world. On that Sunday accordingly, the Evangelist, after having performed service in his own temple at Ephesus, and exhorted the people, told some of his chosen disciples to take with them two mattocks and spade, and accompany him therewith. They went to a place near the city, where he had been accustomed to pray; there he bade them dig a grave, and when they would have ceased from the work, he bade them dig it still deeper. Then taking off all his garments except a linen vestment, he spread them in the grave, laid himself down upon them, ordered his disciples to cover him up, and forthwith fell asleep in the Lord. Abdias proceeds no farther with the story; but other ecclesiastic romancers add that the evangelist enjoined them to open the grave on the day following; they did so and found nothing but his garments, for the Blessed Virgin, in recom-

pence for the filial piety which he had manifested towards her in obedience to our Lord's injunctions from the cross, had obtained for him the privilege of an Assumption like her own. Baronius has no objection to believe this; but that St. John actually died is, he says, more than certain, — *certo certius*; and that his grave at Ephesus was proof of it, for *certe non nisi mortuorum solent esse sepulchra*.

Yet the Cardinal knew that the historian of his Church frequently represented the dead as sentient in their graves. The Jews have some remarkable legends founded upon the same notion. It is written in the book of Zohar, say the Rabbis, how when Abraham had made a covenant with the people of the land, and was about to make a feast for them, a calf, which was to be slaughtered on the occasion, broke loose and ran into the cave of Machpelah. Abraham followed, and, having entered the cave in pursuit, there he discovered the bodies of Adam and Eve, each on a bed, with lamps burning between them. They were sleeping the sleep of death, and there was a good odour around them, like the odour of repose. In consequence of having made this discovery it was that he desired to purchase the cave for his own burial-place; and when the sons of Jebus refused to sell it, he fell upon his knees, and bowed himself before them, till they were entreated. When he came to deposit the body of Sarah there, Adam and Eve rose up, and refused their consent. The reason which they gave for this unexpected prohibition was, that they were already in a state of reproach before the Lord, because of their transgression, and a farther reproach would be brought upon them by a comparison with his good deeds, if they allowed such company to be introduced into their resting-place. But Abraham took upon himself to answer for that; upon this they were satisfied with his assurances, and composed themselves again to their long sleep.

The Rabbis may be left to contend for the authority of the book of Zohar in this particular against the story of the Cabalists that Adam's bones were taken into the Ark,

and divided afterwards by Noah among his sons. The skull fell to Shem's portion; he burnt it on the mountain, which, for that reason, obtained the name of Golgotha, or Calvary, — being interpreted, the place of a skull, and on that spot, for mystical signification, the cross whereon our Saviour suffered was erected; — a wild legend, on which as wild a fiction has been grafted, that a branch from the Tree of Life had been planted on Adam's grave, and from the wood which that branch had produced the cross was made.

And against either of these the authority of Rabbi Judas Bar Simon is to be opposed, for he affirms that the dust of Adam was washed away by the Deluge, and utterly dispersed.

The Rabbis have also to establish the credit of their own tradition against that of the Arabs, who, at this time, show Eve's grave near Jeddah; — about three days' journey east from that place, according to Bruce. He says it is covered with green sods, and about fifty yards in length. The Cashmerian traveller Abdulkurreem, who visited it in 1742, says that it measured an hundred and ninety-seven of his footsteps, which would make the mother of mankind much taller than Bruce's measurement. He likens it to a flower-bed; on the middle of the grave there was then a small dome, and the ends of it were enclosed with wooden pales. Burckhardt did not visit it; he was told that it was about two miles only, northward of the town, and that it was a rude structure of stone, some four feet in length, two or three in height, and as many in breadth, thus resembling the tomb of Noah, which is shown in the valley of Bekaa, in Syria. Thus widely do these modern travellers, on any one of whom reasonable reliance might have been placed, differ in the account of the same thing.

CHAPTER CCXXXV.

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

Πόνος πόνος πόνος θίξις,
Πᾶ πᾶ γὰρ οὐκ ἴβαν ἔγω. SOPHOCLES.

WE have got from the West Riding of Yorkshire, to the Eastern shore of the Red Sea, without the assistance of mail-coach, steam-packet, or air-balloon, the magical carpet, the wishing-cap, the shoes of swiftness, or the seven-leagued boots. From Mr. Bacon's vicarage we have got to Eve's grave, not *per saltum*, by any sudden, or violent transition; but by following the stream of thought. We shall get back in the same easy manner to that vicarage, and to the quiet churchyard wherein the remains of one of the sweetest and for the few latter years of her short life, one of the happiest of Eve's daughters, were deposited in sure and certain hope. If you are in the mood for a Chapter upon Churchyards, go, reader, to those which Caroline Bowles has written; you will find in them everything that can touch the heart, everything that can sanctify the affections, unalloyed by anything that can offend a pure taste and a masculine judgement.

But before we find our way back we must tarry awhile among the tombs, and converse with the fablers of old.

A young and lovely Frenchwoman after visiting the *Columbarium* near the Villa Albani, expressed her feelings strongly upon our custom of interring the dead, as compared with the urn-burial of the ancients. *Usage odieux*, said she, *qui rend la mort horrible! Si les anciens en avaient moins d'effroi, c'est que la coutume de brûler les corps dérobaît au trépas tout ce qu'il a de hideux. Qu'il était consolant et doux de pouvoir pleurer sur des cendres chéries! Qu'il est épouvantable et déchirant aujourd'hui de penser que celui qu'on a tant aimé n'offre plus qu'une image affreuse et décharnée dont on ne pourrait supporter la vue.*

The lady in whose journal these lines were

written lies buried in the Campo Santo at Milan, with the following inscription on her tomb; *Priez pour une jeune Française que la mort a frappée à vingt ans, comme elle allait, après un voyage de huit mois avec un époux chéri, revoir son enfant, son père et sa mère, qui venaient joyeux au-devant d'elle.* Her husband wished to have her remains burnt, in conformity to her own opinion respecting the disposal of the dead, and to his own feelings at the time, that he might have carried her ashes to his own country, and piously have preserved them there, to weep over them, and bequeath them to his son; *mais les amis qui n'entouraient*, he says, *combattèrent mon désir, comme une inspiration insensée de la douleur.*

There can be no doubt that our ghastly personification of Death has been derived from the practice of interment; and that of all modes in which the dead have ever been disposed of, cremation is in some respects the best. But this mode, were it generally practicable, would in common use be accompanied with more revolting circumstances than that which has now become the Christian usage. Some abominations, however, it would have prevented, and though in place of those superstitions which it precluded others would undoubtedly have arisen, they would have been of a less loathsome character.

The Moors say that the dead are disturbed if their graves be trodden on by Christian feet; the Rabbis that they feel the worms devouring them.

On the south side of the city of Erzeroom is a mountain called Eyerli, from the same likeness which has obtained for one of the English mountains the unpoetical name of Saddleback. The Turkish traveller Evlia Effendi saw on the top of this mountain a tomb eighty paces in length, with two columns marking the place of the head and of the feet. "I was looking on the tomb," he says, "when a bad smell occurred very hurtfully to my nose, and to that of my servant who held the horses; and looking near, I then saw that the earth of the grave, which was greasy and black, was boiling, like gruel

in a pan. I returned then, and having related my adventures in the evening in company with the Pashaw, Djaaffer Effendi of Erzerroom, a learned man and an elegant writer, warned me not to visit the place again, for it was the grave of Balaam the son of Beor, who died an infidel, under the curse of Moses, and whose grave was kept always in this state by subterraneous fires."

When Wheeler was at Constantinople, he noticed a monument in the fairest and largest street of that city, the cupola of which was covered with an iron grating. It was the tomb of Mahomet Cupriuli, father to the then Grand Vizier. He had not been scrupulous as to the means by which he settled the government during the Grand Seignior's minority, and carried it on afterwards, quelling the discontents and factions of the principal Agas, and the mutinies of the Janizaries. Concerning him after his decease, says this traveller, "being buried here, and having this stately monument of white marble covered with lead erected over his body, the Grand Seigneur and Vizier had this dream both in the same night, to wit, that he came to them and earnestly begged of them a little water to refresh him, being in a burning heat. Of this the Grand Seigneur and Vizier told each other in the morning, and thereupon thought fit to consult the Mufti what to do concerning it. The Mufti, according to their gross superstition, advised that the roof of his sepulchre should be uncovered, that the rain might descend on his body, thereby to quench the flames which were tormenting his soul. And this remedy the people who smarted under his oppression think he had great need of, supposing him to be tormented in the other world for his tyrannies and cruelties committed by him in this."

If Cupriuli had been a Russian instead of a Turk, his body would have been provided with a passport before it was committed to the grave. Peter Henry Bruce in his curious memoirs gives the form of one which in the reign of Peter the Great, always before the coffin of a Russian was closed, was put between the fingers of the corpse:—"We N.

N. do certify by these presents that the bearer hereof hath always lived among us as became a good Christian, professing the Greek religion; and although he may have committed some sins, he hath confessed the same, whereupon he hath received absolution, and taken the communion for the remission of sins: That he hath honoured God and his Saints; that he hath not neglected his prayers; and hath fasted on the hours and days appointed by the Church: That he hath always behaved himself towards me, his Confessor, in such a manner that I have no reason to complain of him, or to refuse him the absolution of his sins. In witness whereof I have given him these testimonials, to the end that St. Peter upon sight of them, may not deny him the opening of the gate to eternal bliss!"

The custom evidently implies an opinion that though soul and body were disunited by death, they kept close company together till after the burial; otherwise a passport which the Soul was to present at Heaven's gate would not have been placed in the hands of the corpse. In the superstitions of the Romish church a re-union is frequently supposed, but that there is an immediate separation upon death is an article of faith, and it is represented by Sir Thomas More as one of the punishments for a sinful soul to be brought from Purgatory and made to attend, an unseen spectator, at the funeral of its own body, and feel the mockery of all the pomps and vanities used upon that occasion. The passage is in his Supplycacyon of Soulys. One of the Supplicants from Purgatory speaks:

"Some hath there of us, while we were in health, not so much studied how we might die penitent, and in good christian plight, as how we might solemnly be borne out to burying, have gay and goodly funerals, with heralds at our horses, and offering up our helmets, setting up our scutcheons and coat-armours on the wall, though there never came harness on our backs, nor never ancestor of ours ever bare arms before. Then devised we some Doctor to make a sermon at our mass in our month's mind, and then preach

to our praise with some fond fantasy devised of our name; and after mass, much feasting, riotous and costly; and finally, like madmen, made men merry at our death, and take our burying for a brideale. For special punishment whereof, some of us have been by our Evil Angels brought forth full heavily, in full great despite to behold our own burying, and so, stand in great pain, invisible among the press, and made to look on our carrion corpse, carried out with great pomp, whereof our Lord knoweth we have taken heavy pleasure!"

In opposition to this there is a Rabbinical story which shows that though the Jews did not attribute so much importance to the rites of sepulture as the ancient Greeks, they nevertheless thought that a parsimonious interment occasioned some uncomfortable consequences to the dead.

A pious descendant of Abraham, whom his wife requited with a curtain lecture for having, as she thought improvidently, given alms to a poor person in a time of dearth, left his house, and went out to pass the remainder of the night among the tombs, that he might escape from her objurgations. There he overheard a conversation between the Spirits of two young women, not long deceased. The one said, "come let us go through the world, and then listen behind the curtain and hear what chastisements are decreed for it." The other made answer, "I cannot go, because I have been buried in a mat made of reeds, but go you, and bring me account of what you hear." Away went the Ghost whose grave-clothes were fit to appear in: and when she returned, "well friend, what have you heard behind the curtain?" said the ghost in the reed-mat. "I heard," replied the gad-about, "that whatever shall be sown in the first rains will be stricken with hail." Away went the alms-giver; and upon this intelligence, which was more certain than any prognostication in the Almanack, he waited till the second rains before he sowed his field; all other fields were struck with hail, but according as he had expected his crop escaped.

Next year, on the anniversary of the night which had proved so fortunate to him, he went again to the Tombs: and overheard another conversation between the same ghosts to the same purport. The well-dressed ghost went through the world, listened behind the curtain, and brought back information that whatever should be sown in the second rains would be smitten with rust. Away went the good man, and sowed his field in the first rains; all other crops were spoiled with the rust, and only his escaped. His wife then inquired of him how it had happened that in two successive years he had sown his fields at a different time from everybody else, and on both occasions his were the only crops that had been saved. He made no secret to her of his adventures, but told her how he had come to the knowledge which had proved so beneficial. Ere long his wife happened to quarrel with the mother of the poor ghost who was obliged to keep her sepulchre; and the woman of unruly tongue, among other insults, bade her go and look at her daughter, whom she had buried in a reed-mat! Another anniversary came round, and the good man went again to the Tomb; but he went this time in vain, for when the well-dressed Ghost repeated her invitation, the other made answer, "let me alone, my friend, the words which have passed between you and me have been heard among the living."

The learned Cistercian* to whom I owe this legend, expresses his contempt for it; nevertheless he infers from it that the spirits of the dead know what passes in this world; and that the doctrine of the Romish Church upon that point is proved by this tradition to have been that of the Synagogue also.

The Mahommedans, who adopted so many of the Rabbinical fables, dispensed in one case, for reasons of obvious convenience, with all ceremonies of sepulchral costume. For the funeral of their martyrs, by which appellation all Musselmen who fell in battle against the unbelievers were honoured, none of those preparations were required, which

* BERTOLACCI.

were necessary for those who die a natural death. A martyr needs not to be washed after his death, nor to be enveloped in grave-clothes; his own blood with which he is smeared serves him for all legal purification, and he may be wrapped in his robe, and buried immediately after the funeral prayer, conformably to the order of the Prophet, who has said, "bury them as they are, in their garments, and in their blood! Wash them not, for their wounds will smell of musk on the Day of Judgement."

A man of Medina, taking leave of his wife as he was about to go to the wars, commended to the Lord her unborn babe. She died presently afterwards, and every night there appeared a brilliant light upon the middle of her tomb. The husband hearing of this upon his return, hastened to the place; the sepulchre opened of itself; the wife sate up in her winding-sheet, and holding out to him a boy in her arms, said to him take "that which thou commendedst to the Lord. Hadst thou commended us both, thou shouldst have found us both alive." So saying she delivered to him the living infant, and laid herself down, and the sepulchre closed over her.

PARS IMPERFECTA MANEBAT. — *Virg. Æn.*

The following materials, printed verbatim from the MS. Collection, were to have completed the Chapter. It has been thought advisable in the present instance to show how the lamented Southey worked up the collection of years. Each extract is on a separate slip of paper, and some of them appear to have been made from thirty to forty years ago, more or less.

And so the virtue of his youth before
Was in his age the ground of his delight.

JAMES I.

"Ἐθεν δὲ Σθένιλου τάφου ἴδρακαν Ἀκτροῖδαο
"Ὅς ῥά τ' Ἀμαζονῶν πολυθεσῖος ἐν πολέμοιο
"ΑΨ ἄντων (δὴ γὰρ συνανήλυθιν Ἡρακλῆϊ)
"Βλήμενος ἰὼ κείθεν ἐτ' ἀγχιάλου θάναν ἀκτῆς.
Ὅς μὲν θνη ποτίσιν ἀνιμῶν τερον' ἦκε γὰρ αὐτῇ
ἦρασιβὴν ψυχῆν πολυδάκρυον Ἀκτροῖδαο
Λισσομένην, τυτθὸν περ ἰαθήθεας ἀνδρας ἰδίσθαι.
Τύμβου δὲ στεφάνης ἐπιβίβας σκοπιάζετο νῦα,

Τοῖος ἴων αἶος πόλεμον δ' ἴεν' ἀμυρὶ δὲ καλῇ
Τετραφάλος φρίναι λόφω ἐπιλάμπετο τέληξ,
καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν αὐτίς ἴδων μίγαν ζέφρον' οἱ δ' ἰσθδόντες
Θάμβησαν. τίς δ' ἄρα βιοστροῖων ἰσιγίλασαι
Ἄμυρῆδος Μόφος, λαβῆσι τε μιλιῆσθαι.
Ὅι δ' ἀνά μιν κραιπνῶς λαῖφος σπάσαν, ἐκ δὲ βαλόντες
Πείσματ' ἐν αἰγιαλῷ Σθένιλου τάφον ἀμυρῆτιοντο,
Χύτλα τε αἰχμῆαντο, καὶ ἔγγιστον ἐντομα μίλων.

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

The Abaza (a Circassian tribe) have a strange way of burying their Beys. They put the body in a coffin of wood, which they nail on the branches of some high trees and make a hole in the coffin by the head, that the Bey, as they say, may look unto Heaven. Bees enter the coffin, and make honey, and cover the body with their comb: If the season comes they open the coffin, take out the honey and sell it, therefore much caution is necessary against the honey of the Abazas.

EVLIA EFFENDI.

Once in their life time, the Jews say, they are bound by the Law of Moses to go to the Holy Land, if they can, or be able, and the bones of many dead Jews are carried there, and there burnt. We were fraught with wools from Constantinople to Sidon, in which sacks, as most certainly was told to me, were many Jew's bones put into little chests, but unknown to any of the ship. The Jews our Merchants told me of them at my return from Jerusalem to Saphet, but earnestly intreated me not to tell it, for fear of preventing them another time.

Going on, one of my companions said, if you will take the trouble of going a little out of the way, you will see a most remarkable thing. Well, said I, what should be the object of all pains taken in travelling, if it were not to admire the works of God. So we went on for an hour to the north, but not taking the great road leading to the Plain of Moosh, we advanced to a high rock that is a quarter of an hour out of the road. To this rock, high like a tower, a man was formerly chained, whose bones are yet preserved in the chains. Both bones and chains are in a high state of preservation. The bones of the arms are from seven to eight cubits in length, of an astonishing thickness. The skull is like the cupola of a bath, and a man may creep in and out without pain through the eye-holes. Eagles nestle in them. These bones are said to be those of a faithful man who in Abraham's time was chained by Nimrod to this rock, in order to be burnt by fire. The fire calcined part of his body, so that it melted in one part with the rock; but the arms and legs are stretching forth to the example of posterity. We have no doubt that they will rise again in life at the sound of the trumpet on the day of judgement.

EVLIA EFFENDI.

The Magistrates of Leghorn have authority to issue out orders for killing dogs if they abound too much in the streets, and molest the inhabitants. The men entrusted with the execution of these orders go through the city in the night, and drop small bits of poisoned bread in the streets. These are eaten by the dogs and instantaneously kill them. Before sunrise the same men go through the streets with a cart, gather hundreds of the dead dogs, and carry them to the Jew's burying-ground without the town.

HASSELQUIST.

In the ROMANCE OF MERLIN it is said that before the time of Christ, Adam and Eve and the whole ancient world were (not in Limbo) but actually in Hell. And that when the Prophets comforted the souls under their sufferings by telling them of the appointed Redeemer, the Devils for that reason tormented these Prophets more than others. The Devils themselves tell the story, *et*

les tourmentions plus que les autres. Et ilz faisoient semblant que nostre tourment ne les grevoit riens ; ainçois confortoyent les autres pecheurs et disoyent. Le Sauvveur de tout le monde viendra qui tous nous delivra.

At the time of the deluge the wife of Noah being pregnant, was through the hardships of the voyage delivered of a dead child to which the name of Tarh was given, because the letters of this word form the number 217, which was the number of days he was carried by his mother instead of the full time of 280 days, or nine months. This child was buried in the district now called Djerezere Ibn Omar, the Island or Peninsula of the son of Omar, and this was the first burial on earth after the deluge. And Noah prayed unto the Lord, saying, Oh God, thou hast given me a thousand years of life, and this child is dead before it began to live on earth! And he begged of the Lord as a blessing given to the burial-place of his child, that the women of this town might never miscarry, which was granted; so that since that time women, and female animals of every kind in this town, are all blessed with births in due time and long living. The length of the grave of this untimely child of Noah is 40 feet and it is visited by pilgrims. EVLIA EFFENDI.

They suppose that a few souls are peculiarly gifted with the power of quitting their bodies, of mounting into the skies, visiting distant countries, and again returning and resuming them; they call the mystery of prayer by which this power is obtained, the *Mandiram*. CRAUFURD.

The plain of Kerbela is all desert, inhabited by none but by the dead, and by roving wild hounds, the race of the dogs which licked the blood of the martyrs, and which since are doomed to wander through the wilderness. EVLIA EFFENDI.

Shi whang, the K. of Tsin becoming Emperor, he chose for his sepulchre the mountain Li, whose foundation he caused to dig, if we may so speak, even to the centre of the earth. On its surface he erected a mausoleum which might pass for a mountain. It was five hundred feet high, and at least half a league in circumference. On the outside was a vast tomb of stone, where one might walk as easily as in the largest hall. In the middle was a sumptuous coffin, and all around there were lamps and flambeaux, whose flames were fed by human fat. Within this tomb, there was upon one side a pond of quicksilver, upon which were scattered birds of gold and silver; on the other a compleat magazine of moveables and arms; here and there were the most precious jewels in thousands. DU HALDE.

Emududakel, the Messenger of Death, receives the Soul as 'tis breathed out of the body into a kind of a sack, and runs away with it through briars and thorns and burning whirlwinds, which torment the Soul very sensibly, till he arrives at the bank of a fiery current, through which he is to pass to the other side in order to deliver the soul to Emen, the God of the Dead.

LETTERS TO THE DANISH MISSIONARIES.

A curious story concerning the power which the Soul has been supposed to possess of leaving the body, in a visible form, may be found in the notes to the Vision of the Maid of Orleans. A more extraordinary one occurs in the singularly curious work of Evlia Effendi.

"Sultan Bajazet II. was a saint-monarch, like Sultan Orkhaun, or Sultan Mustapha I. There exist different works relating his miracles and deeds, but they are rare. The last seven years of his life he ate nothing which had blood and life. One day longing much to eat calf's or

mutton's feet, he struggled long in that glorious contest with the Soul, and as at last a well-seasoned dish of feet was put before him, he said unto his Soul, "See my Soul, the feet are before thee, if thou wastest to enjoy them, leave the body and feed on them." In the same moment a living creature was seen to come out of his mouth, which drank of the juice in the dish and having satisfied its appetite, endeavoured to return into the mouth from whence it came. But Bajazet having prevented it with his hand to re-enter his mouth, it fell on the ground, and the Sultan ordered it to be beaten. The Pages arrived and kicked it dead on the ground. The Mufti of that time decided that as the Soul was an essential part of man, this dead Soul should be buried: prayers were performed over it, and the dead Soul was interred in a small tomb near Bajazet's tomb. This is the truth of the famous story of Bajazet II. having died twice and having been twice buried. After this murder of his own Soul, the Sultan remained melancholy in the corner of retirement, taking no part or interest in the affairs of government."

The same anecdote of the Soul coming out of the mouth to relish a most desired dish, had already happened to the Sheik Bajazet Bostauini, who had much longed to eat *Mohallebi* (a milk-dish), but Bajazet Bostauini permitted it to re-enter, and Sultan Bajazet killed it; notwithstanding which he continued to live for some time longer. See *Josselyn* for a similar tale.

When Mohammed took his journey upon Alborach, Gabriel (said he) led me to the first Heaven, and the Angels in that Heaven graciously received me, and they beheld me with smiles and with joy, beseeching for me things prosperous and pleasant. One alone among the Angels there sat, who neither prayed for my prosperity, nor smiled; and Gabriel when I inquired of him who he was, replied, never hath that Angel smiled, nor will smile, he is the Keeper of the Fire; and I said to him is this the Angel who is called the well-beloved of God? and he replied, this is that Angel. Then said I bid him that he show me the Fire, and Gabriel requesting him, he removed the cover of the vessel of Fire, and the Fire ascending I feared lest all things whatever that I saw should be consumed, and I besought Gabriel that the Fire again might be covered. And so the fire returned to its place, and it seemed then as when the Sun sinks in the West, and the gloomy Angel, remaining the same, covered up the Fire. RODERICI XIMENES, ARC. TOL. HIST. ARAB.

Should a Moslem when praying, feel himself disposed to gape, he is ordered to suppress the sensation as the work of the Devil, and to close his mouth, lest the father of iniquity should enter and take possession of his person. It is curious that this opinion prevails also among the Hindoos, who whirl their fingers close before their mouths when gaping, to prevent an evil spirit from getting in that way. GRIFFITHS.

In what part soever of the world they die and are buried, their bodies must all rise to judgement in the Holy Land, out of the valley of Jehosophat, which causeth that the greater and richer sort of them have their bones conveyed to some part hereof by their kindred or friends. By which means they are freed of a labour to scrape thither through the ground, which with their nails they hold they must, who are not there buried, nor conveyed thither by others. SANDERSON. PURCHAS.

The Russians in effecting a practicable road to China discovered in lat. 50 N., between the rivers Irish and Obalek, a desert of very considerable extent, overspread in many parts with Tumuli, or Barrows, which have been also taken notice of by Mr. Bell and other writers. This

desert constitutes the southern boundary of Siberia. It is said the borderers on the desert have, for many years, continued to dig for the treasure deposited in these tumuli, which still, however, remain unexhausted. We are told that they find considerable quantities of gold, silver and brass, and some precious stones, among ashes and remains of dead bodies; also hilts of swords, armour, ornaments for saddles and bridles, and other trappings, with the bones of those animals to which the trappings belonged, among which are the bones of elephants. The Russian Court, says Mr. Demidoff, being informed of these depredations, sent a principal officer, with sufficient troops, to open such of these tumuli, as were too large for the marauding parties to undertake and to secure their contents. This officer, on taking a survey of the numberless monuments of the dead spread over this great desert, concluded that the barrow of the largest dimensions most probably contained the remains of the prince or chief; and he was not mistaken; for, after removing a very deep covering of earth and stones, the workmen came to three vaults, constructed of stones, of rude workmanship; a view of which is exhibited in the engraving. That wherein the prince was deposited, which was in the centre, and the largest of the three, was easily distinguished by the sword, spear, bow, quiver and arrow which lay beside him. In the vault beyond him, towards which his feet lay, were his horse, bridle, saddle and stirrups. The body of the prince lay in a reclining posture on a sheet of pure gold, extending from head to foot, and another sheet of gold, of the like dimensions, was spread over him. He was wrapt in a rich mantle, bordered with gold and studded with rubies and emeralds. His head, neck, breast and arms naked, and without any ornament. In the lesser vault lay the princess, distinguished by her female ornaments. She was placed reclining against the wall, with a gold chain of many links, set with rubies, round her neck, and gold bracelets round her arms. The head, breast and arms were naked. The body was covered with a rich robe, but without any border of gold or jewels, and was laid on a sheet of fine gold, and covered over with another. The four sheets of gold weighed 40 lb. The robes of both looked fair and complete; but on touching, crumbled into dust. Many more of the tumuli were opened, but this was the most remarkable. In the others a great variety of curious articles were found.

MONTHLY REVIEW, Vol. 49.

The following story I had from Mr. Pierson, factor here for the African company, who was sent here from Cape Coree to be second to Mr. Smith then chief factor. Soon after his arrival Mr. Smith fell very ill of the country malignant fever; and having little prospect of recovery, resigned his charge of the company's affairs to Pierson. This Mr. Smith had the character of an obliging, ingenious young gentleman, and was much esteemed by the King, who hearing of his desperate illness, sent his *Fatishman* to hinder him from dying; who coming to the factory went to Mr. Smith's bed-side, and told him, that his King had such a kindness for him, that he had sent to keep him alive, and that he should not die. Mr. Smith was in such a laudacious condition, that he little regarded him. Then the *Fatishman* went from him to the hog-yard, where they bury the white men; and having carried with him some brandy, rum, oil, rice, &c., he cry'd out aloud, *O you dead white men that lie here, you have a mind to have this factor that is sick to you, but he is our king's friend and he loves him, and will not part with him as yet.* Then he went to captain *Wiburn's* grave who built the factory, and cry'd, *O you captain of all the dead white men that lie here, this is your doings; you would have this man from us to bear you company, because he is a good man, but our king*

will not part with him, nor you shall not have him yet. Then making a hole in the ground over his grave, he poured in the brandy, rum, oil, rice, &c., telling him, *If he wanted those things, there they were for him, but the factor he must not expect, nor should not have, with more such nonsense;* then went to *Smith*, and assured him he should not die; but growing troublesome to the sick man, *Pierson* turned him out of the factory, and in two days after poor *Smith* made his exit.

Mr. Josiah Relph to Mr. Thomas Routh, in Castle Street, Carlisle. June 20, 1740.

* * * * *

"The following was sent me a few months ago by the minister of Kirklees in Yorkshire, the burying-place of Robin Hood. My correspondent tells me it was found among the papers of the late Dr. Gale of York, and is supposed to have been the genuine epitaph of that noted English outlaw. He adds that the grave-stone is yet to be seen, but the characters are now worn out.

Here undernead dis lait Stean
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingtun.
Nea Arcir ver az hie sa geud,
An Piple kauld im Robin Heud.
Sick utlawz az hi and is men
Vil england nivr si agen.

Obiit 24. Kal. Dehembra, 1247.

I am, dear Sir, your most faithful and humble Servant,
JOSIAH RELPH."

Note in Nichols.— See the stone engraved in the Sepulchral Monuments, vol. i. p. cviii. Mr. Gough says the inscription was never on it; and that the stone must have been brought from another place, as the ground under it, on being explored, was found to have been never before disturbed.*

Lord Dalmeny, son of the E. of Rosebery, married about eighty years ago a widow at Bath for her beauty. They went abroad, she sickened, and on her death-bed requested that she might be interred in some particular churchyard, either in Sussex or Suffolk, I forget which. The body was embalmed, but at the custom-house in the port where it was landed the officer suspected smuggling and insisted on opening it. They recognised the features of the wife of their own clergyman,—who having been married to him against her own inclination had eloped. Both husbands followed the body to the grave. The Grandfather of Dr. Smith of Norwich knew the Lord.

It was a melancholy notion of the Stoics that the condition of the Soul, and even its individual immortality, might be affected by the circumstances of death: for example, that if any person were killed by a great mass of earth falling upon him, or the ruins of a building, the Soul as well as the body would be crushed, and not being able to extricate itself would be extinguished there: *existant animam hominis magno pondere extriti permeare non posse, et statim spargi, quia non fuerit illi exitus liber.*

Upon this belief, the satirical epitaph on Sir John Vanbrugh would convey what might indeed be called a heavy curse.

* On the disputed question of the genuineness of the above epitaph, see the Notes and Illustrations to Ritson's Robin Hood, pp. xlv—l. Robin Hood's Death and Burial is the last Ballad in the second volume.

"And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklees."

Some of the Greenlanders, for even in Greenland there are sects, suppose the soul to be so corporeal that it can increase or decrease, is divisible, may lose part of its substance, and have it restored again. On its way to Heaven, which is five days' dreadful journey, all the way down a rugged rock, which is so steep that they must slide down it, and so rough that their way is tracked with blood, they are liable to be destroyed, and this destruction, which they call the second death, is final, and therefore justly deemed of all things the most terrible. It is beyond the power of their Angkokos to remedy this evil; but these impostors pretend to the art of repairing a maimed soul, bringing home a strayed or runaway one, and of changing away one that is sickly, for the sound and sprightly one of a hare, a rein-deer, a bird, or an infant.

"This is the peevishness of our humane wisdom, yea, rather of our humane folly, to yearn for tidings from the dead, as if a spirit departed could declare anything more evidently than the book of God, which is the sure oracle of life? This was Saul's practise, — neglect Samuel when he was alive, and seek after him when he was dead. What says the Prophet, *Should not a people seek unto their God? Should the living repair to the dead?* (*Isai. viij. 19.*) Among the works of Athanasius I find (though he be not the author of the questions to Antiochus,) a discourse full of reason, why God would not permit the soul of any of those that departed from hence to return back unto us again, and to declare the state of things in hell unto us. For what pestilential errors would arise from thence to seduce us? Devils would transform themselves into the shapes of men that were deceased, pretend that they were risen from the dead (for what will not the Father of lies feign?) and so spread in any false doctrines, or incite us to many barbarous actions, to our endless error and destruction. And admit they be not Phantasms, and delusions, but the very men, yet all men are liars, but God is truth. I told you what a Necromancer Saul was in the Old Testament, he would believe nothing unless a prophet rose from the grave to teach him. There is another as good as himself in the New Testament, and not another pattern in all the Scripture to my remembrance, Luke xvi. 27. The rich man in hell urged Abraham to send Lazarus to admonish his brethren of their wicked life; Abraham refers to Moses and the Prophets. He that could not teach himself when he was alive, would teach Abraham himself being in hell, *Nay, Father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.*

"The mind is composed with quietness to hear the living; the apparitions of dead men, beside the suspicion of delusion, would fill us with ghastly horror, and it were impossible we should be fit scholars to learn if such strong perturbation of fear should be upon us. How much better hath God ordained for our security, and tranquillity, that the priest's lips should prescribe knowledge? I know, if God shall see it fit to have us disciplined by such means, he can stir up the spirits of the faithful departed to come among us: So, after Christ's resurrection, many dead bodies of the Saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many. This was not upon a small matter, but upon a brave and renowned occasion: But for the Spirits of damnation, that are tied in chains of darkness, there is no re-passage for them, and it makes more to strengthen our belief that never any did return from hell to tell us their woeful tale, than if any should return. It is among the severe penalties of damnation that there is no indulgence for the smallest respite to come out of it. The heathen put that truth into this fable. The Lion asked the Fox, why he never came to visit him when he was sick: Says

the Fox, because I can trace many beasts by the print of their foot that have gone toward your den, Sir Lion, but I cannot see the print of one foot that ever came back:

*Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te advorsum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.*

So there is a beaten, and a broad road that leads the reprobate to hell, but you do not find the print of one hoof that ever came back. When I have given you my judgment about apparitions of the dead in their descending from Heaven, or ascending from hell, I must tell you in the third place, I have met with a thousand stories in Pontifical writings concerning some that have had re-passage from Purgatory to their familiars upon earth. Notwithstanding the reverence I bear to Gregory the Great, I cannot refrain to say; He was much to blame to begin such fictions upon his credulity; others have been more to blame that have invented such Legends; and they are most to be derided that believe them. *O miserable Theology!* if thy tenets must be confirmed by sick men's dreams, and dead men's phantastical apparitions!"

BP. HACKETT.

"It is a morose humour in some, even ministers, that they will not give a due commendation to the deceased: whereby they not only offer a seeming unkindness to the dead, but do a real injury to the living, by discouraging virtue, and depriving us of the great instruments of piety, good examples: which usually are far more effective methods of instruction, than any precepts: These commonly urging only the necessity of those duties, while the other show the possibility and manner of performing.

"But then, 'tis a most unchristian and uncharitable mistake in those, that think it unlawful to commemorate the dead, and to celebrate their memories: whereas there is no one thing does so much uphold and keep up the honour and interest of religion amongst the multitude, as the due observance of those Anniversaries which the Church has, upon this account, scattered throughout the whole course of the year, would do: and indeed to our neglect of this in a great part the present decay of religion may rationally be imputed.

"Thus in this age of our's what Pliny saith of his, *Postquam desimus facere laudanda, laudari quoque ineptum putamus.* Since people have left off doing things that are praiseworthy, they look upon praise itself as a silly thing.

"And possibly the generality of hearers themselves are not free from this fault; who peradventure may fancy their own life upbraided, when they hear another's commended.

"But that the servants of God, which depart this life in his faith and fear, may and must be praised, I shall endeavour to make good upon these three grounds.

"*In common justice to the deceased themselves.* Ordinary civility teaches us to speak well of the dead. *Nec quicquam sanctius habet reverentia superstitionum, quam ut amicos venerabiliter recordetur,* says Ausonius, and makes this the ground of the Parentalia, which had been ever since Numa's time.

"*Praise,* however it may become the living, is a just debt to the deserts of the dead, who are now got clear out of the reach of envy; which, if it have anything of the generous in it, will scorn, vulture-like, to prey upon carcass.

"Besides, Christianity lays a greater obligation upon us; *The Communion of Saints* is a Tenet of our faith. Now, as we ought not pray to or for them, so we may and must praise them.

"This is the least we can do in return for those great offices they did the Church Militant, while they were with

us, and now do, they are with God: nor have we any other probable way of communicating with them.

"The Philosopher in his *Morals* makes it a question, whether the dead are in any way concerned in what befalls them or their posterity after their decease; and whether those honours and reproaches, which survivors cast upon them, reach them or no? and he concludes it after a long debate in the affirmative; not so, he says, as to alter their state, but, *συμβάλλουσάι τι*, to contribute somewhat to it.

"Tully, though not absolutely persuaded of an immortal soul, as speaking doubtfully and variously of it, yet is constant to this, that he takes a good name and a reputation, we leave behind us, to be a kind of immortality.

"But there is more in it than so. Our remembrance of the Saints may be a means to improve their bliss, and heighten their rewards to all eternity. Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, hath his bosom thus daily enlarged for the new comers.

"Whether the heirs of the kingdom are, at their first admission, instated into a full possession of all their glory, and kept to that stint, I think may be a doubt. For if the faculty be perfected by the object, about which 'tis conversant; then the faculties of those blessed ones being continually employed upon an infinite object, must needs be infinitely perfectible, and capable still of being more and more enlarged, and consequently of receiving still new and further additions of glory.

"Not only so, (this is in Heaven:) but even the influence of that example, they leave behind them on earth, drawing still more and more souls after them to God, will also add to those improvements to the end of the world, and bring in a revenue of accessory joys.

"And would it not be unjust in us then to deny them those glorious advantages which our commemoration and inclination may and ought to give them."*

ADAM LITTLETON.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right lined circle must conclude to shut up all. There is no Antidote against the Opinion of Time, which temporally considereth all things; Our Fathers find their Graves in our short memories and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years: Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare Inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for Eternity by Ænigmatical Epithetes, or first Letters of our names to be studied by Antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the Mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity even by everlasting Languages.

SIR T. BROWNE.

CHAPTER CCXXXVI.

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

Go to!

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

The Doctor, who was charitable in all his opinions, used to account and apologise for many of the errors of men, by what he called the original sin of their constitution, using the term not theologically, but in a physico-philosophical sense. What an old French physician said concerning Charles VIII. was in entire accord with his speculations, — *ce corps étoit composé de mauvais pâte, et de matière cathareuse*. Men of hard hearts and heavy intellect, he said, were made of stony materials. For a drunkard, his qualifying censure was, — "poor fellow! bibulous clay — bibulous clay!" Your light-brained, light-hearted people, who are too giddy ever to be good, had not earth enough, he said, in their composition. Those upon whose ungrateful temper benefits were ill bestowed, and on whom the blessings of fortune were thrown away, he excused by saying that they were made from a sandy soil; — and for Mammon's muckworms, — their mould was taken from the dunghill.

Mason the poet was a man of ill-natured politics, out of humour with his country till the French Revolution startled him and brought him into a better state of feeling. This, however, was not while the Doctor lived, and till that time he could see nothing but tyranny and injustice in the proceedings of the British Government, and nothing but slavery and ruin to come for the nation. These opinions were the effects of Whiggery*

* "Five Sermons formerly printed," p. 61., at the end of the volume. The one from which the above passage is extracted is that preached at the obsequies of the Right Honourable the Lady Jane Cheyne.

* See Vol. IV. p. 275. — p. 317. of this edition.

acting upon a sour stomach and a saturnine constitution. To think ill of the present and augur worse of the future has long been accounted a proof of patriotism among those who by an illustrious antiphrasis call themselves patriots. "What the Romans scorned to do after the battle of Cannæ," said Lord Keeper Finch in one of his solid and eloquent speeches, "what the Venetians never did when they had lost all their *terra firma*, that men are now taught to think a virtue and the sign of a wise and good man, *desperare de Republica*: and all this in a time of as much justice and peace at home, as good laws for the security of religion and liberty, as good execution of these laws, as great plenty of trade and commerce abroad, and as likely a conjuncture of affairs for the continuance of these blessings to us, as ever nation prospered under."

The Doctor, when he spoke of this part of Mason's character, explained it by saying that the elements had not been happily tempered in him — "cold and dry, Sir!" and then he shook his head and knit his brow with that sort of compassionate look which came naturally into his countenance when he was questioned concerning a patient whose state was unfavourable.

But though he believed that many of our sins and propensities are bred in the bone, he disputed the other part of the proverb, and maintained that they might be got out of the flesh. And then generalising with a rapidity worthy of Humboldt himself, he asserted that all political evils in modern ages and civilised states were mainly owing to a neglect of the medical art; — and that there would not, and could not be so many distempers in the body politic, if the *primæ viæ* were but attended to with proper care; an opinion in which he was fortified by the authority of Sir William Temple.

"I have observed the fate of *Campania*," says that eminent statesman, "determine contrary to all appearances, by the caution and conduct of a General, which was attributed by those that knew him to his age and infirmities, rather than his own true qualities, acknowledged otherwise to have

been as great as most men of the age. I have seen the counsels of a noble country grow bold, or timorous, according to the fits of his good or ill-health that managed them, and the pulse of the Government beat high with that of the Governor; and this unequal conduct makes way for great accidents in the world. Nay, I have often reflected upon the counsels and fortunes of the greatest monarchies rising and decaying sensibly with the ages and healths of the Princes and chief officers that governed them. And I remember one great minister that confessed to me, when he fell into one of his usual fits of the gout, he was no longer able to bend his mind or thought to any public business, nor give audiences beyond two or three of his domestics, though it were to save a kingdom; and that this proceeded not from any violence of pain, but from a general languishing and faintness of spirits, which made him in those fits think nothing worth the trouble of one careful or solicitous thought. For the approaches, or lurkings of the Gout, the Spleen, or the Scurvy, nay the very fumes of indigestion, may indispose men to thought and to care, as well as diseases of danger and pain. Thus accidents of health grow to be accidents of State, and public constitutions come to depend in a great measure upon those of particular men; which makes it perhaps seem necessary in the choice of persons for great employments, (at least such as require constant application and pains,) to consider their bodies as well as their minds, and ages and health as well as their abilities."

Cervantes, according to the Doctor, clearly perceived this great truth, and went farther than Sir W. Temple, for he perceived also the practical application, though it was one of those truths which, because it might have been dangerous for him to propound them seriously, he was fain to bring forward in a comic guise, leaving it for the wise to discover his meaning, and for posterity to profit by it. He knew — (*Daniel loquitur*) — for what did not Cervantes know? — that if Philip II. had committed himself to the

superintendence of a Physician instead of a Father Confessor, many of the crimes and miseries by which his reign is so infamously distinguished, might have been prevented. A man of his sad spirit and melancholy complexion to be dieted upon fish the whole forty days of Lent, two days in the week during the rest of the year, and on the eve of every holiday besides, — what could be expected but atrabilious thoughts, and cold-blooded resolutions? Therefore Cervantes appointed a Physician over Sancho in his Baratarian government: the humour of the scene was for all readers, the application for those who could penetrate beyond the veil, the benefit for happier ages when the art of Government should be better understood, and the science of medicine be raised to its proper station in the state.

Shakespeare intended to convey the same political lesson, when he said “take physic, pomp!” He used the word pomp instead of power, cautiously, for in those days it was a perilous thing to meddle with matters of state.

When the Philosopher Carneades undertook to confute Zeno the Stoic in public argument, (still, reader, *Daniel loquitur*,) how did he prepare himself for the arduous disputation? — by purging his head with hellebore, to the intent that the corrupt humours which ascended thither from the stomach should not disturb the seat of memory and judgement, and obscure his intellectual perception. The theory, Sir, was erroneous, but the principle is good. When we require best music from the instrument, ought we not first to be careful that all its parts are in good order, and if we find a string that jars, use our endeavours for tuning it?

It may have been the jest of a satirist that Dryden considered stewed prunes as the best means of putting his body into a state favourable for heroic composition; but that odd person George Wither tells us of himself that he usually watched and fasted when he composed, that his spirit was lost if at such times he tasted meat or drink, and that if he took a glass of wine he could not write a verse: — no wonder, therefore, that

his verses were for the most part in a weak and watery vein.* Father Paul Sarpi had a still more extraordinary custom: it is not to an enemy, but to his friend and admirers that we are indebted for informing us with what care that excellent writer attended to physical circumstance as affecting his intellectual powers. For when he was either reading or writing, alone, “his manner,” says Sir Henry Wotton, “was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair, and over head; for he was of our Lord of St. Alban’s opinion *that all air is predatory*, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed.”

There should be a State Physician to the King, besides his Physicians ordinary and extraordinary, — one whose sole business should be to watch over the royal health as connected with the discharge of the royal functions, a head keeper of the King’s health.

For the same reason there ought to be a Physician for the Cabinet, a Physician for the Privy Council, a Physician for the Bench of Bishops, a Physician for the twelve Judges, two for the House of Lords, four for the House of Commons, one for the Admiralty, one for the War Office, one for the Directors of the East India Company, (there was no Board of Control in the Doctor’s days, or he would certainly have advised that a Physician should be placed upon that Establishment also): one for the Lord Mayor, two for the Common Council, four for the Livery. (He was speaking in the days of Wilkes and Liberty.) “How much mischief,” said he, “might have been prevented by cupping the Lord Mayor, blistering a few of the Aldermen, administering salts and manna to lower the pulse of civic patriotism, and keeping the city orators upon a low regimen for a week before every public meeting.”

Then in the Cabinet what evils might be averted by administering laxatives or corroborants as the case required.

* The Greek Proverb, adverted to by Horace in 1 Epist. xix., was in the Doctor’s thoughts:

ὄψας δὲ τίνας οὐδὲν ἄν τίκοι σοφόν.

In the Lords and Commons, by clearing away bile, evacuating ill-humours and occasionally by cutting for the simples.*

While men are what they are, weak, frail, inconstant, fallible, peccable, sinful creatures, — it is in vain to hope that Peers and Commoners will prepare themselves for the solemn exercise of their legislative functions by fasting and prayer, — that so they may be better fitted for retiring into themselves, and consulting upon momentous questions, the Urim and Thummim which God hath placed in the breast of every man. But even as Laws are necessary for keeping men within the limits of their duty when conscience fails, so in this case it should be part of the law of Parliament that what its Members will not do for themselves, the Physician should do for them. They should go through a preparatory course of medicine before every session, and be carefully attended as long as Parliament was sitting.

Traces of such a practice, as of many important and primeval truths, are found among savages, from whom the Doctor was of opinion that much might be learned, if their customs were diligently observed and their traditions carefully studied. In one of the bravest nations upon the Mississippi, the warriors before they set out upon an expedition always prepared themselves by taking the Medicine of War, which was an emetic, about a gallon in quantity for each man, and to be swallowed at one draught. There are other tribes in which the Beloved Women prepare a beverage at the Physic Dance, and it is taken to wash away sin.

“Here,” said the Doctor, “are vestiges of early wisdom, probably patriarchal, and if so, revealed,” — for he held that all needful knowledge was imparted to man at his creation. And the truth of the principle is shown in common language. There is often a philosophy in popular expressions and forms of speech, which escapes notice, because words are taken as they are uttered, at their current value, and we rest satisfied with their trivial acceptance. We take

them in the husk and the shell, but sometimes it is worth while to look for the kernel. Do we not speak of *sound* and orthodox opinions, — *sound* principles, *sound* learning? *mens sana in corpore sano*. A sound mind is connected with a sound body, and sound and orthodox opinions result from the sanity of both. Unsound opinions are diseased ones, and therefore the factious, the heretical and the schismatic, ought to be put under the care of a physician.

“I have read of a gentleman,” says Cotton Mather, “who had an humour of making singular and fanciful expositions of scripture; but one Doctor Sim gave him a dose of physic, which when it had wrought, the gentleman became orthodox immediately and expounded at the old rate no more.”

Thus as the accurate, and moderate, and erudite Mosheim informs us, the French theologian Claude Pajon was of opinion that in order to produce that amendment of the heart which is called regeneration, nothing more is requisite than to put the body, if its habit is bad, into a sound state by the power of physic, and having done this, then to set truth and falsehood before the understanding, and virtue and vice before the will, clearly and distinctly in their genuine colours, so as that their nature and their properties may be fully apprehended. But the Doctor thought that Pajon carried his theory too far, and ought to have been physicked himself.

That learned and good man Barnabas Oley, the friend and biographer of the saintly Herbert, kept within the bounds of discretion, when he delivered an opinion of the same tendency. After showing what power is exercised by art over nature, 1st, in inanimate materials, 2dly, in vegetables, and 3dly, the largeness or latitude of its power over the memory, the imagination and locomotive faculties of sensitive creatures, he proceeds to the fourth rank, the rational, “which adds a diadem of excellency to the three degrees above mentioned, being an approach unto the nature angelical and divine.” “Now,” says he, “1st, in as much as the human body partly agrees with the

* The probable origin of this Proverb is given in Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

first rank of materials inanimate, so can Art partly use it, as it uses them, to frame (rather to modify the frame of) it into great variety; the head thus, the nose so; and other ductile parts, as is seen and read, after other fashions. 2. Art can do something to the Body answerable to what Gardeners do to plants. If our Blessed Saviour's words (Matthew vi. 27.) deny all possibility of adding procerity or tallness to the stature, yet as the Lord Verulam notes, to make the Body dwarfish, crook-shouldered (as some Persians did) to recover straightness, or procure slenderness, is in the power of Art. But, 3. much more considerable authority has it over the humours, either so to impel and enrage them, that like furious streams they shall dash the Body (that bottom wherein the precious Soul is embarked) against dangerous rocks, or run it upon desperate sands; or so to attempt and tune them, that they shall become like calm waters or harmonious instruments for virtuous habits, introduced by wholesome moral precepts, to practise upon. It is scarce credible what services the *Noble Science of Physic* may do unto Moral, (*yea to Grace and Christian,*) virtue, by prescribing diet to prevent, or medicine to allay the fervours and eruptions of humours, of blood, and of that *irriguum concupiscentiæ*, or ὁ τροχὸς τῆς γενέσεως, especially if these jewels, their recipes, light into obedient ears. These helps of bettering nature are within her lowest and middle region of Diet and Medicine."

A sensible woman of the Doctor's acquaintance, (the mother of a young family,) entered so far into his views upon this subject, that she taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill-humour as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb *for the crossness*. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

There are Divines who have thought that melancholy may with advantage be treated

in age, as fretfulness in this family was in childhood. Timothy Rogers, who having been long afflicted with Trouble of Mind and the Disease of Melancholy, wrote a discourse concerning both for the use of his fellow sufferers, says of Melancholy, that "it does generally indeed first begin at the body, and then conveys its venom to the mind; and if anything could be found that might keep the blood and spirits in their due temper and motion, this would obstruct its further progress, and in a great measure keep the soul clear. I pretend not" (he continues) "to tell you what medicines are proper to remove it, and I know of none, I leave you to advise with such as are learned in the profession of Physic." And then he quotes a passage from "old Mr. Greenham's Comfort for afflicted Consciences." "If a Man," saith old Mr. Greenham, "that is troubled in conscience come to a Minister, it may be he will look all to the Soul and nothing to the Body: if he come to a Physician he considereth the Body and neglecteth the Soul. For my part, I would never have the Physician's counsel despised, nor the labour of the Minister neglected: because the Soul and Body dwelling together,—it is convenient, that as the Soul should be cured by the Word, by Prayer, by Fasting, or by Comforting, so the Body must be brought into some temperature by physic, and diet, by harmless diversions and such like ways; providing always that it be so done in the fear of God, as not to think by these ordinary means quite to smother or evade our troubles, but to use them as pre-paratives, whereby our Souls may be made more capable of the spiritual methods which are to follow afterwards."

But Timothy Bright, Doctor of Physic, is the person who had the most profound reverence for the medical art. "No one," he said, "should touch so holy a thing that hath not passed the whole discipline of liberal sciences, and washed himself pure and clean in the waters of wisdom and understanding." "O Timothy Bright, Timothy Bright," said the Doctor, "rightly wert thou called Timothy Bright, for thou wert

a Bright Timothy!" Nor art thou less deserving of praise, O Timothy Bright, say I, for having published an abridgement of the Book of Acts and Monuments of the Church, written by that Reverend Father Master John Fox, and by thee thus reduced into a more accessible form,—for such as either through want of leisure or ability have not the use of so necessary a history.

CHAPTER CCXXXVII.

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

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

YET in his serious moods the Doctor sadly confessed with that Sir George, whom the Scotch ungratefully call Bloody Mackenzie, that "as in the body natural, so likewise in the politic, Nature hath provided more diseases than the best of Physicians can prevent by remedies." He knew that kingdoms as well as individuals have their agues and calentures, are liable to plethora sometimes, and otherwhiles to atrophy, to fits of madness which no hellebore can cure, and to decay and dissolution which no human endeavours can avert. With the maladies of the State indeed he troubled himself not, for though a true-born Englishman, he was as to all politics of the day, of the Poco-curante school. But with those of the human frame his thoughts were continually employed; it was his business to deal with them; his duty and his earnest desire to heal them, under God's blessing, where healing was humanly possible, or to alleviate them, when anything more than alleviation was beyond the power of human skill.

The origin of evil was a question upon which he never ventured. Here, too, he said with Sir George Mackenzie, "as I am not able by the Jacob's Ladder of my merit

to scale Heaven, so am I less able by the Jacob's Staff of my private ability to take up the true altitude of its mysteries:" and borrowing a play upon words from the same old Essayist, he thought the brain had too little *pia mater*, which was too curious in such inquiries. But the mysteries of his own profession afforded "ample room and verge enough" for his speculations, however wild and wild their excursions. Those mysteries are so many, so momentous, and so inscrutable, that he wondered not at any superstitions which have been excogitated by bewildered imagination, and implicitly followed by human weakness in its hopes and fears, its bodily and its mental sufferings.

As little did he wonder at the theories advanced by men who were, in their days, the Seraphic and Angelic and Irrefragable Doctors of the healing art:—the tartar of Paracelsus, the Blas and Gas of Van Helmont, nor in later times at the animalcular hypotheses of Langius and Paullinus; nor at the belief of elder nations, as the Jews, and of savages everywhere, that all maladies are the immediate work of evil spirits. But when he called to mind the frightful consequences to which the belief of this opinion has led, the cruelties which have been exercised, the crimes which have been perpetrated, the miseries which have been inflicted and endured, it made him shudder at perceiving that the most absurd error may produce the greatest mischief to society, if it be accompanied with presumption, and if any real or imaginary interest be connected with maintaining it.

The Doctor, like his Master and benefactor Peter Hopkins, was of the Poco-curante school in politics. He said that the Warwickshire gentleman who was going out with his hounds when the two armies were beginning to engage at Edge-hill, was not the worst Englishman who took the field that day.

Local circumstances favoured this tendency to political indifference. It was observed in the 34th Chapter of this Opus that one of the many reasons for which our Philosopher thought Doncaster a very like-

able place of residence was, that it sent no Members to Parliament. And Yorkshire being too large a county for any of its great families to engage lightly in contesting it, the Election fever, however it might rage in other towns or other parts of the county, never prevailed there. But the constitution of the Doctor's mind secured him from all excitement of this nature. Even in the days of Wilkes and Liberty, when not a town in England escaped the general Influenza, he was not in the slightest degree affected by it, nor did he ever take up the Public Advertiser for the sake of one of Junius's Letters.

CHAPTER CCXXXVIII.

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

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

ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

AMONG the lost works of antiquity, there are few poems which I should so much rejoice in recovering, as those of Simonides. Landor has said of him that he and Pindar wrote nothing bad; that his characteristics were simplicity, brevity, tenderness, and an assiduous accuracy of description. "If I were to mention," he adds, "what I fancy would give an English reader the best idea of his manner, I should say, the book of Ruth."

One species of composition wherein he excelled was that which the Dutch in their straight-forward way call *Lykzangen* or *Lykdichten*, but for which we have no appropriate name,—poems in commemoration of the dead. Beautiful specimens are to be found in the poetry of all countries, and this might be expected, threnodial being as natural as amatory verse; and as the characteristic of the latter is passion with little reflection, that of the former is, as naturally, to be at the same time passionate and thoughtful.

Our own language was rich in such poems during the Elizabethan age, and that which followed it. Of foreign poets none has in this department exceeded Chiabrera.

There is a passage among the fragments of Simonides which is called by his old editor consolatory, *παρηγορικόν*: but were it not for the authority of Seneca, who undoubtedly was acquainted with the whole poem, I should not easily be persuaded that so thoughtful, so pensive, so moralising a poet would, in any mood of mind, have recommended such consolation:

*Τοῦ μὲν θανάτου οὐκ ἂν ἐνθυμείμηναι,
Εἴ τι φρονούμεν, πλείον ἡμῶας μῆϊς·*

let us not call to mind the dead, if we think of him at all, more than a single day. Indeed I am not certain from what Seneca says, whether the poet was speaking in his own, or in an assumed character, nor whether he spoke seriously or satirically; or I cannot but suspect that the passage would appear very differently, if we saw it in its place. Malherbe gives the same sort of advice in his consolation to M. du Périer upon the death of a daughter.

Ne te lasse donc plus d'inutiles plaintes ;

Mais sage à l'avenir,

Aime une ombre comme ombre, et des cendres éteintes

Éteins le souvenir ;

such a feeling is much more in character with a Frenchman than with Simonides.

Seneca himself, Stoic though he was, gave no such advice, but accounted the remembrance of his departed friends among his solemn delights, not looking upon them as lost: *Mihi amicorum defunctorum cogitatio dulcis ac blanda est ; habui enim illos, tanquam amissurus ; amissi tanquam habeam.*

My venerable friend was not hardened by a profession, which has too often the effect of blunting the feelings, even if it does not harden the heart. His disposition and his happy education preserved him from that injury; and as his religion taught him that death was not in itself an evil,—that for him, and for those who believed with him, it had no sting,—the subject was as familiar to his meditations as to his professional practice. A speculation which Jeremy Taylor, without insisting on it, offers to the con-

sideration of inquisitive and modest persons, appeared to him far more probable than the common opinion which Milton expresses when he says that the fruit of the Forbidden Tree brought death into the world. That, the Bishop argues, "which *would have been*, had there been no sin, and that which *remains* when the sin or guiltiness is gone, is not properly the punishment of the sin. But dissolution of the soul and body should have been, if Adam had not sinned; for the world would have been too little to have entertained those myriads of men, which must, in all reason, have been born from that blessing of 'Increase and multiply,' which was given at the first creation: and to have confined mankind to the pleasures of this world, in case he had not fallen, would have been a punishment of his innocence: but however, it *might have been*, though God had not been angry, and *shall still be*, even when the sin is taken off. The proper consequent of this will be, that when the Apostle says 'Death came in by Sin,' and that 'Death is the wages of Sin,' he primarily and literally means the solemnities, and causes, and infelicities, and untimeliness of temporal death; and not merely the dissolution, which is directly no evil, but an inlet to a better state."

As our friend agreed in this opinion with Bishop Taylor; and moreover as he read in Scriptures that Enoch and Elijah had been translated from this world without tasting of death; and as he deemed it probable at least, that St. John, the beloved disciple, had been favoured with a like exemption from the common lot, he thought that Asgill had been hardly dealt with in being expelled from Parliament for his "Argument," that according to the Covenant of Eternal Life, revealed in the Scriptures, man might be translated from hence, without passing through death. The opinion, Dr. Dove thought, might be enthusiastic, the reasoning wild, the conclusion untenable, and the manner of the book indecorous, or irreverent. But he had learned that much, which appears irreverent, and in reality is so, has not been irreverently intended; and the opinion,

although groundless, seemed to him anything rather than profane.

But the exemptions which are recorded in the Bible could not, in his judgement, be considered as showing what would have been the common lot if our first parents had preserved their obedience. This he opined would more probably have been *uthanasia* than translation; death, not preceded by infirmity and decay, but as welcome, and perhaps as voluntary, as sleep.

Or possibly the transition from a corporeal to a spiritual,—or more accurately in our imperfect language,—from an earthly to a celestial state of being, might have been produced by some developement, some formal mutation as visible, (adverting to a favourite fancy of his own,) as that which in the butterfly was made by the ancients their emblem of immortality. Bishop Van Mildert shows us upon scriptural authority that "the degree of perfection at which we may arrive has no definite limits, but is to go on increasing as long as this state of probation continues." So in the paradisiacal, and possibly in the millennial state, he thought, that with such an intellectual and moral improvement, a corresponding organic evolution might keep pace; and that as the child expands into man, so man might mature into Angel.

CHAPTER CCXXXIX.

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

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

WARBURTON has argued that "from the nature of any action morality cannot arise,

nor from its effects;—not from the first, because being only reasonable or unreasonable, nothing follows but a fitness in doing one, and an absurdity in doing the other;—not from the second, because did the good or evil produced make the action *moral*, brutes, from whose actions proceed both good and evil, would have morality.” But Warburton’s proposition is fallacious, and his reasoning is inconclusive; there is an essential difference between right and wrong, upon which the moral law is founded; and in the *reductio ad absurdum* upon which he relies, there is no absurdity. The language of the people is sometimes true to nature and philosophy when that of the learned departs widely from the one, and is mistaken in the other. When we call a beast vicious, we mean strictly what the word implies; and if we never speak of one as virtuous, it is because man reserves the praise of virtue to his own kind. The word good supplies its place. A horse that has any vice in him is never called good.

“In this case alone it is,” says Lord Shaftesbury, “we call any creature worthy or virtuous, when it can have the notion of a public interest, and can attain the speculation or science of what is morally good or ill, admirable or blameable, right or wrong. For though we may vulgarly call a horse *vicious*, yet we never say of a good one, nor of any mere beast, idiot, or changeling, though ever so good-natured, that he is *worthy* or *virtuous*.”

“So that if a creature be generous, kind, constant, compassionate, yet if he cannot reflect on what he himself does, or sees others do, so as to take notice of what is *worthy* or *honest*; and make that notice or conception of *worth* and *honesty* to be an object of his affection, he has not the character of being virtuous; for thus, and no otherwise, he is capable of having a sense of right and wrong; a sentiment or judgement of what is done through just, equal and good affection, or the contrary.”

The Jews upon this subject agree with the common and natural opinion; and the Talmud accordingly, when any mischief has

been done by an animal, distinguishes between an innocent beast and a vicious one, the owner of an innocent one being required to pay only half the amount of an injury thus, as it was deemed, casually incurred. There have been cases in which the laws have considered a beast as guilty of a crime, and amenable therefore to penal justice. In the year 1403 Simon de Baudemont, Lieutenant at Meulont of Jhean Lord of Maintenon, the Bailiff of Mantos and Meulont, signed an attestation making known the expences which had been incurred in order to execute justice on a Sow that had eaten a child. “For expences with the jail the charge was 6 *sols*. Item, to the executioner who came from Paris to Meulont to put the sentence in execution by the command of our Lord the Bailiff and of the king’s Attorney, 54 *sols*. Item, for the carriage that conveyed her to execution, 6 *sols*. Item, for ropes to tie and haul her up, 2 *sols*, 8 *deniers*. Item, for gloves 12 *deniers*; amounting in the whole to 69 *sols*, 8 *deniers*.” It must be supposed the Executioner insisted upon the gloves, as a point of honour, that no one might reproach him with having sullied his hands by performing upon such a subject.

When Apollonius was introduced to the King of Babylon, the King invited him to sacrifice with him, for he was about to offer a Nisean horse to the Sun, selected for its beauty and adorned with all pomp for the occasion. But the Philosopher replied, “O King, do you sacrifice after your manner, and give me leave to sacrifice after mine.” He then took frankincense, and prayed, saying, “O Sun, conduct me so far as it seemeth good to me and to thee. And let me become acquainted with virtuous men; but as for the wicked, let me neither know them nor they me.” And throwing the frankincense in the fire he observed the smoke, how it ascended and which way it bent, and just touching the fire when it seemed that he had sacrificed enough, he said to the King that he had performed the rites of his country, and forthwith withdrew that he might have nothing to do with blood

and slaughter. Afterwards when the King took him where were many lions, bears, and panthers reserved for sport, invited him to go with him and hunt them, Apollonius replied, "King, you should remember, that I did not choose to be present at your sacrifice, much less should I like to see animals wounded, and by the pain of their wounds rendered more ferocious than nature has made them."

Isaac la Peyresc thought differently from the Talmudists and the French Lawyers. He says, quoting the Apostle, *Ubi non est lex, neque prævaricatio est*. Where 'no law is, there is no transgression.' *Prævaricatio autem eadem est, quæ transgressio legis: illa ipsa proprie quæ peccatum inputationis labe infecit. Quod ut compingatur in oculos: pecudes actualiter et materialiter eadem faciunt, quæ transgrediuntur homines; incestant, rapiunt, occidunt; non erit tamen uspiam adeo supinus qui dicat, pecudes peccare ad similitudinem transgressionis hominum; quia pecudes quæ hæc peccant, sequuntur tantum suam naturam et suam materiam; neque legum transgrediuntur ullam, quia nulla eis data est cujus transgressione fornetur in eis et imputetur peccatum.*

Yet it cannot be doubted that in such a case Peyresc himself, disregarding his own arguments, would have ordered the Sow to be put to death.

This author derives *peccatum* from *pecus*, for, says he, "as often as a man wilfully departs from that right reason which constitutes him man,—as often as under the impulse of that brute matter which he has in common with beasts, he commits any action fitting in a beast, but unworthy in man, so often he seems to fall below his own species, and sink into that of a brute." *Latini nomen peccati mutuati sunt à pecore. Quoties enim homo delirat à rectâ ratione illâ quæ hominem constituit; quoties impulsu materiae suæ quam habet communem cum brutis, quid agit dignum pecore, et indignum homine, toties cadere videtur à specie suâ, et incidere in speciem pecoris sive bruti.*

Pecunia is known to be derived from *Pecus*, wealth, of which money is the representative, having originally consisted in

cattle. As money is proverbially the root of all evil, this etymological connection might be remarkable enough to be deemed mysterious by those who are fond of discovering mysteries in words.

"Brutes," Hutchinson says, "are made in scripture objects to inculcate the duties in society, and even emblems of spiritual and divine perfections. Many of them are more strictly bound in pairs than is common between men and women; many, both males and females, take greater care and pains, and run greater risques for the education and defence of their young, than any of our species. Many of them excel us in instructing their young, so in policy, in industry, in mechanical arts and operations. And there are other species among them, examples to deter men from the vices in society." "The power in brutes," he says, "is by the same agent as that in the body of man, and they are made of the same species of dust; most of them are guided by what is called instinct; some of them are tamed and disciplined and their powers made serviceable to men, and all of them are subject to the immediate power of God, when he pleases to direct them. Mechanism is carried so far in them, that in the parts or degrees of sensation they excel man; that by every one of their actions man might see the *ne plus ultra* of sense, and know how to distinguish the difference between them and the decayed image in him, to value it accordingly, and excite a proportionate zeal in him to recover the first perfections in that image, and augment them to secure the pleasure of exercising them upon the most desirable objects to all eternity." So far so good, but this once influential writer makes an erroneous conclusion when he says, "if you allow anything farther than mechanism to Brutes, imagine that they have souls, or think, or act the part of souls: you either begin to think that you have no soul, or that it is, such as are in Brutes, mortal."

The question *de Origine et Naturâ Animarum in Brutis* was broght before the Theologians of seven Protestant Academies in the year 1635, by Daniel Sennertus, Pro-

fessor of Medicine at Wittemberg, of whose Institutes Sir Thomas Browne says to a student in that art, "assure yourself that when you are a perfect master of them you will seldom meet with any point in physic to which you will not be able to speak like a man." It was the opinion of this very learned professor that what in scholastic language is called the *form* of every perfect thing, (distinguished from *figure*, — *forma est naturæ bonum, figura, artis opus*,) though it is not a soul, yet even in precious stones is something altogether different from the four elements, and that every soul, or living principle, is a certain quintessence; the wonderful operations in plants, and the more wonderful actions of brute creatures, far exceeding all power of the elements, had convinced him of this. But for asserting it, Freitagius the medical Professor at Groningen attacked him fiercely as a blasphemer and a heretic. Sennertus being then an old man was more moved by this outrage than became one of his attainments and high character. So he laid the case before the Universities of Leipsic, Rostock, Basle, Marburg, Königsberg, Jena, Strasburg, and Altdorff, and he requested their opinion upon these two propositions, whether what he had affirmed, that the souls of brute creatures had been created at first from nothing by the Deity, and were not of an elementary nature, but of something different, was blasphemous and heretical, or whether it were not an ignorant opinion of his assailant, that brute animals consisted wholly of elementary matter, both as to their body and soul?

They all answered the questions more or less at large, the Leipsic Doctors saying, *Officium nostrum duximus esse ut in timore Domini ea sub diligentem disquisitionem vocaremus*. They saw nothing irreligious in the opinion that God at the creation had formed the bodies of brutes from elementary matter, and created their souls *ex nihilo*; after which both were reproduced in the natural course of generation; these souls, however, were not immortal, nor so separable from the matter with which they were united, as to survive

it, and exist without it, or return again into their bodies; but when the animals died, the animal soul died also. Thus the excellence of man was unimpaired, and the privilege of the human soul remained inviolate, the prerogative of man being that God had breathed into him the breath of life, whereby he became a living soul. Thus they fully acquitted Sennertus of the charge brought against him; and waiving any such direct condemnation of his accuser as he had desired, condemned in strong terms the insolent manner in which the accusation had been preferred.

The Theologians of Rostock replied more briefly. Dismissing at once the charge of blasphemy and heresy as absurd, they treated the question as purely philosophical, saying, *Quod de elementari naturâ animarum brutorum dicitur, de illo nostrum non est disserere. Arbitramur, hæc non solum Philosophorum, sed et libertati, super his modestè, veritatis inveniendæ studio, philosophantium permittenda; quos nimium constringere, et unius hominis, Aristotelis, alteriusve, velle alligare opinioni, pugnare videtur cum naturâ intellectus humani, quem nulli opinioni servum Deus esse voluit*. Concerning the second question, they were not willing, they said, to draw the saw of contention with any one; *Si tamen, quod sentimus dicendum est, respondemus, illum qui cælum et terram ex nihilo creavit, non eguisse ullâ materiâ, ex quâ brutorum animas produceret; sed illi placuisse iis quæ Moses recitat verbis compellere terram et aquam, et ad solius Omnipotentis nutum et imperium, ex subjectis quæ compellârit, animas emersisse*. This answer Sennertus obtained through his friend Lauremberg the Horticulturist and Botanist, who advised him at the same time to disregard all invidious attacks; *Turbas tibi dari quòd liberè philosophari satagis, id ipse nosti, neque novum esse, neque insolens, hæc ætate. Eandem tecum sortem experiuntur omnes eleganter et solidè eruditi, quibus quæ paria facere non valet, invidet et oblatrat. Tu verò noli hoc nomine te quicquam macerare neu obtreactionem illam gravius vocare ad animum. Nota est orbi tua eruditio, tua virtus et ingenitas,*

quæ ea propter nullam patietur jacturam. Tu modo, ut hactenus fecisti, pergit bene mereri de Republicâ literariâ, et mihi favere, certò tibi persuasus, habere te hic loci hominem tui amantem, et observantem maxime.

Zuinger answered more at large for the Faculty at Basle. They bade him not to marvel that he should be accused of heresy and blasphemy, seeing that the same charge has been brought against their Theologians, who when they taught according to Scripture that God alone was the Father of the spirits as their parents were of their bodies, and that the reasonable soul therefore was not derived from their parents, but infused and concreated *θέραθεν à Deo ἀμέσως* were accused either of Pelagianism, as if they had denied Original Sin, or of blasphemy, as if they had made God the author of sin. They admonished him to regard such calumnies more justly and quietly, for evil and invidious tongues could never detract from that estimation which he had won for him in the Republic of Letters. Nevertheless as he had asked for their opinion, they would freely deliver it.

First, then, as to the postulate which he had premised in the Epistle accompanying his Questions, that wherever there is creation, something is produced from nothing, (*ubicunque creatio est, ibi aliquid ex nihilo producitur*.) if by this he intended, that in no mode of creation, whether it were *κρίσις*, or *ποίησις*, or *πλάσις*, there was no substrate matter out of which something was made by the omnipotent virtue of the Deity, in that case they thought, that his opinion was contrary to Scripture, forasmuch as it plainly appeared in the book of Genesis, that neither the male nor female were created from nothing, but the man from the dust of the ground, and the woman from one of his ribs, *taquam præcedentibus corporum materieb.* But though it is indubitable that the creation of the soul in either parent was immediately *ex nihilo*, as was shown in the creation of Adam, we see nevertheless that the name of creation has been applied by Moses to the formation (*plasmationi*) of their bodies. But if Sen-

ertus's words were to be understood as intending that wherever there was a creation, something was produced in this either *ex nihilo* absolutely, or relatively and *κατά τι* out of something, some preceding matter, which though certainly in itself something, yet relatively,—that which is made out of it, is nothing, (*nihil, aut non ens*.) because it hath in itself no power, liability, or aptitude that it should either be, or become that which God by his miraculous and omnipotent virtue makes it, they had no difficulty in assenting to this. As for example, the dust of which God formed the body of Adam was something and nothing. Something in itself, for it was earth; nothing in respect of that admirable work of the human body which God formed of it.

As for the question whether his opinion was blasphemous and heretical, it could be neither one nor the other, for it neither derogated from the glory of God, nor touched upon any fundamental article of faith. Some there were who opined that Chaos was created *ex nihilo*, which they understood by Tohu Vabohu, from which all things celestial and elementary were afterwards mediately created by God. Others exploding Chaos held that heaven, earth, water, and air, were created *ex nihilo*. But they did not charge each other with blasphemy and heresy because of this disagreement, and verily they who thought that the souls of brutes were originally created by God *ex nihilo* appeared no more to derogate from the might, majesty and glory of God, than those who held that brutes were wholly created from the element. The virtue of an omnipotent God became in either case presupposed.

There was no heresy, they said, in his assertion that the souls of brutes were not of an elementary nature, but of something different: provided that a just distinction were made between the rational soul and the brute soul, the difference being not merely specific but generic. For the rational soul is altogether of a spiritual nature and essence, *adèque Ens uti vocant transcendens*, bearing the image of God in this, that properly speaking it is a spirit, as God is a Spirit. 2d.

The rational soul as such, as Aristotle himself testifies, has no bodily energies, or operations; its operations indeed are performed in the body but not by the body, nor by bodily organs; but the contrary is true concerning the souls of brutes. 3dly. The rational soul, though it be closely conjoined with the body and hypostatically united therewith, nevertheless is separable therefrom, so that ever out of the body *sit ὑποστάμενον aliquod*; but the souls of brutes are immersed in matter and in bodies, so that they cannot subsist without them. Lastly, the rational soul alone hath the privilege of immortality, it being beyond all controversy that the souls of brutes are mortal and corruptible. These differences being admitted, and saving the due prerogative, excellence, and as it were divinity of the rational soul, the Theological Faculty of Basle thought it of little consequence if any one held that the souls of brutes were of something different from elementary matter.

They delivered no opinion in condemnation of his assailant's doctrine, upon the ground that the question was not within their province. *Certum est*, they said, *uti formas rerum omnium difficulter, et non nisi a posteriori, et per certas περιστάσεις, cognoscere possumus; ita omnium difficillimè Animarum naturam nos pervestigare posse, nostramque, uti in aliis, ita in hac materiâ, scientiam esse, ut scitè Scaliger loquitur, unbram in sole. Ac non dubium, Deum hic vagabundis contemplationibus nostris ponere voluisse, ut disceremus imbecillitatis et cæcitatibus nostræ conscientiâ humiliari, cum stupore opera ejus admirari, atque cœn modestia et sobrietate philosophari.* They declared, however, that the rational soul differed from that of brutes in its nature, essence, properties and actions, and that this was not to be doubted of by Christians: that the soul of brutes was not spiritual, not immaterial, that all its actions were merely material, and performed by corporeal organs, and they referred to Sennertus's own works as rightly affirming that it was partible, *et dividatur ad divisionem materiæ, ita ut cum corporis parte aliquid animæ possit avelli*, inferring here, as

it seems from a false analogy, that animal life was like that of vegetables, *quæ ex parte a plantâ avulsâ propagantur.*

They entered also into some curious criticism metaphysical and philological upon certain texts pertinent to the questions before them. When the dust became lice throughout all the land of Egypt, the mutation of the dust into lice was to be understood: so too in the creation of Adam, and the formation of Eve, there could be no doubt concerning the matter from which both were made. But when water was miraculously produced from the rock, and from the hollow place in the jaw, *ibi sanè nemo sanus dicit, aquam è petrâ aut maxillâ à Deo ita fuisse productam, ut petra aut maxilla materiam aquæ huic præberit.*

The answer from Marpurg was short and satisfactory. There also the Professors waived the philosophical question, saying, *Nos falcem in alienam messem non mittimus, nec Morychi in alieno choro pedem nostrum ponemus, sed nostro modulo ac pede nos metiemur, nobis id etiam dictum putantes, τὰ ὑπὲρ ἡµᾶς εὐδὲν πρὸς ἡµᾶς. Nobis nostra vendicabimus, Philosophis philosophica relinquentes.* Tertullian, they said, had asserted that Philosophers were the Patriarchs of Heretics, nevertheless a philosophical opinion, while it keeps within its own circles, and does not interfere with the mysteries of faith, is no heresy. They adduced a subtle argument to show that upon the point in question there was no real difference between something and nothing. *Creatio ex nihilo intelligitur fieri tum ratione sui principii, quod est nihilum negativum; tum ratione indispotionis, ob quam materia, ex quâ aliquid fit, in productione pro nihilo habetur. Quamvis igitur animæ bestiarum dicerentur in Creatione ex potentiâ materiæ eductæ, nihilominus ob indispotionem materiæ quam formæ eductæ multum superant, ex nihilo create essent.* And they agreed with Luther, and with those other Divines who held that the words in the first Chapter of Genesis whereby the Earth was bade to bring forth grass, herbs, trees, and living creatures after their kind, and the water to bring forth fishes, were to

be strictly understood, the earth and the waters having, *ex Dei benedictione, activè et verè* produced them.

The answer from Konigsberg was not less favourable. The dispute which Freitagius had raised, *infelix illa σύρραξις* they called it, ought to have been carried on by that Professor with more moderation. Granting that the souls of brutes were not created separately like human souls but conjointly with the body, it still remained doubtful *quomodo se habuerit divinum partim ad aquam et terram factum mandatum, partim simultanea brutalium animarum cum corporibus creatio*. For earth and water might here be variously considered, 1, as the element, 2, as the matter, 3, as the subject, and 4, *ut mater vel vivus uterus ad animalium productionem immediatà Dei operatione exaltatus*. Water and earth themselves were first created, and on the fifth the vital and plastic power was communicated to them, in which by virtue of the omnipotent word they still consist. They were of opinion that the souls of brutes and of plants also were divinely raised above an elementary condition, it being always understood that the human soul far transcended them. The expression of Moses that formed every beast and every fowl out of the ground, proved not the matter whereof, but the place wherein they were formed.

The Faculty at Jena returned a shorter reply. The ingratitude of the world toward those who published their lucubrations upon such abstruse points, reminded them, they said, of Luther's complaint in one of his Prefaces: *Sæpe recorder boni Gersonis dubitantis num quid boni publicè scribendum et proferendum sit. Si scriptio omittitur, multæ animæ negliguntur, quæ liberari potuissent; si verò illa præstatur, statim Diabolus præstò est cum linguis pestiferis et calumniarum plenis, quæ omnia corrumpunt et inficiunt*. What was said of the production of fish, plants, and animals might be understood synecdochically, *salvè verborum Mosaicorum integritate*, as the text also was to be understood concerning the creation of man, where it is said that the Lord formed him of the dust of the earth, and immediately afterwards

that he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.

The Strasburg Divines entered upon the subject so earnestly that their disquisition far exceeds in length the whole of the communications from the other Universities. Sennertus could not have wished for a more elaborate or a more gratifying reply. The Faculty at Altdorff said that the question was not a matter of faith, and therefore no one could be obnoxious to the charge of heresy for maintaining or controverting either of the opposite opinions. They seem, however, to have agreed with neither party; not with Freitagius, because they denied that brute souls were of an elementary nature; not with Sennertus, because they denied that they were created at first from nothing. It is manifest, said they, that they are not now created from nothing, because it would follow from thence that they subsist of themselves, and are not dependent upon matter, and are consequently immortal, which is absurd. It remained therefore that the souls of brutes, as they do not now receive their existence from mere nothing, so neither did they at the first creation, but from something presupposed, which the Peripatetics call the power of matter or of the subject, which from the beginning was nothing else, and still is nothing else, than its propension or inclination to this or that form. *Quæ forma multiplex, cum etiam in potentia primi subjecti passiva præcesserit, per miraculosam Dei actionem ex illa fuiteducta, actumque essendi completum in variis animalium specibus accepit*.

Sennertus either published these papers or prepared them for publication just before his death. They were printed in octavo at Wittenberg, with the title *De Origine et Natura Animarum in Brutis, Sententiæ Cl. Theologorum in aliquot Germaniæ Academiis, 1638*. Sprengel observes that none of the Historians of Philosophy have noticed,—

Cætera desunt.

CHAPTER CCXL.

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

Is't you, Sir, that know things ?
SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read. SHAKSPEARE.

THE Jesuit Garasse censured his contemporaries Huarte and Barclay for attempting, the one in his *Examen de los Ingenios*, the other in his *Icon Animorum*, to class men according to their intellectual characters: *ces deux Auteurs*, says he, *se sont rendus criminels contre l'esprit de l'homme, en ce qu'ils ont entrepris de ranger en cinq ou six cahiers, toutes les diversitez des esprits qui peuvent estre parmy les hommes, comme qui voudroit verser toute l'eau de la mer dans une coquille.* For his own part, he had learned, he said, *et par la lecture, et par l'experience, que les hommes sont plus dissemblables en esprit qu'en visage.*

Garasse was right; for there goes far more to the composition of an individual character, than of an individual face. It has sometimes happened that the portrait of one person has proved also to be a good likeness of another. Mr. Hazlitt recognised his own features and expression in one of Michael Angelo's devils. And in real life two faces, even though there be no relationship between the parties, may be all but indistinguishably alike, so that the one shall frequently be accosted for the other; yet no parity of character can be inferred from this resemblance. Poor Capt. Atkins, who was lost in the Defence off the coast of Jutland in 1811, had a double of this kind, that was the torment of his life; for this double was a swindler, who having discovered the lucky facsimileship, obtained goods, took up money, and at last married a wife in his name. Once when the real Capt. Atkins returned from

a distant station, this poor woman, who was awaiting him at Plymouth, put off in a boat, boarded the ship as soon as it came to anchor, and ran to welcome him as her husband.

The following Extraordinary Investigation, cut out of a Journal of the day, would have excited our Doctor's curiosity, and have led him on to remoter speculations.

"On Tuesday afternoon an adjourned inquest was held at the Christchurch workhouse, Boundary-row, Blackfriars-road, before Mr. R. Carter, on the body of Eliza Baker, aged 17, who was found drowned at the steps of Blackfriars-bridge, on Saturday morning, by a police constable. Mr. Peter Wood, an eating-house-keeper, in the Bermondsey New-road, near the Bricklayers Arms, having seen a paragraph in one of the Sunday newspapers, that the body of a female had been taken out of the Thames on the previous day, and carried to the workhouse to be owned, and, from the description given, suspecting that it was the body of a young female who had lived in his service, but who had been discharged by his wife on account of jealousy, he went to the workhouse and recognised the body of the unfortunate girl. He was very much agitated, and he cut off a lock of her hair, and kissed the corpse. He immediately went to an undertaker, and gave orders for the funeral. He then went to the deceased's parents, who reside in Adelaide-place, Whitecross-street, Cripplegate, and informed them of the melancholy fate of their daughter. They also went to the workhouse, and, on being shown the body, were loud in their lamentations.

"On the Jury having assembled on Monday evening, they proceeded to view the body of the deceased, and, on their return, a number of witnesses were examined, mostly relations, who swore positively to the body. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased had lived with Mr. Wood as a servant for four months, but his wife being jealous, she was discharged about a month ago, since which time Mr. Wood had secretly supplied her with money, and kept her from want. Mrs. Baker, the mother of the deceased, and other relations, in giving their

evidence, spoke in severe terms of the conduct of Mr. Wood, and said that they had no doubt but that he had seduced the unfortunate girl, which had caused her to commit suicide.

"The Jury appeared to be very indignant, and, after five hours' deliberation, it was agreed to adjourn the case until Tuesday afternoon, when they re-assembled. Mr. Wood, the alleged seducer, was now present, but he was so overcome by his feelings at the melancholy occurrence, that nothing could be made of him; in fact, he was like a man in a state of stupefaction. Mrs. Wood, the wife, was called in; she is twenty-eight years older than her husband, and shook her head at him, but nothing was elicited from her, her passion completely overcoming her reason.

"A Juryman.—'The more we dive into this affair the more mysterious it appears against Mr. Wood.'

"This remark was occasioned on account of some marks of violence on the body; there had been a violent blow on the nose, a black mark on the forehead, and a severe wound on the thigh. The Jury were commencing to deliberate on their verdict, when a drayman in the employ of Messrs. Whitbread and Co., brewers, walked into the jury-room, and said that he wished to speak to the Coroner and Jury.

"Mr. Carter.—'What is it you want?'

"Drayman.—'I comes to say, gentlemen, that Mrs. Baker's daughter, you are now holding an inquest on, is now alive and in good health.'

"The Coroner and Jury (in astonishment).—'What do you say?'

"Drayman.—'I'll swear that I met her to-day in the streets, and spoke to her.'

"The Coroner, Witnesses, and Jury were all struck with amazement, and asked the drayman if he could bring Eliza Baker forward, which he undertook to do in a short time.

"In the interim the Jury and Witnesses went again to view the body of the deceased. Mr. Wood shed tears over the corpse, and was greatly affected, as well as her relations:

the drayman's story was treated as nonsense, but the Jury, although of the same opinion, were determined to await his return. In about a quarter of an hour the drayman returned, and introduced the real Eliza Baker, a fine looking young woman, and in full health. To depict the astonishment of the relations and of Mr. Wood is totally impossible, and at first they were afraid to touch her. She at last went forward, and took Mr. Wood by the hand (who stood motionless), and exclaimed, 'How could you make such a mistake as to take another body for mine? Do you think I would commit such an act?' Mr. Wood could not reply, but fell senseless in a fit, and it was with great difficulty that seven men could hold him. After some time he recovered, and walked away, to the astonishment of every one, with Eliza Baker, leaving his wife in the jury-room. Several of the Jurors remarked that they never saw such a strong likeness in their lives as there was between Eliza Baker and the deceased, which fully accounted for the mistake that the Witnesses had made.

"The whole scene was most extraordinary, and the countenances of Witnesses and Jurymen it is impossible to describe. There was no evidence to prove who the deceased was: and the Jury, after about eleven hours' investigation, returned a verdict of 'Found drowned,' but by what means the deceased came into the water there is no evidence to prove."

But in such likenesses, the resemblance is probably never so exact as to deceive an intimate friend, except upon a cursory glance, at first sight: even between twins, when any other persons might be perplexed, the parents readily distinguish. The varieties of countenances are far more minute, and consequently more numerous, than would appear upon light consideration. A shepherd knows the face of every sheep in his flock, though to an inexperienced eye they all seem like one another.

The tendency of Nature is to preserve its own archetypal forms, the tendency of art and of what is called accident being to vary

them. The varieties which are produced in plants by mere circumstances of soil and situation are very numerous, but those which are produced by culture are almost endless. Moral and physical circumstances effect changes as great, both externally and internally, in man. Whoever consults the elaborate work of Dr. Prichard on the Physical History of Mankind, may there see it established by the most extensive research and the most satisfactory proofs, that the varieties of the human race, great and striking as they are, are all derived from one stock; philosophical inquiry here, when fully and fairly pursued, confirming the scriptural account, as it has done upon every subject which is within the scope of human investigation.

Dr. Dove, in the course of his professional practice, had frequent opportunities of observing the stamp of family features at those times when it is most apparent; at birth, and in the last stage of decline, — for the elementary lines of the countenance come forth as distinctly in death as they were shaped in the womb. It is one of the most affecting circumstances connected with our decay and dissolution, that all traces of individual character in the face should thus disappear, the natural countenance alone remaining, and that in this respect, the fresh corpse should resemble the new-born babe. He had, in the same way, opportunities for observing that there were family dispositions both of body and mind, some remaining latent till the course of time developed them, and others, till circumstances seemed as it were to quicken them into action. Whether these existed in most strength where the family likeness was strongest, was a point on which his own observation was not extensive enough for him to form an opinion. Speculatively he inclined to think that moral resemblances were likely to manifest themselves in the countenance, but that constitutional ones must often exist where there could be no outward indication of them. Thus a family heart, (metaphorically speaking,) may be recognised in the "life, conduct, and behaviour," though the face

should be a false index; and hereditary tendencies in the great organs of life show themselves only in family diseases.

Under our Saxon Kings, a person was appointed in every great Monastery to record public events, register the deaths, promotions, &c. in the community, and enter in this current chronicle every occurrence in the neighbourhood which was thought worthy of notice. At the end of every reign, a summary record was compiled from these materials, — and to this we owe our Saxon Chronicle, the most ancient and authentic in Europe.

But he often regretted that in every generation so much knowledge was lost, and that so much experience was continually allowed to run to waste, many — very many of the evils which afflict mankind being occasioned by this neglect, and perpetuated by it. Especially he regretted this in his own art: and this regret would not have been removed if Medical Journals had been as numerous in his days as they are at present. His wishes went much farther.

We are told that in the sixteenth century the great Lords in France piqued themselves upon having able and learned men for their secretaries, and treated them as their friends. The principal business of such secretaries was to keep a journal of the most interesting events; and the masters having witnessed or borne a part in the business of state, were well able to inform them of the intrigues and tortuous policy of their own times. From such journals it is that most of those old Memoirs have been formed, in which French literature is so peculiarly rich. They usually include as much general history as is in any way connected with the personage whom the writer served.

Boswell, who if ever man went to Heaven for his good works, has gone there for his life of Johnson, — Boswell, I say, thought, and Johnson agreed with him, that there ought to be a chronicler kept in every considerable family, to preserve the characters and transactions of successive generations. In like manner, Milton's friend, Henry

More, the Platonist and Poet, would have had the stories of apparitions and witchcraft publicly recorded, as they occurred in every parish, thinking that this course would prove "one of the best antidotes against that earthly and cold disease of Sadducism and Atheism," which he said, "if not prevented might easily grow upon us, to the hazard of all religion and the best kinds of philosophy." Our philosopher had more comprehensive notions of what ought to be. He wished not only for such domestic chronicles, but that in every considerable family there should be a compleat set of portraits preserved in every generation, taken in so small a size that it might never be necessary to eject them in order to make room for others. When this had been done for some centuries, it might be seen how long a family likeness remains; whether Nature repeats her own forms at certain times, or after uncertain intervals; or whether she allows them to be continually modified, as families intermarry, till the original type at last may altogether be obliterated.

In China there are not only learned men, whose business it is to record everything remarkable that is either said or done by the reigning Emperor, (which is done for his own instruction, as well as for that of his successors,) but the great families have, in like manner, their records, and these are considered as the most precious part of the inheritance which descends from sire to son. All who aspire to any high office are required to be well acquainted with the history of their ancestors, and in that history their indispensable qualifications are examined.

That excellent good man Gilpin drew up a family record of his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father, who had all been "very valuable men." "I have often thought," said he, "such little records might be very useful in families; whether the subjects of them were good or bad. A light-house may serve equally the purpose of leading you into a haven, or deterring you from a rock."*

If it may stand with your soft blush, to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see
In my character what your features be,
You will not from the paper slightly pass.
No lady, but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Removed, as you from need to have it such.†

There was once a German who, being a poet, physician, and physiognomist, saw in a vision of Paradise Physiognomy herself, and received from her a most gracious compliment, which lay buried among the Heidelberg Manuscripts in the Vatican, till Frederick Adeling, in the year 1799, brought it to light some centuries after the very name of the poet had perished. Read the compliment, reader, if thou canst, as given by the German antiquary, without note, comment, glossary, or punctuation. I can answer for the fidelity of my transcript, though not of his text.

*Zu mir in gar gleicher wise
Quam us hymels paradyse
Vil manich schöne frouwe name
Jeglicher wol die kron zam
Sie waren schöne und geleit
Frawelicher zuchte mynnekeit
Sie ziert ine dinne riche gewant
Mir wart iglicher name bekant
Wanne er in geschriben was
An ir vorgespän als ich las
PHISONOMIA kunstenriche
Gutlicht redt wider mich
Wir hyden dich herre bescheiden
Das du in gottes geledien
Dust machen myne lobelich kunst
So hastu mynnechtichen gunst
Von mir und myner gespilen vil
Der igliche dich des bidden wil
Das du in erkennen gebest
Und du in unser früntschaft lebest
Alleine din cleit sy donne
Got wil dir geben solich wonne
Die mannich geleterter mane
Nummer mer geuynnen kan.*

There was no truth in Physiognomy when she made this promise to her medico-poet. Yet he deserved her gratitude, for he taught that her unerring indications might be read not in the countenance alone, but in all the members of the human body.

In cases of disputed inheritance, when it is contended that the heir claimant is not the son of his reputed father, but a spurious or supposititious child, such a series of portraits would be witnesses, he thought,

* WAGNER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

† BEN J. NSON.

against whose evidence no exception could be taken. Indeed such evidence would have disproved the impudent story of the Warming Pan, if anything had depended upon legitimacy in that case; and in our times it might divest D. Miguel of all claim to the crown of Portugal, by right of birth.

But these legal and political uses he regarded as trifling, when compared with the physiological inferences which in process of time might be obtained, for on this subject Mr. Shandy's views were far short of Dr. Dove's. The improvement of noses would be only an incidental consequence of the knowledge that might be gathered from the joint materials of the family portrait gallery, and the family chronicle. From a comparison of these materials it might be inferred with what temperaments of mind and of body, with what qualities good or evil, certain forms of feature, and certain characters of countenance, were frequently found to be connected. And hence it might ultimately be learned how to neutralise evil tendencies by judicious intermarriages, how to sweeten the disposition, cool the temper, and improve the blood.

To be sure there were some difficulties in the way. You might expect from the family chronicler a faithful notice of the diseases which had proved dangerous or fatal; to this part of his duty there could be no objection. But to assure the same fidelity concerning moral and intellectual failings or vices, requires a degree of independence not to be hoped for from a writer so circumstanced. If it had still been the custom for great families to keep a Fool, as in old times, our Philosopher in his legislative character would have required that the Fool's more notable sayings should be recorded, well knowing that in his privileged freedom of speech, and the monitions and rebukes which he conveyed in a jest, the desiderated information would be contained. But in our present state of manners he could devise no better check upon the family historiographer,—no better provision against his sins, both of omission and of commission, than that of the village or parish chronicle;

for in every village or parish he would have had every notable event that occurred within its boundaries duly and authentically recorded. And as it should be the Chronicler's duty to keep a Remembrancer as well as a Register, in which whatever he could gather from tradition, or from the recollections of old persons, was to be preserved, the real character which every person of local distinction had left behind him among his domestics and his neighbours would be found here, whatever might be recorded upon his monument.

By these means, one supplying the deficiencies of the other, our Philosopher thought a knowledge of the defects and excellencies of every considerable family might be obtained, sufficient for the purposes of physiology, and for the public good.

There was a man in the neighbouring village of Bentley, who, he used to say, would have made an excellent Parish Chronicler, an office which he thought might well be united with that of Parish Clerk.* This person went by the name of Billy Dutchman: he was a journeyman stone-mason, and kept a book wherein he inserted the name of every one by whom he had been employed, how many days he had worked in every week, and how many he had been idle, either owing to sickness or any other cause, and what money he had earned in each week, summing up the whole at the year's end. His earning in the course of nine and twenty years, beginning in 1767, amounts to £583 18s. 3d., being, he said, upon an average, seven shillings and ninepence a-week.

The Doctor would have approved of Jacob Abbott's extension of his own plan and adaptation of it to a moral and religious

* Such a Chronicler is old JAMES LONG—now 77 years of age—50 of which he has served in the capacity of Parish Clerk of West-Tarring, in the County of Sussex. There is no by-gone incident in this, or the neighbouring Parishes,—no mere-stone or balk—with which he is not acquainted. Aged and truthful Chronicler!

—Enjoy thy plainness

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Since the above was written the old man has been gathered to his fathers. *Requiescat in pace!*

purpose. Jacob Abbott, without any view to the physical importance of such documents, advises that domestic journals should be kept: "Let three or four of the older brothers and sisters of a family agree to write a history of the family; any father would procure a book for this purpose, and if the writers are young, the articles intended for insertion in it might be written first on separate paper, and then corrected and transcribed. The subjects suitable to be recorded in such a book will suggest themselves to every one; a description of the place of residence at the time of commencing the book, with similar descriptions of other places from time to time, in case of removals; the journies or absences of the head of the family or its members; the sad scenes of sickness or death which may be witnessed, and the joyous ones of weddings, or festivities, or holydays; the manner in which the members are from time to time employed; and pictures of the scenes which the fire-side group exhibits in the long winter evening, or the conversation which is heard, and the plans formed at the supper table or in the morning walk.

"If a family, where it is first established, should commence with such a record of their own efforts and plans, and the various dealings of Providence towards them, the father and the mother carrying it on jointly until the children are old enough to take the pen, they would find the work a source of great improvement and pleasure. It would tend to keep distinctly in view the great objects for which they ought to live; and repeatedly recognizing, as they doubtless would do, the hand of God, they would feel more sensibly and more constantly their dependence upon him."

CHAPTER CCXLI.

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

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

THE Doctor's plan would have provided materials for a moral and physiological Cadastre, or Domesday Book. This, indeed, is the place for stating what the reader, knowing as much as he knows of our Philosopher, will not be surprised to hear, that Dr. Dove had conceived an Utopia of his own. He fixed it an island, thinking the sea to be the best of all neighbours, and he called it Columbia, not as pretending that it had been discovered by his "famous namesake," but for a reason which the sagacious may divine.

The scheme of his government had undergone many changes, although from the beginning it was established upon the eternal and immutable principles of truth and justice. Every alteration was intended to be final; yet it so happened that, notwithstanding the proposed perpetuity of the structure, and the immutability of the materials, he frequently found cause to exercise the imperscriptible and inalienable right of altering and improving his own work. He justified this, as being himself sole legislator, and moreover the only person in existence whose acceptance of the new constitution was necessary for its full establishment; and no just objection, he said, could be advanced against any of these changes, if they were demonstrably for the better, not merely innovations, but improvements also; for no possible revolution, however great, or however suddenly effected, could occasion the slightest evil to his Commonwealth. Governments *in nubibus* being mended as easily as they are made, for which, as for many other reasons, they are so much better

than any that are now actually existing, have existed, or ever will exist.

At first he denominated his Commonwealth an Iatrarchy, and made the Archiatros, or Chief Physician, head of the state. But upon after consideration he became convinced that the cares of general government, after all the divisions and subdivisions which could be made, were quite enough for any one head, however capacious and however strong, and however ably assisted. Columbia, therefore, was made an absolute monarchy, hereditary in the male line, according to the Salic law.

How did he hold sweet dalliance with his crown,
And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of a most large and absolute extent,
Rules which from sense of public virtue spring,
And all at once commence a Patriot King!*

O Simon Bolivar, once called the Liberator, if thou couldst have followed the example of this less practical but more philosophical statesman, and made and maintained thyself as absolute monarch of thy Columbia, well had it been for thy Columbians and for thee! better still for thyself, it may be feared, if thou hadst never been born.

There was an order of hereditary nobles in the Doctor's Columbia; men were raised to that rank as a just reward for any signal service which they had rendered to the state; but on the other hand an individual might be degraded for any such course of conduct as evinced depravity in himself, or was considered as bringing disgrace upon his order. The chiefs of the Hierarchy, the Iatrarchy, the Nomarchy and the Hoplarchy, (under which title both sciences, naval and military, were comprised,) were, like our Bishops, Peers of the realm by virtue of their station, and for life only.

I do not remember what was the scheme of representation upon which his House of Commons was elected, farther than it commenced with universal suffrage and ascended through several stages, the lowest assembly choosing electors for the next above it, so that the choice ultimately rested with those

who from their education and station of life might be presumed to exercise it with due discretion. Such schemes are easily drawn up; making and mending constitutions, to the entire satisfaction of the person so employed, being in truth among the easiest things in the world. But like most Utopianisers the legislator of this Columbia had placed his Absolute King and his free People under such strict laws, and given such functions to the local authorities, and established such compleat and precise order in every tything, that the duties of the legislative body were easy indeed; this its very name imported; for he called it the Conservative Assembly.

Nor is Crown-wisdom any quintessence
Of abstract truth, or art of Government,
More than sweet sympathy, or counterpease
Of humours, temper'd happily to please.†

The legislator of Columbia considered good policy as a very simple thing. He said to his King, his Three Estates and his collective nation, with the inspired lawgiver, "and now Israel what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul: to keep the commandments of the Lord and his statutes, which I command thee, this day, for thy good?" And he added with St. Paul, "now the end of the commandment is charity, out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."

Take care of the pennies, says the frugal old Proverb, and the pounds will take care of themselves. *Les petites choses*, says M. de Custine, *sont tout ce qu'on sent de l'existence; les grandes se savent, ce qui est très-différent*. Take care of little things, was the Doctor's maxim as a legislator, and great ones will then proceed regularly and well. He was not ignorant that legislators as well as individuals might be penny-wise and pound foolish; proofs enough he had seen in the conduct of the English Government, and many more and more glaring ones he

* CHURCHILL

† LORD BROOKE.

would have seen if he had lived to behold the progress of economical reform and liberal legislation. He also knew that an over-attention to trifles was one sure indication of a little mind; but in legislation as in experimental philosophy, he argued, that circumstances which appeared trifling to the ignorant were sometimes in reality of essential importance, that those things are not trifles upon which the comfort of domestic life, the peace of a neighbourhood, and the stability of a state depend, and yet all these depend mainly upon things apparently so trifling as common schools and parochial government.

"I have ever observed it," says Ben Jonson, "to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters."

CHAPTER CXXLII.

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

— *Io non ci ho interesse*

Nessun, nè vi fui mai, ne manco chieggo

Per quel ch' io ne vò dir, d' esservi messo.

Vò dir, che senza passion eteggo,

E non forzato, e senza pigliar parte;

Di dirne tutto quel, ch' intendo e veggo.

BRONZINO PITTORE.

ONE cause why infidelity gained ground among the middle and the lower classes was, that owing to the increase of population, the growth of the metropolis, and the defects of our Church Establishment, no provision had been made for their religious instruction. Every one belonged to a parish, but in populous parishes a small part only of the parishioners belonged to the Clergyman's flock; his fold in very many places would not have contained half, and in some not a tenth of them; they were left therefore as stray

sheep, for false shepherds and for the wolf. This was the main cause of the increase of dissenters among us, and their increase occasioned an increase of infidelity. Many of their ministers and more of their students, revolting against the monstrous doctrines of Calvinism, passed from one extreme to the other, more gradually indeed than their brethren have done in Germany, in Geneva, and in New England, for they halted awhile on Arian ground, before they pitched their tents in the debateable land of Socinianism, where not a few of them afterwards crossed the border. The principle of Nonconformity itself led naturally to this consequence; it scornfully rejected that reasonable and well-defined submission to authority required by the Church of England, which is the true Catholic Church; and thus it encouraged, and indeed invited, tutors and pupils at their Academies to make their own immature and ill-instructed reason the test of all truths. A good and wise man has well remarked that "what men take for, or at least assert to be, the dictates of their conscience, may often in fact be only the dictates of their pride." With equal truth also he has said that he who "decides for himself in rejecting what almost all others receive, has not shewn himself at least in one instance to be a 'wise man;'—he does not 'know that he is a fool.'"

This cause was continually operating upon their students and younger ministers during the latter half of the last century. It was suspended first by the missionary spirit, which called forth a high degree of enthusiasm, and gave that feeling its most useful direction, and secondly by the revival of political Puritanism, as soon as the successors of the Parliamentary Divines thought themselves strong enough to act as a party in the state, and declare war against the Establishment. But as in that time, so in a greater degree at present, the floating population, who by no fault of their own are extra-parochial as to all purposes of church-worship and religious instruction, are as much endangered by facility of change, as the students used to be by their boasted

liberty of choice. Sectarian history might supply numerous examples; one may be related here for the extraordinary way in which it terminated. I know not from what community of Christians the hero of the tale strayed over to the Methodists, but he enjoyed for awhile the dream of perfection, and the privilege of assurance as one of their members. When this excitement had spent itself, he sought for quietness among the Quakers, *thee'd* his neighbour, wore drab, and would not have pulled off his hat to the King. After awhile, from considering, with them, that baptism was a beggarly element, he passed to the opposite extreme; it was not enough for him to have been sprinkled in his infancy, he must be dipped over head and ears in the water, and up he rose, rejoicing as he shook his dripping locks, that he was now a Baptist. His zeal then took another direction; he had a strong desire to convert the lost sheep of Israel; and off he sets from a remote part of the country to engage in single controversy with a learned Rabbi in one of the Midland counties. Tell it not in Duke's-Place! Publish it not in the Magazine of the Society for converting the Jews!—The Rabbi converted him: and if the victor in the dispute had thought proper to take the *spolia opima* which were fairly lost, the vanquished would have paid the penalty, as he conceived himself in honour and in conscience bound. He returned home glorying in his defeat, a Jew in everything but parentage and the outward and visible sign. The sons of the synagogue are not ambitious of making converts, and they did not choose to adopt him by performing the initiating rites. He obtained it, however, from a Christian surgeon, who, after many refusals, was induced at length in humanity to oblige him, lest, as he solemnly declared he would, he should perform it upon himself.

They who begin in enthusiasm, passing in its heat and giddiness from one sect to another, and cooling at every transition, generally settle in formalism, where they find some substantial worldly motives for becoming fixed; but where the worldly motives are wanting, it depends upon temperament

and accident whether they run headlong into infidelity, or take refuge from it in the Roman Catholic church. The papal clergy in England have always known how to fish in troubled waters; and when the waters are still, there are few among them who have not been well instructed in the art of catching gudgeons. Our clergy have never been, in the same sense, fishers of men.

In an epigram written under the portrait of Gibbon, as unquotable at length, as it is unjust in part of the lines which may be quoted, the face is said to be

— the likeness of one
Who through every religion in Europe has run
And ended at last in believing in none.

It was a base epigram which traduced the historian's political character for no other reason than that he was not a Whig; and it reproached him for that part of his conduct which was truly honourable,—the sincerity with which, when ill-instructed, he became a Roman Catholic, and the propriety with which, after full and patient investigation, he gave up the tenets of the Romish church as untenable. That he proceeded farther, and yielded that which can be maintained against the Gates of Hell, is to be lamented deeply for his own sake, and for those in whom he has sown the seeds of infidelity. But the process from change to change is a common one, and the cases are few wherein there is so much to extenuate the culpability of the individual. It was not in the self-sufficiency of empty ignorance that Gibbon and Bayle went astray; generally the danger is in proportion to the want of knowledge; there are more shipwrecks among the shallows than in the deep sea.

During the great Rebellion, when the wild beasts had trampled down the fences, broken into the vineyard and laid it waste, it is curious to observe the course taken by men who felt for various causes, according to their different characters, the necessity of attaching themselves to some religious communion. Cottington, being in Spain, found it convenient to be reconciled to the Romish church; the dominant religion being to him, as a politician, the best. Weak and plodding

men like Father Cressey took the same turn in dull sincerity: Davenant, because he could not bear the misery of a state of doubt, and was glad to rest his head upon the pillow of authority; Goring from remorse; Digby (a little later) from ambition, and Lambert, because he was sick of the freaks and follies of the sectaries.

Their "opinions and contests," says Sir Philip Warwick, "flung all into chaos, and this gave the great advantages to the Romanists, who want not their differences among themselves, but better manage them; for they having retained a great part of primitive truths, and having to plead some antiquity for their many doctrinal errors and their ambitious and lucrative encroachments, and having the policy of flinging colloquentia into our pot, by our dissensions and follies, they have with the motion of the circle of the wheel, brought themselves who were at the Nadir, to be almost at the Zenith of our globe."

In no other age (except in our own and now from a totally different cause) did the Papists increase their numbers so greatly in this kingdom. And infidelity in all its grades kept pace with Popery. "Look but upon many of our Gentry," says Sanderson, (writing under the Commonwealth,) "what they are already grown to from what they were, within the compass of a few years: and then *ex pede Herculem*; by that, guess what a few years more may do. Do we not see some, and those not a few, that have strong natural parts, but little sense of religion turned (little better than professed) Atheists. And other some, nor those a few, that have good affections, but weak and unsettled judgements, or (which is still but the same weakness) an overweening opinion of their own understandings, either quite turned, or upon the point of turning Papists? These be sad things, God knoweth, and we all know, not visibly imputable to anything so much, as to those distractions, confusions, and uncertainties that in point of religion have broken in upon us, since the late changes that have happened among us in church affairs."

The Revolution by which the civil and religious liberties of the British nation were, at great cost, preserved, stopped the growth of Popery among us for nearly an hundred years: but infidelity meanwhile was little impeded in its progress by the occasional condemnation of a worthless book; and the excellent works which were written to expose the sophistry, the ignorance, and the misrepresentations of the infidel authors seldom found readers among the persons to whom they might have been most useful. It may be questioned whether any of Jeremy Bentham's unbelieving disciples has ever read Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, or the kindred work of Skelton which a London bookseller published upon Hume's *imprimatur*.

CHAPTER CCXLIII.

BREVITY BEING THE SOUL OF WIT THE
AUTHOR STUDIES CONCISENESS.

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

Who was Pompey?

"The Dog will have his day," says Shakespeare. And the Dog must have his Chapter, say I. But I will defer writing that Chapter till the Dog-days.

CHAPTER CCXLIV.

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

—'Αλλὰ σὺ πάντα μαθὼν, βίοντι παρὶ τίμα
Ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἄλλῃ χαριζόμενος. SIMONIDES.

In the thirtieth chapter of the Book called Ecclesiasticus, and at the twenty-fifth verse, are these words

A cheerful and a good heart will have a care of his meat and diet.

This is not the text to a sermon, but the beginning of a Chapter. There is no reason why a chapter, as well as a sermon, should not be thus impressively introduced: and if this Chapter should neither be so long as a

sermon, nor so dull as those discourses which perchance and (I fear) per-likelihood, it may be thy fortune to hear, O Reader, at thy parish church, or in phrase nonconformist, to sit under at the conventicle, it will be well for thee: for having began to read it, I dare say thou wilt peruse it orally, or ocularly, to the end.

A cheerful and a good heart the Doctor had; ay, as cheerful and good a one as ever man was blessed with. He held with Bishop Hacket, that melancholy was of all humours the fittest to make a bath for the Devil, and that cheerfulness and innocent pleasure preserve the mind from rust, and the body from putrifying with dulness and distempers; wherefore that Bishop of good and merry memory would sometimes say, he did not like to look upon a sour man at dinner, and if his guests were pleased within, would bid them hang out the white flag in their countenance.

*Udite, udite amici, un cor giocondo
E Rey del Mondo.*

And if the poet says true, (which I will be sworn he does,) our Doctor might be more truly King of the World, than Kehama after he had performed his sacrifice.

His cheerfulness he would not have exchanged for all the bank-bills which ever bore the signature of Abraham Newland, or his successor Henry Hase; he thanked his Maker for it; and that it had been kept from corruption, and made so far good as (with all Christian humility) to be self-approved; he thanked his heavenly Father also for the free grace vouchsafed him, and his earthly one for having trained him in the way that he should go.

Cheerful and grateful takers the Gods love,
And such as wait their pleasures with full hopes;
The doubtful and distrustful man Heaven frowns at.*

Being thus cheerful and good, he had that care of his meat and diet which the son of Sirach commends in the text, and notices as an indication of cheerfulness and goodness.

Understand me, Reader: and understand the author of the Wisdom. It was not such a care of his meat and diet as Apicius has

been infamed for in ancient, and Darteneuf in modern times; not such as Lucullus was noted for, or Sir William Curtis, with whom Lucullus, had he been an English East Indian Governor, instead of a Roman Prætor, might have been well pleased to dine. Read Landor's conversation between Lucullus and Cæsar, if thou art a scholar, Reader, and if anything can make thee think with respect and admiration of Lucullus, it will be the beautiful strain of feeling and philosophy that thou wilt find there. Wouldst thou see another work of first-rate genius, not less masterly in its kind, go and see Chantrey's bust of Sir William Curtis; and when thou shalt have seen what he hath made of that countenance, thou wilt begin to think it not impossible that a silk purse may be made of a sow's ear. Shame on me that in speaking of those who have gained glory by giving good dinners, I should have omitted the name of Michael Angelo Taylor, he having been made immortal for this his great and singular merit!

Long before the son of Sirach, Solomon had spoken to the same effect: "there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in its labour. This also I saw that it was from the hand of God." "Go thy way," said the wisest of monarchs and of men, in his old age, when he took a more serious view of his past life; the honours, pleasures, wealth, wisdom, he had so abundantly enjoyed; the errors and miscarriages which he had fallen into; the large experience and many observations he had made, of things natural, moral, domestical: civil, sensual, divine: the curious and critical inquiry he had made after true happiness, and what contribution all things under the sun could afford thereunto: — "Go thy way," he said, "eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart!"

"Inasmuch," says Bishop Reynolds in his commentary upon this passage, "as the dead neither know, nor enjoy, any of these worldly blessings; and inasmuch as God gives them to his servants in love, and as comfortable refreshments unto them in the days of their

vanity, therefore he exhorteth unto a cheerful fruition of them, while we have time and liberty so to do; that so the many other sorrows and bitterness which they shall meet with in this life, may be mitigated and sweetened unto them. He speaketh not of sensual, epicurean, and brutish excess; but of an honest, decent, and cheerful enjoyment of blessings, with thankfulness, and in the fear of God." "A merry heart," the Bishop tells us, might in this text have been rendered a *good* one; as, in other parts of scripture, a *sad* heart is called an *evil* heart. "It is pleasing unto God," says the Bishop, "that when thou hast in the fear of his name, and in obedience to his ordinance, laboured, and by his blessing gotten thee thine appointed portion, then thou shouldst, after an honest, cheerful, decent and liberal manner, without further anxiety or solicitousness, enjoy the same. This is the principal boundary of our outward pleasures and delights, still to keep ourselves within such rules of piety and moderation, as that our ways may be pleasing unto God. And this shows us the true way to find sweetness in the creature, and to feel joy in the fruition thereof; namely, when our persons and our ways are pleasing unto God: for piety doth not exclude, but only moderate earthly delights; and so moderate them, that though they be not so excessive as the luxurious and sensual pleasures of foolish epicures, yet they are far more pure, sweet, and satisfactory, as having no guilt, no gall, no curse, nor inward sorrow and terrors attending on them."

Farther the Bishop observes, that food and raiment, being the substantial of outward blessings, Solomon has directed unto cheerfulness in the one, and unto decency and comeliness in the other. He hath advised us also to let the head lack no ointment, such perfumes being an expression of joy used in feasts; "the meaning is," says the Bishop, "that we should lead our lives with as much freeness, cheerfulness, and sweet delight, in the liberal use of the good blessings of God, as the quality of our degree, the decency of our condition, and the rules

of religious wisdom, and the fear of God, do allow us; not sordidly or frowardly denying ourselves the benefit of those good things which the bounty of God hath bestowed upon us."

It is the etiquette of the Chinese Court for the Emperor's physicians to apply the same epithet to his disease as to himself — so they talk of his most high and mighty diarrhœa.

At such a point of etiquette the Doctor would laugh — but he was all earnestness when one like Bishop Hacket said, "Do not disgrace the dignity of a Preacher, when every petty vain occasion doth challenge the honour of a sermon before it. If ever there were τὸ εἶον οὐκ ἐν τῷ εἶοντι, — a good work marred for being done unreasonably," — (in the Doctor's own words, *Grace before a sluttish meal, a dirty table-cloth*) — "now it is when grace before meat will not serve the turn, but every luxurious feast must have the benediction of a preacher's pains before it. *Quis te ferat cœnantem ut Lucullus, concionantem ut Cato?* Much less is it to be endured, that somebody must make a sermon, before Lucullus hath made a supper. It is such a flout upon our calling methinks, as the Chaldeans put upon the Jews in their captivity, — they in the height of their jollity must have *one of the Songs of Sion*."

The Doctor agreed in the main with Lord Chesterfield in his opinion upon political dieteticks.

"The Egyptians who were a wise nation," says that noble author, "thought so much depended upon diet, that they dieted their kings, and prescribed by law both the quality and quantity of their food. It is much to be lamented, that those bills of fare are not preserved to this time, since they might have been of singular use in all monarchical governments. But it is reasonably to be conjectured, from the wisdom of that people, that they allowed their kings no aliments of a bilious or a choleric nature, and only such as sweetened their juices, cooled their blood, and enlivened their faculties, — if they had any."

He then shows that what was deemed necessary for an Egyptian King is not less so for a British Parliament. For, "suppose," he says, "a number of persons, not over-lively at best, should meet of an evening to concert and deliberate upon public measures of the utmost consequence, grunting under the load and repletion of the strongest meats, panting almost in vain for breath, but quite in vain for thought, and reminded only of their existence by the unsavoury returns of an olio; what good could be expected from such a consultation? The best one could hope for would be, that they were only assembled for show, and not for use; not to propose or advise, but silently to submit to the orders of some one man there, who, feeding like a rational creature, might have the use of his understanding.

"I would therefore recommend it to the consideration of the legislature, whether it may not be necessary to pass an act, to restrain the licentiousness of eating, and assign certain diets to certain ranks and stations; I would humbly suggest the strict vegetable as the properest ministerial diet, being exceedingly tender of those faculties in which the public is so highly interested, and very unwilling they should be clogged or incumbered."

"The Earl of Carlisle," says Osborne, in his Traditional Memorials, "brought in the vanity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefathers' time, and for aught I have read, or at least remember, unpractised by the most luxurious tyrants. The manner of which was, to have the board covered at the first entrance of the guests, with dishes, as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with the choicest viands sea or land could afford: and all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away, and fresh set on to the same height, having only this advantage of the other, that it was hot.

"I cannot forget one of the attendants of

the King, that at a feast made by this monster in excess, eats to his single share a whole pye, reckoned to my Lord at ten pounds, being composed of ambergreece, magisterial of pearl, musk, &c., yet was so far, (as he told me,) from being sweet in the morning, that he almost poisoned his whole family, flying himself, like the Satyr, from his own stink. And after such suppers huge banquets no less profuse, a waiter returning his servant home with a cloak-bag full of dried sweetmeats and confects, valued to his Lordship at more than ten shillings the pound."

But, gentle and much esteemed Reader, and therefore esteemed because gentle, instead of surfeiting thy body, let me recreate thy mind, with the annexed two Sonnets of Milton, which tell of innocent mirth, and the festive but moderate enjoyment of the rational creature.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season, gaining? time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What next repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes of Tuscan air?
*He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.*

TO SYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws:
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
*And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day
 And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.*

Thou canst cure the body and the mind,
Rare Doctor, with thy two-fold soundest art ;
Hippocrates hath taught thee the one kind,
Apollo and the Muse the other part ;
And both so well that thou well both dost please,
The mind with pleasure, and the corpse with ease.

DAVIES OF HEREFORD.

FRAGMENTS TO THE DOCTOR.

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

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

ROSWALL AND LILLIAN.

A STORY was told me with an assurance that it was literally true, of a Gentleman who being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the place and time appointed was met by a Lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the Gentleman as well as the Lady was in earnest. He, however, unluckily seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife Queen Mary of Aragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. Cœlebs advertised a second time, appointing a different Square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same Lady, — they recognised each other, could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering Bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment he met the equally persevering Spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humour, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this

third interview led to a marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one.

When Don Argentes Prince of Galdasse had been entrapped into the hands of a revengeful woman whose husband he had slain in fair combat, he said to two handsome widows who were charged every day to punish him with stripes, *que par raison là on se se voit une grande beauté n'a pas lieu la cruauté ou autre vice* — and the Chronieler of this generation of the house of Amadis, observes that this assertion *fut bien verifié en ces deux jeunes veufues douées de grande beauté, lesquelles considerans la beauté et disposition de ce jeune chevalier et la vertu de sa personne, presterent l'oreille aux raisons qu'il alleguoit pour son excuse, et aux louanges qu'il leur donnoit de rare et singuliere beauté, de maniere qu'elles eurent pitié de luy.*

“I can hardly forbear fancying,” says Lord Shaftesbury, “that if we had a sort of Inquisition, or formal Court of Judicature, with grave Officers and Judges, erected to restrain poetical licence, and in general to suppress that fancy and humour of versification, but in particular that most extravagant passion of Love, as it is set out by Poets, in its heathenish dress of Venus's and Cupids; if the Poets, as ringleaders and teachers of this heresy, were under grievous penalties forbid to enchant the people by their vein of rhyming; and if the People, on the other side, were under proportionable penalties forbid to hearken to any such charm, or lend their attention to any love-tale, so much as in a play, a novel, or a ballad; we might perhaps see a new Arcadia arising out

of this heavy persecution. Old people and young would be seized with a versifying spirit; we should have field conventicles of Lovers and Poets; forests would be filled with romantic Shepherds and Shepherdesses; and rocks resound with echoes of hymns and praises offered to the powers of Love. We might indeed have a fair chance, by this management, to bring back the whole train of Heathen Gods, and set our cold Northern Island burning with as many altars to Venus and Apollo, as were formerly in Cyprus, Delos, or any of those warmer Grecian climates."

But I promised you, dear Ladies, more upon that subject which of all subjects is and ought to be the most interesting to you, because it is the most important. You have not forgotten that promise, and the time has now come for fulfilling it.

Venus, unto thee for help, good Lady, I do call,
For thou wert wont to grant request unto thy servants all;
Even as thou didst help always Æneas thine own child,
Appeasing the God Jupiter with countenance so mild
That though that Juno to torment him on Jupiter did
preace,
Yet for the love he bare to thee, did cause the winds to
cease;

I pray thee pray the Muses all to help my memory,
That I may have ensamples good in defence of femine.*

Something has been said upon various ways which lead to love and matrimony; but what I have to say concerning imaginative love was deferred till we should arrive at the proper place for entering upon it.

More or less, imagination enters into all loves and friendships, except those which have grown with our growth, and which therefore are likely to be the happiest because there can be no delusion in them. Cases of this kind would not be so frequent in old romances, if they did not occur more frequently in real life than unimaginative persons could be induced to believe, or made to understand.

Sir John Sinclair has related a remarkable instance in his *Reminiscences*. He was once invited by Adam Smith to meet Burke and Mr. Windham, who had arrived at Edinburgh with the intention of making a short

tour in the Highlands. Sir John was consulted concerning their route; in the course of his directions he dwelt on the beauty of the road between Dunkeld and Blair;—and added, that instead of being cooped up in a post-chaise, they would do well to get out and walk through the woods and beautiful scenes through which the road passes, especially some miles beyond Dunkeld.

Some three years afterwards Mr. Windham came up to Sir John in the House of Commons, and requested to speak to him for a few moments behind the Speaker's chair. "Do you recollect," said he, "our meeting together at Adam Smith's at dinner?"—"Most certainly I do."

"Do you remember having given us directions for our Highland tour, and more especially to stroll through the woods between Dunkeld and Blair?"—"I do."

Mr. Windham then said, "In consequence of our adopting that advice, an event took place of which I must now inform you. Burke and I were strolling through the woods about ten miles from Dunkeld, when we saw a young female sitting under a tree, with a book in her hand. Burke immediately exclaimed, 'Let us have a little conversation with this solitary damsel, and see what she is about.' We accosted her accordingly and found that she was reading a recent novel from the London press. We asked her how she came to read novels, and how she got such books at so great a distance from the metropolis, and more especially one so recently published. She answered that she had been educated at a boarding-school at Perth, where novels might be had from the circulating library, and that she still procured them through the same channel. We carried on the conversation for some time, in the course of which she displayed a great deal of smartness and talent; and at last we were obliged, very reluctantly, to leave her, and proceed on our journey. We afterwards found that she was the daughter of a proprietor of that neighbourhood who was known under the name of the Baron Maclaren. I have never been able," continued Mr. Windham,

* EDWARD MORE.

"to get this beautiful mountain nymph out of my head; and I wish you to ascertain whether she is married or single." And he begged Sir John Sinclair to clear up this point as soon as possible, for much of his future happiness depended upon the result of the inquiry.

If not the most important communication that ever took place behind the Speaker's chair, this was probably the most curious one. Sir John lost no time in making the desired inquiry. He wrote to a most respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood where Miss Maclaren lived, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, minister of Moulin; and was informed in reply, that she was married to a medical gentleman in the East Indies of the name of Dick. "Upon communicating this to Mr. Windham," says Sir John, "he seemed very much agitated. He was soon afterwards married to the daughter of a half-pay officer. I have no doubt, however, that had Miss Maclaren continued single, he would have paid her his addresses."

This is an example of purely imaginative love. But before we proceed with that subject, the remainder of Sir John Sinclair's story must be given. Some years afterward he passed some days at Duneira in Perthshire, with the late Lord Melville, and in the course of conversation told him this anecdote of Mr. Windham. Upon which Lord Melville said, "I am more interested in that matter than you imagine. You must know that I was riding down from Blair to Dunkeld in company with some friend, and we called at Baron Maclaren's, where a most beautiful young woman desired to speak with me. We went accordingly to the bank of a river near her father's house, when she said, 'Mr. Dundas, I hear that you are a very great man, and what is much better, a very good man, I will venture therefore to tell you a secret. There is a young man in this neighbourhood who has a strong attachment to me, and to confess the truth, I have a great regard for him. His name is William Dick; he has been bred to the medical profession; and he says, that if he could get to be a surgeon in the East Indies, he

could soon make his fortune there, and would send for me to marry him. Now I apply to you, Mr. Dundas, as a great and good man, in hopes that you can do something for us: and be assured that we shall be for ever grateful, if you will procure him an appointment.'"

Mr. Dundas was so much struck with the impressive manner of her address, that he took her by the hand and said, "My good girl, be assured that if an opportunity offers, I shall not forget your application." The promise was not forgotten. It was not long before an East India Director with whom he was dining, told him that he had then at his disposal an appointment of surgeon in the East India Company's service, and offered it to him for any one whom he would wish to serve in that line. Dundas immediately related his adventure, much to the amusement of the Director. Mr. Dick obtained the appointment, and was soon able to send for his betrothed. She had several offers in the course of the voyage and after her arrival, but she refused to listen to any one. Her husband attained to great eminence in his profession, made a handsome fortune, came home and purchased an estate in the neighbourhood where he was born.

There is no man among those who in that generation figured in public life, of whom a story like this could be so readily believed as of Windham. He was one whose endowments and accomplishments would have recommended him at the Court of Elizabeth, — and whose speeches, when he did not abase himself to the level of his hearers, might have commanded attention in the days of Charles I.

A FRAGMENT ON BEARDS.

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

THE reader must not expect that we have done with our beards yet; shaving, as he no doubt knows but too well, is one of those things at which we may cut and come again, and in the present Chapter

To shave, or not to shave, that is the question ; a matter which hath not hitherto been fully considered. The question as relates to the expenditure of time, has been, profitably I trust, disposed of; and that of its effect upon health has been, as Members of Parliament say, poo-poo'h'd. But the propriety of the practice is yet to be investigated upon other grounds.

Van Helmont tells us that Adam was created without a beard, but that after he had fallen and sinned, because of the sinful propensities which he derived from the fruit of the forbidden Tree, a beard was made part of his punishment and disgrace, bringing him thus into nearer resemblance with the beasts towards whom he had made his nature approximate; *Ut multorum quadrupedum compar, socius et similis esset, eorundem signaturam præ se ferret, quorum more ut salax, ita et vultum pilis hirtum ostenderet.* The same stigma was not inflicted upon Eve, because even in the fall she retained much of her original modesty, and therefore deserved no such opprobrious mark.

Van Helmont observes also that no good Angel ever appears with a beard, and this, he says, is a capital sign by which Angels may be distinguished, — a matter of great importance to those who are in the habit of seeing them. *Si apparuerit barbatus Angelus, malus esto. Eudæmon enim nunquam barbatus apparuit, memor casûs ob quem viro barba succrevit.* He marvelled therefore that men should suppose the beard was given them for an ornament, when Angels abhor it, and when they see that they have it in common with he-goats. There must be something in his remark; for take the most beautiful Angel that ever Painter designed, or Engraver copied, put him on a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will cacodemonise the Eudæmon.

This being the belief of Van Helmont, who declares that he had profited more by reveries and visions than by study, though he had studied much and deeply, ought he, in conformity to his own belief, to

have shaved, or not? Much might be alleged on either side: for to wear the beard might seem in a person so persuaded, a visible sign of submission to the Almighty will, in thus openly bearing the badge of punishment, the mark of human degradation which the Almighty has been pleased to appoint: but, on the other hand, a shaven face might seem with equal propriety, and in like manner denote, a determination in the man to put off, as far as in him lay, this outward and visible sign of sin and shame, and thereby assert that fallen nature was in him regenerate,

*Belle est vraiment l'opinion première;
Belle est encores l'opinion dernière;
A qui des deux est-ce doncq' que je suis? **

Which of the two opinions I might incline to is of no consequence, because I do not agree with Van Helmont concerning the origin of the beard; though as to what he affirms concerning good Angels upon his own alleged knowledge, I cannot contradict him upon mine, and have moreover freely confessed that when we examine our notions of Angels they are found to support him. But he himself seems to have thought both opinions probable, and therefore, according to the casuists, safe; so, conforming to the fashion of his times, without offence to his own conscience, he neither did the one thing, nor the other; or perhaps it may be speaking more accurately to say that he did both; for he shaved his beard, and let his mustachios grow.

Upon this subject, P. Gentien Hervet, Regent of the College at Orleans, printed three discourses in the year 1536. In the first of these, *De radendâ barbâ*, he makes it appear that we are bound to shave the beard. In the second, *De alendâ barbâ*, he proves we ought to let the beard grow. And in the third, *De vel radendâ vel alendâ barbâ*, he considers that it is lawful either to shave or cultivate the beard at pleasure. *Si bien*, says the Doctor in Theology, M. Jean Baptiste Thiers, in his grave and erudite *Histoire des Perruques*, published *aux depens de l'Auteur*, at Paris in 1690, — *Si*

bien, que dans la pensée de ce sçavant Theologien, le question des barbes, courtes ou longues, est une question tout-a-fait problematique, et où par conséquent on peut prendre tel party que l'on veut, pour ou contre.

[The following Extracts were to have been worked up in this Chapter.]

D'Israeli quotes an author who, in his Elements of Education, 1640, says, "I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing and curling them, is no lost time: for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and conrageous notions."

There are men whose beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's packsaddle.

SHAKSPEARE.

"Human felicity," says Dr. Franklin, "is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus if you teach a poor young man to shave himself and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. This sum may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it: but in the other case he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths and dull razors; he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument."

By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard
I would not shave 't to day.

SHAKSPEARE.

D'Israeli says that a clergyman who had the longest and largest beard of any Englishman in Elizabeth's reign, gave as a reason for wearing it the motive it afforded "that no act of his life might be unworthy the gravity of his appearance."

FRAGMENT ON MORTALITY.

WHEN Fuller in his Pisgah Sight of Palestine, comes to the city of Aigalon, where Elon, Judge of Israel, was buried, "of whom nothing else is recorded save his name, time of his rule (ten years), and place of his interment; slight him not," he says, "because so little is reported of him, it tending much to the praise of his policy in preventing foreign invasions, and domestic commotions, so that the land enjoyed peace, as far better than victory, as health is to be preferred before a recovery from sickness. Yea, times of much doing are times of much suffering, and many martial achievements are rather for the Prince's honour, than the people's ease."

"To what purpose," says Norris, "should a man trouble both the world's and his own rest, to make himself great? For besides the eniptiness of the thing, the Play will quickly be done, and the Actors must all retire into a state of equality, and then it matters not who personated the Emperor, or who the Slave."

The Doctor's feelings were in unison with both these passages;—with the former concerning the quiet age in which it was his fortune to flourish, and with the latter in that it was his fortune to flourish in the shade. "It is with times," says Lord Bacon, "as it is with ways; some are more up hill and down hill, and some are more flat and plain; and the one is better for the liver, and the other for the writer."

He assented also to the Christian-Platonist of Bemerton when he asked, "to what purpose should a man be very earnest in the pursuit of Fame? He must shortly die, and so must those too who admire him." But nothing could be more opposed to his way of thinking than what follows in that philosopher,—"Nay, I could almost say, to what purpose should a man lay himself out upon study and drudge so laboriously in the mines of learning? He is no sooner a little wiser than his brethren, but Death thinks him ripe for his sickle; and for aught we know, after all his pains and industry, in the next world, an ideot, or a mechanic will be as forward as he." In the same spirit Horace Walpole said in his old age, "What is knowledge to me, who stand on the verge, and must leave my old stores as well as what I may add to them,—and how little could that be!"

When Johnson was told that Percy was uneasy at the thought of leaving his house, his study, his books—when he should die,—he replied—"a man need not be uneasy on these grounds, for as he will retain his consciousness, he may say with the Philosopher, *omnia mea mecum porto.*"

"Let attention," says the thoughtful John Miller in his Bampton Lectures, which deserve to be side by side with those of the lamented Van Mildert, "let attention be re-

quested to what seems here an accessory sign of the adaptation of all our heavenly Father's dealings to that which he 'knows to be in man' — I mean his merciful shortening of the term of this present natural life, subsequently to the period when all-seeing justice had been compelled to destroy the old world for its disobedience.

"I call it merciful, because, though we can conceive no length of day which could enable man with his present faculties to exhaust all that is made subject to his intellect, yet observing the scarcely credible rapidity of some minds and the no less wonderful retention of others, we may well conceive a far severer, nay too severe a test of resignation and patience to arise from length of years. To learn is pleasant; but to be 'ever learning, and never able to come to sure knowledge of the truth,' (if it were only in matters of lawful, and curious, and ardent speculation,) is a condition which we may well imagine to grow wearisome by too great length of time. 'Hope delayed' might well 'make the heart sick' in many such cases. We may find an infidel amusing himself on the brink of the grave with many imaginary wishes for a little longer respite, that he might witness the result of this or that speculation; but I am persuaded that the heart which really loves knowledge most truly and most wisely will be affected very differently. From every fresh addition to its store, (as far as concerns itself,) it will only derive increase to that desire wherewith it longs to become disentangled altogether from a state of imperfection, and to be present in the fulness of that light, wherein 'everything that is in part shall be done away.' Here, then, in one of the most interesting and most important of all points, (the shortening of human life,) we find a representation in Scripture which may be accounted favourable to its credibility and divine authority on the safest grounds of reason and experience. For certainly, as to the bare matter of fact, such representation corresponds in the strictest manner, (as far as we have known and have seen,) with the state of life as at present existing; and accepting it as true, we can perceive at once

a satisfactory explanation of it by referring it, as a provision for man's well being, to the wisdom and mercy of an Omnipotent Spirit who knew, and knows 'what is in man.'

FRAGMENT OF SIXTH VOLUME.

READER, we are about to enter upon the sixth volume of this our Opus; and as it is written in the forms of Herkeru, Verily the eye of Hope is upon the high road of Expectation.

Well begun, says the Proverb, is half done. Horace has been made to say the same thing by the insertion of an apt word which pentametris the verse,

Dimidium facti qui bene capit habet.

D. Juan de Villagutierre Soto-Mayor in setting forth the merits of Columbus for having discovered the New World, and thereby opened the way for its conquest by the Spaniards, observes that *el principio en todas las operaciones humanas es el mas dificultoso estado; y assi una vez vencido, se reputa y debe reputarse por la mitad della obra, ò por la principal de ella; y el proseguir despues en lo comenzado no contiene tanta dificultad.*

When Gabriel Chappuis dedicated the eighteenth book of Amadis, by him translated from the Spanish, to the Noble and Virtuous Lord Jan Anthonie Gros, Sieur de S. Jouere, &c., he says, after a preamble of eulogies upon the Dedicates and the Book, *Vous recevrez donc, s'il vous plaist ce petit liere d'aussy bon ail que ont fait ceux ausquels j'ay dedié les trois livres précédens, m'asseurant que s'il vous plaist en avoir la lecture, vous y trouverez grande delectation, comme à la verité l'histoire qui y est descrite, et mesmes en tous les précédens et en ceux qui viendront apres, a esté inventée pour delecter; mais avec tant de beaux traits, et une infinité de divers accidens et occurrences qu'il est impossible qu'avec le plaisir et le delectation, l'on n'en tire un grand proffet, comme vous experementerez, moyennant la grace de Dieu.*

J'ay fait le précédent Chapitre un peu court ; peut-être que celui-ci sera plus long ; je n'en suis pourtant pas bien assuré, nous l'allons voir. SCAERON.

DEBORAH's strong affection for her father was not weakened by marriage ; nor his for her by the consequent separation. Caroline Bowles says truly, and feelingly, and beautifully,

It is not love that steals the heart from love ;
'Tis the hard world and its perplexing cares,
Its petrifying selfishness, its pride,
Its low ambition, and its paltry aims.

There was none of that "petrifying selfishness" in the little circle which lost so much when Deborah was removed from her father's parsonage. In order that that loss might be less painfully felt, it was proposed by Mr. Allison that Sunday should always be kept at the Grange when the season or the weather permitted. The Doctor came if he could ; but for Mrs. Dove it was always to be a holiday.

"The pleasures of a volatile head," says Mrs. Carter, "are much less liable to disappointment, than those of a sensible heart." For such as can be contented with rattles and raree-shows, there are rattles and raree-shows in abundance to content them ; and when one is broken it is mighty easily replaced by another. But the pleasures arising from the endearments of social relations, and the delicate sensibilities of friendly affection, are more limited, and their objects incontrovertible ; they are accompanied with perpetual tender solicitude, and subject to accidents not to be repaired beneath the Sun. It is no wonder, however, that the joys of folly should have their completion in a world with which they are to end, while those of higher order must necessarily be incomplete in a world where they are only to begin.*

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

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

GALATEO, DEL M. GIOVANNI DELLA CASA.

THE Reader may remember, when he is thus reminded of it, that I delayed giving an account of Pompey, in answer to the question who he was, till the Dog-days should come. Here we are, (if *here* may be applied to time,) in the midst of them, July 24, 1830.

Horace Walpole speaks in a letter of two or three Mastiff-days, so much fiercer were they that season than our common Dog-days. This year they might with equal propriety be called Iceland-Dog-days. Here we are with the thermometer every night and morning below the temperate point, and scarcely rising two degrees above it at middle day. And then for weather, — as Voiture says, *Il pleut pla-ple-ple-ple-plus.*

If, then, as Robert Wilmot hath written, "it be true that the motions of our minds follow the temperature of the air wherein we live, then I think the perusing of some mournful matter, tending to the view of a notable example, will refresh your wits in a gloomy day, and ease your weariness of the louring night : " and the tragical part of my story might as fitly be told now in that respect, as if "weary winter were come upon us, which bringeth with him drooping days and weary nights." But who does not like to put away tragical thoughts ? Who would not rather go to see a broad farce than a deep tragedy ? Sad thoughts, even when they are medicinal for the mind, are as little to the mind's liking, as physic is grateful to the palate when it is needed most.

* From the writing of the latter paragraph I should judge this to be one of the latest sentences Southey ever wrote. — In the MS. it was to have followed c. cxxxiv. vol. iv. p. 361. — P. 337. of this Edition.

FRAGMENT ON HUTCHINSON'S WORKS. *

THESE superstitions are unquestionably of earlier date than any existing records, and commenced with the oldest system of idolatry, the worship of the heavenly bodies. Hutchinson's view is that when Moses brought the Jews out of their captivity, all men believed that "Fire, Light, or the Operation of the Air, did everything in this material system:" those who believed rightly in God, knew that these secondary causes acted as his instruments, but "those who had fallen and lost communication with the Prophets and the truth of tradition, and were left to reason, (though they reasoned as far as reason could reach,) thought the Heavens of a divine nature, and that they not only moved themselves and the heavenly bodies but operated all things on earth; and influenced the bodies, and governed the minds and fortunes of men: and so they fell upon worshipping them, and consulting them for times and seasons." "The Devil," he says, "chose right; this was the only object of false worship which gave any temptation; and it had very specious inducements." And it was because he thus prevailed over "the Children of disobedience," that the Apostle stiles him "the Prince of the Powers of the Air." "This made the Priests and Physicians of the antient heathen cultivate the knowledge of these Powers, and afterwards made them star-gazers and observe the motions of those bodies for their conjunctions and oppositions, and all the stuff of their lucky and unlucky days and times, and especially to make advantage of their eclipses, for which they were stiled Magi, and looked upon as acquaintance of their Gods; and so much of the latter as is of any use, and a great deal more, we are obliged to them for." "But these," he says, "who thought that the Heavens ordered the events of things by their motions and influences, and that they were to be observed and foreseen by men, robbed God of his chief attri-

butes, and were ordered then, and ought still, to be punished with death."

Hutchinson is one of the most repulsive writers that ever produced any effect upon his contemporaries. His language is such as almost justified Dr. Parr in calling it the Hutchinsonian jargon; and his system is so confusedly brought forward that one who wishes to obtain even a general knowledge of it, must collect it as he can from passages scattered through the whole of his treatises. Add to these disrecommendations that it is propounded in the coarsest terms of insolent assumption, and that he treats the offence of those who reject the authority of scripture, — that is of his interpretation of Hebrew, and his exposition of the Mosaic philosophy, — as "an infectious scurvy or leprosy of the soul which can scarcely be cured by anything but eternal brimstone."

The *Paradise Lost*, he calls, "that cursed farce of Milton, where he makes the Devil his hero:" and of the ancient poets and historians he says that "the mischief which these vermin did by praising their heroes in their farces or princes for conquering countries, and thereby inciting other princes to imitate them, were the causes of the greatest miseries that have befallen mankind." But Sir Isaac Newton was the great object of his hatred. "Nothing but villainy," he said, "was to be expected from men who had made a human scheme, and would construe every text concerning it, so as to serve their purpose; he could only treat them as the most treacherous men alive. I hope," he says, "I have power to forgive any crimes which are committed only against myself; I am not required, nor have I any power to forgive treason against the king, much less to forgive any crimes whereby any attempt to dispossess Jehovah Aleim. Nay, if I know of them and do not reveal them, and do not my endeavour to disappoint them in either, I am accessory. I shall put these things where I can upon the most compassionate side; the most favourable wish I can make for them is, that they may prove their ignorance so fully, that it may abate their crimes; but if their followers will shew that

* A Chapter was to have been devoted to the Hutchinsonian philosophy, and I am inclined to believe that this was a part of it.

he or his accomplices knew anything, I must be forced to make Devils of them. There are many other accidents besides design or malice, which make men atheists, — studying or arguing to maintain a system, forged by a man who does not understand it, and in which there must be some things false, makes a man a villain whether he will or no.

“He (Newton) first framed a philosophy, which is two thirds of the business of the real scriptures, and struck off the rest. And when he found his philosophy was built upon, and to be supported by emptiness, he was forced to patch up a God to constitute space. His equipage appears to have been the translation of the apostate Jews, and some blind histories of the modern heathen *Deus*, and an empty head to make his *Deus*; Kepler’s banter of his powers, and some tacit acknowledgements, as he only supposed, of the ignorantest heathens; an air-pump to make, and a pendulum or swing to prove a vacuum; a loadstone, and a bit of amber, or jet, to prove his philosophy; a telescope, a quadrant, and a pair of compasses to make infinite worlds, circles, crooked lines, &c.; a glass bubble, prisms and lenses, and a board with a hole in it, to let light into a dark room to form his history of light and colours; and he seems to have spent his time, not only when young, as some boys do, but when he should have set things right, in blowing his phlegm through a straw, raising bubbles, and admiring how the light would glare on the sides of them.”

No mention of Hutchinson is made in Dr. Brewster’s Life of Newton: his system was probably thought too visionary to deserve notice, and the author unworthy of it because he had been the most violent and foul-mouthed of all Sir Isaac’s opponents. The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy, he called a cobweb of circles and lines to catch flies. “Mathematics,” he said, “are applicable to any *data*, real or imaginary, true or false, more pestilent and destructive positions had been fathered upon that science than upon all others put together, and mathematicians had been put to death, both by Heathens and Christians, for

attributing much less to the heavenly bodies than Newton had done.” He compared his own course of observations with Newton’s. His had been in the dark bowels of the earth, with the inspired light of scripture in his hand,—there he had learned his Hebrew, and there he had studied the causes and traced the effects of the Deluge. “The opportunities,” he said, “were infinitely beyond what any man can have by living in a box, peeping out at a window, or letting the light in at a hole: or in separating and extracting the spirit from light, which can scarce happen in nature, or from refracting the light, which only happens upon the rainbow, bubbles, &c., or by making experiments with the loadstone, talc or amber, which differ in texture from most other bodies, and are only found in masses of small size; or by arranging a pendulum, which perhaps has not a parallel case in nature: or by the effects produced by spirit or light upon mixing small parcels of extracted fluids or substances, scarce one of which ever happened, or will happen in nature: or by taking cases which others have put, or putting cases which never had, nor ever will have any place in nature: or by forming figures or lines of crooked directions of motions or things, which most of them have no place, so the lines no use in nature, other than to serve hypotheses of imaginary Powers, or courses, which always have been useless, when any other Powers, though false, have been assigned and received; and must all finally be useless, when the true Powers are shewn.”

Such passages show that Hutchinson was either grossly incapable of appreciating Newton’s discoveries, or that he wilfully and maliciously depreciated them. His own attainments might render the first of these conclusions improbable, and the second would seem still more so upon considering the upright tenour of his life. But the truth seems to be, that having constructed a system with great labour, and no little ability, upon the assumption that the principles of natural philosophy as well as of our faith are contained in the scriptures, and that the

true interpretation of scripture depended upon the right understanding of the Hebrew primitives, which knowledge the apostate Jews had lost, and he had recovered, his belief in this system had all the intolerance of fanaticism or supposed infallibility; and those who strongly contravened it, deserved in his opinion the punishments appointed in the Mosaic law for idolatry and blasphemy. Newton and Clarke were in this predicament. Both, in his judgement, attributed so much to secondary causes,—those Powers which had been the first objects of idolatry, that he considered their Deity to be nothing more than the Jupiter of the philosophising heathens; and he suspects that their esoteric doctrine resolved itself into Pantheism. Toland indeed had told him that there was a scheme in progress for leading men through Pantheism and Atheism, and made him acquainted with all their designs, divine or diabolical, and political or anarchical! and all the villanies and forgeries they had committed to accomplish them. First they sought to make men believe in a God who could not punish, and then—that there was no God, and Toland was engaged, for pay, in this scheme of propagandism, “because he had some learning, and more loose humour than any of them.” The Pantheisticon was written with this view. Toland was only in part the author, other hands assisted, and Hutchinson says, he knew “there was a physician, and a patient of his a divine, who was very serviceable in their respective stations in prescribing proper doses, even to the very last.” But they “carried the matter too far,” “they discovered a secret which the world had not taken notice of, and which it was highly necessary the world should know.” For “though it be true to a proverb, that a man should not be hanged for being a fool, they shewed the principles of these men so plainly, which were to have no superior, to conform to any religion, laws, oaths, &c., but be bound by none, and the consequences of propagating them, that they thereby shewed the wisdom of the heathen people, who, because they could not live safely,

stoned such men; and the justice of the heathen Emperors and Kings, who put such to death, because they could have no security from them, and if their doubts, or notions had prevailed, all must have gone to anarchy or a commonwealth, as it always did, when and where they neglected to cut them off.”

That atheism had its propagandists then as it has now is certain, and no one who has watched the course of opinion among his contemporaries can doubt that Socinianism, or semi-belief, gravitates towards infidelity. But to believe that Newton and Clarke were engaged in the scheme which is here imputed to them, we must allow more weight to Toland's character than to their's, and to Hutchinson's judgement.

What has here been said of Hutchinson exhibits him in his worst light,—and it must not hastily be concluded that because he breathed the fiercest spirit of intolerance, he is altogether to be disliked as a man, or despised as an author. Unless his theory, untenable as it is, had been constructed with considerable talent, and supported with no common learning,—he could never have had such men as Bishop Horne and Jones of Nayland among his disciples. Without assenting to his system, a biblical student may derive instruction from many parts of his works.

There is one remarkable circumstance in his history. When he was a mere boy a stranger came to board with his father, who resided at Spennythorn in the North-Riding of Yorkshire, upon an estate of forty pounds a-year. The father's intention was to educate this son for the office of steward to some great landed proprietor, and this stranger agreed to instruct him in every branch of knowledge requisite for such an employment, upon condition of being boarded free of expence, engaging at the same time to remain till he had completed the boy's education. What he had thus undertaken he performed well; “he was, perhaps,” says Hutchinson, “as great a mathematician as either of those whose books he studied, and taught me as much as

I could see any use for, either upon the earth or in the heavens, without poisoning me with any false notions fathered upon the mathematics." The curious part of this story is that it was never known who this scientific stranger was, for he carefully and effectually concealed everything that could lead to a discovery. Hutchinson was born in 1674, and his education under this tutor was completed at the age of nineteen.

FRAGMENT RELATIVE TO THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT DONCASTER AND THE LIVING OF ROSSINGTON.*

The Grammar School was next door to Peter Hopkins's, being kept in one of the

* The Parish of Rossington in the union and soke of Doncaster was for many generations the seat of the Fossard and Mauley families. In the reign of Henry VII., it was granted by that monarch to the corporation of Doncaster.

The following extract is from Mr. John Wainwright's History and Antiquities of Doncaster and Conisbro'.

"Connected with the history of this village, is a singular and curious specimen of Egyptian manners, as practised by the itinerant gypsies of the British Empire. In a letter, which we had the pleasure of receiving from the Rev. James Stoven, D.D., the worthy and learned rector of this place, it is remarked, that about one hundred and twenty years ago, the gypsies commenced here a curious custom, which they practised once in almost every year, occasioned by the interment, in the churchyard of this place, (of) one of their principal leaders, Mr. Charles Bosville, on the 30th of June, 1708 or 9. Having, from a boy, been much acquainted with this village, I have often heard of their (the gypsies) abode here, and with them Mr. James Bosville, their king, under whose authority they conducted themselves with great propriety and decorum, never committing the least theft or offence. They generally slept in their farmers' barns, who, at those periods, considered their property to be more safely protected than in their absence. Mr. Charles Bosville (but how related to the king does not appear,) was much beloved in this neighbourhood, having a knowledge of medicine, was very attentive to the sick, well bred in manners, and comely in person. After his death, the gypsies, for many years, came to visit his tomb, and poured upon it hot ale; but by degrees they deserted the place. — (These circumstances must yet hang on their remembrance; as, only a year ago, 1821, an ill-drest set of them encamped in our lanes, calling themselves Boswell's.) — These words in the parentheses came within my own knowledge."

It is added in a note — "*Boswell's Gang*, is an appellation, very generally applied to a collection of beggars, or other idle itinerants, which we often see encamped in groups in the lanes and ditches of this part of England."

In quoting this, I by no means assent to the statement that Gypsies are Egyptians. — They are of Hindostanee origin.

lower apartments of the Town Hall. It was a free school for the sons of freemen, the Corporation allowing a salary of £50 *per annum* to the schoolmaster, who according to the endowment must be a clergyman. That office was held by Mr. Crochley, who had been bred at Westminster, and was elected from thence to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1742. He came to Doncaster with a promise from the Corporation that the living of Rossington, which is in their gift and is a valuable benefice, should be given him provided he had fifty scholars when it became vacant. He never could raise their numbers higher than forty-five; the Corporation adhered to the letter of their agreement; the disappointment preyed on him, and he died a distressed and broken-hearted man.

Yet it was not Crochley's fault that the school had not been more flourishing. He was as competent to the office as a man of good natural parts could be rendered by the most compleat course of classical education. But in those days few tradesmen ever thought of bestowing upon their sons any farther education than was sufficient to qualify them for trade; and the boys who were desirous to be placed there, must have been endued with no ordinary love of learning, for a grammar school is still anything rather than a *Ludus Literarius*.

Two or three years before the Doctor's marriage a widow lady came to settle at Doncaster, chiefly for the sake of placing her sons at the Grammar School there, which, though not in high repute, was at least respectably conducted. It was within five minutes' walk of her own door, and thus the boys had the greatest advantage that school-boys can possibly enjoy, that of living at home, whereby they were saved from all the misery and from most of the evil with which boarding-schools, almost without an exception, abounded in those days, and from which it may be doubted whether there are any yet that are altogether free. Her name was Horseman, she was left with six children, and just with such means as enabled her by excellent management to make what is called

a respectable appearance, the boys being well educated at the cheapest rate, and she herself educating two daughters, who were fortunately the eldest children. Happy girls! they were taught what no Governess could teach them, to be useful as soon as they were capable of being so; to make their brothers' shirts and mend their stockings; to make and mend for themselves; to cipher so as to keep accounts; to assist in household occupations, to pickle and preserve, to make pastry, to work chair-bottoms, to write a fair hand, and to read Italian. This may seem incongruous with so practical a system of domestic education. But Mrs. Horseman was born in Italy, and had passed great part of her youth there.

The father, Mr. Duckinton, was a man of some fortune, whose delight was in travelling, and who preferred Italy to all other countries. Being a whimsical person he had a fancy for naming each of his children after the place where it happened to be born. One daughter therefore was baptized by the fair name of Florence, Mrs. Horseman was christened Venetia, like the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, whose husband was more careful of her complexion than of her character. Fortunate it was that he had no daughter born at Genoa or at Nantes, for if he had, the one must have concealed her true baptismal name under the alias of Jenny; and the other have subscribed herself Nancy, that she might not be reproached with the brandy cask. The youngest of his children was a son, and if he had been born in the French capital would hardly have escaped the ignominious name of Paris, but as Mr. Duckinton had long wished for a son, and the mother knowing her husband's wishes had prayed for one, the boy escaped with no worse name than Deodatus.

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER.

KISSING has proverbially been said to go by favour. So it is but too certain, that Preference does in Army and Navy, Church and State; and so does Criticism.

That Kissing should do so is but fair and just; and it is moreover in the nature of things.

That Promotion should do so is also in the nature of things—as they are. And this also is fair where no injustice is committed. When other pretensions are equal, favour is the feather which ought to be put into the scale. In cases of equal fitness, no wrong is done to the one party, if the other is preferred for considerations of personal friendship, old obligations, or family connection; the injustice and the wrong would be if these were overlooked.

To what extent may favour be reasonably allowed in criticism?

If it were extended no farther than can be really useful to the person whom there is an intention of serving, its limits would be short indeed. For in that case it would never proceed farther than truth and discretion went with it. Far more injury is done to a book and to an author by injudicious or extravagant praise, than by intemperate or malevolent censure.

Some persons have merrily surmised that Job was a reviewer because he exclaimed, "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" Others on the contrary have inferred that reviewing was not known in his days, because he wished that his own words had been printed and published.

[The timbers were laid for a Chapter on wigs, and many notes and references were collected.—This Fragment is all that remains.]

BERNARDIN St. Pierre, who, with all his fancies and oddities, has been not undeservedly a popular writer in other countries as well as in his own, advances in the most extravagant of his books, (the *Harmonies de la Nature*;) the magnificent hypothesis that men invented great wigs because great wigs are *semblables aux criniers des lions*, like lion's manes. But as wigs are rather designed to make men look grave than terrible, he might with more probability have

surmised that they were intended to imitate the appearance of the Bird of Wisdom.

The Doctor wore a wig: and looked neither like a Lion, nor like an Owl in it. Yet when he first put it on, and went to the looking-glass, he could not help thinking that he did not look like a Dove.

But then he looked like a Doctor, which was as it became him to look. He wore it professionally.

It was not such a wig as Dr. Parr's, which was of all contemporary wigs *facile princeps*. Nor was it after the fashion of that which may be seen in "immortal buckle," upon Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument in Westminster Abbey — &c.

MEMOIRS OF CAT'S EDEN.

[THE following Fragments were intended to be worked up into an Interchapter on the History of Cats. The first fairly written out was to have been, it would appear, the commencement. The next is an Extract from Eulia Effendi. "That anecdote about the King of the Cats, Caroline, you must write out for me, as it must be inserted," said the lamented Author of "THE DOCTOR, &c." to Mrs. Southey. The writer of the lines is not known, they were forwarded to the Author when at Killerton. The "Memoirs of Cats of Greta Hall" was to have furnished the particulars, which the first fragment states had got abroad.

What was to have been the form of the Interchapter the Editor does not know, neither does Mrs. Southey. The playful letter is given exactly as it was written. A beautiful instance, as will be acknowledged by all, of that confidence which should exist between a loving father and a dutiful daughter. Sir Walter Scott wrote feelingly when he said,

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head !]

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER.

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

AN extract from the Register of Cat's Eden has got abroad, whereby it appears that the Laureate, Dr. Southey, who is known to be a philofelist, and confers honours upon his Cats according to their services, has raised one to the highest rank in peerage, promoting him through all its degrees by the following titles, His Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowlher and Skaratchi.

The first of these names is taken from the German Collection of *Kinder und Haus-Märchen*. A Dwarf or Imp so called was to carry off the infant child of the Queen as the price of a great service which he had rendered her, but he had consented to forego his right if in the course of three days she could find out what was his name. This she never could have done, if the King had not on the first day gone hunting, and got into the thickest part of the wood, where he saw a ridiculous Dwarf hopping about before a house which seemed by its dimensions to be his home, and singing for joy; these were the words of his song,

*Heute back ich, morgen brau ich,
Uebermorgen hohl ich der Frau Königin: ihr Kind,
Ach wie gut ist, das niemand weiss,
Dass ich Rumpelstilzchen heiss !*

I bake to-day, and I brew to-morrow,
Mrs. Queen will see me the next day to her sorrow,
When according to promise her child I shall claim,
For none can disclose, because nobody knows
That Rumpelstilzchen is my name.

Now if Rumpelstilzchen had had as many names as a Spanish Infante, the man must have a good memory who could have carried them away upon hearing them once.

"The Cats of Diorigi are celebrated all over Greece, for nowhere are to be found cats so pretty, so vigilant, so caressing and well-bred as at Diorigi. The Cats of the Oasis in Egypt, and of Sinope, are justly renowned for their good qualities, but those of Diorigi are particularly fat, brilliant, and playing different colours. They are carried from here to Persia, to Ardebeil where they

are shut up in cages, proclaimed by the public criers and sold for one or two *tomans*. The Georgians also buy them at a great price, to save their whiskers which are commonly eaten up by mice. The criers of Ardebeil, who cry these cats, have a particular melody to which they sing their cry in these words,

O you who like a Cat
That catches mouse and rat,
Well-bred, caressing, gay
Companion to sport and play,
Amusing and genteel,
Shall never scratch and steal.

Singing these words they carry the cats on their head and sell them for great prices, because the inhabitants of Ardebeil are scarce able to save their woollen cloth from the destruction of mice and rats. Cats are called Hurre, Katta, Senorre, Merabe, Matshi, Weistann, Wemistaun, but those of Diorigi are particularly highly esteemed. Notwithstanding that high reputation and price of the Cats of Diorigi, they meet with dangerous enemies in their native place, where sometimes forty or fifty of them are killed secretly, tanned, and converted into fur for the winter time. It is a fur scarce to be distinguished from Russian ermine, and that of the red cats is not to be distinguished from the fox that comes from Ozalov.*

A labouring man returning to his cottage after night-fall, passed by a lone house in ruins, long uninhabited. Surprised at the appearance of light within, and strange sounds issuing from the desolate interior, he stopped and looked in through one of the broken windows, and there in a large old gloomy room, quite bare of furniture except that the cobwebs hung about its walls like tapestry, he beheld a marvellous spectacle. A small coffin covered with a pall stood in the midst of the floor, and round and round and round about it, with dismal lamentations in the feline tongue, marched a circle of Cats, one of them being covered from head to foot with a black veil, and walking as chief mourner. The man was so frightened with what he saw that he waited to see no

more, but went straight home, and at supper told his wife what had befallen him.

Their own old Cat, who had been sitting, as was her wont, on the elbow of her Master's chair, kept her station very quietly, till he came to the description of the chief Mourner, when, to the great surprise and consternation of the old couple, she bounced up, and flew up the chimney exclaiming — "Then I am King of the Cats."

Keswick, January 9th.

DEAR MASTER,

Let our boldness not offend,
If a few lines of duteous love we send;
Nor wonder that we deal in rhyme, for long
We've been familiar with the founts of song;
Nine thorough tabbies you would rarely find,
Than those who laurels round your temples bind:
For how, with less than nine lives to their share,
Could they have lived so long on poet's fare?
Athens surnamed them from their mousing powers,
And Rome from that harmonious MU of ours,
In which the letter U, (as we will trouble you
To say to TOOD) should supersede ew —
This by the way — we now proceed to tell,
That all within the bounds of home are well;
All but your faithful cats, who inly pine;
The cause your Conscience may too well divine.
Ah! little do you know how swiftly fly
The venom'd darts of feline jealousy;
How delicate a task to deal it is
With a Grimalkin's sensibilities,
When Titten's tortoise fur you smoothed with bland
And coaxing courtesies of lip and hand,
We felt as if, (poor Puss's constant dread,)
Some school-boy stroked us both from tail to head;
Nor less we suffer'd while with sportive touch
And purring voice, you played with grey-backed Gutch;
And when with eager step, you left your seat,
To get a peep at Richard's snow-white feet,
Himself all black; we long'd to stop his breath
With something like his royal namesake's death;
If more such scenes our frenzied fancies see,
Resolved we hang from yonder apple tree —
And were not that a sad catastrophe!
O! then return to your deserted lake,
Dry eyes that weep, and comfort hearts that ache;
Our mutual jealousies we both disown,
Content to share, rather than lose a throne.
The Parlour, Rumples's undisputed reign,
Hurley's the rest of all your wide domain.
Return, return, dear Bard *κατα' ἑσχατάς*,
Restore the happy days that once have been,
Resign yourself to Home, the Muse and us.

(Scratch'd)

RUMPLESTITCHKIN,
HURLYBURLYBUSS.

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

* EVLIA EFFENDI.

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 complexion, 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 complexion 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 tortoiseshell 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 grand-daughter; the former I called Madame Bianchi — the latter Pulcheria. It was impossible ever to familiarise 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 re-establishing 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 kittensip 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 do-

mesticated 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 retire 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 purleiu 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 fidal-*

go, 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 *Rafaëlle 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 meantime 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.

FRAGMENT OF INTERCHAPTER.

[The following playful effusion was likewise, as the "*Memoirs of Cat's Eden*," intended for "*THE DOCTOR, &c.*," but how it was to have been moulded, so as to obscure the incognito, I do not know. It will tend, if I mistake not, to show the easy versatility,—the true *εὐτραπέλια*,—of a great and a good man's mind. "Fortune," says Fluellen, "is turning and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities,"—but one who, in the midst of constant and laborious occupations, could revel in such a recreation as this "Chapter on the Statutes" was Fortune's master, and above her wheel.

ARS UTINAM MORES ANIMUMQUE EFFINGERE POSSET:
PULCHRIOR IN TERRIS NULLA TABELLA FORET.*

It may be added that there was another very curious collection of Letters intended for "*THE DOCTOR, &c.*," but they have not come to my hand. They were written in a peculiar dialect, and would have required much mother wit and many vocabularies to have decyphered them. She who suggested them,—a woman "of infinite jest,—of most excellent fancy,"—a good woman, and a kind,—is now gathered to her rest!]

ΕΙΣ ΤΟΤΕ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΑΣ.

* Ὁ μὴν διάβολος ἐνέπνευσέ τις παρανομίαις ἀνθρώποις, καὶ εἰς τοὺς τῶν βασιλείων ἔβρισκεν ἀνδριάντας.

CHRYSOST. HOM AD POPUL. ANTIOCHEN.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

Having lately been led to compose an inscription for one of our Garden statues, an authentic account of two such extraordinary works of art has appeared to me so desirable that I even wonder at myself for having so long delayed to write one. It is the more incumbent on me to do this, because neither of the artists have thought proper to inscribe their names upon these master-pieces,—either from that modesty which often accompanies the highest genius,

* MART. EPIGR.

or from a dignified consciousness that it was unnecessary to set any mark upon them, the works themselves sufficiently declaring from what hands they came.

I undertake this becoming task with the more pleasure because our friend Mrs. Keenan has kindly offered to illustrate the intended account by drawings of both Statues,—having, as you may well suppose, been struck with admiration by them. The promise of this co-operation induces me not to confine myself to a mere description, but to relate on what occasion they were made, and faithfully to record the very remarkable circumstances which have occurred in consequence; circumstances I will venture to say, as well attested and as well worthy of preservation as any of those related in the History of the Portuguese Images of Nossa Senhora, in ten volumes quarto,—a book of real value, and which you know I regard as one of the most curious in my collection. If in the progress of this design I should sometimes appear to wander in digression, you will not impute it to any habitual love of circumlocution; and the speculative notions which I may have occasion to propose, you will receive as mere speculations and judge of them accordingly.

Many many years ago I remember to have seen these popular and rustic rhymes in print,

God made a great man to plough and to sow,
God made a little man to drive away the crow;

they were composed perhaps to make some little man contented with that office, and certain it is that in all ages and all countries it has been an object of as much consequence to preserve the seed from birds when sown, as to sow it. No doubt Adam himself when he was driven to cultivate the ground felt this, and we who are his lineal descendants, (though I am sorry to say we have not inherited a rood of his estates,) have felt it also, in our small but not unimportant concern, the Garden. Mrs. L., the Lady of that Garden, used to complain grievously of the depredations committed there, especially upon her pease. Fowls and Ducks were condemned either to imprisonment for life, or to the immediate larder for their offences

of this kind; but the magpies (my protegées) and the sparrows, and the blackbirds and the thrushes, bade defiance to the coop and the cook. She tried to fright them away by feathers fastened upon a string, but birds were no more to be frightened by feathers than to be caught by chaff. She dressed up two mopsticks; not to be forgotten, because when two youths sent their straw hats upon leaving Keswick to K. and B., the girls consigned the hats to these mopsticks, and named the figures thus attired in due honour of the youths, L. N., and C. K. These mopsticks, however, were well dressed enough to invite thieves from the town,—and too well to frighten the birds. Something more effectual was wanted, and Mrs. L. bespoke a man of Joseph Glover.

Such is the imperfection of language that, write as carefully and warily as we can, it is impossible to use words which will not frequently admit of a double construction; upon this indeed it is that the Lawyers have founded the science of the Law, which said science they display in extracting any meaning from any words, and generally that meaning that shall be most opposite to the intention for which they were used. When I say that your Aunt L. bespoke a man of Joseph Glover, I do not mean that she commissioned him to engage a labourer: nor that she required him actually to make a man, like Frankenstein,—though it must be admitted that such a man as Frankenstein made, would be the best of all scarecrows, provided he were broken in so as to be perfectly manageable. To have made a man indeed would have been more than even Paracelsus would have undertaken to perform; for according to the receipt which that illustrious Bombast ab Hohenheim has delivered to posterity, an homunculus cannot be produced in a hotbed in less than forty weeks and forty days; and this would not have been in time to save the pease; not to mention that one of his homunculi had it been ready could not have served the purpose, for by his account, when it was produced, it was smaller even than Mark Thumb. Such an order would have been more unreason-

able than any of those which Juno imposed upon Hercules; whereas the task imposed by Mrs. L. was nothing more than Glover thought himself capable of executing, for he understood the direction plainly and simply in its proper sense, as a carpenter ought to understand it.

An ordinary Carpenter might have hesitated at undertaking it, or bungled in the execution. But Glover is not an ordinary Carpenter. He says of himself that he should have been a capital singer, only the pity is, that he has no voice. Whether he had ever a similar persuasion of his own essential but unproducible talents for sculpture or painting I know not:—but if ever genius and originality were triumphantly displayed in the first effort of an untaught artist, it was on this occasion. Perhaps I am wrong in calling him untaught;—for there is a supernatural or divine teaching;—and it will appear presently that if there be any truth in heathen philosophy, or in that of the Roman Catholics, (which is very much the same in many respects,) some such assistance may be suspected in this case.

With or without such assistance, but certainly *con amore*, and with the aid of his own genius, if of no other, Glover went to work: ere long shouts of admiration were heard one evening in the kitchen, so loud and of such long continuance that inquiry was made from the parlour into the cause, and the reply was that Mrs. L.'s man was brought home. Out we went, father, mother and daughters, (yourself among them,—for you cannot have forgotten that memorable hour,) My Lady and the Venerabilis,—and Mrs. L. herself, as the person more immediately concerned. Seldom as it happens that any artist can embody with perfect success the conceptions of another, in this instance the difficult and delicate task had been perfectly accomplished. But I must describe the Man,—calling him by that name at present, the power, *æon* or intelligence which had incorporated itself with that ligneous resemblance of humanity not having at that time been suspected.

Yet methinks more properly might he

have been called youth than man, the form and stature being juvenile. The limbs and body were slender, though not so as to convey any appearance of feebleness, it was rather that degree of slenderness which in elegant and refined society is deemed essential to grace. The countenance at once denoted strength and health and hilarity, and the incomparable carpenter had given it an expression of threatful and alert determination, suited to the station for which he was designed and the weapon which he bore. The shape of the face was rather round than oval, resembling methinks the broad harvest moon; the eyes were of the deepest black, the eyebrows black also; and there was a blackness about the nose and lips, such as might be imagined in the face of Hercules, while he was in the act of lifting and strangling the yet unsubdued and struggling Antæus. On his head was a little hat, low in the crown and narrow in the brim. His dress was a sleeved jacket without skirts,—our ancestors would have called it a *gipion*; *jubon* it would be rendered if ever this description were translated into Spanish, *gibao* in Portuguese; *jupon* or *gippon* in old French. It was fastened from the neck downward with eight white buttons, two and two, and between them was a broad white stripe, the colour of the *gipion* being brown: whether the stripe was to represent silver lace, or a white facing like that of the naval uniform, is doubtful and of little consequence. The lower part of his dress represented innumerable and hose in one, of the same colour as the *gipion*. And he carried a fowling-piece in his hand.

Great was the satisfaction which we all expressed at beholding so admirable a man; great were the applauses which we bestowed upon the workman with one consent; and great was the complacency with which Glover himself regarded the work of his own hands. He thought, he said, this would please us. Please us indeed it did, and so well did it answer that after short trial Mrs. L. thinking that a second image would render the whole garden secure, and moreover that it was not good for her Man to be alone,

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Under the...

THE STATUES

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directed Glover to make a woman also. The woman accordingly was made. Flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, she could not be, the Man himself not being made of such materials; but she was wood of his wood and plank of his plank,—which was coming as nearly as possible to it, made of the same tree and fashioned by the same hand.

The woman was in all respects a goodly mate for the man, except that she seemed to be a few years older; she was rather below the mean stature, in that respect resembling the *Venus de Medicis*; slender waisted yet not looking as if she were tight-laced, nor so thin as to denote ill health. Her dress was a gown of homely brown, up to the neck. The artist had employed his brightest colours upon her face; even the eyes and nose partook of that brilliant tint which is sometimes called the roseate hue of health or exercise, sometimes the purple light of love. The whites of her eyes were large. She also was represented in a hat, but higher in the crown and broader in the rim than the man's, and where his brim was turned up, her's had a downward inclination giving a feminine character to that part of her dress.

She was placed in the garden: greatly as we admired both pieces of workmanship, we considered them merely as what they seemed to be; they went by the names of Mrs. L.'s Man and Woman; and even when you departed for the south they were still known only by that vague and most unworthy designation. Some startling circumstances after awhile excited a more particular attention to them. Several of the family declared they had been frightened by them; and K. one evening came in saying that Aunt L.'s woman had *given her* a jump. Even this did not awaken any suspicion of their supernatural powers as it ought to have done, till on a winter's night, one of the maids hearing a knock at the back door opened it; and started back when she saw that it was the woman with a letter in her hand! This is as certain as that *Nosso Senhor dos Passos* knocked at the door of S. Roque's convent in Lisbon and was not taken in,—to the infinite regret of the monks when they learned

that he had gone afterwards to the *Graça* Convent and been admitted there. It is as certain that I have seen men, women and children of all ranks kissing the foot of the said Image in the Church, and half Lisbon following his procession in the streets. It is as certain as all the miracles in the *Fasti*, the *Metamorphoses*, and the *Acta Sanctorum*.

Many remarkable things were now called to mind both of the man and woman;—how on one occasion they had made Miss Christian's maid miscarry of—half a message; and how at another time when Isaac was bringing a basket from Mr. Calvert's, he was frightened into his wits by them. But on Sunday evening last the most extraordinary display of wonderful power occurred, for in the evening the woman, instead of being in her place among the pease, appeared standing erect on the top of Mr. Fisher's haymow in the forge field, and there on the following morning she was seen by all Keswick, who are witnesses of the fact.

You may well suppose that I now began to examine into the mystery, and manifold were the mysteries which I discovered, and many the analogies in their formation of which the maker could never by possibility have heard; and many the points of divine philosophy and theurgic science which they illustrated. In the first place two *Swedenborgian* correspondencies flashed upon me in the material whereof they were constructed. They were intended to guard the Garden; there is a proverb which says, set a thief to catch a thief, and therefore it is that they were *fr* statues. Take it in English and the correspondence is equally striking; they were made of *deal*, because they were to do a *deal* of good. The dark aspect of the male figure also was explained; for being stationed there *contra fures*, it was proper that he should have a furious countenance. Secondly there is something wonderful in their formation:—they are bifronted, not merely bifaced like Janus, but bifronted from top to toe. Let the thief be as cunning as he may he cannot get behind them.—They have no backs, and were they disposed to be indolent and sit at their posts

it would be impossible. They can appear at the kitchen door, or on the haymow, they can give the children and even the grown persons of the family a jump, but to sit is beyond their power, however miraculous it may be; for impossibilities cannot be effected even by miracle, and as it is impossible to see without eyes, or to walk without legs,—or for a ship to float without a bottom, so is it for a person in the same predicament as such a ship—to sit.

Yet farther mysteries; both hands of these marvellous statues are right hands and both are left hands, they are at once ambidexter and ambisinister. It was said by Dryden of old Jacob Tonson that he had two left legs: but these marvellous statues have two left legs and two right legs each, and yet but four legs between them, that is to say but two a-piece. In the whole course of my reading I have found no account of any statues so wonderful as these. For though the Roman Janus was bifronted, and my old acquaintance Yamen had in like manner a double face, and many of the Hindoo and other Oriental Deities have their necks set round with heads, and their elbows with arms, yet it is certain that all these Gods have backs, and sides to them also. In this point no similitude can be found for our Images. They may be likened to the sea as being bottomless,—but as being without a back, and in the mystery of having both hands and legs at once right and left, they are unequalled; none but themselves can be their parallel.

Now, my daughter, I appeal to you and to all other reasonable persons,—I put the question to your own plain sense,—is it anyways likely that statues so wonderful, so inexpressibly mysterious in their properties should be the mere work of a Keswick carpenter, though aided as he was by Mrs. L.'s directions? Is it not certain that neither he, nor Mrs. L., had the slightest glimpse, the remotest thought of any such properties,—she when she designed, he when he executed the marvellous productions? Is it possible that they should? Would it not be preposterous to suppose it?

This supposition therefore being proved to be absurd, which in mathematics is equal to a demonstration that the contrary must be true, it remains to inquire into the real origin of their stupendous qualities. Both the ancient Heathens and the Romanists teach that certain Images of the Gods or of the Saints have been made without the aid of human hands, and that they have appeared no one knew whence or how. The Greeks called such images Diopeteis, as having fallen from the sky, and I could enumerate, were it needful, sundry Catholic Images which are at this day venerated as being either of angelic workmanship or celestial origin. We cannot, however, have recourse to this solution in the present case; for Glover is so veracious a man that if he had found these figures in his workshop without knowing how they came there,—or if he had seen them grow into shape while he was looking on,—he would certainly not have concealed a fact so extraordinary. All Keswick would have known it. It must have become as notorious as Prince Hohenlohe's miracles.

There remains then another hypothesis, which is also common to the ancient Pagans and the Romanists;—that some superior powers finding a congruity in the Images have been pleased to communicate to them a portion of their influence, and even of their presence, and so, if I may be allowed the word, have actually become *inlignate* in them. Were my old acquaintance, Thomas Taylor, here, who entirely believes this, he would at once determine which of his Heathen Deities have thus manifested their existence. Who indeed that looks at the Youth but must be reminded of Apollo? Said I that his face resembled in its rotundity the Moon? the Sun would have been the fitter similitude,—the sun shorn of its beams:—Phæbus,—such as he appeared when in the service of Admetus. And for his female companion, her beauty and the admiration which it excites in all beholders, identify her with no less certainty for Venus. We have named them therefore the Apollo de Lovell, and the Venus de

Glover; in justice to both artists; and in farther honour of them and of the Images themselves have composed the following inscription:

No works of Phidias we; but Mrs. L.
Designed, and we were made by Joseph Glover.
Apollo, I, and yonder Venus stands,
Behold her, and you cannot chuse but love her.
If antient sculptors could behold us here,
How would they pine with envy and abhorrence!
For even as I surpass their Belvedere,
So much doth she excel the pride of Florence.

EPILUDE OF MOTTOES.

Careless! bring your apprehension along with you.
CONGREVE.

If I have written a sentence, or a word, that can bear a captious or unreasonable construction, I earnestly intreat a more lenient interpretation. When a man feels acutely, he may perhaps speak at times more pointedly than he ought; yet, in the present instance, I am conscious of no sentiment which I could wish to alter. BISHOP JENN.

*νή τὸν Πουδῶν, καὶ λίγ' εἰ γ', ἄπειρ' λίγ' εἰ,
δικαία πάντα, κοῦδὲν αὐτῶν ψεύδιται.* ARISTOPHANES.

Will you be true?

TR0. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is — "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.
SHAKESPEARE.

*— come augel che pria s' avventa e teme
Stassi fra i rami paventoso e solo
Mirando questo ed or quell' altro colle;
Cosi mi levo e mi ritengo insieme,
L' ale aguzzando al mio dubbioso volo.*

GIUSTO DE' CONTI.

Whosoever be reader hereof maie take it by reason for a riche and a newe labour; and speciallie princes and governours of the common wealth, and ministers of justice, with other. Also the common people eche of their maie fynd the labour conveniente to their estate. And herein is conteigned certaine right highe and profounde sentences, and holsome counsailes, and mervailous devyses agaynst the encumbraunce of fortune; and ryght swete consolacions for them that are overthrowen by fortune. Finally it is good to them that digest it, and thanke God that hath given such grace to the Auctour in gevyng us example of vertuous livyng, with hye and salutary doctrynes, and marvailous instructions of perfectness.— A ryght precious meale is the sentences of this boke; but fynally the sauce of the saied swete style moveth the appetyte. Many bookes there be of substantial meates, but they bee so rude and so unsavory, and the style of so small grace, that the first morcell is lothsome and noyfull; and of suche bookes foloweth to lye hole and sounde in lybraries; but I trust this will not. Of trowth great prayse is due to the auctour of his travayle.
LORD BERNERS.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my rest.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sith you have long time drawn the weeds of my wit and fed yourselves with the cockle of my conceits, I have at last made you gleaners of my harvest, and partakers of my experience.— Here shall you find the style varying according to the matter, suitable to the style, and all of these aimed to profit. If the title make you suspect, compare it with the matter, it will answer you; if the matter, apply it with the censures of the learned, they will countenance the same; if of the handling I repent me not, for I had rather you should condemn me for default in rhetoric, than commend my style and lament my judgement. Thus resolved both of the matter, and satisfied in my method, I leave the whole to your judgements; which, if they be not depraved with envy, will be bettered in knowledge, and if not carried away with opinion, will receive much profit.
THOMAS LODGE.

This good Wine I present, needs no Ivy-bush. They that taste thereof shall feel the fruit to their best content, and better understanding. The learned shall meet with matter to refresh their memories; the younger students, a directory to fashion their discourse; the weakest capacity, matter of wit, worth and admiration.

T. L. D. M. P's. Epistle Prefatory to the Learned Summarie upon the famous Poem of William of Salust, Lord of BARTAS.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeon's pease,
And utters it again when Jove doth please;
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us sick;
And why, let any sophist tell,
May it not likewise make us well!

CHURCHILL.

His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly. WEBSTER.

It is a crown unto a gentle breast,
To impart the pleasure of his flowing mind,
(Whose sprightly motion never taketh rest)
To one whose bosom he doth open find.

THOMAS SCOTT.

— Be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

SHAKESPEARE.

And whereas in my expression I am very plain and downright, and in my teaching part seem to tautologize, it should be considered, (and whoever has been a teacher

will remember,) that the learners must be plainly dealt with, and must have several times renewed upon them the same thing. — Therefore I have chosen so to do in several places, because I had rather (in such cases) speak three words too many, than one syllable too few.

THOMAS MACE.

*Lire et repasser souvent
Sur Athènes et sur Rome,
C'est dequoy faire un Sçavant,
Mais non pas un habile homme.*

*Méditez incessamment,
Dévorez livre apres livre,
C'est en vivant seulement
Que vous apprendrez à vivre.*

*Avant qu'en sçavoir les loix,
La clarté nous est ravie :
Il faudroit vivre deux fois
Pour bien conduire sa vie.*

DE CHARLEVAL.

If we could lit on't, gallants, there are due
Certain respects from writers, and from you.

PROLOGUE TO THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

— Here you have a piece so subtly writ
Men must have wit themselves to find the wit.

EPILOGUE TO THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

All puddings have two ends, and most short sayings
Two handles to their meaning.

LORD DIGBY.

Reader, Now I send thee like a Bee to gather honey out
of flowers and weeds; every garden is furnished with
either, and so is ours. Read and meditate; thy profit
shall be little in any book, unless thou read alone, and
unless thou read all aud record after.

HENRY SMITH.

The most famous of the Pyramids was that of Hermes.
— Through each door of this Pyramid was an entrance
into seven apartments, called by the names of the Planets.
In each of them was a golden Statue. The biggest was
in the apartment of Osiris, or the Sun. It had a book
upon its forehead, and its hand upon its mouth. Upon
the outside of the Book was written this inscription. *I
must be read in a profound silence.*

TRAVELS OF CYRUS.

— *Facio ego ut solent, qui quanto plus atque mirantur
et explicare volunt quod sentiunt, eo minus id assequuntur
quod volunt, ut quamquam magnum aliquid animo
conspiciunt, verba tamen desunt, et moliri potius quam dicere
potuisse videntur.*

HERMO LAUS BARBARUS JO. PICO MIRANDULE.

*Nihil mihi potest esse beatus quam scire; descendum
verò ut sciamus. Ego quidem sapientiam ambitum, tan-
quam animi nostri ararum quoddam semper judicavi, id
quod communia commentationum nostrarum vectigalia
inferenda censeo, sed proba; unde sibi suum quisque in
usum sumat sine invidia atque similitate.*

J. C. SCALIGER.

*Feliz yerba es la yedra, si se enrama
A un muro alto, á quien na alcanza el corte
De la envidia; puer queda con su altura,
El mas vistoso, y ella mas segura.*

BALBUENA, EL BERNARDO.

— *en poco tiempo te he dicho
lo que passé en mucho tiempo.*

CALDERON, EL MAESTRO DE DANZAR.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Nor wholly wither there where Seraphs sing,
Refined, exalted, — not annull'd — in heaven. YOUNG.

Let every man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him.

CHURCHILL.

And whereas I may seem too smart or satirical in some
particular places, I do not at all repent me, as thinking
what is said to such ill-deserving persons much too little.

THOMAS MACE.

— Play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded, 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool.

CHURCHILL.

And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.

RICHARD II.

Our life indeed has bitterness enough

To change a loving nature into gall :

Experience sews coarse patches on the stuff

Whose texture was originally all

Smooth as the rose-leaf's, and whose hues were bright

As are the colours of the weeping cloud

When the sun smiles upon its tears.

MRS. LENOX CONYNGHAM.

Thus much we know, eternal bliss and pure,

By God's unfailing promise, is secure

To them who their appointed lot endure

Meekly, striving to fulfil,

In humble hopefulness, God's will.

MRS. LENOX CONYNGHAM.

I thowt how hard it is to denye

A ladye's preyer, wch after the entent

Of the poete is a myghty comaunderment ;

Wherefore me thout as in this caas

That my wyt war lakkyd bettyr it was

That my wyl, and therfore to do

My ladyes preyer I asseyntyd to.

OSBERN BOKENAM.

Al pecco de los años

lo eminente se rinde ;

que á lo facil del tiempo

no ay conquista difícil.

CALDERON.

We only meet on earth

That we may know how sad it is to part :

And sad indeed it were, if in the heart

There were no store reserved against a dearth,

No calm Elysium for departed Mirth,

Haunted by gentle shadows of past pleasure,

Where the sweet folly, the light-footed measure,

And graver trifles of the shioing bearth

Live in their own dear image.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit :

For when I come and sit me down to rest,

My chair presents a throne of majesty ;

And when I set my bonnet on my head,

Methinks I fit my forehead for a crown ;

And when I take a truncheon in my fist,

A sceptre then comes tumbling in my thoughts.

ROBERT GREENE.

Ququam verò hoc mihi non polliceri possum, me ubique veritatem quam scietatus sum, assecutum esse; sed potius eo fine ea proponi, ut et alios ad veritatis investigationem invitarem: tamen ut rectè Galenus habet, τολμητίον τι καὶ ζηητικόν τὸ ἀλλήθεις, εἰ γὰρ καὶ μὴ τύχησαν αὐτοῦ πάντως, δὴπου ἐπιχειρήσειεν ἢ νυν ἰσχυρὸν ἀφιχόμεθα. Audendum est, et veritas investiganda, quam etiamsi non assequamur, omnino tamen propius quam nunc sumus, ad eam perveniemus. Quo verò ego animo ad scribendum accessi, eo ut alii ad legendum accedant, opto.

SENNERTUS.

I do confess the imperfect performance. Yet I must take the boldness to say, I have not miscarried in the whole; for the mechanical part of it is regular. That I may say with as little vanity, as a builder may say he has built a house according to the model laid down before him, or a gardener that he has set his flowers in a knot of such or such a figure.

CONGREVE.

As wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the Tree is; and these can tell you I am a friend and an honest man.

DONNE.

*On ne reconnoistroit les monts, sans les valées ;
Et les tailles encor artistement meslées
En œuvre mosaïque, ont, pour plus grand beauté,
Divers priz, divers teint, diverse quantité.
Dieu vœuille qu'en mes chants la plus insigne tache
Semble le moucheron qu'une pucelle attache
A sa face neigeuse, et que bien peu d'erreurs
Donnent lustre aux beaux traits de mes hautes fureurs.*

DU BARTAS, LA MAGNIFICENCE.

Hills were not seen but for the vales betwixt ;
The deep indentings artificial mixt
Amid mosaicks, for mere ornament,
Have prizes, sizes and dyes different.
And, Oh, God grant, the greatest spot you spy
In all my frame, may be but as the fly,
Which on her ruff, (whiter than whitest snows,)
To whiten white, the fairest virgin sows,
(Or like the velvet on her brow, or like
The dunker mole on Venus' dainty cheek.)
And that a few faults may but lustre bring
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.

SYLVESTER.

Be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the iaward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

SHIRLEY.

Humble and meek befitth men of years,
Behold my cell, built in a silent shade,
Holding content for poverty and peace,
And in my lodge is fealty and faith,
Labour and love united in one league.
I want not, for my mind affordeth wealth,
I know not envy, for I climb not high ;
Thus do I live, and thus I mean to die.

ROBERT GREENE.

The events of to-day make us look forward to what will happen to-morrow; those of yesterday carry our views into another world.

DANBY.

Mine earnest intent is as much to profit as to please, *non tam ut populo placerem, quam ut populum juvarem* : and these my writings shall take, I hope, like gilded pills,

which are so composed as well to tempt the appetite and deceive the palate, as to help and medicinally work upon the whole body. My lines shall not only recreate, but rectify the mind.

BURTON.

— Sit thou a patient looker on ;
Judge not the play, before the play is done,
Her plot has many changes ; every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play.

QUARLES.

Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that
will.

QUARLES.

Je n'ay pas plus fait mon livre, que mon livre m'a fait, — livre consubstantiel à son auteur. MONTAIGNE.

— se le parole che usa lo scrittore portan seco un poco, non dirà di difficoltà, ma d'acutezza recondita, et non così nota, come quelle che si dicono parlando ordinariamente, danno una certa maggior autorità alla scrittura, et fanno che il lettore va più ritenuto, et sopra di se, et meglio considera, et si diletta dell' ingegno et dottrina di chi scrive ; et col buon giudicio affaticandosi un poco gusta quel piacere, che s'ha nel conseguir le cose difficili. Et se l'ignorantia di chi legge è tanta, che non posse superar quella difficoltà, non è la colpa dello scrittore.

CASTIGLIONE, IL CORTIGIANO.

Certo estava eu que o Doutor sabia de tudo o que disse não só os termos e fundamentos, mas acuda o mas difficultosa, e substancial ; — mas o praticar dellas de modo, que en as entendesse, he graça de seu saber, e não sufficiência do meu ingenho. FRANCISCO RODRIGUES LOBO.

Sir, Our greatest business is more in our power than the least, and we may be surer to meet in Heaven than in any place upon earth ; and whilst we are distant here, we may meet as often as we list in God's presence, by soliciting in our prayers for one another.

DONNE.

*Or ti rimani, Lettor, sovra 'l tuo banco,
Dietro pensando a ciò che si preliba,
S'esser vuoi lieto assai prima che stanco.
Messo l'ho innanzi ; omai per te ti ciba ;
Che a se ritorce tutta la mia cura
Quella materia ond' io son fatto scriba.* DANTE.

I have been often told that nobody now would read any thing that was plain and true ; — that was accounted dull work, except one mixed something of the sublime, prodigious, monstrous, or incredible ; and then they would read the one for the sake of the other. — So rather than not be read, I have put in a proportionable little of the monstrous. If any thing be found fault with, it is possible I may explain and add.

HUTCHINSON.

Who seeketh in thee for profit and gain
Of excellent matter soon shall attain.

T. H.

Pay me like for like ; give me good thoughts for great studies ; and at leastwise shew me this courtly courtesy to afford me good words, which cost you nothing, for serious thoughts hatched up with much consideration. Thus commending my deserts to the learned, and committing my labour to the instruction of the ignorant, I bid you all heartily farewell.

LAZARUS PIOT.

Even at this time, when I humbly thank God, I ask and have his comfort of sadder meditations, I do not condemn in myself that I have given my wit such evaporations as these.

DONNE.

L'ENVOY.

GENTLE Reader—for if thou art fond of such works as these, thou art like to be the Gentleman and the Scholar—I take upon me to advertise thee that the Printer of THE DOCTOR, &c. is William Nicol of the Shakspeare Press—the long-trying Friend of the lamented Southey and of their mutual Friend, the late Grosvenor Bedford of Her Majesty's Exchequer—

*Felices anima, et quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit!*

The Sonnet following, Gentle Reader, I do thee to wit, is the composition of the above kind-hearted and benevolent William Nicol—and I wish it to be printed, because

on Grosvenor Bedford's short visit to Southey in 1836, he expressed himself much pleased with it. May be, if thou art fond of the gentle craft, it may please thee too, and so I wish thee heartily farewell!

Who wrote THE DOCTOR? Who's the scribe unknown?—

Time may discover, when the grave has closed
Its earthy jaws o'er us, who now are posed

To father that which greatest pen might own;

Learning diffuse, quaint humour, lively wit,

Satire severe and bold, or covert, sly,

Turning within itself the mental eye

To fancies strange that round its orbit flit,

Unknown to others and by self scarce seen;

Teaching, in sweetest English, England's plan,—

When England was herself, her laurels green —

Honour to God and charity to man:

Who wrote the Doctor? her best Son, I ween,

Whether his works, or his fair life you scan.

THE END.

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