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THE DOCTOR,

*&c.*

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

BUTLER'S REMAINS.

THE DOCTOR,

*&c.*



VOL. V.

LONDON:

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

1838.

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





## PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

---

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

THE BISHOPRICK GARLAND.

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

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

I entered on this work certainly with considerable materials, and since engaging in it, in reading, in thinking, in correcting and improving, I have proportioned my labours to my undertaking. Every step I advanced, I did but more clearly see how much farther I might go. Here too readers and some writers may be reminded of the effect produced by finding

a pleasure in your employment, some burdens are sweet; you lose the sense of weight by the deceptions of fancy and occasional rests; and in proportion as your journey becomes more agreeable, you are in danger of growing more dilatory.

GEORGE DYER.

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

ASTRE'E—MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

I would not be in danger of that law of Moses, that if a man dig a pit and cover it not, he must recompense those which are damnified by it; which is often interpreted of such as shake old opinions, and do not establish new as certain, but leave consciences in a worse danger than they

found them in. I believe that law of Moses hath in it some mystery and appliableness; for by that law men are only then bound to that indemnity and compensation, if an ox or an ass, (that is such as are of a strong constitution and accustomed to labour) fall therein; but it is not said so, if a sheep or a goat fall: no more are we if men in a silliness or wantonness will stumble or take a scandal, bound to rectify them at all times. And therefore because I justly presume you strong and watchful enough, I make account that I am not obnoxious to that law; since my meditations are neither too wide nor too deep for you.

DONNE'S LETTERS.

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

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

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

DUTCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

—βροτοὶ παύσασθε μάταιοι.

Ῥεμβομενοὶ σκοτίη καὶ ἀφεγγεῖ νυκτὶ μελαίνῃ  
Καὶ λίπετε σκοτίην νυκτὸς, φωτὸς δὲ λάβεσθε·  
Οὗτος ἰδοὺ παντεσσι σαφῆς, ἀπλάνητος ὑπάρχει.  
Ἔλθετε, μὴ σκοτίην δὲ διώκετε, καὶ γνώφον αἰεὶ·  
Ἡελίς γλυκυδερκῆς ἰδοὺ φάος ἕξοχα λάμπει.

SIBYLLINE VERSES.

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

RICHARD ROBINSON.

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

APULEIUS.

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

ARTHUR GOLDING.

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

WEBSTER.

He says and he says not, cares and he cares not, he's king  
 and he's no king; his high-born soul is above this sublunary  
 world; he reigns, he rides in the clouds and keeps his court  
 in the Horizon: he's Emperor of the Superlative Heights,  
 and lives in pleasure among the Gods; he plays at bowls with

the Stars, and makes a foot-ball of the Globe ; he makes that to fly far, far out of the reach of Thought.

HURLOTHRUMBO.

*Lo libres fo be faitz, e de bos motz complit ;  
E sil voletz entendre, li gran e li petit  
Podon i mot apendre de sen e de bel dit ;  
Car aisel qui le fe nal ventre tot farsit,  
E sel que nol conoish, ni nol a resentit.  
Ja no so cujaria.*

CANSOS DE LA CROZADA  
CONTR ELS EREGES DALBREGES.

Something oddly

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

FORD.

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

THE CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court or a club at the tavern. I never counted among my honours these *opuscula* of mine, but merely as harmless amusements. It is my

partridge, as with St. John; my Cat, as with Pope St. Gregory; my little dog, as with St. Dominic; my lamb, as with St. Francis; (my pig, he might have said as with St. Antony,) my great black mastiff as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius.

CATHERINOT.

*As quoted and translated by D'ISRAELI.*

To ignorants obdurde, quhair wilfull errorr lysis,

Nor zit to curious folks, quhilks carping dois deject thee,  
Nor zit to learned men, quha thinks thame onelie wyis,

But to the docile bairns of knowledge I direct thee.

JAMES ISt.

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

GABRIEL HARVEY.

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

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---

*Lady Percy.* But hear you, my Lord!

*Hotspur.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady Percy.* What is it carries you away?

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

SHAKESPEAR.

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

GWILLIM.

---



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---

*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 defie de me prouver qu'elle soit absolument impossible ; ils ne le prouveront jamais.*

GOMGAM.

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---

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

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---

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.

HOOKER.

---

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---

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

BRANTOME.

---

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---

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

THE BRUCIAD.

---

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---

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

BP. ANDREWS.

---

\* The New Testament which the Preacher had before him.

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---

— 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.

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---

*Ce que j'en ay escrit, c'est pour une curiosité, qui plaira  
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---

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*Rem profecto mirabilem, longeque stupendam, rebusque veris veriore describo.*

HIERONYMUS RADIOLENSIS.

---

## CHAPTER CXLVIII.—p. 161.

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---

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.

---

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---

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ble enough and good enough.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

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---

See how I have strayed! and you'll not wonder when you  
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---

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---

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.

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---

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---

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

CALDERON.

---

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I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled  
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That can when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.

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---

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---

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.

---



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---

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---

*Questo medesimo anchora con una altra gagliardissima ragione vi confermo.*

LODOVICO DOMINICHI.

---

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---

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

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---

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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.

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---

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---

I doubt not but some will liken me to the Lover in a  
modern Comedy, who was combing his peruke and setting  
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he intended to begin his court ? he replied, he had been doing  
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---

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---

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 Thou know mine intent;  
 But read me throughout,  
 And then say thy fill;  
 As thou in opinion  
 Art minded and bent,  
 Whether it be  
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---

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A good razor never hurts, or scratches. Neither would  
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---

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.

---

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---

*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.

---

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AN ENQUIRY IN THE POULTRY-YARD, INTO THE  
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---

This is some liquor poured out of his bottle ;  
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J. C. sometime of M. . Oxon.

---

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

BEN JONSON.

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---

Much from my theme and friend have I digressed,  
But poor as I am, poor in stuff for thought,  
And poor in thought to make of it the best,  
Blame me not, Gentles, if I soon am caught  
By this or that, when as my themes suggest  
Aught of collateral aid which may be wrought  
Into its service : Blame me not, I say ;  
The idly musing often miss their way.

CHARLES LLOYD.

---

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NE-PLUS-ULTRA-WHALE-FISHING. AN OPINION OF  
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---

*Sequar quo vocas, omnibus enim rebus omnibusque sermo-  
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SENECA.

---

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---

ὦ φίλε Φαῖδρε, ποῖ δὴ καὶ πόθεν;

PLATO.

---

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---

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

ORL. INN.

## CHAPTER CLXXI.—p. 330.

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.

---



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THOMAS WARTON AND BISHOP STILL. THE JOHN  
WEBSTERS, THE ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAMS, AND  
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---

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

FUENTE Deseada.

---

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 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's for that.  
 If I have a humour to prove it, it must be  
 granted.

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

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

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

CONGREVE.

---

# THE DOCTOR,

&c.

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## CHAPTER CXXXVII.

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

---

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

BEN JONSON.

---

IT'S as fine a foal as ever was dropt, said  
Nicholas;—but I should as soon thought of  
dropping one myself!

If thou hadst Nicholas, replied the Doctor,  
'twould have been a foal with longer ears, and

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

As for that matter, answered Nicholas, all my notions are struck in a heap. You bought that Mare on the 29th of July, by this token that it was my birth-day, and I said she would prove a lucky one. One,—two,—three,—four,

—five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—he continued, counting upon his fingers,—ten Kalendar months, and to-day the eleventh of June;—in all that time I'll be sworn she has never been nearer a horse than to pass him on the road. It must have been the Devil's doing, and I wish he never did worse. However, Master, I hope you'll sell him, for in spite of his looks I should never like to trust my precious limbs upon the back of such a misbegotten beast.

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

The Winds! said Nicholas; he lifted up the lids of his little eyes as far as he could strain them, and breathed out a whistle of a half minute long, beginning in C alt and running down two whole octaves.

It was common in Spain, pursued Dr. Dove, and consequently may have happened in our less genial climate, but this is the first instance that has ever been clearly observed. I well

remember, he continued, that last July was peculiarly fine. The wind never varied more than from South South East to South West; the little rain which fell descended in gentle, balmy, showers, and the atmosphere never could have been more full of the fecundating principle.

That our friend really attached any credit to this fanciful opinion of the Ancients, is what I will not affirm, nor perhaps would he himself have affirmed it. But Henry More, the Platonist, Milton's friend, undoubtedly believed it. After quoting the well-known passage upon this subject in the Georgics, and a verse to the same effect from the Punic, he adds, that you may not suspect it "to be only the levity and credulity of Poets to report such things, I can inform you that St. Austin, and Solinus the historian write the same of a race of horses in Cappadocia. Nay, which is more to the purpose, Columella and Varro, men expert in rural affairs, assert this matter for a most certain and known truth." Pliny also affirms it as an undoubted fact: the foals of

the Wind, he says, were exceedingly swift, but short-lived, never outliving three years. And the Lampongs of Sumatra, according to Marsden, believe at this time that the Island Engano is inhabited entirely by females, whose progeny are all children of the Wind.

## CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

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

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*Lady Percy.* But hear you, my Lord!

*Hotspur.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady Percy.* What is it carries you away?

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

SHAKESPEAR.

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AFTER having made arrangements with the owner of the barn for the accommodation of the Mare in-the-straw, the Doctor and Nicholas pursued their way to Doncaster on foot, the latter every now and then breaking out into exclamations of the Lord bless me! and sometimes with a laugh of astonishment annexing the Lord's name to a verb of opposite significa-



tion governing a neuter pronoun. Then he would cry, Who would have thought it? Who'll believe it? and so with interjections benedictory or maledictory, applied indiscriminately to himself and Miss Jenny and the foal, he gave vent to his wonder, frequently however repeating his doubts how the come-by-chance, as he called it, would turn out.

A doubt to the same purport had come across the Doctor; for it so happened that one of his theories bore very much in support of Nicholas's unfavourable prepossession. Eclipse was at that time in his glory; and Eclipse was in the case of those children who are said by our Law to be more than ordinarily legitimate, tho' he was not like one of these double legitimates enabled at years of discretion to chuse for himself between the two possible fathers. Whether Eclipse was got by Shakespear or by Old Marsk was a point of which the Duke of Cumberland and his Stud Groom at one time confessed themselves ignorant; and though at length, as it was necessary that Eclipse should have a pedigree, they filiated him upon Old

Marsk, Dr. Dove had amused himself with contending that the real cause of the superiority of that wonderful horse to all other horses was, that in reality he was the Son of both, and being thus doubly begotten had derived a double portion of vigour. It is not necessary to explain by what process of reasoning he had arrived at this conclusion; but it followed as a necessary inference that if a horse with two Sires inherited a double stock of strength, a horse who had no Sire at all must, *pari ratione*, be in a like proportion deficient. And here the Doctor must have rested had he not luckily called to mind that Canto of the Faery Queen in which

The birth of fayre Belphebe and  
Of Amorett is told.

how

—— wondrously they were begot and bred  
Through influence of the Heavens fruitfull ray.

Miraculous may seem to him that reades  
So strange ensample of conception;  
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seedes  
Of all things living, through impression  
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion

Doe life conceive, and quick'ned are by kynd ;  
 So after Nilus' inundation  
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd  
 Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great Father he of Generation  
 Is rightly called, th' Authour of life and light ;  
 And his faire sister for creation  
 Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right  
 With heate and humour breeds the living wight.

So delighted was he with this recollection, and with the beautiful picture of Belphœbe which it recalled, that he would instantly have named the foal Belphœbe,—if it had happened to be a filly. For a moment it occurred to him to call him Belphœbus ; but then again he thought that Belphœbus was too like Belphégor, and he would not give any occasion for a mistake, which might lead to a suspicion that he favoured Nicholas's notion of the Devil's concern in the business.

But the naming of this horse was not so lightly to be decided. Would it have been fitting under all the circumstances of the case to have given him any such appellation as Buzzard, Trumpeter, Ploughboy, Master Jackey,

Master Robert, Jerry Sneak, Trimmer, Swindler, Deceiver, Diddler, Boxer, Bruiser, Buffer, Prize-fighter, Swordsman, Snap—would it have been fitting I say to have given to a Colt who was dropt almost as unexpectedly as if he had dropt from the clouds,—would it I repeat have been fitting to have given him any one of these names, all known in their day upon the Turf, or of the numberless others commonly and with equal impropriety bestowed upon horses.

## CHAPTER CXXXIX.

FACTS AND OBSERVATIONS RELATING TO ONOMA-  
TOLOGY.

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

GWILLIM.

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NAMES, Reader, are serious things; and certain philosophers, as well as Mr. Shandy, have been to use the French-English of the day, deeply penetrated with this truth.

The name of the Emperor of Japan is never known to his subjects during his life. And the people of ancient Rome never knew the true and proper name of their own City, which

is indeed among the things that have utterly perished. It was concealed as the most awful of all mysteries, lest if it were known to the enemies of the City, they might by force of charms and incantations deprive it of the aid of its tutelary Gods.—As for that mystery which has occasioned among Hebrew Critics the Sect of the Adonists, I only hint thereat.

Names, Reader, are serious things, so serious that no man since Adam has been able, except by special inspiration, to invent one which should be perfectly significant.

*Adan, antes que el bien le fuera oposito,  
Fue tan grande filosofo y dialectico,  
Que a todo quanto Dios le dio en deposito,  
(Aunque pecando fue despues frenetico,)  
De nombres adorno tan a proposito  
Como quien tuvo espiritu profetico ;  
Porque naturaleza en modo tacito  
Las causas descubrio a su beneplacito.*

*Esta virtud tan alta fue perdiendose  
De los que del vinieron derivandose,  
Tanto que todos van desvaneciendose.  
En aplicar los nombres, y engañandose,  
Sino es por algun Angel descubriendose,  
O por inspiracion manifestandose.\**

\* Cayrasco de Figueroa.

Names, Reader, I repeat, are serious things : and much ingenuity has been exerted in inventing appropriate ones not only for man and beast, but for inanimate things. Godfathers and Godmothers, Navigators, Shipbuilders, Florists, Botanists, Chemists, Jockies, Feeders, Stage Coach-Proprietors, Quacks, Perfumers, Novelists and Dramatists have all displayed their taste in the selection of Names.

More whimsically consorted names will seldom be found than among the Lodges of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows—You find there Apollo and St. Peter; the Rose of Sharon, and the Rose of Cheetham; Earl Fitz-william, Farmer's Glory, and Poor Man's Protection; Philanthropic and Lord Byron, Lord John Russell and Good Intent; Queen Caroline (Bergami's Queen not George the Seconds) and Queen Adelaide.

Reader be pleased to walk into the Garden with me. You see that bush,—what would you call the fruit which it bears?—The Gooseberry.—But its more particular name?—Its botanical name is *ribes*—or *grossularia*, which

you will Mr. Author.—Still Reader we are in generals. For you and I, and our wives and children, and all plain eaters of gooseberry-pie and gooseberry-fool, the simple name gooseberry might suffice. Not so for the scientific in gooseberries, the gooseberryologists. They could distinguish whether it were the King or the Duke of York; the Yellow Seedling or the Prince of Orange; Lord Hood or Sir Sidney Smith; Atlas or Hercules; the Green Goose or the Green Bob or the Green Chisel; the Colossus or the Duke of Bedford; Apollo or Tickle Toby; the Royal Oak or the Royal Sovereign; the Hero or the Jolly Smoaker; the Game Keeper or the Sceptre; the Golden Gourd or the Golden Lion, or the Gold-finder; Worthington's Conqueror or Somach's Victory; Robinson's Stump or Davenport's Lady; Blakeley's Chisel or Read's Satisfaction; Bell's Farmer or the Creeping Ceres; the White Muslin, the White Rose, the White Bear, the White Noble or the White Smith; the Huntsman, the Gunner, the Thrasher, the Viper, the Independent, the Glory of Eccles, or the Glory



of England; Smith's Grim-Mask, Blomerly's John Bull, Hamlet's Beauty of England, Goodier's Nelson's Victory, Parkinson's Scarlet Virgin, Milling's Crown Bob, Kitt's Bank of England, Yeat's Wild-Man of the Wood, Davenport's Jolly Hatter, or Leigh's Fiddler.—For all these are Gooseberries: and yet this is none of them; it is the Old Ironmonger.

Lancashire is the County in which the Gooseberry has been most cultivated; there is a Gooseberry book annually printed at Manchester; and the Manchester Newspapers recording the death of a person and saying that he bore a severe illness with Christian fortitude and resignation, add that he was much esteemed among the Class of Gooseberry Growers.—A harmless class they must needs be deemed, but even in growing Gooseberries emulation may be carried too far.

The Royal Sovereign which in 1794 was grown by George Cook of Ashton near Preston which weighed seventeen pennyweights, eighteen grains, was thought a Royal Gooseberry at that day. But the growth of Gooseberries

keeps pace with the March of Intellect. In 1830 the largest Yellow Gooseberry on record was shown at Stockport, it weighed thirty-two pennyweights, thirteen grains, and was named the Teazer. The largest Red one was the Roaring Lion of thirty-one pennyweights, thirteen grains, shown at Nantwich ; and the largest White, was the Ostrich shown at Ormskirk ; falling far short of the others, and yet weighing twenty-four pennyweights, twenty grains. They have been grown as large as Pigeon's eggs. But the fruit is not improved by the forced culture which increases its size. The Gooseberry growers who show for the prizes which are annually offered, thin the fruit so as to leave but two or three berries on a branch ; even then prizes are not gained by fair dealing : they contrive to support a small cup under each of these, so that the fruit shall for some weeks rest in water that covers about a fourth part, and this they call suckling the gooseberry.

Your Orchard, Sir ! you are perhaps content with Codlins and Pippins, Non-pareils and Russets, with a few nameless varieties. But

Mr. Forsyth will tell you of the Beauty of Kent, of the Belle Grisdeline, the Boomrey, the Hampshire Nonsuch, the Dalmahoy, the Golden Mundi, the Queening, the Oak Peg, the Nine Square, the Paradise Pippin, the Violet Apple, the Corpendu, the Trevoider, the Ramborn, the Spanish Onion, the Royal George, the Pigeonette, the Norfolk Paradise, the Long-laster, the Kentish Fill-baskets, the Maiden's Blush, the Lady's Finger, the Scarlet Admirable, the Hall-Door, the Green Dragon, the Fox's Whelp, the Fair Maid of Wishford, Coble-dick-longerkin—an apple in the north of Devon and Cornwall, which Mr. Polwhele supposes to have been introduced into the parish of Stratton by one Longerkin who was called Cobble-dick, because his name was Richard and he was a Cobler by trade. John Apple,

— whose withered rind, intrench'd

With many a furrow, aptly represents

Decrepid age.\*

the King of the Pippins (of him hereafter in

\* PHILIPS.

the Chapter of Kings) and the Seek-no-farther, —after which no farther will we seek.

Of Pears, the *Bon Chrétien* called by English Gardeners the Bum-Gritton, the *Teton de Venus* and the *Cuisse Madame*, three names which equally mark the country from whence they came. The last Bishop of Alais before the French Revolution visiting a Rector once who was very rich and very avaricious, gave him some gentle admonitory hint of the character he had heard of him. “*Mais Monseigneur,*” said the Man, “*il faut garder une Poire pour la soif.*” “*Vous avez bien raison,*” replied the Bishop: “*prenez garde seulement qu’elle soit du bon Chrétien.*” The first Lord Camelford in one of whose letters this pun is preserved, thought it perfect. But to proceed with the nomenclature of Pears, there are the Supreme, the Bag-pipe of Anjou, the Huff Cap, the Grey Good Wife, the Goodman’s Pear, the Queen’s Pear, the Prince’s Pear, the Marquis’s Pear, the Dean’s Pear, the Knave’s Pear, the Pope’s Pear, the Chaw Good, the Vicar, the Bishop’s Thumb, the Lady’s Lemon, the Lord

Martin, the St. Austin, La Pastorelle and Monsieur John, the Great Onion, the Great Mouth-water, the King of Summer, the Angelic Pear,—and many others which I would rather eat than enumerate. At present the Louis Philippe holds pre-eminence.

The *Propria quæ Potatibus* will be found not less rich,—though here we perceive a lower key of invention, as adapted to a lower rank of fruit and affording a proof of Nature's Aristocracy;—here we have Red Champions, White Champions, Late Champions and English Champions, Early Manlys, Rough Reds, Smooth Yellows, Silver Skins, Pink Eyes, Golden Tags, Golden Gullens, Common Wise, Quaker Wise, Budworth's Dusters, Poor Man's Profit, Lady Queens, Drunken Landlords, Britons, Cronos, Apples, Magpies, Lords, Invincibles, the Painted Lady and the Painted Lord, the Golden Dun, the Old Red Rough, and the Ox Noble;

*Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*

For Roses, methinks Venus, and the Fair

Maid, and Flora, and Favorite, and Diana may well keep company with our old favourite the Maiden Blush. There may be too, though it were to be wished there were not, a Miss Bold, among these beautiful flowers. Nor would I object to Purple nor to Ruby, because they are significant if nothing more. But for Duchess, with double blush, methinks the characteristic and the name go ill together. The Great Mogul is as bad as the Vagrant; the Parson worse than either; and for Mount Etna, and Mount Vesuvius, it excites an explosion of anger to hear of them.

Among the trees in Barbadoes, we read of Anchovy the Apple, the Bread and Cheese, or Sucking bottle, the Belly ache and the Fat Pork Tree!

From the fields and gardens to the Dairy. In the Vaccine nomenclature we pass over the numerals and the letters of the Alphabet. Would you have more endearing appellations than Curly, Curl-pate, Pretty, Brownny, CotLass, Lovely Lass (a name peradventure imposed by that person famous in the proverb, as the old

Woman who kissed her Cow)—more promising than Bee, Earnest, Early, Standfast, Fill-bouk, Fillpan,—more romantic than Rose, Rosely, Rosebud, Roseberry, Rosamond, Rosella, Rosalina, Furba, Firbrella, Firbrina, more rural than Rurorea.

Then for Bulls,—was there not the Bull Shakespeare, by Shakespeare off young Nell, who was sold in the year 1793 for £400., with a condition that the seller should have the privilege every year of introducing two Cows to the said Shakespere. And was there not the Bull Comet who was sold for 1000 guineas. I say nothing of Alderman Bull, nor of John Bull, nor of the remarkable Irish Breed.

For horses I content myself with remembering the never to be forgotten Pot-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-os, sometimes written Pot8os. Whose was the proudest feeling of exultation, his who devised this numerico-literal piece of wit,—or that of Archimedes when he exclaimed *Εύρηκα*? And while touching the Arithmographic mode of writing let us not forget the Frenchman who

by the union of a pun and a hieroglyph described his Sovereign's style thus—Louis with ten-oysters in a row after the name.

As for the scientific names of Plants,—if Apollo had not lost all power he would have elongated the ears of Tournefort and Linnæus, and all their followers, as deservedly as he did those of Midas.

Of the Knights or Horsemen, Greeks and Trojans, Rustics and Townsmen among — Butterflies,—and the Gods, Goddesses, Muses and Graces, Heroes, Worthies and Unworthies, who feed in their grub state upon lettuces and cabbages, sleep through their aurelian term of existence, and finally obtain a name in the naturalist's nomenclature, and perhaps a local habitation in his Cabinet with a pin through their bodies, I say nothing, farther than to state why one tribe of them is denominated Trojans. Be it known then in the words of a distinguished Entomologist, that “ this tribe has been dedicated by Entomologists to the memory of the more distinguished worthies of



the Trojan race, and above others to preserve, the memory of those heroes whose exploits in the defence of that rich and potent station of the ancient world, the town of Troy, have been commemorated in the Iliad by the immortal Homer." Lest Homer therefore and all the works derived from him should perish from remembrance the Entomologists have very considerably devised this means for preserving the memory of Hector.

Hath not Daniel Girton, of the County of Bucks, in his Complete Pigeon-Fancier, wherein he points out to the Gentlemen of the Fancy, the foul marks and the real perfections of every valuable species of Fancy Birds and Toys which in his time were bred in England, France and Holland;—hath not Daniel Girton, I say, (tho' Boswell thought that a sentence so formed as to require an *I'say* to keep it together, resembled a pair of ill-mended breeches, and candidly acknowledged the resemblance in his own,—the sentence I mean, which he was then penning, not the breeches which he wore;)—hath not Daniel Girton, I say, particularly

enumerated in his Title-Page among the varieties of such Fancy Birds, Powters, Carriers, Horsemen, Dragoons, Croppers, Powting Horsemen, Uplopers, Fantails, Chinese Pigeons, Lace-Pigeons, Tumblers, Runts, Spots, Laughers, Trumpeters, Jacobines, Capuchines, Nuns, Shakers, Helmets, Ruffs, Finnikins, Turners, Barbs, Mahomets, Turbits, Owls, and Smiters, concluding the imperfect enumeration with an &c.

The Foul Fiends also have odd names. Witness the list which John Gee collected after the veracious Romish Priests of his time : Lusty Dick, Killico, Hob, Corner-Cap, Puffe, Purre, Frateretto, Fliberdigibbet, Haberdicut, Cocabelto, Maho, (this Maho, who was a gentleman as Shakespeare tells us, maintained his ground against a Priest for seven hours) Kelliocam, Wilkin, Smolkin, Lusty Jolly Jenkin, (this must have been a Welsh Devil and of a noble race) Porto Richo, (peradventure a Creole Devil,) Pudding of Thame—(fie on such pudding !) Pour Dieu (Pour Diable !) Bonjour, Motubizanto, Nur, Bernon, Delicate.

The familiar of that “damnable and malicious witch Elizabeth Southern, alias Dimdikes, was called Tibb: she dwelt in the forest of Pendle,” a vast place fit for her profession, and she was a general Agent for the Devil in all those parts.”

There was one Mr. Duke, a busy fanatic, in Devonshire in Charles II.’s days, whom old Sir Edward Seymour used to call Spirit Po, that said Po being a *petit diable*, a small devil that was *presto* at every Conjuror’s nod. He (the said Mr. Duke) was a common runner up and down on factious errands; and there could not be a meeting in the country for business or mirth, but Spirit Po was there.”

Actæus Megalesius, Ormenus, Lycus, Nicon and Mimon are five of the Chief Telchinnes or Alastores, who take the waters of Styx in their hands, and sprinkle them over the earth, thereby causing all kinds of diseases and calamities.

It is known upon testimony which has received the sanction of the Holy Office, that Lucifer has three Lord Lieutenants, whose

names are Aquias, Brum, and Acatu: whether the second assumed his name in prospective compliment to the Queen's Attorney-General, or whether the name itself has some appropriate and amiable signification in the infernal tongue must be left to conjecture. These Lord Lieutenants were sent with a whole army of Devils to make war against a person of the feminine gender called in her own language Anna de Santiago, but in the language of Hell, Catarruxa, which according to the interpretation given by the Devils themselves, means the Strong Woman. The General was named Catacis, and the names of the subordinate Commanders have been faithfully recorded by a Franciscan Chronicler of unquestioned veracity, for the use of Exorcists, experience having shown that it is of signal use in their profession to know the names of the enemies with whom they are contending, the Devils perhaps having learnt from the Lawyers, (who are able to teach the Devil), to take advantage of a misnomer. This indeed is so probable that it cannot be superfluous to point out to

Exorcists a received error, which must often have frustrated their laudable endeavours, if the same literal accuracy be required in their processes as in those of the Law. They no doubt have always addressed the Prince of the Devils by the name of Beelzebub, but his real name is Beelzebul; and so St. Jerome found it in all his Manuscripts, but not understanding what was then the common, and true reading, he altered Βεελζεβουλ into Βεελζεβουβ, — by which he made the word significant to himself, but enabled Beelzebul to quash all actions of ejection preferred against him in this false name. The value of this information will be appreciated in Roman Catholic Countries. Gentlemen of the long robe will think it beautiful; and I have this additional motive for communicating it, to wit, that it may be a warning to all verbal Critics. I now return to my nomenclature.

If a catalogue of plants or animals in a newly discovered country be justly esteemed curious, how much more curious must a genuine muster-roll of Devils be esteemed, all being Devils of rank and consequence in the

Satanic service. It is to Anna de Santiago herself that we are originally beholden for it, when at her Confessor's desire,

Θεες δ' ὀνομήνεν ἅπαντας

Τες ὑποταρταρίες\*

“The reader (as Fuller says,) will not be offended with their hard names here following, seeing his eye may run them over in perusing them, though his tongue never touch them in pronouncing them.” And when he thinks how many private and non-commissioned officers go to make up a legion, he may easily believe that Owen Glendower might have held Hotspur

at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several Devil's names

That were his lackeys.

Barca, Maquias, Acatam, Ge, Arri, Macaquias, Ju, Mocatam, Arra, Vi, Macutu, Laca, Machehe, Abriim, Maracatu, Majacatam, Barra, Matu, the Great Dog, (this was a dumb devil), Arracatorra, Mayca, Oy, Aleu, Malacatan, Mantu, Arraba, Emay, Alacamita, Olu, Ayvatu,

\* HOMER.

Arremabur, Aycotan, Lacadhabarratu, Oguer-racatam, Jamacatia, Mayacatu, Ayciay, Ballà, Luachi, Mayay, Buzache, Berrà, Berram, Maldequita, Bemaqui, Moricastatu, Anciaquias, Zamata, Bu, Zamcapatujas, Bellacatuaxia, Go, Bajaque, and Baa,—which seems but a sheepish name for a Devil.

Can there be yet a roll of names more portentous in appearance, more formidable in sound, more dangerous in utterance? Look, reader, at the ensuing array, and judge for thyself; *look* I say, and mentally peruse it, but attempt not to enunciate the words, lest thou shouldst loosen thy teeth or fracture them in the operation.

Angheteduff, otherwise Anghutuduffe, otherwise Ballyhaise, Kealdragh, Caveneboy, Aghugrenoase, otherwise Aghagremous, Killataven, Kilnaverley, Kelvoryvybegg, Tonnegh, Briehill, Drommody, Amraghduffe, Drumhermshanbeeg, Dranhill, Cormaghscargin, Corlybeeg, Cornashogagh, Dromhome, Trimmigan, Knocklyeagh, Carrigmore, Clemtegrit, Lesdamen

huffe, Correamyhy, Aghnielanagher, otherwise  
 Agnigamagh, Prittage, Aghaiasgim, Toboga-  
 magh, Dromaragh, otherwise Dromavragh,  
 Cnockamyhee, Lesnagvan, Kellarne, Gargaran,  
 Cormodyduffe, Curraghchinrin, Annageocry,  
 Brocklagh, Aghmaihi, Drungvin, otherwise  
 Dungen, Dungenbegg, Dungemore, Sheina,  
 Dremcarplin, Shaghtany, Knocksegart, Keil-  
 lagh, Tinlaghcoole, Tinlagheryagh, Lyssybrogan,  
 Lyssgallagh, Langarriah, Sheanmullagh, Celg-  
 vane, Drombomore, Lissgarre, Toncantany,  
 Knockadawe, Dromboobegg, Drumpgampurne,  
 Listiarta, Omrefada, Corranoyre, Corrotober,  
 Clere, Biagbire, Lurgriagh, Tartine, Drum-  
 burne, Aghanamaghan, Lusmakeragh, Nucaine,  
 Cornamuck, Crosse, Coyleagh, Cnocknatratin,  
 Toanmore, Ragasky, Longamonihity, Attean-  
 tity, Knockfodda, Tonaghmore, Drumgrestin,  
 Owley, Dronan, Vushinagh, Carricknascan,  
 Lyssanhany, otherwise Lysseyshanan, Knock-  
 aduyme, Dromkurin, Lissmakearke, Dromgo-  
 whan, Raghege, Dromacharand, Moneyneriogh,  
 Drinsurly, Dromillan, Agunylyly, Gnockantry,



Ellyn, Keileranny, otherwise Kulrany, Koraneagh, and Duigary.

“Mercy on us,” says the Reader, “what are these!”—Have patience Reader, we have not done yet, there are still—Magherhillagh, Drung, Clefern, Castleterra, Killana, Moybolgace, Kilfort, Templefort, Killaghdon, Laragh, Cloncaughy, Annaghgiliffe, Towninmore, Rathany, Drumgoone, Tyrelatrada, Lurganboy, Ballyclanphilip, Killinkery, Ballintampel, Kilbride, Crosserlough, Drumlawnaught, Killanaburgh, Kilsherdan, otherwise Killersherding, Dremakellen, Aughaurain, Drumgress and Shanaraghan.

“For mercy’s sake,” exclaims the Reader, “enough—enough! what are they?” The latter, dear Reader, are all Poles and Termons. And the whole of them were set up for sale by public cant in Dublin, pursuant to a Decree of his Majesty’s High Court of Chancery in Ireland, dated the 18th of May, 1816.

## CHAPTER CXL.

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

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*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.

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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 dropt. 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!—Its 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 neither be nicked or Nicholased.

Upon this Nicholas grew warm, and asserted that his name was as good as the others, 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 son 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 mid-way.

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 Beggar-my-Neighbour. It was a singular game. The cards were dealt with such equality that after the first round had shewn the respective hands, the ablest calculator would have been doubtful on which side to have betted. Captures were made and remade,—the game had all and more than all

its usual ups and downs, and it ended in tyeing 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 half-penny on his thumb nail sent it whizzing into the air.

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

Barnaby stampd 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 half-penny, it would never have served him so! He picked it up,—and it proved to be a *Brummejam* 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 Ottley, and Barnaby Sutton; N. O.—B. S.—Nobs shall be his name.

Perhaps the Doctor remembered Smectymnuus 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 Rambam 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 CXLI.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE AND NOT MORE SAD THAN  
TRUE.

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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 any thing 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 double-faced, 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 *Œdipus* 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 CHIL-  
DREN'S BOOKSELLER AND FRIEND.

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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.

HOOKEK.

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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 any thing 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 conscientiaë*, so every where else. But perhaps you are, or may hereafter be a Member of Parliament, (a propensity whether

slight or not for gambling which has been pre-supposed, 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 Com-mère, 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.

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*Quant à moi, je desirerois fort sçavoir bien dire, ou que j'eusse eu une bonne plume, et bien taillée à commandement, pour l'exalter et louer comme il le mérite. Toutesfois, 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 it 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.\*

\* CHURCHILL.

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 Gratiaë*

*E valle Permessi vagantem*

*Pegason ; alipedemque sacris*

*Frenate sertis.—Ut micat auribus !*

*Vocemque longé vatis amabili*

*Agnoscit hinnitu ! Ut Dearum*

*Frena feræ, 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,*

\* CASIMIR.

*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.

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-cricked, pricked in the sole or loose in the hoof, horse-hipped, hide-bound, broken-winded, straight or heavy shouldered, lame in

\* BUSINI.

† TUSSER.

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 Petruchio 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,  
Pompante pennade,  
Le saut soubzlevant,  
La roide ruade,  
Prompte petarrade  
Je mis en avant.  
Escumeur bavant  
Au manger sçavant,  
Au penser très-doux ;*

\* TAMING OF THE SHREW.

† CLEMENT MAROT.

*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 udirete appresso.\**

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

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 ;

\* PULCI.

Ἐξ ἀφθίτων γὰρ ἀφθιτοὶ πεφυκότες  
 Τὸν Πηλέως φέρουσι θούριον γόνον.  
 Δίδωσι δ' αὐτοὺς πωλοδαμνήσας ἄναξ  
 Πηλεΐ Ποσειδῶν, ὡς λεγουσι, πόντιος.\*

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

\* EURIPIDES.



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 thorough-bred 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'a porter la malle*, and yet turned out to be so excellent a horse that Maximilian sold him to the Vidasme 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 satis-

faction of listening to the *Memoires de ce que Nous quatre*, say the writers, *qui avons esté employez en diverses affaires de France sous Monseigneur le Duc de Sully, avons peu sçavoir de sa vie, mœurs, dicts, faicts, 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 chestnut-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 learnt 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, "*aye 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 benefit which the horse of Messire Philippe De Comines derived from it after the battle of Montl'hery: "*J'avoie,*" says that sagacious soldier, "*un cheval extrêmement las et vieil; Il beut 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 monstreuse.*

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

οὐνεκ' ἄριστος

Ἴππων, ὅσσοι ἔασιν ὑπ' ἠώ τ' ἠέλιον τε :\*

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 a su lado su nombre, assi pudo la Naturaleza escribir el suyo, como por termino de su ciencia :* which is, being translated, “Nature seemed to 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

\* HOMER.



being the utmost of her skill!" As Shakespeare would have expressed it—

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 appartient 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 drown'd;  
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 starrified ;  
 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 vouté comme un arc mi-tendu, sur lequel flottoit 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 chastain, de l'âge de sept ans. Bref qui eut voulu voir le modelle d'un beau, bon et genereux 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 crueles  
 este baxel animado,  
 hecho proa de la frente,  
 rompiendo el globo de nacar.  
 desde el codon al copete,  
 pareció entre espuma y sangre,  
 ya que baxel quise hazerle,  
 de quatro espuelas herido,  
 que quatro vientos le mueven.*

He did not either in his marks or trappings, resemble Rabicano, as Chiabrera 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 biancheggiava il pelo,  
 E del piè manco, e deretano l'unghia ;  
 Ma con fren d'oro, e con dorati arcioni.  
 Sdegna 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 recognize. This horse was foaled in the territory of Argos, and his pedigree was derived from the anthro-

populous 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 nigrior carbone galantus,  
Parvaque testa, breves agilesque movebat orecchias ;  
Frontis et in medio faciebat stella decorem.  
Frena biassabat, naresque tenebat apertas.  
Pectore mostazzo tangit, se reddit in unum  
Groppettum, solusque viam galopando misurat,  
Goffiat, 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 remanetque sbriatam,  
Innaspatque pedes naso boffante priores.*

That he should have been a good horse is not surprizing, 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 aery 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. 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

\* FULLER.

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 Menescalià*, 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, è Fill, e Sant Spirit, tot hum Deu*; and which he as *Majordom* of the *molt alt e poderos Princep, e victorios*

*Signior Don Alfonso, Re de Rayona, &c.* set forth to show to *als jovents Cavellers, gran part de la practica è de la conexenza del Cavalls, e de lurs malaties, è 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.

## CHAPTER CXLIV.

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

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

THE BRUCIAD.

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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 poitrell, and killed him on the spot.

Cornelin did special service on another occasion, when some Knights belonging to a Giant King of the Sardis, 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 his way 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, dropt 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 enquiries 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 “are 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 recompence



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.

*Què 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 averebbe 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,*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* RICCIARDETTO.

† ORLANDO INAMORATO.

*Or sopra avendo il giovane Ruggiero,  
 Più vaga cosa non si vide mai.  
 Chi guardasse il cavallo e'l cavaliere  
 Starebbe a dar giudizio in dubbio assai,  
 Se fusser 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 mallixo,  
 Y una beldad le diò tan codiciada;*

that fatal horse who as soon as Ruggiero

\* ORLANDO INAMORATO.

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.*

*Alli en presencia suyo hecho pedazos*

*Al Magancés dexó el caballo fiero :*

*Viendole Hipalca muerto entre los brazos,*

*Y no en su silla qual penso a Rugero,*

*Notorios vió los cavilosos lazos*

*Del fementido bando de Pontiero.*

*Alteróse la bella Bradamante*

*Y el sobresalto le abortó un infante*

*Y al quinto dia con la nueva cierta*

*De la muerte infeliz del paladino,*

*La antes dudosa amante quedó muerta,*

*Y cumplido el temor del adivino.*

*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 dia.\**

\* BALBUENA.

*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 Canto, *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 that remarkable horsē 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 re-

sembled 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 characterized 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

\* RUCELLAI.

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 kindness 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 ;

\* BOUCHET.

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 rimira,  
 Ma fracassando il tutto, uita e perote ;  
 Col nitrito i nemici a fieru 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

\* TASSO.

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, antient 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 was the work of Praxiteles; the name of the person whose me-

mory 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, fourscore 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.

Poppæa 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 envoyoi-ent quelque deputation vers le General de cette armée, ne manquoient point de faire des presens et des complimens 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 Spa-

niards 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 ani-

mal, 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 enquiry, 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 Iztaex 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.

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

\* The New Testament which the Preacher had before him.

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A CERTAIN William Osmer once wrote a dissertation upon the Horse, wherein he affirmeth, it is demonstrated by 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 anything 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 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 roads 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 nearer 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.\**

\* JUVENAL.

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 terms elsewhere. Both perceived that the new plants afforded better shelter from wind and rain, than any thing which they had seen before; there was room enough for both; and 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 modu-

lated 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 physiognomical 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 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 tenour 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 civilized biped might be presumed, Archeus bringing good predispositions and an aptitude for improvement. But when he looked at a good dog (in the best acceptance of the epithet),—a dog who has been humanized 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.

## 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.

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—— 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.

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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 texit!*” 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 tenour 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 couldst 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 dropt 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 :

*Vegliantin come Orlando in terra scese,  
A piè del suo signor caduto è morto,  
E inginocchiosi e licenzia gli chiese,  
Quasi dicesse, io t'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 condolea molto pietosamente.*

*O Vegliantin, tu m'hai servito tanto :  
 O Vegliantin, dov'è la tua prodezza ?  
 O Vegliantin, nessun si dia piu vanto ;  
 O Vegliantin, venuta è l'ora senza :  
 O Vegliantin, tu m'hai cresciuto il pianto ;  
 O Vegliantin, tu non vuoi piu cavezza :  
 O Vegliantin, s'io ti feci mai torto,  
 Perdonami, ti priego, cosi morto.*

*Dice Turpin, che mi par maraviglia,  
 Che come Orlando perdonami disse,  
 Quel caval parve ch'aprissi 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

\* MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

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

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 tails; whereupon this dog hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and withal leapt 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 Guilford “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. Hawtayn, who was a good kind-hearted clergyman of the Church of England, “that can be insensible to the fide-

lity 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 uman core;  
Ma d'un istinto tal questo è lo stile,  
Che lo seconda più, chi è piu gentile.\**

Dear  
minds  
true  
this

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

\* CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

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 de-

termine; 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.”

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 live 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 endiademed 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 INANIMATE OBJECTS.  
FETISH WORSHIP. A LORD CHANCELLOR AND HIS  
GOOSE.

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

BRANTOME.

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“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 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 ame 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*

\* GOLBERRY.



*l'art sait alterer, mais qu'il ne saura jamais imiter.—*

*Quelques-uns des sites qu'on rencontre etalent les attrait 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 enquiring 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 farther enquiry, 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 inanimate 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 empasioned 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 Macaronia,

*Gaude, Baldus ait, mi brande! cibaberis; ecce  
Carnis et sanguis tibi præsentedur 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 acknowledgement, treated it with a compleat 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 seventy. 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 ca-

pable 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 pro-



tector 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 acknowledgement 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 mankind; 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 Portugueze 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 anyway 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 chuse 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 chuses 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 de-

parted 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 civilized 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 unfitness 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.

## CHAPTER EXTRAORDINARY.

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

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*Rem profecto mirabilem, longeque stupendam, rebusque veris veriore describo.*

HIERONYMUS RADIOLENSIS.

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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 edifica-

tion 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 excscinded, 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 scissars before my eyes I must not venture to mention here, by its appropriate name, tho' 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 foot-steps 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 surprized 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 Country-men, 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 an 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 bookcase. 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 Surprize 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 Morrison'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

\* LOPE DE VEGA.

† DANIEL.

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 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.*”\*

\* LOPE DE VEGA.

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 surprized, 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 modernizing 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, *enfarinhadamente*—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 asto-

nished 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 compleat 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 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 academical learning, recommended to students of the se-

cond 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 Portugueze tongue the same service which was rendered to ours by the translators of the Bible. But the Portugueze 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 modernized, 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 modernized 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 modernize 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 ones old age as it did in ones 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 hand-



somest 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

*\* Blatant - one of the - I'm not  
 by Satire*

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.

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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.

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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

\* BIBBIENA.

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 ὀδοντῶν within which my little trowel of speech has learnt not to be an unruly member. I would behave as magnanimously as Sir Abraham Bradley King did upon a not-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 grot 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 learnt something from his Uncle William, which he used to the same effect, tho' not in the same way. William Dove in that capacious memory of his, into which every thing 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 chorusses, as unmeaning as those which O'Keeffe 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 loly lo, whip here Jack,  
 Alumbeck, sodledum, syllerum 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 ãe, Era ãe  
 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 resemblance of it in ourselves.

The Doctor made use of this burden when any thing 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 surprize, or contemp-

\* GONDIBERT.

tuous disbelief by the first line, and the tune proceeded in proportion as the surprize was greater, or the matter of more moment. But when any thing greatly astonished him, he went thro' 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 commences, 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 wouldest 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.

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 surprize 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 Althorpe to lead the House of Commons, the exclamation proceeded one step farther and became *Aballi!*

\* SHAKESPEARE.

This was uttered in a tone that implied disbelief; for verily I gave the 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 Althorpe 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 stopt 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 omnisignificant 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.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

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BUT here, gentle reader, occurs what Bishop Latimer would call a parlous question, if he had lived in these portentous times. There is no apparent meaning in Lilli burlero bullen alla, nor in Raderer too, tandaro tee, nor in Dan dan dan derridan, any more than there is in



Farra diddle dyno,—Hayley gayly gamborayly, higgledy 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'Urfey'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 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 peradventure 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 Od-combian traveller; the first was supposed by the inspired Water Poet to be in the Bermuda tongue.

Hough gruntough wough Thomough Coriatough, Adcough ro-  
bunquogh

Warawogh bogh Comitogh sogh wogh termonatogrogh,  
Callimogh gogh whobogh Ragamogh demagorgogh palemogh,  
Lomerogh nogh Tottertogh illemortogh eagh Allaquemquogh  
Toracominogh Jagogh Jamerogh mogh Carnogh pelepsogh,  
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 omystoliton quashte burashie  
 Scribuke woshtay solusbay perambulatushte ;  
 Grekay sous Turkay Paphay zums Jerusalushte.  
 Neptus esht Ealors Interrimoy diz dolorushte,  
 Confabuloy Odcumbay Prozeugmolliton tymorumynoy,  
 Omulus oratushte paralescus tolliton umbroy.

The Water Poet gave notice as Professor of these tongues that he was willing to instruct 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 dreamt 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 trust-worthy 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 learnt, 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 persons 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 Senertus 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 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 learnt, *eo ipso Dæmon se manifeste prodit*.

This opinion than which one of greater weight could not have been produced in the 17th century, is recommended to the serious consideration of the Irvingites.

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

## CHAPTER CL.

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

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

ALEXANDER KNOX.

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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 satis-  
factory as you could expect or desire, and yet  
the more than cabalistic mysteries of the word  
are still concealed with Eleusinean 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 δε και τετελεσμένον ἔσται,\*

for awhile, however, it will be convenient to leave it unfinished, and putting an end to the 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 acrecieuta el plazer en el*

\* HOMER.

*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.

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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.

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DEBORAH found no one in Doncaster to supply the place of Betsy 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 custom-

ary 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.”\*

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

\* FORD.

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 shop-keepers 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, differe encore de lui même par l’effet du tems ; il devient un autre, en quelque maniere, aux diverses epoques de sa vie. L’en-*

*fant, l'homme fait, le viellard, 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,

\* NECKER.

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 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. X

XXX Like —

## 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.

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

CALDERON.

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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 interest-

ing, 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.”\*

\* JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## CHAPTER CLIII.

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

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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.

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OH pitiable condition of human kind! One colour is born to slavery abroad, and one sex to shavery at home!—A woman to secure her comfort and well-being in this country stands in need of one thing only, which is a good husband; but a man hath to provide himself with two things, a good wife, and a good razor, and it is more difficult to find the latter than the former. The Doctor made these remarks one day, when his chin was smarting after an

uncomfortable operation; and Mrs. Dove retorted by saying that women had still the less favourable lot, for scarce as good razors might be, good husbands were still scarcer.

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

ducing temporal evil for others,—and everlasting evil for himself!

But as it was his delight to find good, or to look for it, in every thing, 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 ex-

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

In the case of man this penalty brought with it no after compensation, and here the female had the advantage. Some good nevertheless

resulted from it, both to the community, and to the individual shaver, unless he missed it by his own fault.

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

To the individual, whether he were, like the Doctor himself, and as Zebedee is familiarly said to have been, an autokureus, which is being interpreted a self-shaver, or shaver of himself; or merely a shavee, as the laboring classes almost always are, the operation in either case brings the patient into a frame of mind favorable to his moral improvement. He must be quiet and composed when under the operator's hands, and not less so if under his own. In whatever temper or state of feeling he may take his seat in the barber's chair, or his stand at the looking-glass, he must at once become calm. There must be no haste, no impatience, no irritability; so surely as he gives way to either, he will smart for it. And however prone to wander

his thoughts may be, at other and perhaps more serious times, he must be as attentive to what he is about in the act of shaving, as if he were working a problem in mathematics.

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

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

Did not the Duc de Brissac perform the operation himself for a moral and dignified sentiment, instead of letting himself be shaved by his valet-de-chambre? Often was he heard to

say unto himself in grave soliloquy, while holding the razor open, and adjusting the blade to the proper angle, in readiness for the first stroke “ Timoleon de Cossé, God hath made thee a Gentleman, and the King hath made thee a Duke. It is nevertheless right and fit that thou shouldst have something to do ; therefore thou shalt shave thyself ! ” — In this spirit of humility did that great Peer “ mundify his muzzel.”

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



*ment si tardif qu'il fit, et si longue abstinence de guerre ; ainsi que luy-mesme le disoit souvent, qu'il ne demeureroit pour tous les biens du monde retiré si longuement que fit ce Timoleon.\** This in 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 *γνωθι σεαυτον* inscribed upon the frame of the mirror ; he cannot fail to know himself, who contemplates his own face there, long and steadily, every day. Nor can he as he waxes old need a death's head for a memento in his closet or his chamber ; for day by day he traces the defeatures which the hand of Time is making,—that hand which never suspends its work.

Thus his good melancholy oft began

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime.†

\* 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.

*John May*

## 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.

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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.

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

The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *ne plus ultra* of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot-water, *sans* cold-water, *sans* every thing except a razor. And yet among all the characters which he bears in the world, no one has ever given him credit for being a cunning shaver!

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

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

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

upon the subject of Lord and Lady Byron, though he has published it himself, and in his own name.

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

Be this as it may, I will not try the *sans-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 Kynges, and everyche of hem did hym homage, and that was this; they gaf hym their beardys clene flayne off, as moche as ther was; wherfor the messenger came for King Arthurs beard. For King Ryons had purfyled a mantel with Kynges berdes, and there lacked one place of the mantel, wherfor he sent for his berd, or els he wold entre in to his landes, and brenne and slee, and never leve tyl he have thi hede and thi berd.” If the King of the Lakes should require me to do him homage by shaving without soap, I should answer with as much spirit as was shown

in the answer which King Arthur returned to the Messenger from King Ryons. “ Wel, sayd Arthur, thow hast said thy message, the whiche is the most vylanous and lewdest message that ever man herd sente unto a Kynge. Also thow mayst see, my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit. But telle thow thy Kynge this; I owe hym none homage, ne none of mine elders; but or it be longe to, he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys, or els he shall lese his hede by the feithe of my body, for this is the most shamefullest message that ever I herd speke of. I have aspyed, thy King met never yet with worshipful man; but telle hym, I wyll have his hede without he doo me homage: Then the messenger departed.”



## CHAPTER CLV.

THE POET'S CALCULATION TESTED AND PROVED.

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Fiddle-faddle, dont tell of this and that, and every thing in the world, but give me mathematical demonstration.

CONGREVE.

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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 favored 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. Every thing was done in my ordinary orderly way, steadily, and without waste of time.

Now as to my beard, it is not such a beard as that of Domenico d'Ancona, which was *delle barbe la corona*, that is to say the crown of beards, or rather in English idiom the king.

*Una barba la più singulare*

*Che mai fosse descritta in verso o'n prosa,*

A beard the most unparallell'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 carrot, or of strong growth. There are then fifty years of daily shaving to be computed; and in that time he will have consumed two thousand, seven hundred and thirty hours in the act of shaving himself. I have stated the numbers throughout in words, to guard against the mistakes which always creep into the after editions of any book, when figures are introduced.

Now let us see whether a man could in that time acquire a competent knowledge of seven languages.

I do not of course mean such a knowledge as Professor Porson and Dr. Elmsley had attained of Greek, or as is possessed by Bishop Blomfield and Bishop Monk,—but a passable knowledge of living 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

\* PIRON.

put out at simple interest. But there is no simple interest in knowledge. Whatever funds you have in that Bank go on encreasing 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.

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*Questo medesimo anchora con una altra gagliardissima ragione vi confermo.*

LODOVICO DOMINICHI.

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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. There-

fore 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 practise of shaving must save time for fashionable men, though it must be admitted that these are persons whose time is not worth saving, who are not likely to make any better use of it, and who are always glad when any plea can be invented for throwing away a portion of what hangs so heavily upon their hands.

Alas, Sir, what is a Gentleman's time !

————— there are some brains

Can never lose their time, whate'er they do.\*

For in former times as much pains were bestowed on dressing the beard, as in latter ones upon dressing the hair. Sometimes it was braided with threads of gold. It was dyed to all colours, according to the mode, and cut to all shapes, as you may here learn from John Taylor's *Superbiæ Flagellum*.

\* MAY.

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 whiskerandoed 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!

\* TAYLOR *the Water Poet*.

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 grandchildren 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 ?

## CHAPTER CLVII.

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

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

PLAUTUS.

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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 learnt 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 puff-paste 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.

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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 to-morrow, 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 learnt 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 voluminous returns. (Never work at extra hours upon such returns, unless extra pay is allowed for the additional labor 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 lan-

guage 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 renown 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

\* EUPHUES, A. M.,

† RESTITUTA.

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 every thing, it might be called the Dovean system, or the Columbian, which he would have preferred.

\* SHAKSPEARE.

## 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.

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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.

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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 so, and as gratefully. Without the King's favor 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 favor Wolsey would never have obtained the Cardinal's hat; and had it not been for the favor and friendship and example of the Doctor, never should I have been entitled to wear that

\* PLINY.



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 excursiveness 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 a la beauté de son esprit; tellement que par ses ecrits il prenoit plaisir de desplaire 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 sçait bien ce qui il dit ; mais, sans violer le respect qui luy est deu, je pense aussi, qu'il ne sçait 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 every where, 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

*Precipitevolissimevolmente.*

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 TRAN-  
 SLATED A ONCE-READER. MANY MINDS IN THE  
 SAME MAN. A POET'S UNREASONABLE REQUEST.  
 THE AUTHOR OFFERS GOOD ADVICE TO HIS REA-  
 DERS, AND ENFORCES IT BY AN EPISCOPAL OPINION.

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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.

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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 judgement; and on the other hand sterling merit which he was before unable to appre-

ciate, 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-honored subject of these volumes,—lest a hasty and erroneous judgement 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 abridgement 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, *ἢ ὅλην, ἢ μὴ ὀλίωσ, 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 STU-  
PENDOUS EXAMPLE OF CYCLOPÆDIAN STOLIDITY.

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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.

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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 exposed.—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 vigor 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.

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

BISHOP.

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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-honored 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 predestined 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 favorable 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, enlightened 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 Judgement far more portentous and terrible than that which has to summon the dead! *Judicium durissimum his qui præsumunt 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 tor-



mented. 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 CXLIII.

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.

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*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.

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THE translated extract in the preceding Chapter from the most eloquent of the Portuguese preachers, *el mismissimo Vieyra, 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 every thing 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, ò es para el hombre, ò para cosas de que se ha de servir el hombre; porque si el no come el mosquito que buela por el ayre, come 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 Catholick 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, ò oyeren leer qualquier capitulo, parrafo, ò 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 ENQUIRY, IN THE POULTRY-YARD, INTO THE  
TRUTH OF AN OPINION EXPRESSED BY ARISTOTLE.

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

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

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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 ἡμερα τῶν ἀγριῶν βελτίω τὴν φύσιν, τοῦτοις  
δε πασι βέλτιον ἀρχεσθαι 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 Stagyrice 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

\* ORLANDO INNAMORATO.

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 Cock-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-lapon!"

"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 of three ele-



ments. 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 pro-

tection 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.

*But*

## CHAPTER CLXV.

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

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“ But tell me yet what followed on that But.”

DANIEL.

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GREAT, Reader, are the mysteries of Gram-  
marians! Dr. Johnson considered But as only  
a Conjunction, whereas, says Mr. Todd, it is  
in 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-uzan*, *to be  
out*; but in this Mr. Todd supposes him to be  
out himself. And Noah Webster says it is a  
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 or 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. DR. ABRAHAM REES. CAPTAIN  
SCORESBY. THE WHALE FISHERY.

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

BEN JONSON.

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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, tho' 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.

Linnæus 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 lerridan  
 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 Linnæus dreamt of forming a system; and Doctor Dove was a man of science, so that Lillibullero 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 sensualizing 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 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 dif-

ferent 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 Scoreby 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 sea-faring 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 sea-faring 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;

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

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,  
Quà nulla humano sit via trita pede.  
Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atra  
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis."*

## CHAPTER CLXVII.

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

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Much from my theme and friend have I digressed,  
But poor as I am, poor in stuff for thought,  
And poor in thought to make of it the best,  
Blame me not, Gentles, if I soon am caught  
By this or that, when as my themes suggest  
Aught of collateral aid which may be wrought  
Into its service : Blame me not, I say ;  
The idly musing often miss their way.

CHARLES LLOYD.

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THE pleasing pensive stanza, which thou,  
gentle reader hast just perused, is prefixed  
to this Chapter because it would be so fel-  
icitous 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 every where 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

\* P. BOUHOURS.

† CARTWRIGHT.

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 philosophia, quascumque in oras disputationis regionesve delata est. Nam sive de cœli naturâ loquitur, sive de terræ, sive de divinâ vi, sive de humanâ, sive ex inferiore locò, 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.

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*Sequar quo vocas, omnibus enim rebus omnibusque sermo-  
nibus, aliquid salutare miscendum est.*

SENECA.

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THE hardest of Captain Scoresby's sailors would never, methinks have ventured upon 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. Aye, says an

old Lieutenant, living frugally upon his poor half-pay, aye 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 quantum nostrorum ingeniorum acies intueri potest ; qui omnia hæc, que supra et subter, unum esse, et unâ vi atque unâ consensione naturæ constricta esse dixerunt. Nullum est enim genus rerum quod aut avulsum a cæteris per seipsum constare, aut, quo cætera si careant, vim suam atque æternita-*

*tem conservare possint.* He expresses a doubt indeed that *hæc major esse ratio videtur, quam ut hominum possit sensu, aut cogitatione, comprehendendi*: 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 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 a *bestiolis quibusdam nequam ac damnificis*, (it is not necessary to enquire 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 g'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 animaletti ;  
 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 ridotto  
Per l'interno sconcerto de gli affetti  
Pravi, germoglia miserabil frutto ;  
Cosè la terra fra suoi varj effetti  
Pel reo fermento, onde bollir si sente,  
Da se produce i velenosi insetti.  
Infin, da la materia putrescente,  
Nascon l'abbominevoli bestiuole,  
Ed è questa per me cosa evidente.  
So che nol voglion le moderne scuole ;  
Ma ciò che monta ? In simile argomento  
E'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.

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*ὦ φίλε Φαῖδρε, ποῖ δὴ καὶ πόθεν;*

PLATO.

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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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 benefitted by their connection with man.

Sixteenthly, an assertion of Captain Scores-

by'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 benefitted 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 benefitted 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 ennemy to hwatevver seems quaint in dhe verry contents ov a chapter; and dho dhe starts ov surprize be intollerabell, wons plezzure iz no les balked by anticipation. Hoo indeed presents a bil ov fare, widh an entertainment? Hwen dhe entertainment iz over, dhe bil may doutles com in, to refresh dhe memmory, edher widh plan or particulers, dhat hav regaled dhe various pallates ov dhe company.”

## CHAPTER CLXXX.

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

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

ORL. INN.

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“ PAPPÀ, 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.\*

For I have read no idle or unprofitable lesson in this renumeration. 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 any thing backward through seventeen generations of motives, or moving causes, whether in private, or in public life: see from what slight and insignificant circumstances

\* HENRY MORE.

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 desmembrées, 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 desmembrés 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 Mosaique 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,

\* GARASSE.

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 every thing”—

*Nonne*

*Id quod sæpe fuit, nos docet id quod erit?*

*Non; scit enim quod erit, nisi qui sciat omnia, nemo;*

*Omni contribuunt 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

\* BURNS.

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 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 the 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 impressions 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 Franciscus 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 supercælestis Dei. Duæ autem sunt ab eâ notæ potentiæ. Necessitas et Fatum. Fatum autem ministrum est Providentiæ et Necessitatis. Fati vero ministræ sunt stellæ. Neque enim Fatum fugere quis potest, neque se custodire ab ipsius vi magnâ. Arma namque Fati sunt Stellæ, secûndum 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 cælestis 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 m'est si obscur et enigmatique que j'entendrois mieux les resveries d'un phrenetique, ou les pensées obscures de Lycophron; je m'assure que Trismegiste ne s'entendoit non plus lorsqu'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'est 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 CLXXXI.

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

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

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

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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's man 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 benefitting 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.

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

TEMPEST.

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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, Jephthah, 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 enquire 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 nar-

ration, says that she went to market to sell her eggs;—in historifying 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 possibles 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 numerousness on the writer's part, is as great and perceptible as the difference between travelling upon an old road, or a macadamized 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 past 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 dropt. Of this there is evidently an example in the present case. Most countrywomen 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 horse-back, 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 drank 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 howeyer

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, heroical, 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 more over 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. Wordsworth 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 in-

stead 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 A KEMPIS.  
 FELIX HEMMERLEN. A NEEDLE LARGER THAN  
 GAMMER GURTON'S AND A MUCH COARSER THREAD.  
 THOMAS WARTON AND BISHOP STILL. THE JOHN  
 WEBSTERS, THE ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAMS, THE  
 CURINAS AND THE STEPHENS.

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

FUENTE DESEADA.

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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 apostrophizing 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 testimony 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 judgements 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 judgement 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 judgement 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 judgement, saying, that the verdict was not that which was binding, but the judgement 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 *Εικων Βασιλικη*, 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 a 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 indulsisse 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, reque, statu.  
 At Felix tandem, vicioque 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 nevertheless 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's 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 surprizing 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 was 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 *αγαθος κουροτροφος* *nec Collegio gravis aut onerosus*. Still was Master of that College, as he had been before of St. Johns.

“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 my self 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 judgement, 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. 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 any thing 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 compiled a work entitled *Metalographia*, a volume of Sermons entitled *The Judgement 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 investiga-

tion 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 enquiry 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 name-

sake Curina the blacksmith, and enquire 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 surprize for the reprieved 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 admo-



niton. 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 Sclavonian 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 enquiring 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 shew compassion in this world do labour for us in the next. There dwelt hard by us a religious man called Deusdedit who was a shoemaker, concerning whom another saw by revelation that he had in the next world an house a

building, but the workmen thereof laboured only upon the Saturday; who afterward enquiring 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 sup-



posing 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 Mahommedans say are known to no created Beings, only to the Creator; the time of the Day of Judgement; 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 Beidâwi 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 tarriance 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.

*Saggio e' il consigliator che sol ricorre  
A quell' ultimo fin, che in cor si fisse,  
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.\**

\* L'AVARCHIDE.

## INTERCHAPTER XIX.

THE AUTHOR DIFFERS IN OPINION FROM SIR EGER-  
 TON BRYDGES, AND THE EMPEROR JULIAN. SPEAKS  
 CHARITABLY OF THAT EMPEROR, VINDICATES PRO-  
 TEUS FROM HIS CENSURE, AND TALKS OF POSTHU-  
 MOUS TRAVELS AND EXTRA MUNDANE EXCURSIONS,  
 AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IN LIMBOLAND.

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

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

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

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

CONGREVE.

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“ 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 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, L. L. D. according to the old form, according to the present usage D. C. L.—a Doctor upon whom that trilateral 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 alledged proofs which depriving me of my individuality and divesting me even of entity, would con-substantiate 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.\**

\* NICOLAS PERES.

It is in vain, as Mr. Carlyle says when apostrophizing 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 can not 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, 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

\* HURLOTHRUMBO.

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

\* MILTON.



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 *Ignotolemagne*, but simply an Unknown, *Αγνωστος*, *l'Inconnu*, *Sconosciuto*, 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,†

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

\* COTTON.

† SHIRLEY.

he performed the part, not of a philanthropist, but rather of an imposter, 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 judgement. 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.

END OF VOL. V.

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









