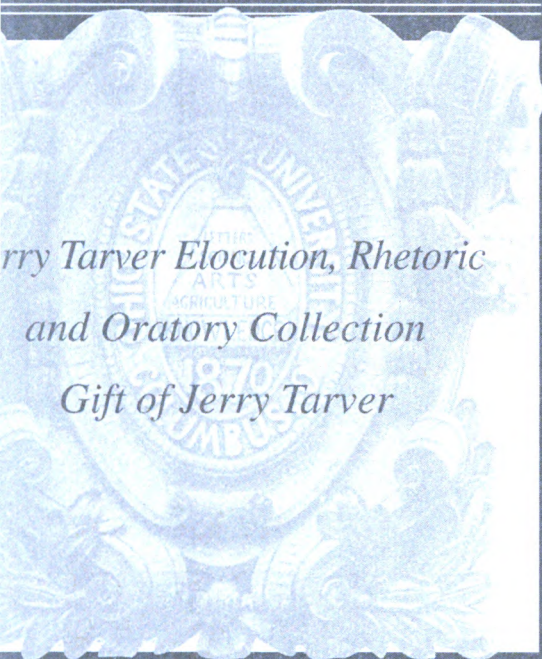


THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY



*Jerry Tarver Elocution, Rhetoric
and Oratory Collection
Gift of Jerry Tarver*

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

CLASS BOOK

OF

P R O S E :

CONSISTING OF

**SELECTIONS FROM DISTINGUISHED
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.**

FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY.

**THE WHOLE ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL REMARKS.**

BY JOHN S. HART, A.M.,

**PRINCIPAL OF THE PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL, AND MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.**

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.

1848.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by

BUTLER & WILLIAMS

in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PRINTED BY SMITH & PETERS,

Franklin Buildings, Sixth Street below Arch, Philadelphia.

P R E F A C E .

THE literature of a nation cannot fail to contain within itself that which has made the nation what it is. Those great ideas, which in the course of centuries have been gradually developed by its master minds, are the moving springs that have set the nation onwards in the career of civilization. Great ideas precede and cause illustrious achievements. The ideal Achilles made the real heroes of Marathon and the Granicus. In the Anglo-Saxon race, from the days of Alfred until now, men of superior genius, the original thinkers in each successive generation, have given birth to ennobling thoughts, which continue to endure, and are perpetuated not only in the language but in the race itself. We are what preceding generations have made us. Englishmen and Americans of the present day are living exponents of the thoughts and truths elaborated by the illustrious dead.

In making, then, a compilation like the present,

intended chiefly for the use of those whose characters and opinions are still but partially formed, it has been deemed important to select not only master-pieces of style, but also master-pieces of thought. It is believed to be a defect in some of the more recent publications, intended as reading-books for schools, that sufficient care has not been used in regard to the sentiments contained in them. Such books very often, indeed, contain pleasing descriptions, and interesting stories, written in an agreeable style, and capable of affording amusement for children of a certain age. But they are not of that masculine character that stimulates the mind to action, or that gives it materials to act upon; and they not unfrequently cultivate a taste for reading of the most unprofitable description.

The unbounded popularity which belonged to the old "English Reader" of Lindley Murray, and which still clings to it, notwithstanding its somewhat antiquated character, was undoubtedly due to the value of the materials inserted in his collection. The same materials still exist; and, since his day, large additions have been made to the stock of thoughts that, in the language of Milton, "posterity will not willingly let die." No literature, probably, is more opulent than ours. No literature contains nobler or more numerous instances of

“thoughts that breathe and words that burn;”—of sentiments uttered centuries ago, that are to this day “familiar as household words” wherever, in any quarter of the globe, an educated Englishman or American is to be found. It should be a constituent part of Common School education, to furnish the youthful mind with some at least of those rich stores of wisdom that lie scattered through the writings of our distinguished authors. There is something contagious in the fire of genius:—the mind receives an impulse by the mere contact with one of superior intellect. The minds of the young especially receive growth and strength by being made early acquainted with whatever is best of its kind in every field of English literature.

In making his selections for the present work, the compiler has purposely drawn less freely from authors of the present day; not from holding them in less esteem, but because they are already in a thousand forms accessible to every body that can read. By adopting this course, room was left, without unduly encumbering the work, for more copious extracts from those great store-houses of thought which are in a measure accessible only to the few.

The work is divided into two parts; “The Class Book of Poetry,” and “The Class Book of Prose.”

The latter is intended for classes that are less advanced, and the former for those that are more advanced; and they are both intended to be preceded by some introductory book, such as those now used in Primary Schools, for teaching the elements of reading.

The practical teacher will find in these books an almost inexhaustible fund of grammatical illustration, as well as models of every style of English composition, both prose and verse. They may be used, therefore, not only in teaching reading in the higher department of rhetorical expression, but in teaching composition and grammar; and may be especially useful in making pupils acquainted with the varied resources of the language, a knowledge to be acquired in no other way than by familiarity with the writings of distinguished authors. It is believed, too, that the chronological arrangement of the extracts will enable the teacher, without material difficulty, to communicate important information in regard to the history of English literature. Short biographical and critical notices are, with this view, prefixed to all the earlier authors, for the benefit of those young persons who may not have the advantage of a living instructor.

CONTENTS.

- CHAUCER.**—Critical Notice, p. 13; On Riches, p. 13.
MORE.—Critical Notice, p. 14; Utopian Idea of Pleasure; p. 15.
ASCHAM.—Critical Notice, p. 22; Importance of a good Schoolmaster; p. 22.
HOOKEE.—Critical Notice, p. 24; Church Music, p. 24.
RALEIGH.—Rules for the preservation of a Man's estate, p. 27.
STOW.—Sports on the Ice in the reign of Elizabeth, p. 29.
ENGLISH BIBLE.—Critical Notice, p. 30; Paul's defence before Agrippa, p. 30; Paul's farewell to the Elders of Ephesus, p. 34.
BACON.—Critical Notice, p. 36; Studies, p. 36; Counsel of a Friend, p. 38; Truth, p. 39; Marriage and Single Life, p. 42; Suspicion, p. 44.
HOBBS.—Critical Notice, p. 45; Laughter, p. 46.
HALL.—Critical Notice, p. 48; Upon the sight of a great Library, p. 48; The Busybody, 49.
EARLE.—Critical Notice, p. 51; The Clown, p. 51.
SELDEN.—Critical Notice, p. 53; Marriage, p. 54; Evil Speaking, p. 54; Humility, p. 54; King, &c., p. 55.
CHILLINGWORTH.—Critical Notice, p. 56; Duelling, p. 56.
TAYLOR.—Critical Notice, p. 58; Progress of Sin, p. 59; Comforting the Afflicted, p. 61; Real and Apparent Happiness, p. 62; Prayer, p. 63; Death, p. 65.
MILTON.—Critical Notice, p. 68; Origin of the Paradise Lost, p. 68; Liberty of the Press, p. 71.

- COWLEY.**—Critical Notice, p. 75; Character of Cromwell, p. 76.
- BUTLER.**—Critical Notice, p. 80; A small Poet, p. 80.
- CHARLETON.**—Critical Notice, p. 83; Ready and Nimble Wit, p. 83; Slow but Sure Wit, p. 84.
- FULLER.**—Critical Notice, p. 86; The Good Schoolmaster, p. 86.
- L'ESTRANGE.**—Critical Notice, p. 91; Æsop's mode of bringing a Wife back to her Husband, p. 91; Ingratitude, p. 93.
- BARROW.**—Critical Notice, p. 95; What is Wit? p. 95; Industry, p. 97.
- TILLOTSON.**—Critical Notice, p. 101; Advantages of Truth and Sincerity, p. 101; Virtue and Vice, p. 104.
- STILLINGFLEET.**—Immoderate Self-Love, p. 109.
- SHERLOCK.**—Critical Notice, p. 111; Life not too short, p. 111.
- SOUTH.**—Critical Notice, p. 114; Ill-natured and Good-natured Men, p. 114.
- PEARSON.**—The Resurrection, p. 120.
- BAXTER.**—Critical Notice, p. 122; Experience of Human Character, p. 122; Judgment of his own Writings, p. 123. Change in his estimate of his own and other Men's Knowledge, p. 125.
- PENN.**—Critical Notice, p. 127; Against the Pride of noble Birth, p. 127; Advice to his Children, p. 130.
- BUNYAN.**—Critical Notice, p. 133; Christian in the hands of Giant Despair, p. 133.
- CLARENDON.**—Critical Notice, p. 140; Character of Lord Falkland, p. 140.
- BURNET.**—Critical Notice, p. 147; Character of Edward VI., p. 147.
- LOCKE.**—Critical Notice, p. 149; Causes of Weakness in

- Men's Understandings, p. 150 ; Fading of Ideas from the Mind, p. 154.
- BOYLE.**—Critical Notice, p. 155 ; The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion, p. 156.
- STEELE.**—Critical Notice, p. 159 ; Quack Advertisements, p. 159.
- ADDISON.**—Critical Notice, p. 163 ; Vision of Mirza, p. 163 ; Endeavours of Mankind to get rid of their Burdens, p. 169 ; The Works of Creation, p. 176 ; The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered, p. 181 ; Importance of a Good Education, p. 184 ; Gratitude, p. 186 ; Contentment, p. 187.
- DEFOE.**—Critical Notice, p. 192 ; The Great Plague in London, p. 192.
- SWIFT.**—Critical Notice, p. 198 ; The Inconveniencies of abolishing Christianity, p. 198 ; Adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag, p. 204.
- POPE.**—Critical Notice, 214 ; Death of two Lovers by Lightning, p. 214 ; Sickness and Death, p. 216 ; Autumn Scenery, p. 218.
- ARBUTHNOT.**—Critical Notice, p. 220 ; Epitaph on Chartres, p. 220.
- BOLINGBROKE.**—Absurdity of Useless Learning, p. 221 ; Unreasonableness of complaints of the shortness of Human Life, p. 224.
- MONTAGU.**—Critical Notice, p. 229 ; Inoculation for the Small Pox, p. 229 ; Female Education, p. 231.
- JOHNSON.**—Critical Notice, p. 236 ; Preface to the Dictionary, p. 236 ; Letter to Lord Chesterfield, p. 241 ; Reflections on landing at Iona, p. 242 ; Parallel between Pope and Dryden, p. 243 ; Schemes of Life often illusory, p. 246.
- CHESTERFIELD.**—Critical Notice, p. 250 ; Good Breeding, p. 250.

- CHATHAM.**—Critical Notice, p. 254; His last Public Appearance and his Death, by Belsham, p. 255; His Character, by Grattan, p. 257; His Speech against the employment of Indians in the War with America, p. 259.
- BURKE.**—Critical Notice, p. 263; Difference between himself and the Duke of Bedford, p. 263; Account of his Son, p. 265; Marie Antoinette, p. 267.
- JUNIUS.**—Critical Notice, p. 268; Public Honour, p. 268; Injudiciousness of prosecuting Mr. Wilkes, p. 269; Letter to the Duke of Grafton, p. 269; Letter to the Duke of Bedford, p. 270.
- GOLDSMITH.**—Critical Notice, p. 273; Increased Love of Life with Age, p. 273.
- HUME.**—Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth, 277.
- ROBERTSON.**—Character of Mary Queen of Scots, p. 282.
- GIBBON.**—City of Bagdad, Magnificence of the Caliphs, p. 285.
- BLAIR.**—Sublimity, p. 289.
- MACKENZIE.**—Story of La Roche, p. 295.
- PALEY.**—Property, 311; The World made with a Benevolent design, p. 315.
- WILBERFORCE.**—Effects of Religion, p. 319.
- HANNAH MORE.**—Female Accomplishments, p. 321.
- FRANKLIN.**—His First Entrance into Philadelphia, p. 323; The Handsome and the Deformed Leg, p. 325; Advice to a Young Tradesman, p. 328.
- WASHINGTON.**—Religion in the People necessary to good Government, p. 330.
- JEFFERSON.**—Extract from his Inaugural Address, p. 332.
- AMES.**—To Printers, p. 335.
- THURLOW.**—Reply to the Duke of Grafton, p. 338.
- DWIGHT.**—Profanity reprov'd, p. 339.
- ROBERT HALL.**—Value of the Bible, 341.

- WIRT.—Blind Preacher, p. 344.
- CHANNING.—Intellectual qualities of Milton, p. 348.
- JEFFREY.—The Genius of Shakspeare, p. 350; The Steam Engine, p. 352; Genius not necessarily unhappy, p. 353.
- MACAULAY.—Byron and his Poetry, p. 354.
- BROUGHAM.—Character of Washington, p. 358.
- IRVING.—The Stage Coach, Preparations for Christmas, p. 361.
- COOPER.—Escape of Harvey Birch and Captain Wharton, p. 367.
- BANCROFT.—The Puritans, p. 378.
- SPARKS.—Character of Washington, p. 380.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(1328-1400.)

[CHAUCER, though eminent chiefly as a poet, deserves to be mentioned also as a prose writer. His longest unversified production is an allegorical and meditative work called *The Testament of Love*, written chiefly for the purpose of defending his character against certain imputations which had been cast upon it. Two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose; and from the first, entitled the *Tale of Melibeus*, the following passage is extracted. The spelling is modernized, and occasionally an obsolete word or phrase is exchanged for one of the same meaning now in use.]

On Riches.

In getting your riches, and in using them, ye should always have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First, ye should have God in your heart, and for no riches should ye do anything which may in any manner displease God that is your Creator and Maker; for, according to the word of Solomon, it is better for a man to have a little good, with love of God, than to have much good and lose the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to be a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrewd man and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye should so do your business to get your riches, that ye get them with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there is nothing in this world, of which we should have so great joy,

as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith, The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting your riches and in using them, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be always kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place, Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping thy friends and thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it ever so precious: and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and a good conscience all things left, doth not his diligence and business to keep his good name; and Cassidore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

(1480-1535.)

[SIR THOMAS MORE, the celebrated Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII., perished on the scaffold for opposing the wishes of that arbitrary monarch in reference to the divorce of Catherine.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the purpose of reaching the commonality. Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote, in Latin, a curious philosophical work under the title of *Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary pattern country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on theoretical views being since then

termed *Utopian*. The most of the English writings of More are pamphlets on the religious controversies of his day, and the only one which is now of value is *A History of Edward V., and of his Brother, and of Richard III.*, which Mr. Hallan considers as the first English prose work free of vulgarism and pedantry.

The following passages from the *Utopia*, are from the translation by Bishop Burnet.]

The Utopian idea of Pleasure.

There are many things that in themselves have nothing that is truly delighting: on the contrary, they have a good deal of bitterness in them; and yet by our perverse appetites after forbidden objects, are not only ranked among the pleasures, but are made even the greatest designs of life. Among those who pursue these sophisticated pleasures, the Utopians reckon those whom I mentioned before, who think themselves really the better for having fine clothes, in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the opinion that they have of their clothes, and in the opinion that they have of themselves; for if you consider the use of clothes, why should a fine thread be thought better than a coarse one? And yet that sort of men, as if they had some real advantages beyond others, and did not owe it wholly to their mistakes, look big, and seem to fancy themselves to be the more valuable on that account, and imagine that a respect is due to them for the sake of a rich garment, to which they would not have pretended if they had been more meanly clothed; and they resent it as an affront, if that respect is not paid them. It is also a great folly to be taken with these outward marks of respect, which signify nothing; for what true or real pleasure can one find in this, that another man stands bare, or makes legs to him? Will the bending another man's

thighs give you any ease? And will his head's being bare cure the madness of yours? And yet it is wonderful to see how this false notion of pleasure bewitches many, who delight themselves with the fancy of their nobility, and are pleased with this conceit, that they are descended from ancestors who have been held for some successions rich, and that they have had great possessions; for this is all that makes nobility at present; yet they do not think themselves a whit the less noble, though their immediate parents have left none of his wealth to them; or though they themselves have squandered it all away. The Utopians have no better opinion of those who are much taken with gems and precious stones, and who account it a degree of happiness next to a divine one, if they can purchase one that is very extraordinary, especially if it be of that sort of stones that is then in greatest request; for the same sort is not at all times of the same value with all sorts of people; nor will men buy it, unless it be dismounted and taken out of the gold. And then the jeweller is made to give good security, and required solemnly to swear that the stone is true, that by such an exact caution, a false one may not be bought instead of a true; whereas if you were to examine it, your eye could find no difference between that which is counterfeit and that which is true; so that they are all one to you, as much as if you were blind. And can it be thought that they who heap up an useless mass of wealth, not for any use that it is to bring them, but merely to please themselves with the contemplation of it, enjoy any true pleasure in it? The delight they find is only a false shadow of joy.

Those are no better whose error is somewhat dif-

ferent from the former, and who hide it, out of the fear of losing it ; for what other name can fit the hiding it in the earth, or rather the restoring it to it again, it being thus cut off from being useful, either to its owner or to the rest of mankind ? And yet the owner having hid it carefully, is glad, because he thinks he is now sure of it. And in case one should come to steal it, the owner, though he might live perhaps ten years after that, would all that while after the theft, of which he knew nothing, find no difference between his having it or losing it, for both ways it was equally useless to him.

Among those foolish pursuers of pleasure, Utopians reckon all those that delight in hunting, or birding, or gaming : of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such things among them.

Thus though the rabble of mankind looks upon these, and all other things of this kind which are indeed innumerable, as pleasures ; the Utopians, on the contrary, observing that there is nothing in the nature of them that is truly pleasant, conclude that they are not to be reckoned among pleasures. For though these things may create some tickling in the senses (which seems to be a true notion of pleasure), yet they reckon that this does not arise from the thing itself, but from a depraved custom, which may so vitiate a man's taste, that bitter things may pass for sweet ; but as a man's sense when corrupted, either by a disease or some ill habit, does not change the nature of other things, so neither can it change the nature of pleasure.

They reckon up several sorts of these pleasures, which they call true ones ; some belong to the body, and others to the mind. The pleasures of the mind lie

in knowledge, and in that delight which the contemplation of truth carries with it ; to which they add the joyful reflections on a well-spent life, and the assured hopes of a future happiness. They divide the pleasures of the body into two sorts ; the one is that which gives our senses some real delight, and is performed, either by the recruiting of nature, and supplying those parts on which the internal heat of life feeds ; and that is done by eating or drinking : Or when nature is eased of any surcharge that oppresses it. There is another kind of this sort of pleasure, that neither gives us anything that our bodies require, nor frees us from anything with which we are over-charged ; and yet it excites our senses by a secret unseen virtue, and by a generous impression, it so tickles and affects them, that it turns them inwardly upon themselves ; and this is the pleasure begot by music.

Another sort of bodily pleasure is, that which consists in a quiet and good constitution of body, by which there is an entire healthiness spread over all the parts of the body not allayed with any disease. This, when it is free from all mixture of pain, gives an inward pleasure of itself, even though it should not be excited by any external and delighting object ; and although this pleasure does not so vigorously affect the sense, nor act so strongly upon it, yet, as it is the greatest of all pleasures, so almost all the Utopians reckon it the foundation and basis of all the other joys of life ; since this alone makes one's state of life to be easy and desirable ; and when this is wanting, a man is really capable of no other pleasure.

They look upon indolence and freedom from pain, if it does not rise from perfect health, to be a state of stu-

pidity rather than of pleasure. There has been a controversy in this matter very narrowly canvassed among them; whether a firm and entire health could be called a pleasure or not? Some have thought that there was no pleasure but that which was excited by some sensible motion in the body. But this opinion has been long ago run down among them, so that now they do almost all agree in this, That health is the greatest of all bodily pleasures; and that, as there is a pain in sickness, which is as opposite in its nature to pleasure, as sickness itself is to health, so they hold that health carries a pleasure along with it. And if any should say that sickness is not really a pain, but that it only carries a pain along with, they look upon that as a fetch of subtlety that does not much alter the matter. So they think it is all one, whether it be said, that health is in itself a pleasure, or that it begets a pleasure, as fire gives heat; so it be granted, that all those whose health is entire have a true pleasure in it: and they reason thus. What is the pleasure of eating, but that a man's health which had been weakened, does, with the assistance of food, drive away hunger, and so recruiting itself, recovers its former vigour? And being thus refreshed, it finds a pleasure in that conflict. And if the conflict is pleasure, the victory must yet breed a greater pleasure, except we will fancy that it becomes stupid as soon as it has obtained that which it pursued, and so does neither know nor rejoice in its own welfare. If it is said that health cannot be felt, they absolutely deny that; for what man is in health that does not perceive it when he is awake? Is there any man that is so dull and stupid, as not to acknow-

ledge that he feels a delight in health? And what is delight but another name for pleasure?

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they

are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things which are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs, as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

They do also entertain themselves with the other delights that they let in at their eyes, their ears, and their nostrils, as the pleasant relishes and seasonings of life, which nature seems to have marked out peculiarly for man; since no other sort of animals contemplates the figure and beauty of the universe, nor is delighted with smells, but as they distinguish meats by them; nor do they apprehend the concords or discords of sounds; yet in all pleasures whatsoever, they observe this temper, that a lesser joy may not hinder a greater, and that pleasure may never breed pain, which they think does always follow dishonest pleasures.

ROGER ASCHAM.

(Died 1568.)

[ROGER ASCHAM was preceptor, and ultimately Latin Secretary to Queen Elizabeth. The latter appears to have been much attached to him, if we may judge from the remark which she made at his death, that she would rather have given ten thousand pounds than lose him. He is generally quoted as the first English author who wrote on the subject of education. Many of his views were much in advance of the times in which he lived. His principal work, *The Schoolmaster*, contains, besides many good general views of education, what Johnson considered the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages. It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. He published another work, entitled *Toxophilus*, a dialogue on the art of Archery. The following extract is from the *Schoolmaster*.]

Importance of having a Schoolmaster of the right sort.

It is pity that commonly more care is had, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. To the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and loth to offer the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children.

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed

pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else; but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me."

HOOKER.

(1553-1600.)

[RICHARD HOOKER was an eminent divine of the church of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. His principal work is an elaborate *Treatise on the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. He is generally known among theologians as "the judicious Hooker." His *style* is not one to be imitated, though it contains many points worthy of observation. The words, for the most part, are well chosen and pure, but the arrangement of them into sentences is intricate and harsh, and formed almost exclusively on the idiom and construction of the Latin. Much strength and vigour are derived from this adoption, but perspicuity, sweetness, and ease, are too generally sacrificed. There is, notwithstanding these usual features of his composition, an occasional simplicity in his pages, both of style and sentiment, which truly charms. A single extract is given.]

Church Music.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in

that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action.

The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good.

And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that, draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that car-

rieth, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections.

In church music curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

"Sir is a sharp ^{man}, but a sure one
against all evils. <sup>For a good thing is about to
appear, he was seen</sup>
SIR WALTER RALEIGH. *and*

(1552-1618.)

*Three Rules to be observed for the Preservation of a
Man's Estate.*

AMONGST the other things of this world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what everything is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality.

If thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men; if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if

for a churchman, he hath no inheritance ; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee ; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself ; if for a rich man, he needs not : therefore from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself ; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy ; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar ; and believe this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised.

Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God ; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit ; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others ; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them ; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends, every man will fear thy company ; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts ; and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds ; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

From the Council of England, and other parts
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. 1598.

JOHN STOW.

(1525-1605.)

Sports upon the Ice in Elizabeth's Reign.

WHEN that great moor which washeth Moorfields, at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice; then fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sidewise, they slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great mill-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand in going so fast; some slipping with their feet, all fall down together: some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and these men go on with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine; sometimes two men set themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these stakes, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies; and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance from one another; and wheresoever the ice doth touch their head, it rubs off all the skin, and lays it bare; and if one fall upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but young men greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

(1607-1611.)

[At the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of. King James consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division in the first place translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in 1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue.]

Paul's Defence before King Agrippa.

On the morrow, when Agrippa was come, and Bernice, with great pomp, and was entered into the place of hearing, with the chief captains and principal men of the city, at Festus' commandment Paul was brought forth. And Festus said, "King Agrippa, and all men which are here present with us, ye see this man about whom all the multitude of the Jews have dealt with me, both at Jerusalem, and also here, crying that he ought not to live any longer. But when I

found that he had committed nothing worthy of death, and that he himself hath appealed to Augustus, I have determined to send him: of whom I have no certain thing to write unto my lord. Wherefore I have brought him forth before you, and specially before thee, O King Agrippa, that after examination had, I might have somewhat to write. For it seemeth to me unreasonable to send a prisoner, and not withal to signify the crimes laid against him."

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth the hand and answered for himself:

"I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews: wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

"My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, which knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify) that after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I

shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

“Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me. Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

“ Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.”

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, “ Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.” But he said, “ I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely. For I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him: for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest.”

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, “ Almost thou persuadedst me to be a Christian.” And Paul said, “ I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.”

And when he had thus spoken, the king rose up, and the governor, and Bernice, and they that sat with them: and when they were gone aside, they talked between themselves, saying, “ This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds.” Then said Agrippa unto Festus, “ This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.”

C

Paul's Farewell to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus.

And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. And when they were come to him, he said unto them,

“ Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations, which befel me by the lying in wait of the Jews: and how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

“ And now behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

“ And now behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men: for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.

“ Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath pur-

chased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.

“And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have showed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.

LORD BACON.

(1561-1626.)

[FRANCIS BACON, Lord High Chancellor of England, and Baron Verulam, is justly accounted the father of modern philosophy. His great work, the *Instauration of the Sciences*, consists of four parts. The second of these, the *Novum Organum*, is that upon which his fame chiefly rests. It is written in Latin, and contains a full exposition of the method of philosophizing which he proposed, and which is now universally known as the *Inductive Method*. Bacon published also a volume of short *Essays* on various subjects of common life, which, to use his own language, "Come home to men's business and bosoms." This volume has been the most read of all his works. It is indeed the only one of a popular character. It is also, in the opinion of Dugald Stewart, one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings; and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties. All his writings abound in aphorisms, a mode of expression to which he was partial, and in which he greatly excels. The *Novum Organum* consists almost entirely of aphorisms and detached sentences. The extracts which follow are from his *Essays*.]

Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of par-

(36)

ticulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rule, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Advantage of having the Counsel of a Friend.

There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer ; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts ; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business.

For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive ; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead ; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case ; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune ; for, as Saint James saith, they are as men " that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour."

As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one ; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker on ; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters ; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest ; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all :

but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight; and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is as well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled—for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy—even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of but is unacquainted with your body—and therefore, may put you in a way for present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient: but a friend, that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience—and therefore rest not upon scattered counsels, for they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

Of Truth.

What is Truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be, that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief;

affecting free-will in thinking, as well as acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth; nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour; but a natural, though corrupt love, of the lie itself. One of the latter schools of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand, to think what should be in it that men should love lies; where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell. This same truth is a naked and open daylight, that does not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-light. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man ever doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like; but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?

But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections; yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth, that the enquiry of truth, which is the love

making, or wooing of it: the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath-work ever since, is the illumination of his spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter of chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet saith excellently well: "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle, and the adventure thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth: (an hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene:) and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists, and tempests in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth, to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame, as to be found false

and perfidious. And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he enquireth the reason, why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge: saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say, that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.

Of Marriage and Single Life.

He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason, that those that have children, should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.

Some there are, who though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinencies. Nay, there are some other, that account wife and children but as bills of charges. Nay, more, there are some foolish rich covetous men, that take pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer. For perhaps they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man;" and another except to it, "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children;" as if it were an abatement to his riches. But the most

ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles.

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants, but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away, and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen: for charity will hardly water the ground, where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly in their hortatives put men in mind of their wives and children. And I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks, makes the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly wife and children are a kind of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust; yet on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon.

Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds both of chastity and obedience in the wife, if she thinks her husband wise, which she will never do, if she finds him jealous. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

Of Suspicion.

Suspicious amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or at least well guarded; for they cloud the mind, they leese friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on current and constantly. They dispose kings to tyranny, husbands to jealousy, wise men to irresolution and melancholy. They are defects, not in the heart, but in the brain; for they take place in the stoutest natures: as in the example of Henry the Seventh of England, there was not a more suspicious man, nor a more stout; and in such a composition they do small hurt, for commonly they are not admitted, but with examination whether they be likely or no; but in fearful natures they gain ground too fast.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion, by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are saints? Do they not think they will have their own ends, and be truer to themselves than to them? Therefore there is no better way to moderate suspicions, than to account upon such suspicions as true, and yet to bridle them as false. For so far a man ought to make use of suspicions, as to provide, as if that should be true that he suspects, yet it may do him no hurt.

Suspicious that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished,

and put into men's heads by the tales and whispering of others, have stings. Certainly the best means to clear the way in this same wood of suspicions, is frankly to communicate them with the party that he suspects; for thereby he shall be sure to know more of the truth of them than he did before; and withal shall make that party more circumspect, not to give further cause of suspicion. But this would not be done to men of base natures: for they, if they find themselves once suspected, will never be true.

THOMAS HOBBS.

(1588-1679.)

[HOBBS was the particular friend of Bacon, whom, however he outlived for more than half a century. His literary life was one of continual warfare. His views were supposed to be of a dangerous and disorganizing character, and were attacked with great zeal both by the political and the ecclesiastical writers of the day. Charles II. said of him very wittily, that "he was a bear, against whom the church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them." His first considerable work was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive*; when afterwards translated into English, it was entitled *Philosophical Rudiments Concerning Government and Society*. This treatise is regarded as the most exact account of the author's political system: it contains many profound views, but is disfigured by fundamental and dangerous errors. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, published in 1651, under the title of *Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*. Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this

latter doctrine, commonly known as the Selfish System of moral philosophy, Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the "Leviathan," and more particularly in his small *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1650. A single extract only is given.]

Laughter.

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected.

Men laugh often (especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well) at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests; and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by a comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good-opinion,

by comparison with another's man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat.

I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at, or derided; that is, triumphed over. † Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy, and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for triumph.

BISHOP HALL.

(Died in 1656.)

[BISHOP HALL excelled in portraying characters, a kind of writing then much cultivated. Some of his characters are not inferior to those of Theophrastus. From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called "the English Seneca;" many parts of his prose writings have the thought, feeling, and melody of the finest poetry. The most popular of his works is that entitled *Occasional Meditations*. Two extracts are given, one from his *Meditations*, and one from his *Characters*.]

Upon the Sight of a Great Library.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me; it dismays me to think, that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books; this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should; God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers; what a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them

Latin edition

of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his church.

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.

The Busy-Body.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to question him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his

manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse.

His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unwearable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear; wonders; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence.

He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes, carries fire-brands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict.

There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbours another man's servant; and, amidst his entertainment, asks what fare

is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth at their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests : and when he hath, by curious inquiries, extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new.

He hates constancy, as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit ; and loves to change his work and his place ; neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him ; for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred ; and look how many masters he hath, so many enemies ; neither is it possible, that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So, then, he labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, “ It is pity he died no sooner.”

BISHOP EARLE.

(1601–1665.)

[JOHN EARLE, Bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was another successful writer of characters. His principal work is entitled *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters*, published about 1628, and is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an Antiquary, a Carrier, a Player, a Pot-poet, a University Dun, and a Clown.]

The Clown.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled.

He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation.

His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grand-sire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner.

His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion; yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him, but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where

he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish.

His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

JOHN SELDEN.

(1584-1654.)

[SELDEN was a lawyer of distinction in the reign of James I. He took a prominent part in the political movements of the times, and was one of the firmest friends of civil liberty. Neither his political nor his professional engagements prevented his contributing largely to the literature of his age. His principal performances are *A Treatise on Titles of Honour*, a *History of Tithes*, and several works on legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. After his death, a collection of his sayings, entitled *Table Talk*, was published by his amanuensis, who states that he enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his employer's discourse, and was in the habit of committing faithfully to writing "the

excellent things that usually fell from him." It is more by his "Table Talk" than by the works published in his lifetime, that Selden is now generally known as a writer; for though he was a man of great talent and learning, his style was deficient in ease and grace, and the class of subjects which he chose was one little suited to the popular taste. A few specimens from the *Table Talk* are given.]

Marriage.

Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

Evil Speaking.

He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

Humility.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

There is such a thing as a faulty excess of humility. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a

man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking ; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness sake ; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat : if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree ; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Libels.

Though some make light of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits : as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

CHILLINGWORTH.

(1602-1644.)

[WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH is chiefly famous as a controversial writer. There is, however, in addition to his controversial works, a collection of nine sermons, preached by him before Charles I., which has been frequently printed. From one of these is selected the following animated expostulation with his noble hearers:—]

Against Duelling!

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all; that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion

and preparedness, as thou wouldest to the communion : after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

Oh, thou holy Christian religion ! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman, poisonous blood, these raging, fiery spirits ? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say, They have not learned this from us ; or of the Mahometans, they will answer, We are not guilty of it. Blessed God ! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life ! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God ! That whereas he sees himself every day and hour almost contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation ; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him ; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered, passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of, (for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution ?)

before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good.

Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences; give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

(1613–1667.)

[JEREMY TAYLOR is often called the *Spenser* of theological literature. In the language of a recent critic, he strongly resembles the author of the *Faery Queen*, in his prolific fancy and diction, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy, and the curious stores of his learning, are dragged in till both precision and propriety are sometimes lost.

He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest style of poetry, but generally he deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy.]

The Progress of Sin.

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon; but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wild foragings, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again, and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. So is the nature of a man made tame and gentle by the grace of God, and reduced to reason, and kept in awe by religion and laws, and by an awful virtue is taught to forget those alluring and sottish relishes of sin; but if he diverts from his path, and snatches handfuls from the wanton vineyards, and remembers the lasciviousness of his unwholesome food that pleased his childish palate, then he grows sick again, and hungry after unwholesome diet, and longs for the apples of Sodom.

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but in flying bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death: so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

Comforting the Afflicted.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel.

But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death,

but nothing is life but to be comforted ; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

Real and Apparent Happiness.

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables, and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body ; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death ; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions : his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians slaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a cauldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But, although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul, and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.



On Prayer.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God; whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy:

prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in.

Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the

man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud ; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention ; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

On Death.

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts, that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return ; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest ; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals : this is the end and sum of all their designs. A dark night and an ill guide, a hoisterous sea and a broken

cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims, who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Beckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces.

The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly know us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discourings, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honour.

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less.

MILTON.

(1608-1674.)

["IT is to be regretted," says Macaulay, "that the prose writings of MILTON should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'"]

Milton's Account of the manner in which the idea of writing some great Religious Poem originated in his mind.

After I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, per-

ceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home; and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And lastly, what king or knight before the conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art

aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation.

The Scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable.

These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high pro-

vidence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe.

Appeal to Parliament in behalf of the Liberty of the Press.

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment to the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason

itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'T is true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

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

If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner.

When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an un-leisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer: it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist.

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest sup-

pressing. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

COWLEY.

(1616-1667.)

[COWLEY is no less distinguished as a prose writer than as a poet. Indeed, since his death, his prose writings have been rising in repute, while his poetry has gone entirely out of fashion. "No author," says Dr. Johnson, "ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-

sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness." The character of Cromwell, which is here quoted, has been much admired. It is given by Hume in the History of England, but with some mutilations.]

Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax queritur bello* :* and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his high-

* Peace is sought in war.

ness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge: for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it; a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector"—and, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell,

among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know." At which he told me, "that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman," said he, very kindly, and very flatteringly, "for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and

unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory,) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs."

SAMUEL BUTLER.

(1612-1680.)

[SAMUEL BUTLER, whose wit is so conspicuous in his "Hudibras," exhibited it with no less brilliancy in some prose works which were published a considerable time after his death. The most interesting of them are *Characters*, resembling in style those of Overbury, Earle, and Hall.]

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 't is so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear.

He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to pre-

vent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure.

When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics—a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn

it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge.

When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarcely able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as driades, hamadryades, aonides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and "thorough reformations," that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

CHARLETON.

(1619-1707.)

[ANOTHER lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was Dr. WALTER CHARLETON, physician to Charles II., a friend of Hobbes, and for several years president of the College of Physicians in London.]

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like fly-boats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the city pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously.

But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all

extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons.

Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Slow but Sure Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression;

yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar entreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are also in invention; so that when they would deliver somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But, after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive.

Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and umbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with good learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt.

Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to

overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

THOMAS FULLER.

(1608–1661.)

[A CONSPICUOUS place in prose literature is due to Dr. THOMAS FULLER. His most celebrated works are *The Worthies of England*, *Church History of Great Britain*, *History of the Holy War*, and *The Profane and Holy States*. Fuller was a man of great learning, and good sense, but remarkable for the quaintness of his style. His *Church History*, strange as it may seem, while it is a veritable and elaborate history, is not much inferior to *Hudibras* itself for wit and humour. The extract, containing the portrait of a good schoolmaster, is from the *Profane and Holy States*.]

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these:—First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country,

as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboy as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God mouldeth some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar

of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules :

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death ; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

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

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

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set

a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name boxing-master than pedagogue, rather tearing his scholar's flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their

speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him as a poor person. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast, who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university, to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

(1616-1704.)

[SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE enjoyed, in the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., great notoriety as an occasional political writer. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's Fables, Seneca's Morals, Cicero's Offices, Erasmus's Colloquies, Quevedo's Visions, and the works of Josephus. What immediately follows is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the Fables. The other extract is from his translation of Seneca's Morals.]

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches.— She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive (as that sort of women commonly are), easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone.

It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was bad 't is true, as bad

(91)

might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still ; beside that, there was a matter of interest in the case : and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun.

But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems ; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. "Come, master," says he, "pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you." What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake.

This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle ; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another ; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the run-away lady (for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family). It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of

them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little, "No, Xanthus," says she, "do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive." Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

Ingratitude.

The principal causes of ingratitude are pride and self-conceit, avarice, envy, &c. It is a familiar exclamation, "'T is true, he did this or that for me, but it came so late, and it was so little, I had e'en as good have been without it: If he had not given it to me, he must have given it to somebody else; it was nothing out of his own pocket." Nay, we are so ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves anything to himself, we reckon that he does us an injury. It cost Julius Cæsar his life the disappointment of his insatiable companions; and yet he reserved nothing of all that he got to himself, but the liberty of disposing it. There is no benefit so large, but malignity will still lessen it: none so narrow, which a good interpretation will not enlarge. No man shall ever be grateful that views a benefit on the wrong side, or takes a good office by the wrong handle. The avaricious man is naturally ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, but without considering what he has,

only minds what he covets. Some pretend want of power to make a competent return, and you shall find in others a kind of graceless modesty, that makes a man ashamed of requiting an obligation, because 't is a confession that he has received one.

Not to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There's nothing more dangerous than to oblige those people; for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way. It is a mortal hatred that which arises from the shame of an abused benefit. When we are on the asking side, what a deal of cringing there is, and profession. "Well, I shall never forget this favour, it will be an eternal obligation to me." But, within a while the note is changed, and we hear no more words on 't, till by little and little it is all quite forgotten. So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper when we have received it. And yet a man may as well refuse to deliver up a sum of money that's left him in trust, without a suit, as not to return a good office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the benefit, we do commonly care as little for the author. People follow their interest; one man is grateful for his convenience, and another man is ungrateful for the same reason.

BARROW.

(1630-1677.)

[It is difficult to say whether Dr. BARROW was more distinguished as a mathematician, a theologian, or a scholar. He was the immediate predecessor of Sir Isaac Newton in the chair of mathematics in Cambridge University. He left behind several mathematical treatises, all of them in the Latin tongue. It is, however, chiefly by his theological works that he is known to common readers. These consist of Sermons, Expositions of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Decalogue, Sacraments, &c., and were published soon after his death, in three folio volumes. "As a writer," says Mr. Stewart, "he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterizes his manner, is a certain air of powerful and conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, puts forth but half its strength."]

What is Wit?

First it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man; "T is that which we all see and know." Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less

hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air.

Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection. Sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it. Sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how.

Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admira-

tion, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves.

It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.



Industry.

By industry we understand a serious and steady application of mind, joined with a vigorous exercise of our active faculties, in prosecution of any reasonable, honest, useful design, in order to the accomplishment or attainment of some considerable good; as, for instance, a merchant is industrious who continueth intent and active in driving on his trade for acquiring

wealth; a soldier is industrious who is watchful for occasion, and earnest in action towards obtaining the victory; and a scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study for getting knowledge.

Industry doth not consist merely in action, for that is incessant in all persons, our mind being a restless thing, never abiding in a total cessation from thought or from design; being like a ship in the sea, if not steered to some good purpose by reason, yet tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation somewhither. But the direction of our mind to some good end, without roving or flinching, in a straight and steady course, drawing after it our active powers in execution thereof, doth constitute industry; the which therefore usually is attended with labour and pain; for our mind (which naturally doth affect variety and liberty, being apt to loathe familiar objects, and to be weary of any constraint) is not easily kept in a constant attention to the same thing; and the spirits employed in thought are prone to flutter and fly away, so that it is hard to fix them; and the corporeal instruments of action being strained to a high pitch, or detained in a tone, will soon feel a lassitude somewhat offensive to nature; whence labour or pain is commonly reckoned an ingredient of industry, and laboriousness is a name signifying it; upon which account this virtue, as involving labour, deserveth a peculiar commendation; it being then most laudable to follow the dictates of reason, when so doing is attended with difficulty and trouble.

Such, in general, I conceive to be the nature of in-

dustry, to the practice whereof the following considerations may induce.

1. We may consider that industry doth befit the constitution and frame of our nature, all the faculties of our soul and organs of our body being adapted in a congruity and tendency thereto; our hands are suited for work, our feet for travel, our senses to watch for occasion of pursuing good and eschewing evil, our reason to plod and contrive ways of employing the other parts and powers; all these, I say, are formed for action, and that not in a loose and gadding way, or in a slack and remiss degree, but in regard to determinate ends, with vigour requisite to attain them; and especially our appetites do prompt to industry, as inclining to things not attainable without it; according to that aphorism of the wise man, "The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour;" that is, he is apt to desire things which he cannot attain without pains; and not enduring them, he for want thereof doth feel a deadly smart and anguish: wherefore, in not being industrious, we defeat the intent of our Maker, we pervert his work and gifts, we forfeit the use and benefit of our faculties, we are bad husbands of nature's stock.

2. In consequence hereto, industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state. The labour of our mind in attentive meditation and study doth render it capable and patient of thinking upon any object or occasion, doth polish and refine it by use, doth enlarge it by accession of habits, doth quicken and rouse our spirits, dilating and diffusing them into their proper channels. The very la-

bour of our body doth keep the organs of action sound and clean, discussing fogs and superfluous humours, opening passages, distributing nourishment, exciting vital heat: barring the use of it, no good constitution of soul or body can subsist; but a foul rust, a dull numbness, a resty listlessness, a heavy unwieldiness, must seize on us; our spirits will be stifled and choked, our hearts will grow faint and languid, our parts will flag and decay; the vigour of our mind, and the health of our body, will be much impaired.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle; if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid; if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state, by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use: in like manner the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

TILLOTSON.

(1630-1694.)

[JOHN TILLOTSON, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained great celebrity as a preacher. His sermons, at his death, were purchased for no less a sum than two thousand five hundred guineas. They continue to the present time to be read, and to be held in high estimation, as instructive, rational, and impressive discourses.]

Advantages of Truth and Sincerity.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for, to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always

be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sin-

cerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so in-

direct; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

*Virtue and Vice declared by the general Vote of
Mankind.*

God hath shown us what is good by the general vote and consent of mankind. Not that all mankind do agree concerning virtue and vice; but that as to

the greater duties of piety, justice, mercy, and the like, the exceptions are but few in comparison, and not enough to infringe a general consent. And of this I shall offer to you this threefold evidence:—

1. That these virtues are generally praised and held in esteem by mankind, and the contrary vices generally reprov'd and evil spoken of. Now, to praise anything, is to give testimony to the goodness of it; and to censure anything, is to declare that we believe it to be evil. And if we consult the history of all ages, we shall find that the things which are generally praised in the lives of men, and recommended to the imitation of posterity, are piety and devotion, gratitude and justice, humanity and charity; and that the contrary to these are marked with ignominy and reproach: the former are commended even in enemies, and the latter are branded even by those who had a kindness for the persons that were guilty of them; so constant hath mankind always been in the commendation of virtue, and the censure of vice. Nay, we find not only those who are virtuous themselves giving their testimony and applause to virtue, but even those who are vicious; not out of love to goodness, but from the conviction of their own minds, and from a secret reverence they bear to the common consent and opinion of mankind. And this is a great testimony, because it is the testimony of an enemy, extorted by the mere light and force of truth.

And, on the contrary, nothing is more ordinary than for vice to reprove sin, and to hear men condemn the like or the same things in others which they allow in themselves. And this is a clear evidence that vice is generally condemned by mankind; that many men

condemn it in themselves; and those who are so kind as to spare themselves, are very quick-sighted to spy a fault in anybody else, and will censure a bad action done by another, with as much freedom and impartiality as the most virtuous man in the world.

And to this consent of mankind about virtue and vice the Scripture frequently appeals. As when it commands us to "provide things honest in the sight of all men; and by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;" intimating that there are some things so confessedly good, and owned to be such by so general a vote of mankind, that the worst of men have not the face to open their mouths against them. And it is made the character of a virtuous action if it be lovely and commendable, and of good report; *Philip. iv. 8*, "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, make account of these things;" intimating to us, that mankind do generally concur in the praise and commendation of what is virtuous.

2. Men do generally glory and stand upon their innocency when they do virtuously, but are ashamed and out of countenance when they do the contrary. Now, glory and shame are nothing else but an appeal to the judgment of others concerning the good or evil of our actions. There are, indeed, some such monsters as are impudent in their impieties, but these are but few in comparison. Generally, mankind is modest; the greatest part of those who do evil are apt to blush at their own faults, and to confess them in their countenance, which is an acknowledgment that they are not only guilty to themselves that they have done

amiss, but that they are apprehensive that others think so; for guilt is a passion respecting ourselves, but shame regards others. Now, it is a sign of shame that men love to conceal their faults from others, and commit them secretly in the dark, and without witnesses, and are afraid even of a child or a fool; or if they be discovered in them, they are solicitous to excuse and extenuate them, and ready to lay the fault upon anybody else, or to transfer their guilt, or as much of it as they can, upon others. All which are certain tokens that men are not only naturally guilty to themselves when they commit a fault, but that they are sensible also what opinions others have of these things.

And, on the contrary, men are apt to stand upon their justification, and to glory when they have done well. The conscience of a man's own virtue and integrity lifts up his head, and gives him confidence before others, because he is satisfied they have a good opinion of his actions. What a good face does a man naturally set upon a good deed! And how does he sneak when he hath done wickedly, being sensible that he is condemned by others, as well as by himself! No man is afraid of being upbraided for having dealt honestly or kindly with others, nor does he account it any calumny or reproach to have it reported of him that he is a sober and chaste man. No man blusheth when he meets a man with whom he hath kept his word and discharged his trust; but every man is apt to do so when he meets one with whom he has dealt dishonestly, or who knows some notorious crime by him.

3. Vice is generally forbidden and punished by human laws; but against the contrary virtues there

never was any law. Some vices are so manifestly evil in themselves, or so mischievous to human society, that the laws of most nations have taken care to discountenance them by severe penalties. Scarce any nation was ever so barbarous as not to maintain and vindicate the honour of their gods and religion by public laws. Murder and adultery, rebellion and sedition, perjury and breach of trust, fraud and oppression, are vices severely prohibited by the laws of most nations—a clear indication what opinion the generality of mankind and the wisdom of nations have always had of these things.

But now, against the contrary virtues there never was any law. No man was ever impeached for “living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world”—a plain acknowledgment that mankind always thought them good, and never were sensible of the inconvenience of them; for had they been so, they would have provided against them by laws. This St. Paul takes notice of as a great commendation of the Christian virtues—“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, fidelity, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law;” the greatest evidence that could be given that these things are unquestionably good in the esteem of mankind, “against such there is no law.” As if he had said, “Turn over the law of Moses, search those of Athens and Sparta, and the twelve tables of the Romans, and those innumerable laws that have been added since, and you shall not in any of them find any of those virtues that I have mentioned condemned and forbidden—a clear evidence that mankind never took any exception against them, but are generally agreed about the goodness of them.

He always wore blue stockings. This is the
noted the term "blue stockings"

STILLINGFLEET.

(1635-1699.)

[STILLINGFLEET'S principal work is entitled *Origines Sacrae ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion*. Late in life, he was engaged in a controversy with Locke, in which he did not come off with the best success.]

Immoderate Self-Love.

There is a love of ourselves which is founded in nature and reason, and is made the measure of our love to our neighbour ; for we are to love our neighbour as ourselves ; and if there were no due love of ourselves, there could be none of our neighbour. But this love of ourselves, which is so consistent with the love of our neighbour, can be no enemy to our peace : for none can live more quietly and peaceably than those who love their neighbours as themselves. But there is a self-love which the Scripture condemns, because it makes men peevish and froward, uneasy to themselves and to their neighbours, filling them with jealousies and suspicions of others with respect to themselves, making them apt to mistrust the intentions and designs of others towards them, and so producing ill-will towards them ; and where that hath once got into men's hearts, there can be no long peace with those they bear a secret grudge and ill-will to. The bottom of all is, they have a wonderful value for themselves and those

opinions, and notions, and parties, and factions they happen to be engaged in, and these they make the measure of their esteem and love of others. As far as they comply and suit with them, so far they love them, and no farther.

If we ask, Cannot good men differ about some things, and yet be good still? Yes. Cannot such love one another notwithstanding such difference? No doubt they ought. Whence comes it, then, that a small difference in opinion is so apt to make a breach in affection? In plain truth it is, every one would be thought to be infallible, if for shame they durst to pretend to it, and they have so good an opinion of themselves that they cannot bear such as do not submit to them. From hence arise quarrellings and disputings, and ill language, not becoming men or Christians. But all this comes from their setting up themselves and their own notions and practices, which they would make a rule to the rest of the world; and if others have the same opinion of themselves, it is impossible but there must be everlasting clashings and disputings, and from thence falling into different parties and factions; which can never be prevented till they come to more reasonable opinions of themselves, and more charitable and kind towards others.

SHERLOCK.

(1641-1707.)

[DR. WILLIAM SHERLOCK is another of the great divines of the seventeenth century. His *Practical Discourse concerning Death*, which appeared in 1690, is one of the most popular theological works in the language. He also wrote a treatise *On the Immortality of the Soul*, in which, while inferring the high probability of a future life from arguments drawn from the light of nature, he maintains that only in revelation can evidence perfectly conclusive be found.]

Life not too Short.

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the flood, in what manner they lived and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is, and as we find it, I dare undertake to convince those men, who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer; for, 1st, the world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now, though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command, and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend

some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a jail and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough, owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

2dly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants: and but very few in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors, who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago, were alive still, and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men, who have now taken their places, and make as great a show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three, or four, or five hundred years, the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common and all men reduced to the same level; which I believe the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether

they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And therefore, I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and, when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a Providence; and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates.

3dly, The world is very bad as it is; so bad, that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be, were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world, as forty or fifty years, cannot restrain men from the greatest villanies, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable, that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them

all; leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself, and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such an universal destruction, till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

SOUTH.

(1633-1716.)

[**DR. ROBERT SOUTH**, sometimes reputed *the wittiest* of English divines, was a man of great, though somewhat irregular talents. He was an ultra loyalist in his principles, and a zealous advocate of the doctrines of passive obedience, and the divine right of kings. He had a long and acrimonious controversy with Sherlock.

Ill-natured and Good-natured Men.

A stanch resolved temper of mind, not suffering a man to sneak, fawn, cringe, and accommodate himself to all humours, though never so absurd and unreasonable, is commonly branded with, and exposed un-

der the character of, pride, morosity, and ill-nature: an ugly word, which you may from time to time observe many honest, worthy, inoffensive persons, and that of all sorts, ranks, and professions, strongly and unaccountably worried and run down by. And therefore I think I cannot do truth, justice, and common honesty better service, than by ripping up so malicious a cheat, to vindicate such as have suffered by it.

Certain it is that, amongst all the contrivances of malice, there is not a surer engine to pull men down in the good opinion of the world, and that in spite of the greatest worth and innocence, than this imputation of ill-nature; an engine which serves the ends and does the work of pique and envy both effectually and safely. Forasmuch as it is a loose and general charge upon a man, without alleging any particular reason for it from his life or actions; and consequently does the more mischief, because, as a word of course, it passes currently, and is seldom looked into or examined. And, therefore, as there is no way to prove a paradox or false proposition but to take it for granted, so, such as would stab any man's good name with the accusation of ill-nature, do very rarely descend to proofs or particulars. It is sufficient for their purpose that the word sounds odiously, and is believed easily; and that is enough to do any one's business with the generality of men, who seldom have so much judgment or charity as to hear the cause before they pronounce sentence.

But that we may proceed with greater truth, equity, and candour in this case, we will endeavour to find out

the right sense and meaning of this terrible confounding word, ill-nature, by coming to particulars.

And here, first, is the person charged with it false or cruel, ungrateful or revengeful? is he shrewd and unjust in his dealings with others? does he regard no promises, and pay no debts? does he profess love, kindness, and respect to those whom, underhand, he does all the mischief to that possibly he can? is he unkind, rude, or niggardly to his friends? Has he shut up his heart and his hand towards the poor, and has no bowels of compassion for such as are in want and misery? is he insensible of kindnesses done him, and withal careless and backward to acknowledge or requite them? or, lastly, is he bitter and implacable in the prosecution of such as have wronged or abused him?

No; generally none of these ill things (which one would wonder at) are ever meant, or so much as thought of, in the charge of ill-nature; but, for the most part, the clean contrary qualities are readily acknowledged. Ay, but where and what kind of thing, then, is this strange occult quality, called ill-nature, which makes such a thundering noise against such as have the ill luck to be taxed with it?

Why, the best account that I, or any one else, can give of it, is this: that there are many men in the world who, without the least arrogance or self-conceit, have yet so just a value both for themselves and others, as to scorn to flatter, and glose, to fall down and worship, to lick the spittle and kiss the feet of any proud, swelling, overgrown, domineering huff whatsoever. And such persons generally think it enough for

them to show their superiors respect without adoration, and civility without servitude.

Again, there are some who have a certain ill-natured stiffness (forsooth) in their tongue, so as not to be able to applaud and keep pace with this or that self-admiring, vain-glorious Thraso, while he is pluming and praising himself, and telling fulsome stories in his own commendation for three or four hours by the clock, and at the same time reviling and throwing dirt upon all mankind besides.

There is also a sort of odd ill-natured men, whom neither hopes nor fears, frowns nor favours, can prevail upon to have any of the cast, beggarly, forlorn nieces or kinswomen of any lord or grandee, spiritual or temporal, trumped upon them.

To which we may add another sort of obstinate ill-natured persons, who are not to be brought by any one's guilt or greatness to speak or write, or to swear or lie, as they are bidden, or to give up their own consciences in a compliment to those who have none themselves.

And lastly, there are some so extremely ill-natured, as to think it very lawful and allowable for them to be sensible, when they are injured and oppressed, when they are slandered in their own good names, and wronged in their just interests; and, withal, to dare to own what they find and feel, without being such beasts of burden as to bear tamely whatsoever is cast upon them; or such spaniels as to lick the foot which kicks them, or to thank the goodly great one for doing them all these back-favours. Now, these and the like particulars are some of the chief instances of that ill-

nature which men are more properly said to be guilty of towards their superiors.

But there is a sort of ill-nature, also, that uses to be practised towards equals or inferiors, such as perhaps a man's refusing to lend money to such as he knows will never repay him, and so to straiten and incommode himself, only to gratify a shark. Or possibly the man may prefer his duty and his business before company, and the bettering himself before the humouring of others. Or he may not be willing to spend his time, his health, and his estate, upon a crew of idle, sponging, ungrateful sots, and so to play the prodigal amongst a herd of swine. With several other such unpardonable faults in conversation (as some will have them), for which the fore-mentioned cattle, finding themselves disappointed, will be sure to go grumbling and grunting away, and not fail to proclaim him a morose, ill-conditioned, ill-natured person, in all clubs and companies whatsoever; and so that man's work is done, and his name lies grovelling upon the ground, in all the taverns, brandy-shops, and coffeehouses about the town.

And thus having given you some tolerable account of what the world calls ill-nature, and that both towards superiors and towards equals and inferiors (as it is easy and natural to know one contrary by the other), we may from hence take a true measure of what the world is observed to mean by the contrary character of good-nature, as it is generally bestowed.

And first, when great ones vouchsafe this endearing eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glavinging, flattering parasite, or hanger-on: one who is a mere tool or instrument: a fellow fit to be sent upon any malicious

errand; a setter, or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerate offices which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharpening, worthless sycophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh, and droll at him, as a weak empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness. And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature (and good-nature let it be); indeed so good, that according to the wise Italian proverb, it is even good for nothing.

Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good-nature to the pot and the pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good nature over-night, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning.

PEARSON.

(1613-1686.)

[DR. JOHN PEARSON published an *Exposition of the Creed*, which is considered in the English Church a standard work on that subject. The following is an extract from it.]

The Resurrection.

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter; the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it

(120)

may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections.

Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of his will to raise the dead, and that he hath not only delivered that intention in his Word, but hath also several ways confirmed the same.

BAXTER.

(1615-1691.)

[RICHARD BAXTER is generally considered the most eminent of the nonconformist divines of the seventeenth century. The remark of one of his biographers, that the works of this industrious author are sufficient to form a library of themselves, is hardly overcharged, for not fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight publications are named in the catalogue of his works. Their contents, which include bodies of practical and theoretical divinity, are of course very various; none of them are now much read, except the practical pieces, especially those entitled *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and *A Call to the Unconverted*. The latter was so popular when published, that 20,000 copies are said to have been sold in a single year. Baxter wrote a candid and rational *Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times*, which appeared in 1696, a few years after his death. It is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, is said to have been a favourite book of Dr. Johnson. The following extracts are from this work.]

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more

(122)

for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Baxter's Judgment of his own Writings.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the "Saint's Rest," I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them

in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

And this token of my weakness so accompanied those my younger studies, that I was very apt to start up controversies in the way of my practical writings, and also more desirous to acquaint the world with all that I took to be the truth, and to assault those books by name which I thought did tend to deceive them, and did contain unsound and dangerous doctrine; and the reason of all this was, that I was then in the vigour of my youthful apprehensions, and the new appearance of any sacred truth, it was more apt to affect me, and be more highly valued, than afterwards, when commonness had dulled my delight; and I did not sufficiently discern then how much, in most of our controversies, is verbal, and upon mutual mistakes.

And withal, I knew not how impatient divines were of being contradicted, nor how it would stir up all their powers to defend what they have once said, and to rise up against the truth which is thus thrust upon them, as the mortal enemy of their honour; and I knew not how hardly men's minds are changed from their former apprehensions, be the evidence never so plain. And I have perceived that nothing so much hinders the reception of the truth as urging it on men with too harsh importunity, and falling too heavily on their errors; for hereby you engage their honour in the business, and they defend their errors as themselves, and stir up all their wit and ability to oppose you.

In controversies, it is fierce opposition which is the bellows to kindle a resisting zeal; when, if they be neglected, and their opinions lie a while despised, they usually cool, and come again to themselves. Men are so loath to be drenched with the truth, that I am no more for going that way to work; and, to confess the truth, I am lately much prone to the contrary extreme, to be too indifferent what men hold, and to keep my judgment to myself, and never to mention anything wherein I differ from another on anything which I think I know more than he; or, at least, if he receive it not presently, to silence it, and leave him to his own opinion.

*Change in Baxter's Estimate of his Own and other
Men's Knowledge.*

Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance.

I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before); but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book, I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfection, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit

than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

P E N N .

(1644-1718.)

[WILLIAM PENN, a name never to be mentioned but with honour, is distinguished as a writer, as well as the founder of a State. His most celebrated work, entitled *No Cross, no Crown*, was written during his imprisonment in the Tower of London, and contains an exposition of the doctrines of the Society of Friends. Besides this work, Penn wrote *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life*, *A Key to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries*, and *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers*.]

Against the Pride of Noble Birth.

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often, for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first; what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great-grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what

coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor: and though the one be great by means of a forefather the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself, that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent; nor

does he regard what people were, but are. He remembers not the righteousness of any man that leaves his righteousness, much less any unrighteous man for the righteousness of his ancestor.

But if these men of blood please to think themselves concerned to believe and reverence God in his Holy Scriptures, they may learn that in the beginning, he made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon all the face of the earth; and that we are descended of one father and mother; a more certain original than the best of us can assign. From thence go down to Noah, who was the second planter of the human race, and we are upon some certainty for our forefathers. What violence has rapt, or virtue merited since, and how far we that are alive are concerned in either, will be hard for us to determine but a few ages off us.

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not farther from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

I

Penn's Advice to his Children.

Betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to

them ; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation ; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you ; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first ; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger ; neither speak nor act in it ; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise ; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak ; they are the worst of creatures ; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat ; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, " Who shall abide in thy tabernacle ? who shall dwell upon thy holy hill ? " answers, " He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart ; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoureth them who fear the Lord. "

Next, my children, be temperate in all things : in your diet, for that is physic by prevention ; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel ; keep out

that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impar-

tial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice: but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.



BUNYAN.

(1628 - 1688.)

[JOHN BUNYAN, the author of *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*, was originally an illiterate tinker. His immortal work was written in prison. He has been called the Prince of Dreamers, and his book has been not unaptly styled the *Odyssey* of the English people. There is probably no book in the language, except the Bible, which has been more read.]

Christian in the Hands of Giant Despair.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields,

caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never

gave him a word of distaste; then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness! But they desired him to let them go: with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse:—

Christian. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. "My soul chooseth strangling rather than

life," and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into

the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:—

Hopeful. My, brother said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: what hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his

wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves.— Then said she, Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech:

What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too: but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence:—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

CLARENDON.

(1608 - 1674.)

[LORD CLARENDON was one of the leading statesmen who supported the cause of Charles I. His principal literary performance is the *History of the Rebellion*, usually published in 6 vols. 8 vo. The following character of one of the loyalist noblemen who fell in the civil wars, is from that work.]

Character of Lord Falkland.

In this unhappy battle [of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord deputy; so that, when he returned into England to the possession of his

(140)

fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time.— And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted a familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of

wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them.

The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom: and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both houses, no man more opposed those

attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble by reason and argumentation: insomuch as he was by degrees looked upon as an advocate for the court; to which he contributed so little, that he declined those addresses, and even those invitations which he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the court and to the courtiers, and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the king's or queen's favour towards him but the deserving it. For when the king sent for him once or twice to speak with him, and to give him thanks for his excellent comportment in those councils, which his majesty graciously termed "doing him service," his answers were more negligent, and less satisfactory, than might be expected; as if he cared only that his actions should be just, not that they should be acceptable; and that his majesty should think that they proceeded only from the impulsion of conscience, without any sympathy in his affections.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was

like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom it may be, others were more fierce, for their having thrown them away ; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier ; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it ; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer ; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north ; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to ; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of), he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two

houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious: from which no mortal man was ever more free.

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace: and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if man

that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either.

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

BURNET.

(1643-1715.)

[BISHOP BURNET wrote a *History of the Reformation, Life of Sir Matthew Hale*, and several other works. His principal performance however was that entitled *The History of my own Times*, which was not published till some time after his death. From it is taken the following character of Edward VI.]

Character of Edward VI.

Thus died King Edward VI., that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues, and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports, both of his own dominions, and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a

(147)

manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He had a copy brought him of everything that passed in council, which he put in a chest, and kept the key of that always himself.

In a word, the natural and acquired perfections of his mind were wonderful; but his virtues and true piety were yet more extraordinary. He was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shown. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr. Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

He had, above all things, a great regard to religion. He took notes of such things as he heard in sermons, which more especially concerned himself; and made his measures of all men by their zeal in that matter. All men who saw and observed these qualities in him, looked on him as one raised by God for most extraordinary ends; and when he died, concluded that the sins of England had been great, that had provoked God to take from them a prince, under whose government they were like to have seen such blessed times. He was so affable and sweet natured, that all had free access to him at all times; by which he came to be most universally beloved; and all the high things that could be devised were said by the people to express their esteem of him.

L O C K E.

(1632–1704.)

[JOHN LOCKE performed a service for intellectual science fully equal to that achieved for the physical sciences by the illustrious Bacon. *The Essay on the Human Understanding* has exerted a prodigious influence upon the aims and habits of philosophical inquirers, as well as upon the minds of educated men generally. Besides this, which was his great work, Locke wrote several other treatises, which were marked by liberal views both in government and religion, and exerted a highly beneficial influence not only in Great Britain, but throughout the civilized world. The titles of his other principal works are *Letters on Toleration*, *Treatise on Civil Government*, *Thoughts on Education*, *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, and *The Conduct of the Understanding*.]

Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.

There are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the examples of others, whether parents, neighbors, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connexion with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial

views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds, their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments. The reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expanse they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek;

within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mew'd up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness, has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which, being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla brought it amongst them, yet, in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe.

Injudicious Haste in Study.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom that men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for

their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

Fading of Ideas from the Mind.

Ideas quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more footsteps or remaining characters of themselves than shadows do flying over a field of corn. The memory of some men is very tenacious, even to a miracle; but yet there seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas, even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive; so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercise of the senses, or reflection on those kind of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen. Thus the ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colours, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear. How much the constitution of our bodies and the make of our animal spirits are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain makes this difference, that in

some it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like freestone, and in others little better than sand, I shall not here inquire; though it may seem probable that the constitution of the body does sometimes influence the memory; since we oftentimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calcine all those images to dust and confusion, which seemed to be as lasting as if graved in marble. reduced
with

BOYLE.

(1627-1691.)

[ROBERT BOYLE is generally spoken of in the same connexion with John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton. These three illustrious philosophers, who adorned the latter part of the seventeenth century, were distinguished not only by their various and great contributions to science, but by the simplicity and excellence of their personal character, and their ardent devotion to the interests of virtue and religion. The works of Boyle were very numerous. They form indeed no less than six crowded quarto volumes. Many of his works appeared originally among the Transactions of the Royal Society, in which he was among the most efficient of the early members. The titles of those works of Boyle which are most likely to attract the general reader, are *Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy*; *Considerations on the style of the Holy Scriptures*; *A free discourse against Customary Swearing*; *Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection*; *A Discourse of Things above Reason*; *A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and Power*; *A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things*; *The Christian Virtuoso*, and *A Treatise of Seraphic Love*.]

The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals, and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and (in a word) many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true "that God hath not left himself without witness," even to perfunctory considerers,

inaction

by stamping upon divers of the more-obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the ^{wasting} perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry.

But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary

proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a *reason* man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, "formed the eye." And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision, will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity, or opacity, situation, and connexion of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover by the help of the laws of optics, how admirably this little organ, is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight. It is not by a slight survey. but by a diligent and

skilful scrutiny of the works of God, that a man must be, by a rational and affective conviction, engaged to acknowledge with the Prophet, that the Author of nature is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

STEELE.

(1671-1729.)

[To SIR RICHARD STEELE belongs the honour of opening a new path in the field of literature. The first in order of time, of those Periodical Essays, which formed so important a feature in the literature of the age, was the *Tatler*, commenced by Steele in 1709. This was a small sheet published tri-weekly, and devoted chiefly to the discussion of manners. Addison became associated with him in the enterprise, soon after its commencement. The *Tatler*, which continued to the 271st number, was succeeded by the *Spectator*, a work of the same kind, but of a higher character. The *Spectator* was published daily, and extended to 635 numbers. Addison was the principal contributor to the *Spectator*, though Steele wrote a large number of articles. The latter also published another series of *Essays* of the same general character, under the title of the *Guardian*.]

Quack Advertisements.

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed

to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

“In Russel Court, over against the Cannon Ball, at the Surgeons’ Arms, in Drury Lane, is lately come from his travels a surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic, both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He, by the blessing, cures the yellow jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea voyages, campaigns, &c., as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men women or children.”

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of

their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others ; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

“The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea voyages, and campaigns.” Both by sea and land ! I will not answer for the distempers called “sea voyages and campaigns,” but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment ; to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are.

There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words, “rainy, dry, wet,” and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this ; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side ; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement ; and if my friend had only the skeleton

and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment.

But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people "that has been thirty years lame." When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read until he came to the thirty years' confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Anything, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success.

Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say,

casting his eye on my twentieth paper, "More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man?" But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, "That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence."

ADDISON.

(1672-1719.)

[JOHNSON'S eulogium upon the prose style of ADDISON has almost passed into a proverb. "Whoever," says he, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Addison wrote a Tragedy, under the title of Cato, which obtained considerable celebrity. He was the author also of several other poems. His fame however rests chiefly upon his prose writings and particularly upon his periodical Essays. He is, by general consent, the prince of English Essayists. The Spectator is regarded as a classic in the language, as much as the Faery Queen, or the Canterbury Tales. Notwithstanding its quiet and contemplative character, there is the fullest evidence that it created a remarkable change, amounting almost to a revolution, both in manners and taste. Some of these admirable papers are indeed criticisms upon absurdities which have since passed away. But very many of them are of a general character, and are read with as much interest and profit now as they were a century ago.]

The Vision of Mirza.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morn-

ing devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard,

I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

“But tell me further,” said he, “what thou discoverest on it.” I see multitudes of people passing over it,” said I, “and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.” As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but that they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, that the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing

failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and setting upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth

into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza!

habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

*Endeavours of Mankind to get rid of their burdens ;
a dream.*

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further : he says that the hardships or misfortunes which we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when on a sudden, I thought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was FANCY. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were numbers of lovers saddled with very

whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it: but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had

only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for subject of my next paper.

In my last paper I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover

what he thought pleasures of life ; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, FANCY began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.—The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by an angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among them-

selves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; and another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my heart forbear pitying the poor humpbacked gentleman before mentioned, who went off a very well shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made so grotesque a figure, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceed-

ingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made so awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward on his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom who led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was PATIENCE. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of Sorrows, but what I

thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

The Works of Creation.

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in

that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to me.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it, in that reflection: "When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?"

In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so

M

exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course

neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures.

The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference.

When, therefore, we reflect, on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and the infinity of those objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates and supports the whole fra-

of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united.

Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their know-

ledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards with an eye of mercy those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished

by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect; looks all luminous; and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears.

That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star, (as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn,) is a planetary world. This planet, and the four others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of Divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is more than a million times larger than this whole earth on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles; a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be

almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy!

Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled so prodigious a fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, so enormous a mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophical guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the great machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star, is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving around its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasureable wilds of ether.

That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe.

It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison to the whole, that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works.

If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom, or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.

The importance of a good Education.

I consider a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry: which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discover every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations; and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner?

What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not

put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing, to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection.

For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

On Gratitude.

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with so great inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of

many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification which it affords.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be conferred upon us, is the gift of HIM who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being, who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.

On Contentment.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the inquietudes arising from a man's mind, body or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related.

It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for acquiring this virtue, I shall mention only the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one, who condoled with him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me."

On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost, than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour.

For this reason, as none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people who keep their wishes within

their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy.

Persons of a higher rank, live in a kind of splendid poverty; and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their head; and, by contracting their desires, they enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of.

The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it may, he is a poor man if he does not live within it: and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price.

When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness; but told him, he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, luxury is artificial poverty.

I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming at superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and who will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion, the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so

much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation, from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others; or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by a person that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before him: "Every one," says he, "has his calamity; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this."

We find an instance to the same purpose, in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man, the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order

to make us contented with our condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which superior beings themselves are subject; while others, very gravely, tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe; and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwise.

These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but they are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reason," said the emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition: nay, it shows him, that bearing his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

DEFOE.

(1661 – 1731.)

[DANIEL DEFOE may justly be considered the founder of the English Novel. His *Robinson Crusoe*, is not only the first in order of time, of that class of works in our language, but to this day remains unrivalled in many important particulars. Defoe was incapable of romance. His imagination created no scenes of surpassing loveliness or splendor. His mind possessed little delicacy, he seldom gives expression to pathos. His forte lay in the narration of adventures, not in the delineation of passion or character. He had a perfect mastery in the art of invention, an almost unbounded power in creating incidents and situations. His minute and circumstantial details, combined with their entire naturalness, cheat the reader into the belief of the reality and truth of what he reads. In this power of feigning reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has not unaptly been termed, Defoe has never been surpassed. In addition to *Robinson Crusoe*, he wrote many other works of fiction, of various degrees of excellence, besides a large number of satirical and political pieces. His books and pamphlets indeed were no less than 210 in number. The extract which is given is from his description of the Great Plague in London.]

The Great Plague in London.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley,

(192)

and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or seawall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate: all dead or sick: Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares to go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead; the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man; it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir,

says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man: and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, says I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be

obliged to come on shore ; and every night I fasten my boat on board of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself ; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is ?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board ; if I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or to touch anybody, no not of my own family ; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other : and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody ; for the village, said I, is as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here ; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there ; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here ; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man ! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them ?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a

great sum, as things go now with poor men ; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt-fish, and some flesh ; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet ?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet ; but in half-an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman ! says he, she is brought sadly down ; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die ; but it is the Lord ! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God ; he is dealing with us all in judgment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared ; and who am I to repine !

Say'st thou so, said I ; and how much less is my faith than thine ! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine ; that he had nowhere to fly ; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not ; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God ; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me ; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert ; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come ; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he

had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; and then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, says I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, Here, says I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thank-

fulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

S W I F T .

(1667-1745.)

[JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's, generally known as *Dean Swift*, is considered the most original and powerful prose writer of the age in which he lived. He had some of the characteristics of Defoe. He was, like him, deficient in loftiness of imagination. The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration. He had the faculty of inventing, in his fictitious narratives, all those minute and accurate details, which give an air of reality to his most extravagant pictures. But that in which he most excelled was *irony*, a species of writing which he may be said to have domesticated in the language. His writings were very numerous. The best edition of them is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes octavo. The most original and extraordinary of his works is his *Gulliver's Travels*. His ironical vein is well exemplified in his *Argument against Abolishing Christianity*, from which some passages are extracted. The very title is a satire.]

An Argument to prove that the abolishing of Christianity in England may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby.

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at

the sight of so many daggie-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity, were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorneth and distinguisheth the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

And therefore, if, notwithstanding all I have said,

it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the free-thinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

It is likewise urged, that there are by computation in this kingdom above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town; and then, again, so great a number of able bodied divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This, indeed, appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes

there should be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living, that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call this a cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut up, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate house? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? is not Sunday the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appoint-

ments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity: that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent; but will any man say, that if the words drinking, cheating, lying, stealing, were by act of parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words gout, rheumatism, and stone, would that expedient serve like so many talismans to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? and is our own language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition, such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not heydukes and mamalukes, man-

darines and pashaws, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and, instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs. Tofts, and the Trimmers Valentini,* would not Margarittians, Toftians, and Valentinians be very tolerable marks of distinction? The Prasini and Veniti, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive. But this objection, is I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite free-

* Singers then in vogue.

thinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

Adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag.

[Thrown amongst a people described as about ninety feet high, Gulliver is taken in charge by a young lady connected with the court, who had two boxes made in which to keep him and carry him about.]

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand; or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to

hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with

her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes, I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had long been afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Ano-

ther time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me, within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my

sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor of the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers.

Her majesty said if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I

would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I

desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my skulls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit, the weather being very warm, the closet-window was let open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country's silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right forefoot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and

when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some

time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately en-

gaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour, very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

POPE.

(1688-1744.)

[THE fame of ALEXANDER POPE depends mainly upon his poetical performances. No one however could possess the poetical excellence of Pope, without the capacity of writing well in prose also. Pope especially excelled in writing Letters. He published a volume of letters, being portions of the correspondence between himself and his literary friends. This volume contains many brilliant things, and was much read. The first two of the following extracts are from that collection.]

Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.

(TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.)

* * I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers as constant as ever were found in romance beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk but not the scandal of the whole neighbour-

hood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request has erected a monument over them.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as

they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument: unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

On Sickness and Death.

(TO SIR RICHARD STEELE.)

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes

of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and a smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as

bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," &c. —I am your, &c.

Autumn Scenery.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, through the thinner woods over the valleys, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven; the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the forests are fresh and wholesome. What would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers, these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Clifford, Ashley, Bunker, & others, & Kingdon
Cradock, & others, & others, and
were engaged in many intrigues, therefore
as their names or the initials spell edac
this original ²¹⁹ ~~the word~~
Party Zeal.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

Acknowledgment of Error.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

Disputation.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Growing Virtuous in Old Age.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Lying.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

 A R B U T H N O T .

(Died in 1735.)

[DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother wits in some of the humorous productions of the day. The most durable monument of his humour was his *History of John Bull*, intended to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough. One of the severest of his occasional pieces is the following epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender, who was tried and condemned for attempting to commit an infamous crime.]

Epitaph.

Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartres, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created.

a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a-year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.

BOLINGBROKE.

(1672-1751.)

[LORD BOLINGBROKE made a large figure among the distinguished men of his day. His writings, like his statesmanship, display more genius than correct principle. His chief works are *Letters on the Study of History*, *Reflections on Exile*, *Idea of a Patriot King*, &c.]

Absurdity of Useless Learning.

Some [histories] are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite; the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously, and without

distinction, whatever falls in its way, but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined to a more than athletic strength of body a prodigious memory, and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a-day for five-and-twenty or thirty years, and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into a head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think; all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch, or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory; and if he omitted anything, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, till the force of it was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed.

He who reads with discernment and choice, will

acquire less learning, but more knowledge; and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All ranged in order, and disposed with grace;
 Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

You remember the verses my lord, in our friend's Essay on Criticism, which was the work of his childhood almost; but as such a monument of good sense and poetry, as no other, that I know, has raised in his riper years.

He who reads without this discernment and choice, and, like Bodin's pupil, resolves to read all, will not have time, no, nor capacity neither, to do anything else. He will not be able to think, without which it is impertinent to read; nor to act, without which it is impertinent to think. He will assemble materials with much pains, and purchase them at much expense, and have neither leisure nor skill to frame them into proper scantings, or to prepare them for use. To what purpose should he husband his time, or learn architecture? he has no design to build. But then, to what purpose all these quarries of stone, all these mountains of sand and lime, all these forests of oak and deal?

The end of the world

*Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of
Human Life.*

I think very differently from most men, of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal commonplace complaints, which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both.

The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head.

We see, in so many instances, a just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved

Liberal School Boon in this case

where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature.

That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty. We are all arrant spendthrifts; some of us dissipate our estates on the trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we all complain that we want the necessaries, of life. The much greatest part never reclaim, but die bankrupts to God and man. Others reclaim late, and they are apt to imagine, when they make up their accounts, and see how their fund is diminished, that they have not enough remaining to live upon, because they have not the whole. But they deceive themselves; they were richer than they thought, and they are not yet poor. If they husband well the remainder, it will be found sufficient for all the necessaries, and for some of the superfluities, and trifles too, perhaps, of life; but then the former order of expense must be inverted, and the necessaries of life must be provided, before

P

they put themselves to any cost for the trifles or superfluities.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal, who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge.

When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man, more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him:—"Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It cost you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes*, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your library, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well

versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and free will, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life.

Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first.

But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness?—with the same that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the

whole course of your studies? Or if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.”

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life in a very ridiculous but a true light.

MONTAGU.

(1690 - 1762.)

[LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU was the friend and compeer of Addison, Pope, Gay and the other distinguished literati of that period. Few ladies have united so much solid sense and learning, to such brilliant wit and such power of description. In Epistolary writing, she has few superiors. Many of her letters were written from Constantinople, where she resided for several years in consequence of her husband's being English Ambassador to the Porte. It is not a little remarkable that one of the greatest improvements in medical practise, inoculation for the small pox, was brought into notice in England by means of this accomplished and elegant woman.]

To Mrs. S. C.—Inoculation for the Small Pox.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S., 1717.

. . . Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any one of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately

rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remains running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought

had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

To her Daughter, the Countess of Bute—On Female Education.

LOUVÈRE, Jan. 28, N. S., 1753.

Dear Child—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr. Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew.

I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable but desirous of learning; in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You

will tell me I did not make it a part of your education ; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it.

It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain : thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet.

To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words : this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious : she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare : and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject : first, not to think

herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words.

I would no further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiarist was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no

longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself.

You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary), is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance.

The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune.

It is a saying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled by a conviction of human ignorance than elated by learning. At the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once

extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer; she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate.

The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer, than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

JOHNSON.

(1709-1784.)

["In massive force of understanding," says a recent critic, "in multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer of the eighteenth century surpassed Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON. His influence upon the literature of his age was almost unbounded. No prose writer of that day escaped the contagion of his peculiar style. He banished for a long period the naked simplicity of Swift and the idiomatic graces of Addison; he depressed the literature and poetry of imagination, while he elevated that of the understanding; he based criticism on strong sense and solid judgment, not on scholastic subtleties and refinement; and though some of the higher qualities and attributes of genius eluded his grasp and observation, the withering scorn and invective with which he assailed all affected sentimentalism, immorality, and licentiousness, introduced a pure and healthful and invigorating atmosphere into the crowded walks of literature. These are solid and substantial benefits which should weigh down errors of taste and the caprices of a temperament constitutionally prone to melancholy and ill health, and which was little sweetened by prosperity or applause at that period of life when the habits are formed and the manners become permanent. His contributions to literature were both numerous and important. In 1738 appeared his *London, a Satire*; in 1744 his *Life of Savage*; in 1749 *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, and the tragedy of *Irene*; in 1750-52 the *Rambler*, published in numbers; in 1755 his *Dictionary of the English Language*, which had engaged him above seven years; in 1758-60 the *Idler*, another series of essays; in 1759 *Rasselas*; in 1775 the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*; and in 1781 the *Lives of the Poets*. The high church and Tory predilections of Johnson led him to embark on the troubled sea of party politics, and he wrote some vigorous pamphlets in defence of the ministry and against the claims of the Americans."]

From the Preface of the Dictionary.

It is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life to be rather driven by the fear of evil,

than attracted by the prospect of good ; to be exposed to censure without hope of praise ; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries ; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which learning and genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise ; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a dictionary of the English language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected ; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance ; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion ; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

No book was ever turned from one language into another without imparting something of its native idiom ; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation ; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same ; but new phraseology changes much at once ; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style—which I, who can never

wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy—let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity. It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors; whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories

of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular, I have not promised to myself; a few wild blunders and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish folly with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert, who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task which Scaliger compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is

omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and the co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are alike empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Letter to Lord Chesterfield.

February 7, 1755.

My Lord—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the “World,” that two papers, in which my “Dictionary” is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

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

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

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

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

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

Reflections on Landing at Iona.

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the

past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Parallel between Pope and Dryden.

Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding, and nicety of discernment were not allotted in less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and,

when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy: he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best: he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of "Thirty-eight," of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author that they might be fairly copied. "Almost every line," he said, "was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent sometime afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time."

His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the "Iliad," and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the "Essay on Criticism" received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden, but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculations, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid, Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation, Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other wri

ter since Milton must give place to Pope ; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by some domestic necessity ; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just ; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me, for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

Schemes of Life often Illusory.

Omar, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive califs had filled his house with gold and silver ; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands; and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the converse of the wise and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

"Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: 'Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining.

"'Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every

city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself.

“I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Hours, and wise as Zobeide; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent.

“I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state.’ Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

“The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour, and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

“I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to

be learned at home? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges: I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with confidence; and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

“I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relation of travellers; and resolved some time to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

“In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time till disease forced me from public employment.

“Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city: with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat.”

CHESTERFIELD.

(1694-1773.)

[“PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Earl of CHESTERFIELD was an elegant author, though his only popular compositions are his *Letters to his Son*, a work containing much excellent advice for the cultivation of the mind and improvement of the external worldly character, but greatly deficient in the higher points of morality. Lord Chesterfield was an able politician and diplomatist, and an eloquent parliamentary debater. The celebrated ‘*Letters to his Son*’ were not intended for publication, and did not appear till after his death. Their publication was much to be regretted by every friend of this accomplished, witty, and eloquent peer.”]
—*Chalmers*.

On Good Breeding.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be “the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.” Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same.

Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects

of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it: and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors, such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling,

scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be on a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool, or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive; but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. : but on the contrary, always de-

cline them yourself, and offer them to others, who in their turns will offer them to you; so that upon the whole you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been by being carried to licentiousness.

But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case: Suppose you and me alone together: I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was

no bounds to that freedom? I assure you I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent, as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

CHATHAM.

(1708-1778.)

[WILLIAM PITT, Earl of CHATHAM, is known to the world as one of the greatest of statesmen and orators. It does not accord with the nature of this work to introduce many speeches. One of those of Lord Chatham, however, is too remarkable to be omitted. His style of oratory was said to be of the highest class, rapid, vehement, and overpowering; and his delivery was fully equal to his thoughts and his diction. The remarkable circumstances attending his death, as related by Mr. Belsham, and the brilliant character of him drawn by Grattan, are both quoted, as being valuable in themselves, and as throwing light upon the speech which was delivered in parliament when he was upwards of sixty years old, and under circumstances almost as impressive as those related by Mr. Belsham.]

The last public Appearance, and the Death of Lord Chatham, as described by Mr. Belsham.

The mind feels interested in the minutest circumstances relating to the last day of the public life of this renowned statesman and patriot. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a full wig, and covered up to the knees in flannel. On his arrival in the house, he refreshed himself in the lord chancellor's room, where he stayed till prayers were over, and till he was informed that business was going to begin. He was then led into the house by his son and son-in-law, Mr. William Pitt and Lord Viscount Mahon, all the lords standing up out of respect, and making a lane for him to pass to the earl's bench, he bowing very gracefully to them as he proceeded. He looked pale and much emaciated, but his eye retained all its native fire; which, joined to his general deportment, and the attention of the house, formed a spectacle very striking and impressive.

When the Duke of Richmond had sat down, Lord Chatham rose, and began by lamenting "that his bodily infirmities had so long and at so important a crisis prevented his attendance on the duties of parliament. He declared that he had made an effort almost beyond the powers of his constitution to come down to the house on this day, perhaps the last time he should ever be able to enter its walls, to express the indignation he felt at the idea which he understood was gone forth of yielding up the sovereignty of America. My lords," continued he, "I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive

to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. Pressed down as I am by the load of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I never will consent to tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions. Shall a people, so lately the terror of the world, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? It is impossible! In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and if peace cannot be preserved with honour, why is not war commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. Any state, my lords, is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort, and if we must fall, let us fall like men."

The Duke of Richmond, in reply, declared himself to be "totally ignorant of the means by which we were to resist with success the combination of America with the house of Bourbon. He urged the noble lord to point out any possible mode, if he were able to do it, of making the Americans renounce that independence of which they were in possession. His Grace added, that if he could not, no man could; and that it was not in his power to change his opinion on the noble lord's authority, unsupported by any reasons but a recital of the calamities arising from a state of things not in the power of this country now to alter."

Lord Chatham, who had appeared greatly moved during the reply, made an eager effort to rise at the conclusion of it, as if labouring with some great idea,

and impatient to give full scope to his feelings; but before he could utter a word, pressing his hand on his bosom, he fell down suddenly in a convulsive fit. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other lords near him, caught him in their arms. The house was immediately cleared; and his lordship being carried into an adjoining apartment, the debate was adjourned. Medical assistance being obtained, his lordship in some degree recovered, and was conveyed to his favourite villa of Hayes, in Kent, where, after lingering some few weeks, he expired May 11, 1778, in the 70th year of his age.

Character of Lord Chatham, as drawn by Grattan.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to effect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and

posterity. Wonderful were the means by which those schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all the classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation; nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashing of the mind, which like those of his eye were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something

that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

*Speech of Lord Chatham against the employment of
Indians in the war with America.*

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment; it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it, and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them; measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence! The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, have their interest

consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and ministers do not and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve anything but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms: Never, never, never! But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage; to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain I know not; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call

upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorn these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country.

To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom? your Protestant brethren! to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

BURKE.

(1730-1797.)

[EDMUND BURKE is ranked among the most eloquent and philosophical of English Statesmen. Besides his parliamentary Speeches, he published various works, among which may be named particularly *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, *Reflections on the French Revolution*, *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, &c. His complete works have been published in 16 vols. 8vo.

Towards the close of his life, it was in contemplation to elevate Mr. Burke to the peerage. This project was opposed by the Duke of Bedford and others. The remarks of the Duke upon this subject in the House of Lords called forth one of the ablest as well as bitterest of all of Burke's writings, his "Letters to a noble Lord." Mr. Burke having lost his only son, became indifferent about the title, and the matter was dropt. Two passages are given in reference to this subject.]

The Difference Between Mr. Burke and the Duke of Bedford.

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum** is the motto of a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met,

* I struggle against adversity.

I was obliged to show my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own family. This is "the stuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russia were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst "he lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne.

Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

Mr. Burke's Account of his Son.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of a founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scat-

tered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity, are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which ever must subsist in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired cour-

age whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evils by losing all its grossness.

JUNIUS.

(1769.-1772.)

[THE ablest writer of invective in the English Language is one whose *real* name is not and probably never will be known. The Letters signed JUNIUS were printed in the Public Advertiser, a popular London newspaper, at various intervals, from 1769 to 1772. They have since been collected and published in various shapes in almost innumerable editions. The conjectures in regard to the authorship of the letters have been very numerous. The extracts which are given will afford some specimens of the finished style, as well as the merciless sarcasm, of this accomplished writer.)

Public Honour.

The ministry, it seems, are labouring to draw a line of distinction between the honour of the crown and the rights of the people. This new idea has yet only been started in discourse; for, in effect, both objects have been equally sacrificed. I neither understand the distinction, nor what use the ministry propose to make of it. The king's honour is that of his people. *Their* real honour and real interest are the same. I am not contending for a vain punctilio. A clear unblemished character comprehends not only the integrity that will not offer, but the spirit that will not submit, to an injury; and whether it belongs to an individual or to a community, it is the foundation of peace,

of independence, and of safety. Private credit is wealth; public honour is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

Injudiciousness of Prosecuting Mr. Wilkes.

He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to your majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favour of the people on the one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which causes us to love the cause for which we suffer.

Part of a Letter to the Duke of Grafton.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue, even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality

upon record to insult and upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold.' At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II., without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

Part of a Letter to the Duke of Bedford.

My lord, you are so little accustomed to receive any marks of respect or esteem from the public, that if in the following lines a compliment or expression of applause should escape me, I fear you would consider it as a mockery of your established character, and perhaps an insult to your understanding. You have nice feelings, my lord, if we may judge from your resentments. Cautious, therefore, of giving offence where you have so little deserved it, I shall leave the illustration of your virtues to other hands. Your friends have a privilege to play upon the easiness of your temper, or probably they are better acquainted with your good qualities than I am. You have done good by stealth. The rest is upon record. You have still

left ample room for speculation when panegyric is exhausted.

[After having reproached the duke for corruption and imbecility, the splendid tirade of Junius concludes in a strain of unmeasured yet lofty invective.]—Let us consider you, then, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness; let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified in the fear as well as the hatred of the people. Can age itself forget that you are now in the last act of life? Can gray hairs make folly venerable? and is there no period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame, my lord! Let it not be recorded of you that the latest moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted. Consider that, though you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility, after you have lost the vigour, of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, "Whither shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him: he must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision: At Plymouth his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery to Lord Bute. At every town he enters, he

must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him.

In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt, his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality." As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people plundered, insulted, and oppressed, as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is in vain, therefore, to shift the scene; you can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous. I fear you have listened too long to the advice of those pernicious friends with whose interests you have sordidly united your own, and for whom you have sacrificed everything that ought to be dear to a man of honour. They are still base enough to encourage the follies of your age, as they once did the vices of your youth. As little acquainted with the rules of decorum as with the laws of morality, they will not suffer you to profit by experience, nor even to consult the propriety of a bad character. Even now they tell you that life is no more than a dramatic scene, in which the hero should preserve his consistency to the last; and that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance.

GOLDSMITH.

(1728-1774.)

[THE writings of OLIVER GOLDSMITH range over almost every department of literature; and in almost everything which he undertook, he excelled. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is an exquisite novel, *The Deserted Village* and *The Traveller* are ranked among our classical poetry. *She Stoops to Conquer* marks its author a dramatist of high order, while at the same time he is favourably known as the *Historian of Greece and of England*, the entertaining *Naturalist*, the amiable and accomplished *Citizen of the World*. The extract which follows is from his volume of *Essays*.]

Increased Love of Life with Age.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come.— Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope,

more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its ad-

vantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinyang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinyang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth,

and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

H U M E.

(1711-1776.)

[DAVID HUME is extensively known both as a metaphysician and a historian. His *History of Great Britain*, though not a work of the highest authority, is yet one of the most easy, elegant, and interesting historical narratives in the language. The extract which follows is from this very popular book.]

Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth.

Some incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance, could employ against him. She was moved with this tender jealousy; and making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him, yet if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon the sight of it, recall her former tenderness, would afford him a patient hearing, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology.

Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to execute the commission; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it to his invincible obstinacy, was after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution.

The Countess of Nottingham, falling into sickness, and affected with the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct; and having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion: she shook the dying countess in her bed; and crying to her that God might pardon her, but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation; she even refused food and sustenance: and, throwing herself on the floor, she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered; and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, and which, though they dis-

covered her sorrows, were never able to ease or assuage them.

Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body that her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will in regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign.

So dark a cloud overcast the evening of that day, which had shone out with a mighty lustre in the eyes of all Europe. There are few great personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarcely any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length

of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess: her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of tole-

ration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourish under her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy, and with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress: the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

- The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted
- the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and exten-

sive capacity: but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult, to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

ROBERTSON.

(1721 - 1793.)

[DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON published three historical works, every one of them classical performances. These were, the *History of Scotland*, the *History of America*, and the *History of Charles V.*]

Character of Mary Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty and the utmost elegance of external form, she added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity; sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspecting; impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen; no stranger, on

some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government; not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty; formed with the qualities which we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes.

To say that she was always unfortunate will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her; we must likewise add that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality, yet neither these nor Bothwell's artful address and important services can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation more than to her dispositions, and to lament the unhappiness of the former rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in dura-

tion, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration: and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark gray, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement and the coldness of the houses in which she had been imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. "No man," says Brantome, "ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

GIBBON.

(1737-1794.)

[ONE of the most polished writers in the English language, and one of the most elaborate historians, is EDWARD GIBBON, author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Gibbon published some other performances, but this is his great work. A single extract from it is given.]

The City of Bagdad—Magnificence of the Caliphs.

Almanson, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (A. D. 762), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages.

In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbassides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almanson left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

(285)

A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune.

The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctador. “The caliph’s whole army,” says the historian Abulfeda, “both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favourite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or doorkeepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the place itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a

keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne."

In the west, the Omniades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful.— Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra.— Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble.— The hall of audience was incrustated with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labours of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us, who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honours, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

BLAIR.

(1718-1800.)

[DR. HUGH BLAIR is chiefly known to the world by his *Lectures on Rhetoric*, and a collection of admirable *Sermons* on various important practical subjects. The extracts which follow are from the former of these works.]

On Sublimity.

It is not easy to describe in words the precise impression which great and sublime objects make upon us when we behold them; but every one has a conception of it. It produces a sort of internal elevation and expansion; it raises the mind much above its ordinary state, and fills it with a degree of wonder and astonishment which it cannot well express. The emotion is certainly delightful, but it is altogether of the serious kind; a degree of awfulness and solemnity, even approaching to severity, commonly attends it when at its height, very distinguishable from the more gay and brisk emotion raised by beautiful objects.

The simplest form of external grandeur appears in the vast and boundless prospects presented to us by nature; such as wide extended plains, to which the eye can see no limits, the firmament of heaven, or the boundless expanse of the ocean. All vastness produces the impression of sublimity. It is to be remarked, however, that space, extended in length, makes not so strong an impression as height or depth.

Though a boundless plain be a grand object, yet a high mountain, to which we look up, or an awful precipice or tower, whence we look down on the objects which lie below, is still more so. The excessive grandeur of the firmament arises from its height, joined to its boundless extent; and that of the ocean not from its extent alone, but from the perpetual motion and irresistible force of that mass of waters. Wherever space is concerned, it is clear that amplitude or greatness of extent in one dimension or other is necessary to grandeur. Remove all bounds from any object, and you presently render it sublime. Hence infinite space, endless numbers, and eternal duration, fill the mind with great ideas.

From this some have imagined that vastness or amplitude of extent is the foundation of all sublimity. But I cannot be of this opinion, because many objects appear sublime which have no relation to space at all. Such, for instance, is great loudness of sound. The burst of thunder, or of cannon, the roaring of winds, the shouting of multitudes, the sound of vast cataracts of water, are all incontestably grand objects. "I heard the voice of a great multitude, as the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings, saying Hallelujah." In general, we may observe, that great power and force exerted always raise sublime ideas; and perhaps the most copious source of these is derived from this quarter. Hence the grandeur of earthquakes and burning mountains; of great conflagrations; of the stormy ocean and overflowing waters; of tempests of wind; of thunder and lightning; and of all the uncommon violence of the elements: nothing is more sublime than mighty power

and strength. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object, but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one. From lions, and other animals of strength, are drawn sublime comparisons in poets. A race-horse is looked upon with pleasure: but it is the war-horse, "whose neck is clothed with thunder," that carries grandeur in its idea. The engagement of two great armies, as it is the highest exertion of human might, combines a variety of sources of the sublime, and has accordingly been always considered as one of the most striking and magnificent spectacles that can be either presented to the eye, or exhibited to the imagination in description.

For the further illustration of this subject, it is proper to remark, that all ideas of the solemn and awful kind, and even bordering on the terrible, tend greatly to assist the sublime; such as darkness, solitude, and silence. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city; but the hoary mountains, and the solitary lake, the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock. Hence, too, night scenes are commonly the most sublime. The firmament, when filled with stars, scattered in such vast numbers, and with such magnificent profusion, strikes the imagination with a more awful grandeur than when we view it enlightened with all the splendour of the sun. The deep sound of a great bell, or the striking of a great clock, are at any time grand, but, when heard amid the silence and stillness of the night, they become doubly so. Darkness is very commonly applied for

adding sublimity to all our ideas of the Deity: "He maketh darkness his pavilion, he dwelleth in the thick cloud." So Milton:—

How oft, amidst
Thick clouds and dark, does heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness, round
Circles his throne.

Observe with how much art Virgil has introduced all those ideas of silence, vacuity, and darkness, when he is going to introduce his hero to the infernal regions, and to disclose the secrets of the great deep:—

Ye subterranean gods, whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
Oh, Chaos, hear! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around!
Give me, ye great tremendous powers, to tell
Of scenes and wonders in the depth of hell;
Give me, your mighty secrets to display
From those black realms of darkness to the day.—*Pitt.*

Obscure they went; through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead;
As wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.—*Dryden.*

These passages I quote at present, not so much as instances of sublime writing, though in themselves they truly are so, as to show, by the effect of them, that the objects which they present to us belong to the class of sublime ones.

Obscurity, we are further to remark, is not unfavourable to the sublime. Though it render the object indistinct, the impression, however, may be great; for,

as an ingenious author has well observed, it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination; and the imagination may be strongly affected, and, in fact, often is so, by objects of which we have no clear conception. Thus we see that almost all the descriptions given us of the appearances of supernatural beings, carry some sublimity, though the conceptions which they afford us be confused and indistinct. Their sublimity arises from the ideas, which they always convey, of superior power and might, joined with an awful obscurity. We may see this fully exemplified in the following noble passage of the book of Job:—"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice—Shall mortal man be more just than God!" (Job iv. 15). No ideas, it is plain, are so sublime as those taken from the Supreme Being, the most unknown, but the greatest of all objects; the infinity of whose nature, and the eternity of whose duration, joined with the omnipotence of his power, though they surpass our conceptions, yet exalt them to the highest. In general, all objects that are greatly raised above us, or far removed from us, either in space or in time, are apt to strike us as great. Our viewing them as through the mist of distance or antiquity is favourable to the impressions of their sublimity.

As obscurity, so disorder too is very compatible with grandeur; nay, frequently heightens it. Few

things that are strictly regular and methodical appear sublime. We see the limits on every side; we feel ourselves confined; there is no room for the mind's exerting any great effort. Exact proportion of parts, though it enters often into the beautiful, is much disregarded in the sublime. A great mass of rocks, thrown together by the hand of nature with wildness and confusion, strike the mind with more grandeur than if they had been adjusted to one another with the most accurate symmetry.

In the feeble attempts which human art can make towards producing grand objects (feeble, I mean, in comparison with the powers of nature), greatness of dimensions always constitutes a principal part. No pile of buildings can convey any idea of sublimity, unless it be ample and lofty. There is, too, in architecture, what is called greatness of manner, which seems chiefly to arise from presenting the object to us in one full point of view, so that it shall make its impression whole, entire, and undivided upon the mind. A Gothic cathedral raises ideas of grandeur in our minds by its size, its height, its awful obscurity, its strength, its antiquity, and its durability.

There still remains to be mentioned one class of sublime objects, which may be called the moral or sentimental sublime, arising from certain exertions of the human mind, from certain affections and actions of our fellow-creatures. These will be found to be all, or chiefly of that class, which comes under the name of magnanimity or heroism; and they produce an effect extremely similar to what is produced by the view of grand objects in nature; filling the mind with admiration, and elevating it above itself. Wherever,

in some critical and high situation, we behold a man uncommonly intrepid, and resting upon himself, superior to passion and to fear; animated by some great principle to the contempt of popular opinion, of selfish interest, of dangers, or of death, there we are struck with a sense of the sublime.

High virtue is the most natural and fertile source of this moral sublimity. However, on some occasions, where virtue either has no place, or is but imperfectly displayed, yet if extraordinary vigour and force of mind be discovered, we are not insensible to a degree of grandeur in the character; and from the splendid conqueror, or the daring conspirator, whom we are far from approving, we cannot withhold our admiration.

MACKENZIE.

(1745-1831.)

[THE principal literary work of HENRY MACKENZIE is his *Man of Feeling*, published in 1771. He wrote also the *Man of the World*, and was a liberal contributor to the *Mirror*, and the *Lounger*. The *Story of La Roche* is one of his contributions to the former of these Periodicals. The character of the Philosopher, drawn in this beautiful story, is supposed to have been intended for Mr. Hume.]

Story of La Roche.

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him

abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps in the structure of such a mind as Mr. —'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place; or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united has become proverbial, and in common language the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some as deficient in warmth and feeling; but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was at least not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal; that she had been sent for as having some knowledge in medicine, the village surgeon being then absent: and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter. Her

master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the sick man's apartment.

'T was the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. — was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. — and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it. "Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last in a soft tone. She turned, and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'T was sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the *gouvernante*; "if he could possibly be moved anywhere." "If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante*'s. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples

though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapped in blankets and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife after a long and lingering illness, for which travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. —, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she, too, was a heretic in the phrase of the village. The philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian, but he is the best of unbelievers." "Not a Christian!" exclaimed *Mademoiselle La Roche*; "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for 't; I would he were a Christian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child,"

said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation." "But Mr. ——," said his daughter; "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindness; she drew it away from him in silence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. "I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his landlord. "I would not wish," continued the old man hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving me (he clasped Mr. ——'s hand); but when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror." "You say right, my dear sir," replied the philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much; you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me

to-day when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country. I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure." La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him: their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of everything but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse: when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism. On his part he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest

times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling warm and vivid; every ungentle one repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken waterfall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches. Mr. — enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost, The old man's sorrow was silent—his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward but sincere in their pro-

fessions of regard. They made some attempts at condolence; it was too delicate for their handling, but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleased God," said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest.— "That is the signal," said he, "for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishoners are wont to join it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us. If you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within." "By no means," answered the philosopher, "I will attend Mademoiselle at her devotions." "She is our organist," said La Roche: "our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism, and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing." "'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other, and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr — was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible

to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm; it ceased, and the sobbing of Mademoiselle La Roche was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot for a moment to think why he should not. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either: yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were so congenial to his mind that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our father which art in heaven!" might the good man say, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," said he to Mr. —, "when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure

derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which from the effects you see it have on others you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way—an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction, so lifts me above the world. Man, I know is but a worm, yet methinks I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded even with a doubt, the sunshine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country around them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking, were many, in which Mr. —, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable

scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid. "They are not seen in Flanders," said Mademoiselle with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said Mr. —, smiling. She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

'T was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter, a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter on his former visit was recalled to his mind by a view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several month's past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unan-

swered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Mademoiselle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Mademoiselle La Roche's marriage as her father supposed him. Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment. After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agree-

able, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress: he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ——'s making inquiry who was the person they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession answered, "then you knew not Mademoiselle, sir? you never beheld a lovelier." "La Roche!" exclaimed he, in reply. "Alas! it was she indeed!" The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked. He came up closer to Mr. ——; "I perceive, sir, you were acquainted, with Mademoiselle La Roche." "Acquainted with her! Good God! when—how—where did she die? Where is her father!"

“She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours. Her worthy father bears her death as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions: follow me, sir, and you shall hear him.” He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with gray hairs. The music ceased: La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. — was not less affected than they. La Roche arose: “Father of mercies,” said he, “forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people. My friends, it is good so to do, at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, ‘Trust in the Lord; at all times trust in the Lord.’ When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which

flow from the throne of God. 'T is only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness. I will not bid you be insensible, my friends—I cannot, I cannot, if I would (his tears flowed afresh)—I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to you, to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience; that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

“ You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too! It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted towards myself. Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy: ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then—ye will judge of my affliction now. But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God. Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict. For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall

live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect. Go, then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while and we shall meet again, never to be separated. But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. Mr. — followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scene they had last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together in silence into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed. The curtains of the organ were open; La Roche started back at the sight. "Oh my friend," said he, and his tears burst forth again. Mr. — had now recollected himself; he stepped forward and drew the curtains close; the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, "You see my weakness," said he; "'t is the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not therefore lost." "I heard you," said the other, "in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is yours." "It is, my friend," said he, "and I trust I shall ever hold it fast. If there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they cannot restore our

happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

Mr. ——'s heart was smitten; and I have heard him long after confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

PALEY.

(1743-1805.)

[THE principal works of WILLIAM PALEY D. D. are his *Moral Philosophy*, *Horae Paulinae*, *Evidences of Christianity*, and *Natural Theology*. The first of the following extracts is from his *Moral Philosophy*. The latter is from the *Natural Theology*.]

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the

others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces ; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and the worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool), getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces : looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled ; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following :—

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation ; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil ; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe,

and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land; which is the case in the islands of Otaheite: but in less favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedge-row, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the produc-

tions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilized over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

The World made with a Benevolent Design.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark

of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times, with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height perhaps of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be

attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run (which precedes walking), although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, "perception of ease." Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive

gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease, is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution therefore which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

WILBERFORCE.

(1759-1833.)

On the Effects of Religion.

WHEN the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us, then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction: How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach: or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismissal is at hand; that his redemp-

tion draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, "to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

HANNAH MORE.

(1745-1833.)

[MRS. HANNAH MORE is widely known through her writings. They are very numerous, and have exerted an important and beneficial influence both in England and America. She made by her literary labours about \$150,000, of which she left \$50,000 to various charitable institutions.]

Female Accomplishments.

A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully

learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange, if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling?

The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

FRANKLIN.

(1706-1790.)

Franklin's First Entrance into Philadelphia.

I HAVE entered into the particulars of my voyage, and shall, in like manner, describe my first entrance into this city, that you may be able to compare beginnings, so little auspicious, with the figure I have since made.

On my arrival at Philadelphia, I was in my working dress; my best clothes being to come by sea.— I was covered with dirt; my pockets were filled with shirts and stockings; I was unacquainted with a single soul in the place, and knew not where to seek a lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and having passed the night without sleep, I was extremely hungry, and all my money consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling's worth of coppers, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. As I had assisted them in rowing, they refused it at first; but I insisted on their taking it.

A man is sometimes more generous when he has little, than when he has much money: probably, because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty. I walked towards the top of the street, looking eagerly on both sides, till I came to Market Street, where I met with a child with a loaf of bread. Often had I made my dinner on dry bread. I inquired

(223)

where he had bought it, and went straight to the baker's shop, which he pointed out to me.

I asked for some biscuits, expecting to find such as we had at Boston; but they made, it seems, none of that sort at Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf. They made no loaves of that price.— Finding myself ignorant of the prices, as well as of the different kinds, of bread, I desired him to let me have threepenny-worth of bread of some kind or other. He gave me three large rolls. I was surprised at receiving so much. I took them, however, and, having no room in my pockets, I walked on with a roll under each arm, eating a third.

In this manner, I went through Market Street to Fourth Street, and passed the house of Mr. Read, the father of my future wife. She was standing at the door, observed me, and thought, with reason, that I made a very singular and grotesque appearance.

I then turned the corner, and went through Chesnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and having made this round, I found myself again on Market Street wharf, near the boat in which I arrived. I stepped into it to take a draught of water; and, finding myself satisfied with my first roll, I gave the other two to a woman and her child, who had come down with us in the boat, and was waiting to continue her journey.

Thus refreshed, I regained the street, which was now full of well-dressed people, all going the same way. I joined them, and was thus led to a large Quaker meeting-house near the market-place. I sat down with the rest, and, after looking round me for some time, hearing nothing said, and being drowsy from my last night's labour and want of rest, I fell

into a sound sleep. In this state I continued, till the assembly dispersed, when one of the congregation had the goodness to wake me. This was, consequently, the first house I entered, or in which I slept, at Philadelphia.

The handsome and deformed Leg : showing the unhappiness of a fault-finding Disposition.

There are two sorts of people in the world, who, with equal degrees of health and wealth in the world, and the other comforts of life, become the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events; and the effect of those different views upon their own minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed, they may find conveniences and inconveniences; in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing; at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed: in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather: under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws: in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties: in almost every face, and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people abovementioned, fix their attention; those who are disposed to be happy, on the convenience of things, the

pleasant parts of conversation, the well-dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c., and enjoy all with cheerfulness. Those who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented themselves, and by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society: offend personally many people, and make themselves everywhere disagreeable.

If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied. But as the disposition to criticize, and to be disgusted, is, perhaps, taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured, when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit, which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes.

For, as many are offended by, and nobody loves this sort of people; no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word to favour their pretensions.

If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious: If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, with-

out fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them; which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer to show him the heat of the weather; and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this displeasing disposition in a person, he, for that purpose, made use of his legs; one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him.

If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him.—Everybody has not this two-legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg.*

Advice to a young Tradesman.

Remember that *time* is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labour, and goes abroad, or sits idle one half of that day, though he spends but six-pence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent, or rather thrown away, five shillings besides.

Remember that credit is money. If a man lets his money lie in my hands after it is due, he gives me the interest, or so much as I can make of it during that time. This amounts to a considerable sum when a man has good and large credit, and makes good use of it.

Remember that money is of a prolific generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six; turned again it is seven and three-pence; and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces, every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum, which may be daily wasted either in time or expense, unperceived, a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

Remember this saying, "the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse." He that is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises,

may at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all his dealings: therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse for ever.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day; demands it before he can receive it in a lump. It shows, besides, that you are mindful of what you owe; it makes you appear a careful, as well as honest man, and that still increases your credit.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been, and may for the future, be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and

with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become *rich*; if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

WASHINGTON.

(1732-1799.)

Religion in the People necessary to good Government.

(From Washington's Farewell Address.)

OF all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness,—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity.

Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on

minds of peculiar **structure**, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric ?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give mankind the magnanimous, and too novel, example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

J E F F E R S O N .

(1743-1826.)

Extract from Thomas Jefferson's Inaugural Address on entering upon the Presidency of the United States.

DURING the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions, has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression.

Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which, liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect, that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance

a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. .

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough.

But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not.

I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government

of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or, have we found angels in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principles, but not all their limitations :—

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none: the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people: a mild and safe corrective of abuses, which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided: absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism: a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them: the supremacy of the civil over the military authority: economy in the public expense, that labour

may be lightly burdened: the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith: encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid: the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason: freedom of religion: freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*; and trial by juries impartially selected.

These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment: they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

F I S H E R A M E S .

(1758 - 1808.)

To Printers.

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers, engross a very large share of the attention of all the sons of the type. Extraordinary

events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to anything, that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste; or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse *information*, and we, the poor ignorant people, can get it no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunderstorms, that, strange to tell! kill oxen or burn barns? The crowing of a hen is supposed to forebode cuckoldom; and the ticking of a little bug in the wall threatens yellow fever. It seems really as if our newspapers were busy to spread superstition.—Omens, and dreams, and prodigies, are recorded, as if they were worth minding. The increasing fashion for printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents is worse than ridiculous, as it corrupts both the public taste and morals. It multiplies fables, prodigious monsters, and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar; while it withdraws all popular attention from familiar truth, because it is not shocking.

Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the *ordinary*

course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and it is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed, and a great many strange things will happen every seven years? There will be thunder showers, that will split tough white oak trees; and hail storms, that will cost some farmers the full amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging, and drinking, and love, and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and of course, knows that they have happened?

This state has almost one hundred thousand dwelling houses: it would be strange, if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents, by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney corner, and put a fender before the back-log before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple, wonder; some, terror; and some, horror and disgust. Now what *instruction* is there in these endless wonders?—Who is the *wiser* or *happier* for reading the accounts of them? On the

contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts, as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious; and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North Church fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

LORD THURLOW.

(1732-1806.)

[THE Duke of Grafton had in the House of Lords reproached Lord THURLOW with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission to the peerage. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor addresses the house; then fixing his eye upon the duke, spoke as follows.]

My lords, I am amazed, yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But,

my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more, I can and will say, that, as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

D W I G H T.

(1752—1817.)

Profanity Reproved.

How wonderful a specimen of human corruption is presented in the so general profanation of the name of God, exhibited in light-minded cursing and swearing! How perfectly at a loss is Reason for a motive to originate, and explain this conduct! Why should the Name of the Creator be treated with irreverence? Why should not anything else be uttered by man, if we consider him merely as a rational being without recurring at all to his moral and accountable character, rather than language of this nature? Certainly, it contributes not in the least degree, to the advancement of any purpose; unless that purpose is mere profaneness. I know well that passion is often pleaded

for the use of this language. But why should passion prompt to profaneness? Anger, one would suppose, would naturally vent itself in expressions of resentment against the person who had provoked us. But this person is always a fellow-creature, a man like ourselves. In what way, or in what degree, is God concerned in this matter? What has the passion, what has the provocation to do with Him, his name or his character? Why do we affront and injure him, because a creature, infinitely unlike him, has affronted and injured us? I know that custom, also, is pleaded as an extenuation, and perhaps as an explanation, of this crime. But how came such a custom to exist? How came any rational being ever to think of profaning the name of God? How came any other rational being to follow him in this wickedness? Whence was it that so many millions of those who ought to be rational beings, have followed them both? What end can it have answered? What honour, gain, or pleasure can it have furnished? What taste can it have gratified? What desire, what affection, can it have indulged? What end can the profane person have proposed to himself?

Can any explanation be given of this conduct, except that it springs from love to wickedness itself? From a heart fixedly opposed to its Maker; pleased with affronting him; loving to abuse his character, and to malign his glorious agency? A heart in which sin is gratuitous; by which, in juster language, nothing is gained, much is plainly lost, and everything is hazarded? What, beside the love of sinning; what, but the peculiar turpitude of the character, can be the source, or the explanation of this conduct?

Ask yourselves what you gain ; what you expect to gain ; what you do not lose. Remember that you lose your reputation, at least in the minds of all the wise and good, and all the blessings of their company and friendship ; that you sacrifice your peace of mind ; that you break down all those principles on which virtue may be grafted, and with them every rational hope of eternal life ; that you are rapidly becoming more and more corrupted, day by day ; and that with this deplorable character, you are preparing to go to the judgment. Think what it will be to swear, and curse, to mock God and insult your Redeemer through life ; to carry your oaths and curses to a dying bed ; to enter eternity with blasphemies in your mouths ; and to stand before the final bar, when the last sound of profaneness has scarcely died upon your tongues.

ROBERT HALL.

(Born 1764.)

The Value of the Bible.

ON casting a survey over the different orders into which society is distributed, I am at an utter loss to fix on any description of persons who are likely to be injured by the most extensive perusal of the word of God. The poor, we may be certain, will sustain no injury from their attention to a book which while it inculcates, under the most awful sanctions, the practice

of honesty, industry, frugality, subordination to lawful authority, contentment, and resignation to the allotments of Providence, elevates them to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" a book, which at once secures the observation of the duties which attach to an inferior condition, and almost annihilates its evils, by opening their prospects into a state where all the inequalities of fortune will vanish, and the obscurest and most neglected piety shall be crowned with eternal glory. "The poor man rejoices that he is exalted;" and while he views himself as a member of Christ, and the heir of a blessed immortality, he can look with undissembled pity on the frivolous distinctions, the fruitless agitations, and the fugitive enjoyments of the most eminent and the most prosperous of those who have their portion in this world.

The poor man will sustain no injury by exchanging the vexations of envy for the quiet of a good conscience, and fruitless repinings for the consolations of a religious hope. The less is his portion in this life, the more ardently will he embrace and cherish the promise of a better, while the hope of that better exerts a reciprocal influence, in promoting him to discharge the duties, and reconciling him to the evils, which are inseparable from the present. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick; and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, des-

pair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.

There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a lofty spirit of poetry,—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature, and the transactions of common life,—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts,—and the profusion of miraculous facts, which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground,—its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable,—unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invests it with much of the charm of novelty; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book besides the Bible, could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloy? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues; every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

W I R T .

The Blind Preacher.

[THIS is an extract from one of a series of Letters written by Mr. Wirt, under the assumed name of the British Spy.]

RICHMOND, Oct. 10, 1803.

I have been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the

influence of a palsy ; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed ! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament ; and his subject, of course was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times : I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour ; his trial before Pilate ; his ascent up Calvary ; his crucifixion ; and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured ! It was all new : and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews : the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet ; my soul kindled with a flame of

indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes, streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no! the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God."

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before

did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection, old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody: you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher," — then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth, an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

CHANNING.

Intellectual Qualities of Milton.

IN speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendour of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet; when, in truth, he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions.

He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.

Milton had that universality which marks the high-

est order of intellect. Though accustomed, almost from infancy, to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius, on whatever soil, or in whatever age it burst forth and poured out its fullness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of a creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman schools. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius.

He felt that poetry was a universal presence. Great minds were everywhere his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of "Araby the Blest," and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly, his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination that his acquisitions were vast. He travelled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored.

His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own, and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind; and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread, as unfriendly to original thought.

Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connexions and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought: and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge; will see mutual light shed from truth to truth; and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendour, to whatever topic it would unfold.

JEFFREY.

The Genius of Shakspeare.

In many points, Mr. Hazlitt* has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but, principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspect of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and

* This piece is from a review of "Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare."

clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him as he goes all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour, than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the

most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator.

The Steam Engine.

The steam engine has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick

up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

Genius not necessarily Unhappy.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at any rate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved: but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great

sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

M A C A U L A Y .

Byron and his Poetry.

NEVER had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and despair. That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety of monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat, that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed, lead alike to misery; if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at war with society, who are supported in their anguish, only by an unconquer-

able pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock or of Satan in the burning marl; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always describes himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone, and could not be restored; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.

How much of this morbid feeling sprang from an original disease of mind, how much from real misfortune, how much from the nervousness of dissipation, how much of it was fanciful, how much of it was merely affected, it is impossible for us, and would probably have been impossible for the most intimate friends of Lord Byron, to decide. Whether there ever existed, or can ever exist, a person answering to the description which he gave of himself, may be doubted; but that he was not such a person is beyond all doubt. It is ridiculous to imagine that a man, whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures, would have published three or four books every year to tell them so; or that a man, who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it, would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child. In the second canto of *Childe Harold*, he tells us that he is insensible to fame and obloquy;

“Ill may such contest now the spirit move,
Which heeds nor keen reproof nor partial praise.”

Yet we know, on the best evidence, that a day or two

before he published these lines, he was greatly, nay indeed, childishly elated, by the compliments paid to his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

We are far, however, from thinking that his sadness was altogether feigned. He was naturally a man of great sensibility: he had been ill-educated; his feelings had been early exposed to sharp trials; he had been crossed in his boyish love; he had been mortified by the failure of his first literary efforts; he was straitened in pecuniary circumstances; he was unfortunate in his domestic relations; the public treated him with cruel injustice; his health and spirits suffered from his dissipated habits of life; he was, on the whole, an unhappy man. He early discovered that, by parading his unhappiness before the multitude, he excited an unrivalled interest. The world gave him encouragement to talk about his mental sufferings. The effect which his first confessions produced, induced him to affect much that he did not feel: and the affectation probably reacted on his feelings. How far the character in which he exhibited himself was genuine, and how far theatrical, would probably have puzzled himself to say.

What our grandchildren may think of the character of Lord Byron, as exhibited in his poetry, we will not pretend to guess. It is certain, that the interest which he excited during his life, is without a parallel in literary history. The feeling with which young readers of poetry regarded him, can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. To people who are unacquainted with real calamity, "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This faint image of sorrow has in all ages been considered by young gen-

lemen, as an agreeable excitement. Old gentlemen, and middle-aged gentlemen have so many real causes of sadness, that they are rarely inclined "to be as sad as night, only for wantonness." Indeed, they want the power, almost as much as the inclination. We know very few persons engaged in active life, who, even if they were to procure stools to be melancholy upon, and were to sit down with all the premeditation of Master Stephen, would be able to enjoy much of what somebody calls the "ecstasy of wo."

Among the large class of young persons, whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination, the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him, they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practised at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip, and the scowl of the brow, which appear in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths in imitation of their great leader. For some years, the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful undergraduates, and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts, a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness.

This affectation has passed away ; and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble, and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer ; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or to his private history. That his poetry will undergo a severe sifting ; that much of what has been admired by his contemporaries, will be rejected as worthless, we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt, that after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language.

BROUGHAM.

Character of Washington.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue, experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character as Napoleon, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age ; —the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies, may be innocently and justly bestowed ! In Washington we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating ; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow, and abhorrence.

With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds ; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension ; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes, possess ; this eminent person is presented to our observation, clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound : a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm ; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them.

If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness—nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself—joined with, or rather leading to the most obstinate self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle—if these things can constitute a great character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive powers, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue.

His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfect just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by

others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weaknesses or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoilt on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man—great, pre-eminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants.

This is the consummate glory of Washington; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required?

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them "Never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom;" and commanded them, that "when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheath it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

IRVING.

The Stage-coach.—Preparations for Christmas.

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It

was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets, and boxes of delicacies; and hares, hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box,—presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holydays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure formed by the little rogues, and the impracticable feats which they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a poney, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot, how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a

large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous, and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has, in summer-time, a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision: he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness

of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler: his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard, with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses, and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in his pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at

the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant: sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with a knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid, an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side, of fresh country faces, and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holyday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers',

butchers', and fruiterers', shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home; and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John, and there's old Carlo; and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them: he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, that wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once; and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy

predominated: for I was reminded of those days, when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holyday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards, to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.



COOPER.

Escape of Harvey Birch and Captain Wharton.

THE road which it was necessary for the pedler and the English captain to travel, in order to reach the shelter of the hills, lay, for half a mile, in full view from the door of the building, that had so recently been the prison of the latter; running the whole distance over the rich plain, that spreads to the very foot of the mountains, which here rise in nearly a perpendicular ascent from their bases; it then turned short to the right, and was obliged to follow the windings of nature, as it won its way into the bosom of the Highlands.

To preserve the supposed difference in their stations, Harvey rode a short distance ahead of his companion,

and maintained the sober, dignified pace, that was suited to his assumed character. On their right, the regiment of foot, that we have already mentioned, lay in tents; and the sentinels, who guarded their encampment, were to be seen moving, with measured tread, under the skirts of the hills themselves. The first impulse of Henry was, certainly to urge the beast he rode to his greatest speed at once, and by a coup-de-main, not only to accomplish his escape, but relieve himself from the torturing suspense of his situation. But the forward movement that the youth made for this purpose was instantly checked by the pedler.

“Hold up!” he cried, dexterously reining his own horse across the path of the other; “would you ruin us both? Fall into the place of a black following his master. Did you not see their blooded chargers, all saddled and bridled, standing in the sun before the house? How long do you think that miserable Dutch horse you are on would hold his speed, if pursued by the Virginians? Every foot that we can gain without giving the alarm, counts us a day in our lives. Ride steadily after me, and on no account look back. They are subtle as foxes, ay, and as ravenous for blood as wolves.”

Henry reluctantly restrained his impatience, and followed the direction of the pedler. His imagination, however, continually alarmed him with the fancied sounds of pursuit, though Birch, who occasionally looked back, under the pretence of addressing his companion, assured him that all continued quiet and peaceful.

“But,” said Henry, “it will not be possible for Cæsar to remain long undiscovered; had we not better

put our horses to the gallop? and by the time they can reflect on the cause of our flight, we can reach the corner of the woods."

"Ah! you little know them, Captain Wharton," returned the pedler; "there is a sergeant at this moment looking after us, as if he thought all was not right; the keen-eyed fellow watches me like a tiger lying in wait for his leap; when I stood on the horse block, he half suspected something was wrong; nay, check your beast; we must let the animals walk a little, for he is laying his hand on the pommel of his saddle; if he mounts now, we are gone. The foot soldiers could reach us with their muskets."

"What does he do?" asked Henry, reining his horse to a walk, but at the same time pressing his heels into the animal's sides, to be in readiness for a spring.

"He turns from his charger, and looks the other way. Now trot on gently; not so fast, not so fast; observe the sentinel in the field a little ahead of us; he eyes us keenly."

"Never mind the footman," said Henry, impatiently; "he can do nothing but shoot us; whereas these dragoons may make me a captive again. Surely, Harvey, there are horsemen moving down the road behind us. Do you see nothing particular?"

"Humph!" ejaculated the pedler; "there is something particular, indeed, to be seen behind the thicket on your left; turn your head a little, and you may see and profit by it too."

Henry eagerly seized his permission to look aside, and his blood curdled to the heart as he observed they were passing a gallows, that had unquestionably been

Y

erected for his own execution. He turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

"There is a warning to be prudent in that bit of wood," said the pedler, in that sententious manner that he often adopted.

"It is a terrific sight, indeed!" cried Henry, for a moment veiling his face with his hand, as if to drive a vision from before him.

The pedler moved his body partly around, and spoke with energetic but gloomy bitterness—"And yet, Captain Wharton, you see it when the setting sun shines full upon you: the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take leaves that hated gallows behind; and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains, offers you a hiding-place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised, when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in dungeons, where, fettered and in chains, I have passed nights in torture, looking forward to the morning's dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture, and if I ventured to the hole, that admitted air through grates of iron, to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures, the gibbet has glared before my eyes, like an evil conscience, harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last; but—twice—twice did I think that my hour had come. It is hard to die, at the best, Captain Wharton; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied; to know that none near you so much as think of the fate that is to

you the closing of all that is earthly ; to think that in a few hours you are to be led from the gloom—which, as you dwell on what follows, becomes dear to you—to the face of day, and there to meet all eyes upon you, as if you were a wild beast ; and to lose sight of everything amidst the jeers and scoffs of your fellow-creatures ;—that, Captain Wharton, that indeed is to die.”

Henry listened in amazement, as his companion uttered this speech with a vehemence altogether new to him ; both seemed to have forgotten their danger and their disguises, as he cried—

“ What ! were you ever so near death as that ? ”

“ Have I not been the hunted beast of these hills for three years past ? ” resumed Harvey ; “ and once they even led me to the foot of the gallows itself, and I escaped only by an alarm from the royal troops. Had they been a quarter of an hour later, I must have died. There was I placed, in the midst of unfeeling men, and gaping women and children, as a monster to be cursed. When I would pray to God, my ears were insulted with the history of my crimes ; and when, in all that multitude, I looked around for a single face that showed me any pity, I could find none—no, not even one—all cursed me as a wretch who would sell his country for gold. The sun was brighter to my eyes than common—but then it was the last time I should see it. The fields were gay and pleasant, and everything seemed as if this world was a kind of heaven. Oh ! how sweet life was to me at that moment ! ’T was a dreadful hour, Captain Wharton, and such as you have never known. You have friends to feel for you ; but I had none but a father to mourn

my loss when he might hear of it; there was no pity, no consolation near to soothe my anguish. Everything seemed to have deserted me—I even thought that He had forgotten that I lived.”

“What! did you feel that God had forsaken you, Harvey?” cried the youth, with strong sympathy.

“God never forsakes his servants,” returned Birch, with reverence, and exhibiting naturally a devotion that hitherto he had only assumed.

“And who do you mean by He?”

The pedler raised himself in his saddle to the stiff and upright posture that was suited to the outward appearance. The look of fire, that for a short time, glowed upon his countenance, disappeared in the solemn lines of unbending self-abasement, and speaking as if addressing a negro, he replied,

“In heaven, there is no distinction of colour, my brother; therefore you have a precious charge within you, that you must hereafter render an account of,”—dropping his voice; “this is the last sentinel near the road; look not back, as you value your life.”

Henry remembered his situation, and instantly assumed the humble demeanor of his adopted character. The unaccountable energy of the pedler’s manner was soon forgotten in the sense of his own immediate danger; and with the recollection of his critical situation returned all the uneasiness that he had momentarily forgotten.

“What see you, Harvey?” he cried, observing the pedler to gaze toward the building they had left, with ominous interest; “what see you at the house?”

“That which bodes no good to us,” returned the pretended priest. “Throw aside the mask and wig—

you will need all your senses without much delay—throw them in the road : there are none before us that I dread, but there are those behind us who will give us a fearful race.”

“Nay, then,” cried the captain, casting the implements of his disguise into the highway, “let us improve our time to the utmost ; we want a full quarter to the turn ; why not push for it at once ?”

“Be cool—they are in alarm, but they will not mount without an officer unless they see us fly—now he comes—he moves to the stables—trot briskly—a dozen are in their saddles, but the officer stops to tighten his girths—they hope to steal a march upon us—he is mounted—now ride, Captain Wharton, for your life, and keep at my heels. If you quit me you will be lost.”

A second request was unnecessary. The instant that Harvey put his horse to his speed, Captain Wharton was at his heels, urging the miserable animal that he rode to the utmost. Birch had selected the beast on which he rode, and, although vastly inferior to the high-fed and blooded chargers of the dragoons, still it was much superior to the little pony that had been thought good enough to carry Cæsar Thompson on an errand. A very few jumps convinced the captain that his companion was fast leaving him, and a fearful glance, that he threw behind, informed the fugitive that his enemies were as speedily approaching. With that abandonment that makes misery doubly grievous, when it is to be supported alone, Henry called aloud to the pedler not to desert him. Harvey instantly drew up, and suffered his companion to run alongside of his own horse. The cocked hat and wig of the

pedler fell from his head the moment that his steed began to move briskly, and this development of their disguise, as it might be termed, was witnessed by the dragoons, who announced their observation by a boisterous shout, that seemed to be uttered in the very ears of the fugitives—so loud was the cry, and so short was the distance between them.

“Had we not better leave our horses,” said Henry, “and make for the hills across the fields on our left?—the fence will stop our pursuers.”

“That way lies the gallows,” returned the pedler; “these fellows go three feet to our two, and would mind them fences no more than we do these ruts; but it is a short quarter to the turn, and there are two roads behind the wood. They may stand to choose until they can take the track, and we shall gain a little upon them there.”

“But this miserable horse is blown already,” cried Henry, urging his beast with the end of his bridle, at the same time that Harvey aided his efforts by applying the lash of a heavy riding-whip that he carried; “he will never stand it for half a mile further.”

“A quarter will do—a quarter will do,” said the pedler, “a single quarter will save us, if you follow my directions.”

Somewhat cheered by the cool and confident manner of his companion, Henry continued silently urging his horse forward. A few moments brought them to the desired turn, and, as they doubled round a point of low under-brush, the fugitives caught a glimpse of their pursuers scattered along the highway. Mason and the sergeant, being better mounted than

the rest of the party, were much nearer to their heels than even the pedler thought could be possible.

At the foot of the hills, and for some distance up the dark valley that wound among the mountains, a thick underwood of saplings had been suffered to shoot up, when the heavier growth was felled for the sake of fuel. At the sight of this cover, Henry again urged the pedler to dismount, and to plunge into the woods; but this request was promptly refused. The two roads before mentioned met a very sharp angle, at a short distance from the turn, and both were circuitous, so that but little of either could be seen at a time. The pedler took the one that led to the left, but held it only a moment, for, on reaching a partial opening in the thicket, he darted across the right hand path, and led the way up a steep ascent, which lay directly before them. This manœuvre saved them. On reaching the fork, the dragoons followed the track, and passed the spot where the fugitives had crossed to the other road, before they missed the marks of the footsteps. Their loud cries were heard by Henry and the pedler, as their wearied and breathless animals toiled up the hill, ordering their companions in the rear to ride in the right direction. The captain again proposed to leave their horses and dash into the thicket.

“Not yet, not yet,” said Birch, in a low voice; “the road falls from the top of this hill as steep as it rises—first let us gain the top.” While speaking, they reached the desired summit, and both threw themselves from their horses. Henry plunged into the thick underwood which covered the side of the mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their beasts a few severe blows of his

whip, that drove them headlong down the path on the other side of the eminence, and then followed his example.

The pedler entered the thicket with a little caution, and avoided as much as possible, rustling or breaking the branches in his way. There was but time only to shelter his person from view, when a dragoon led up the ascent, and on reaching the height, he cried aloud

“I saw one of their horses turning the hill this minute.”

“Drive on, spur forward, my lads,” shouted Mason; “give the Englishman quarter, but cut down the pedler, and make an end of him.”

Henry felt his companion gripe his arm hard, as he listened in a great tremor to this cry, which was followed by the passage of a dozen horsemen, with a vigour and speed that showed too plainly how little security their over-tired steeds could have afforded them.

“Now,” said the pedler, rising from his cover to reconnoitre, and standing for a moment in suspense, “all that we gain is clear gain; for, as we go up, they go down. Let us be stirring.”

“But will they not follow us, and surround this mountain?” said Henry, rising and imitating the laboured but rapid progress of his companion: “remember they have foot as well as horse, and at any rate we shall starve in the hills.”

“Fear nothing, Captain Wharton,” returned the pedler, with confidence; “this is not the mountain that I would be on, but necessity has made me a dexterous pilot among these hills. I will lead you where no man will dare to follow. See, the sun is already set-

ting behind the tops of the western mountains, and it will be two hours to the rising of the moon. Who, think you, will follow us far, on a November night, among these rocks and precipices?"

"But listen!" exclaimed Henry; "the dragoons are shouting to each other—they miss us already."

"Come to the point of this rock, and you may see them," said Harvey, composedly setting himself down to rest. "Nay, they can see us—notice, they are pointing up with their fingers. There! one has fired his pistol, but the distance is too great for even a musket to carry, upwards."

"They will pursue us," cried the impatient Henry; "let us be moving."

"They will not think of such a thing," returned the pedler, picking the chickerberries that grew on the thin soil where he sat, and very deliberately chewing them, leaves and all, to refresh his mouth. "What progress could they make here, in their boots and spurs, with their long swords, or even pistols? No, no—they may go back and turn out the foot: but the horse pass through these defiles, when they can keep the saddle, with fear and trembling. Come, follow me, Captain Wharton; we have a troublesome march before us, but I will bring you where none will think of venturing this night."

So saying, they both arose, and were soon hid from view, amongst the rocks and caverns of the mountain.

BANCROFT.

The Puritans of New England.

THE first years of the residence of the Puritans in America, were years of great hardship and affliction. It is an error to suppose, that this short season of distress was not promptly followed by abundance and happiness. The people were full of afflictions, and the objects of love were around them. They struck root in the soil immediately. They enjoyed religion. They were, from the first, industrious, and enterprising, and frugal; and affluence followed of course. When persecution ceased in England, there were already in New England "thousands who would not change their place of abode for any other in the world;" and they were tempted in vain with invitations to the Bahama Isles, to Ireland, to Jamaica, to Trinidad.

The purity of morals completes the picture of colonial felicity. "As Ireland will not brook venomous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." One might dwell there "from year to year, and not see a drunkard, or hear an oath, or meet a beggar." The consequence was universal health—one of the chief elements of public happiness.

The average duration of life in New England, compared with Europe, was doubled; and the human race was so vigorous, that, of all who were born into the

world, more than two in ten, full four in nineteen, attained the age of seventy. Of those who lived beyond ninety, the proportion, as compared with European tables of longevity, was still more remarkable.

I have dwelt the longer on the character of the early Puritans of New England, for they are the parents of one-third the whole white population of the United States. In the first ten or twelve years—and there was never afterwards any considerable increase from England—we have seen, that there came over twenty-one thousand two hundred persons, or four thousand families. Their descendants are now not far from four millions. Each family has multiplied on the average to one thousand souls. To New York and Ohio, where they constitute half the population, they have carried the Puritan system of free schools; and their example is spreading it through the civilized world.

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honour, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdainful of ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of Kings.

Chivalry delighted in outward show, favoured pleasure, multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes. Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the

virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonour. The former valued courtesy, the latter justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements, the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

SPARKS.

Character of Washington.

THE person of Washington was commanding, graceful, and fitly proportioned; his stature six feet, his chest broad and full, his limbs long and somewhat slender, but well shaped and muscular. His features were regular and symmetrical, his eyes of a light blue colour, and his whole countenance, in its quiet state, was grave, placid, and benignant. When alone, or not engaged in conversation, he appeared sedate and thoughtful; but when his attention was excited, his eye kindled quickly, and his face beamed with animation and intelligence.

He was not fluent in speech, but what he said was apposite and listened to with the more interest as being known to come from the heart. He seldom attempted sallies of wit or humour, but no man received more

pleasure from an exhibition of them by others; and, although contented in seclusion, he sought his chief happiness in society, and participated with delight in all its rational and innocent amusements.

Without austerity on the one hand, or an appearance of condescending familiarity on the other, he was affable, courteous, and cheerful; but it has often been remarked, that there was a dignity in his person and manner not easy to be defined, which impressed every one that saw him for the first time, with an instinctive deference and awe. This may have arisen in part from a conviction of his superiority, as well as from the effect produced by his external form and deportment.

The character of his mind was unfolded in the public and private acts of his life; and the proofs of his greatness are seen almost as much in the one as the other. The same qualities which raised him to the ascendancy he possessed over the will of a nation, as the commander of armies and chief magistrate, caused him to be loved and respected as an individual.

Wisdom, judgment, prudence, and firmness, were his predominant traits. No man ever saw more clearly the relative importance of things and actions, or divested himself more entirely of the bias of personal interest, partiality, and prejudice, in discriminating between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, in all questions and subjects that were presented to him.

He deliberated slowly, but decided surely; and, when his decision was once formed, he seldom reversed it, and never relaxed from the execution of a

measure till it was completed. Courage, physical and moral, was a part of his nature; and, whether in battle or in the midst of popular excitement, he was fearless of danger, and regardless of consequences to himself.

His ambition was of that noble kind, which aims to excel in whatever it undertakes, and to acquire a power over the hearts of men by promoting their happiness and winning their affections. Sensitive to the approbation of others, and solicitous to deserve it, he made no concession to gain their applause, either by flattering their vanity or yielding to their caprices. Cautious without timidity, bold without rashness, cool in counsel, deliberate but firm in action, clear in foresight, patient under reverses, steady, persevering, and self-possessed, he met and conquered every obstacle that obstructed his path to honour, renown, and success. More confident in the uprightness of his intention, than in his resources, he sought knowledge and advice from other men.

He chose his counsellors with unerring sagacity; and his quick perception of the soundness of an opinion, and of the strong points in an argument, enabled him to draw to his aid the best fruits of their talents, and the light of their collected wisdom.

His moral qualities were in perfect harmony with those of his intellect. Duty was the ruling principle of his conduct; and the rare endowments of his understanding were not more constantly tasked to devise the best methods of effecting an object, than they were to guard the sanctity of conscience. No instance can be adduced, in which he was actuated by a sinister motive, or endeavoured to attain an end by unworthy means.

Truth, integrity, and justice were deeply rooted in his mind; and nothing could rouse his indignation so soon, or so utterly destroy his confidence, as the discovery of the want of these virtues in any one whom he had trusted. Weaknesses, follies, indiscretions, he could forgive; but subterfuge and dishonesty he never forgot, rarely pardoned. He was candid and sincere, true to his friends, and faithful to all, neither practising dissimulation, descending to artifice, nor holding out expectations which he did not intend should be realized.

His passions were strong, and sometimes they broke out with vehemence; but he had the power of checking them in an instant. Perhaps self-control was the most remarkable trait of his character. It was in part the effect of discipline; yet he seems by nature to have possessed this power to a degree which has been denied to other men.

A Christian in faith and practice, he was habitually devout. His reverence for religion is seen in his example, his public communications, and his private writings. He uniformly ascribed his successes to the beneficent agency of the Supreme Being. Charitable and humane, he was liberal to the poor, and kind to those in distress. As a husband, son, and brother, he was tender and affectionate.

Without vanity, ostentation, or pride, he never spoke of himself or his actions, unless required by circumstances which concerned the public interests. As he was free from envy, so he had the good fortune to escape the envy of others, by standing on an elevation which none could hope to attain. If he had one passion more strong than another, it was love of his country.

The purity and ardour of his patriotism were commensurate with the greatness of its object. Love of country in him was invested with the sacred obligation of a duty; and from the faithful discharge of this duty he never swerved for a moment, either in thought or deed, through the whole period of his eventful career.

Such are some of the traits in the character of Washington, which have acquired for him the love and veneration of mankind. If they are not marked with the brilliancy, extravagance, and eccentricity, which in other men, have excited the astonishment of the world, so neither are they tarnished by the follies, nor disgraced by the crimes of those men. It is the happy combination of rare talents and qualities, the harmonious union of the intellectual and moral powers, rather than the dazzling splendour of any one trait, which constitute the grandeur of his character.

If the title of great man ought to be reserved for him who cannot be charged with an indiscretion or a vice; who spent his life in establishing the independence, the glory, and durable prosperity of his country; who succeeded in all that he undertook; and whose successes were never won at the expense of honour, justice, integrity, or by the sacrifice of a single principle, — this title will not be denied to
WASHINGTON.

THE END.

E. H. BUTLER & CO.'S

CATALOGUE

OF

STANDARD BOOKS.

WITH

CRITICAL AND RECOMMENDATORY NOTICES.

PUBLISHED BY

E. H. BUTLER & CO.

23 MINOR STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

AND FOR SALE BY

ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Catalogue subjoined of Standard Books, with notices of the same, is presented, with the hope that you will give it an examination.

In addition to the Books named in this list, we have a full and complete assortment in every department of literature and science.

STANDARD BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

E. H. BUTLER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA.

I.—RICHARDSON'S (CHARLES) ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Quarto. 2vols. Price	\$12 00
II.—DONNEGAN'S (JAMES, M. D.) GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON. Revised and enlarged by Professor R. B. Patton. Octavo pages 1420. Price	4 00
III.—FLEMING AND TIBBINS' (PROFESSORS) FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. Edited by Professor Charles Picot and J. Dobson. Oc- tavo pages 1376. Price	4 00
IV.—FLEMING AND TIBBINS' (PROFESSORS) FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. By the same editors. Abridged. Small duodecimo pages 750. Price	1 25
V.—WALKER'S (JOHN) PRONOUNCING ENGLISH DICTIO- NARY. Octavo. With Walker's Key. 786 pages. Price, fine edition,	2 50
Do. Common Edition.	1 25
VI.—NUGENT'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. By J. Ouisseau, A. M. Price	63
VII.—SMITH'S (ROSWELL C.) PRODUCTIVE GRAMMAR. Morocco backs, filleted. Price	34
VIII.—SMITH'S (ROSWELL C.) INTRODUCTORY ARITH- METIC. Half-bound. Price	10
IX.—ANGELL'S (OLIVER) SERIES OF READERS, in six numbers. No. 1. Price	08
2. "	14
3. "	17
4. "	30
5. "	50
6. "	75

STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER AND CO.

X.—KENDALL'S (PROFESSOR) URANOGRAPHY, OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE HEAVENS, accompanied by a new Atlas of the Heavens. Half Morocco. Price	1 25
XI.—KENDALL'S (PROFESSOR) WALKER'S GEOMETRY. 12mo., sheep. Price	75
XII.—COATES' (REYNELL) NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. New Edition, with additions. 12mo., sheep. Price	75
XIII.—COATES' (REYNELL) PHYSIOLOGY. New Edition, with additions. 12 mo.,sheep. Price	1 00
XIV.—HART'S (PROFESSOR) ENGLISH GRAMMAR. 12mo., half-bound. Price	38
XV.—HART'S (PROFESSOR) CLASS BOOK OF POETRY. 12mo., sheep. Price	75
XVI.—HART'S (PROFESSOR) CLASS BOOK OF PROSE. 12mo., sheep. Price	75
XVII.—HART'S (PROFESSOR) CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. 12mo., half-bound. Price	34
XVIII.—COMSTOCK'S (ANDREW) ELOCUTION. Fine sheep. Price	1 00
XIX.—COMSTOCK'S (ANDREW) PHONOLOGY. Part I. Price	25
XX.—COMSTOCK'S (ANDREW) HISTORIA SACRA. A New Edition. 2 vols., sheep. Price	1 00
XXI.—COMSTOCK'S (ANDREW) PHONETIC READER. 12mo., mo., sheep. Price	1 00
XXII.—COMSTOCK'S (ANDREW) PHONETIC SPEAKER. 12mo., sheep. Price	1 00
XXIII.—GREEN'S ALGEBRA. Gradations in Algebra, by Richard W. Green. 12mo., sheep. Price	63
XXIV.—GREEN'S KEY TO ALGEBRA. 12mo., half-binding. Price	1 00
XXV.—FROST'S EASY EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION. Usual style. Price	25
XXVI.—LIBRARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. 2 vols., 8vo., 1200 pages each, 6 portraits; muslin. Price	4 00
XXVII.—M'CARTNEY'S (PROFESSOR) ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES. 12mo. 400 pp. Price	1 00
XXVIII.—PARLEY'S (PETER) COMMON SCHOOL HISTORY.	75

RICHARDSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY,

Two vols., Quarto, 2300 Pages. Price \$12.

PROSPECTUS OF THE AMERICAN EDITION.

RICHARDSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY was originally published as a part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Like most of the articles contributed to that highly scientific work, it was immediately called for in a separate form, and was in fact published separately in repeated editions, both in England and America, before its completion as a part of the Encyclopædia.

In offering a new edition of this work to the public, it is hardly deemed necessary to remark upon its value. Its character as a work of standard authority in English Philology is so well established, that few scholars or professional men would deem their libraries complete without it. Whatever other Dictionaries a gentleman may have, he needs that of RICHARDSON for its ample chronological quotations from the older authors. These quotations give to any one who will consult them, the key by which he may learn for himself the true meaning and history of words, without relying implicitly upon the dictum of a lexicographer. To Authors, Teachers, Professors in Colleges, Divines, Jurists, Physicians, to gentlemen, in short, of every description, who wish to form or defend their opinions on original rather than second-hand authority, this work seems to be one of indispensable necessity. There is no profession in which important questions do not arise, depending for their solution upon the precise meaning of some particular word. This meaning can be settled only by usage, and usage is to be ascertained not by the opinions of Johnson, or Walker, or Webster, but by copious quotations from the old

standard authors. The work of Richardson, consisting of over two thousand closely printed and compact pages, filled with pertinent extracts from the very fountain-heads of English literature, furnishes to the thoughtful student an immense storehouse of materials for the formation of original and independent opinions.

In addition to this, which is perhaps the most striking feature of the book, the New English Dictionary is believed to be the most complete work extant on English Etymologies. The elaborate Preface, setting forth the general principles of comparative philology, shows in the strongest light the learning and "considerate diligence" of the author; while, under each word, the careful array of its various forms in the different cognate dialects, gives to the student not only an inspiring confidence in the abilities of his guide, but the means of original research, hitherto requiring numerous and expensive works of reference. In fact, the etymologies and the quotations combined, put it in the power of a mere English scholar to investigate for himself many important points, the truth of which he has been obliged hitherto to take entirely upon trust.

The price at which this great work is now offered to the American public, is such as to put it within the reach of almost every body. The typographical accuracy of the edition may be relied on, as it is printed on stereotype plates cast in England, the proofs of which were read by Mr. Richardson himself.

"We are inclined to consider the English language as having attained that fulness of maturity which leaves no wish for increase, but only anxiety for preservation. As helps to this, we have the various acceptations in which every word has been used by approved writers, collected by MR. RICHARDSON, in a Dictionary, such as, perhaps, no other language could ever boast."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"Let the valuable contributions to an improved Dictionary, by Mr. Richardson, in which he has embodied many of the principles of Tooke, be compared with the corresponding articles in the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson, and it will be seen how much lexicography owes to the Diversions of Purley."—*Westminster Review*.

"Mr. Richardson, within my own knowledge, has won his way to fame entirely by his sterling and tried merits in this difficult department of our vernacular literature. The Bishop of London, Coleridge, and a committee of some of the ablest literary and scientific men that could be brought together in England at the time, have approved his labours from the commencement; and such a committee selected him to fill this department of the largest scientific work that ever was published in England."—*Editor of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

"A new dictionary, in quarto, which, in our opinion, is to supersede Johnson, Walker, Sheridan, and all others, as the standard in the English language. It exceeds all others in the fulness and accuracy of its derivations, and the meanings and general applications of words are facilitated to an extent never before attempted. Such a work could only have been accomplished by unwearied perseverance and laborious application."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"We have examined the first part of this new dictionary with considerable attention. The author has adopted the principle of Horne Tooke, as to the original meaning of words, and has attempted to illustrate the secondary and derivative meanings in chronological order. The series of quotations arranged on this principle, are judiciously selected, and present an interesting historical view of the words which they are cited to illustrate. A work of this kind, planned and executed with the ability which this specimen manifests, will be a valuable contribution to the accessible stores of English philology."—*North American Review*.

"We heartily recommend the work of Mr. Richardson to the attention of our readers. It embraces, we think, every desideratum in an English dictionary, and has, moreover, a thousand negative virtues."—*Southern Literary Messenger*.

"Tout le monde connaît déjà la réputation du Dictionnaire de Richardson, le plus savant, le plus consciencieux, le plus complet des dictionnaires de la langue anglaise qui aient paru jusqu'ici."—*Courier des Etats Unis*.

"This Dictionary has the advantage of being already known to the literary public, having been originally published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, a work of the highest reputation in England. We venture to pronounce that it is not only the handsomest, but most important and cheapest work which has ever been issued from the American press."—*Nat. Intelligencer*.

"This Dictionary is a mine of wealth in English literature, and shows on every page the immense erudition of its author."—*National Gazette*.

DONNEGAN'S GREEK LEXICON;

1422 Pages, Royal 8vo. Price \$4.

A new Greek and English Lexicon, on the plan of the Greek and German Lexicon of Schneider; the words alphabetically arranged,—distinguishing such as are Poetical, of Dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain Writers and Classes of Writers; with Examples, literally translated, selected from the Classical Writers. By JAMES DONNEGAN, M. D., of London: Revised and Enlarged, by ROBERT B. PATTON, Professor of Ancient Languages in the College of New Jersey; with the assistance of J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D., of the Theological Seminary at Princeton.

☞ *The quick sale of so many large editions of this Lexicon, is the best evidence the publishers could desire of its acceptableness to scholars generally. They take pleasure, however, in publishing extracts from a few, out of many testimonials, which they have received respecting the merits of this work.*

From C. C. Felton, Professor of Greek Literature, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

I have, for some time past, been in the habit of consulting frequently the American edition of Donnegan's "Greek and English Lexicon." I have no hesitation in saying, that it is a most valuable addition to the means of acquiring a knowledge of the Greek language and literature; and that it deserves to be extensively adopted in the schools and colleges of the United States. Its claims upon the confidence of the public are threefold: 1st. The admirable Greek and German Lexicon of Schneider, has been used as a basis by Dr Donnegan. Those who are acquainted with the unrivalled excellence of Schneider, will consider this fact no small recommendation. 2d. The English compiler is evidently a thorough scholar; and even in his first edition, produced a work far superior to any before published in England. 3d. The American editor has long stood among the most distinguished men of letters in our country; and is well known, in particular, for his masterly knowledge of Greek. He here gives the work a thorough revision; and, in many respects, renders it a more useful and

practical lexicon than it was before. It has evidently been prepared with scrupulous and laborious fidelity.

As far as my examination has gone, the typographical execution is very correct. I doubt not it will speedily and generally be adopted; not only by tyros, but by those in mature life, who are desirous of renewing or reviving the classical studies of youth.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

C. C. FELTON.

Cambridge College.

From Calvin E. Stowe, Professor at Dartmouth College, N. H.

Since the publication of the second edition of Dr. Donnegan's work, I have had it on my table for occasional reference. It is formed on the basis of Schneider, and possesses many of the characteristic excellencies of its original. The labours of Professor Patton, in preparing the American edition of Donnegan, have made it decidedly superior to the English; and it is my earnest hope that the real merits of this Lexicon, together with the moderate price for which it is now offered, may put it into the hands of every Greek scholar in the United States.

CALVIN E. STOWE.

Dartmouth College.

FLEMING & TIBBINS' FRENCH DICTIONARY:

1400 Pages, Royal 8vo. Price \$4.

An entirely new and complete French and English, and English and French Dictionary, adapted to the present state of the two Languages; by Professor FLEMING, Professor of English in the College of LOUIS LE GRAND, and Professor TIBBINS, author of several Lexicographical works: with important additions, by CHARLES PICOT, Esq., Professor of French in the University of Pennsylvania, and JUDAH DOBSON, Esq., Member of the American Philosophical Society, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c. &c.

THIS work has been made on the basis of the ROYAL DICTIONARY ENGLISH AND FRENCH AND FRENCH AND ENGLISH, compiled from the Dictionaries of Johnson, Todd, Ash, Webster, and Crabbe, from the last edition of Chambaud, Garner, and J. Descarrières, the sixth edition of the Academy, the Supplement to the Academy, the Grammatical Dictionary of Laveaux, the Universal Lexicon of Boiste, and the standard technological works in either language; and containing, 1st, all the words in common use, with a copious selection of terms obsolescent or obsolete, connected with polite literature; 2d, technical terms, or such as are in general use in the arts, manufactures, and sciences, in naval and military language, in law, trade, and commerce; 3d, terms geographical, &c. &c., with adjectives or epithets elucidating history; 4th, a literal and figured pronunciation for the use of the Americans and English; 5th, accurate and discriminating definitions, and, when necessary, with appropriate examples and illustrations tending to fix as well as display the signification, import, rank, and character of each individual word; 6th, peculiar constructions, modes of speech, idioms, &c. &c.; 7th, synonymy; 8th, the difficulties of French Grammar presented and re-

solved in English, as they occur throughout the work.

The American edition contains complete tables of the verbs on an entirely new plan, to which the verbs throughout the work are referred, by PROFESSOR PICOT, with the addition, in their respective places, of a very great number of terms in the natural sciences, chemistry, medicine, &c. &c., which are not to be found in any other French and English Dictionary, by JUDAH DOBSON, Esq. of Philadelphia.

The sale of this work has been so great, that the Publishers, notwithstanding the very heavy expense attendant upon its publication, are enabled to offer the large work at the very low price of \$4, and the abridgment at \$1.25. Among the numerous evidences of the high authority and practical utility of the work, the Publishers submit the following:

From Peter S. Duponceau, President of the American Philosophical Society.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 18th, 1844.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg you will accept my thanks for the honour done me, by presenting me with a copy of your improved edition of *Fleming and Tibbins' French and English and English and French Dictionary*; such a work was really wanting in our literature. All the English and French and French

STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER AND CO.

and English Dictionaries that have hitherto appeared, have been compiled, as far as I know, by natives of France, among whom Boyer and Chambaud are the most distinguished. They do not appear to have had the aid of natives of the British isles, whose language of course was not so familiar to them as their own. Such dictionaries, to be perfect, ought to have been the joint labour of natives of the two countries. That defect is now corrected by the work of two English authors, teachers and resident in Paris, founded on that of the best of their French predecessors. So that it unites the knowledge of the best lexicographers of the two nations. This is an immense advantage, which cannot be overlooked.

In addition to this, it has been justly observed, that great changes have taken place in the two languages since the beginning of the present century. It is a curious fact that the two idioms have in a great measure migrated, and are still migrating into each other. It is the result of the great intercourse which, during the last twenty-five years, has taken place between the two nations. These changes are not noticed in any other existing bilingual Dictionary. This therefore is an advantage possessed only by the Dictionary you have published. The additions by Messrs. Dobson and Picot, are very valuable, and assure the superiority of your edition. I hope that it will meet with the success that it deserves.

I am, respectfully,
your most obedient servant,
PETER S. DUPONCEAU.

From Robley Dunglison, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Practise of Medicine in the Jefferson Medical College, and Secretary of the American Philosophical Society.

The undersigned having been requested to express his opinion of the

merits of the *New and Complete French and English Dictionary*, of Messrs. Fleming and Tibbins, with the additions made to it by Messrs. Dobson and Picot, of this city, has no hesitation in expressing his decided conviction, that it is the most comprehensive and satisfactory Dictionary of the French and English languages combined, that could be put into the hands of the young student of those languages; whilst it is, at the same time, the best accompaniment to him who is farther advanced.

ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.

From F. A. Brégy, Professor of the French and Spanish Languages in the Central High School.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 20th, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by you, to express my opinion as to the merits of Fleming and Tibbins' French and English Dictionary, I cannot but concur in the decided approbation which it received from many eminent French and classical scholars, at the time of its first importation into this country. I have given it a close and careful examination, and have used it for two years in my classes in this institution. The result of this trial and examination has been a settled conviction, that the work of Fleming and Tibbins is by far superior to its predecessors in the same line. Such a work was greatly needed by the friends of the French language and literature in America, on account of the great number of new words used by modern writers, which present to the inexperienced reader difficulties not easily solved with the aid of Meadows, Boyer, and others. The merit of these works has been very great indeed, but they have grown too old. Let it suffice to state that the single letter *A* contains in Fleming and Tibbins *abridged*, several hundreds of words more than the corresponding

letter in some of the others. I do not hesitate, therefore, to recommend the work above alluded to, as indispensably necessary to American students desirous of understanding not only the French of the 17th and 18th century, but also that of the 19th, that of Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Victor Hugo, Thiers, and of the host of scientific as well as literary French writers of the present time.

I am very respectfully yours,
F. A. BRÉGY.

BOSTON, *January 22, 1844.*

Ever since the first importation of Fleming and Tibbins' French and English Dictionary, I have constantly had it on my table, and have found it better than all other French dictionaries. I am therefore rejoiced to see an American abridged edition of so excellent a work. I find that all which is most essential in the French edition is retained, and many decided and valuable improvements are made. The mode in which the pronunciation is indicated is admirably plain and thorough; a vast number of words not to be found in other dictionaries is introduced; an excellent arrangement of the verbs is given; and it is printed in a large and easily legible type. Altogether, it is decidedly the best French dictionary I have seen.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE B. EMERSON.

BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL, }
February 1, 1843. }

GENTLEMEN,—I have devoted some time and attention to the examination of Fleming and Tibbins' French and English Dictionary, lately published by your firm; and, although the merits of such a work can be thoroughly tested only by long use and a careful collation of it with kindred works, yet I must say that this dictionary bears evident marks of its superiority to any

other that has been introduced into this country.

By comparison, I find its vocabulary very copious and the idiomatic phrases quite numerous. The technical terms are a very important addition, and the conjugation of verbs will prove of great use to the learner. The mechanical execution of the work, which is highly important in a dictionary, is a recommendation which immediately impresses itself on the eye.

A complete and accurate dictionary is of the utmost importance in the acquisition of a foreign language, and I feel justified in recommending this as one of great excellence.

Very respectfully, yours,
THOMAS SHERWIN.

From Isaac Leeser, Minister of the Hebrew Portuguese Congregation, Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN—It is with much pleasure that I have perceived the publication of Fleming and Tibbins' Dictionary of the French language. During its progress through the press I have had occasion to look over several parts thereof, and I became convinced that it would prove an invaluable aid to those who wish to acquire a knowledge of the most fashionable language of Europe. To its original and intrinsic merit is to be superadded the additions of the American editor, who has enriched it with more than *five thousand* words (Medical, Botanical, &c., &c.) not in the French copy; also an excellent table of verbs, furnished by Mr. Picot. I cannot doubt that it will soon become an especial favourite with a discerning public; especially, as the moderate price you have fixed on it, a little more than one-fourth of the cost of the Paris edition, will bring this valuable Lexicon within the reach of the general student. Respectfully yours,

ISAAC LEESER.

NUGENTS' FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

A Pocket Dictionary of the French and English Languages. Price 63 Cents.

In two parts. 1. French and English.—2. English and French. Containing all the words in general use, and authorized by the best writers. The several parts of speech—The genders of the French nouns—The accents of the English words, for the use of foreigners—An alphabetical list of the most usual Christian and Proper Names; and of the most remarkable places in the known world.—By THOMAS NUGENT, LL.D. The fifth American, from the last London edition; with the addition of the *new words*, inserted in *Moutardier's* and *Le Clerc's* last edition of the *National French Dictionary*; the *irregularities* of the English verbs and nouns; and a comprehensive view of the *pronunciation* and *syntax* of the French language. By J. OUISEAU, A. M.

FLEMING AND TIBBINS' FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY,

ABBRIDGED AND ADAPTED TO THE USE OF ACADEMIES AND SCHOOLS:

By CHARLES PICOT, Esq., Professor of French in the University of Pennsylvania, and JUDAH DOBSON, Esq., Member of the American Philosophical Society, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c. &c.

724 Pages 12mo. Price \$1.25.

THE first edition in royal octavo of the French and English and English and French Dictionary, on the basis of that of Professors Fleming and Tibbins, published in 1844, has been pronounced by many competent judges as the best and at the same time the cheapest publication of the kind. The French scholar, the literary man, the physician, the savant, in general, hold it in high estimation, and indeed prefer it to any other, on account of its comprehensiveness and accuracy. But although the price of this library edition is extraordinarily low, a regret has often been expressed by those acquainted with its merits, that it should not be within the reach of every one: for this reason the editor has been induced to prepare the present abridgment, in which will be found all the words in general use, a literal and figured pronunciation, together with full instructions adapted for the use of the English

student of the French language. Besides this, the tables of the verbs by Mr. Picot have been added, as being calculated to facilitate the study of this difficult part of the French language. In these tables—it will be seen—the verbs are numbered, and so arranged as to show, at a glance, the formation of the various tenses—simple and compound; the irregularities; and modes of conjugation—affirmatively, negatively, and interrogatively. To the different verbs, as they occur in the body of the Dictionary, a number is affixed referring to the tables; and as their pronunciation is distinctly indicated, the work may be considered as affording a complete and ready means of ascertaining the modes of conjugation, and the pronunciation of the verbs of the French language in all their forms—a desideratum not to be found in any other publication of the same nature.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1845.

WALKER'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY.

Octavo. 782 pages.

Price :—Fine edition \$2.50—Common edition \$1.25.

A Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, and Expositor of the English Language; in which not only the meaning of every word is explained, and the sound of every syllable distinctly shown, but where words are subject to different pronunciation, the authorities of our best pronouncing dictionaries are fully exhibited, the reasons for each are at large displayed, and the preferable pronunciations pointed out. To which is prefixed Principles of English Pronunciation, in which the sounds of letters, syllables, and words are critically investigated and systematically arranged; the influence of the Greek and Latin accent and quantity on the accent and quantity of the English, is thoroughly examined and clearly defined; and the analogies of the language are so fully shown as to lay the foundation of a consistent and rational pronunciation. Likewise, Rules to be observed by the natives of Scotland, Ireland, and London, for avoiding their respective peculiarities, and Directions to Foreigners for acquiring a knowledge of the use of this Dictionary. The whole interspersed with observations, Etymological, Critical, and Grammatical. To which is annexed a Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names, etc. By JOHN WALKER, Author of Elements of Elocution, Rhyming Dictionary, etc.

In offering to the public a new Edition of WALKER'S DICTIONARY, the Publishers do not feel it to be necessary to say anything in reference to the merits of the Work itself. It is believed to be regarded very generally, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the best and most convenient standard of the language, for the purpose of immediate reference—as that of Richardson is for the purpose of research. All that it seems necessary to say, is, that the utmost diligence has been used to make the edition typographically correct. For this purpose, the existing editions, English and American, have been col-

lated, and their mistakes carefully corrected. The errors that have been found, in the course of this collation, are such as almost to stagger belief. These errors appear to have been creeping in for the last half century, each edition repeating the mistakes of its predecessors, and no general recension of the text being made, until much of the value of the work, as a *standard* of the language, was lost. It has been the aim of the Publishers, in the present Edition, by a careful revision of previous ones, and by a diligent use of the other necessary means, to offer a text as nearly as possible **FAULTLESS**.

SMITH'S PRODUCTIVE GRAMMAR.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR ON THE PRODUCTIVE SYSTEM: A method of instruction recently adopted in Germany and Switzerland. Designed for Schools and Academies. By Roswell C. Smith, Author of a Geography and Atlas, Arithmetic, &c. Price 34 cts.

"The above work was composed, as is indicated by the title, on what is styled in Germany and Switzerland the 'Productive System of Instruction.' It is in these countries that the subject of Education has been deemed a matter of paramount importance. The art of teaching, particularly, has there been most ably and minutely investigated. To give a brief account of the different Systems which have prevailed there, may not be irrelevant, on the present occasion, as they assist in forming an opinion of the comparative merits of the 'Productive system,' on which this work is principally based," &c. &c. (Vide Preface of the work.)

This work has been before the public several years, and its merits have been well tested. It is introduced into the Public Schools in the City and County of Philadelphia; also those of Lancaster, Columbia, Carlisle, and Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, and in nearly every Public School in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and Rhode Island; extensively in the States of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, and all the Southern States. It is used almost *exclusively* in the Schools of Ohio, Kentucky, and Missouri; and its circulation in the Private Schools and Academies, is believed to be greater than that of any other work on the subject. Notwithstanding the many new works that have emanated from the press, on this subject, since its first publication, the demand for it has steadily increased; and it now enjoys the approbation of nearly half the Teachers in the United States. The Publisher has in his possession hundreds of Recommendations, from Teachers, School-Directors, and friends of Education in different parts of the country; but the present limits will not permit him to introduce them here. Copies furnished teachers, for examination, gratis.

ANGELL'S UNION SERIES OF READING BOOKS.

Angell's Reader No. 1, or Child's First Book.

THE arrangement of the Lessons in this book is such, that the child commences reading as soon as he commences putting the letters together into syllables; the exercise of spelling and reading being simultaneous. The same syllables and words which form the Spelling Lessons, are arranged as Reading Lessons directly opposite, or immediately under the spelling columns. It is believed that by this arrangement, the greatest difficulty which children usually experience in learning to read, is removed. The plan has met with the unqualified approbation of those Teachers who have used it, and who have had an opportunity of expressing their opinions. Price 8 cts.

Angell's Reader No. 2, or Child's Second Book.

This is a continuation of the First Number, containing Easy Reading Lessons, most of which are pleasing stories, designed to interest the mind of the learner, and afford instruction. Spelling Lessons, consisting of words from the Reading Lessons, precede every Reading Lesson. Price 14 cts.

Angell's Reader No. 3, or Child's Third Book.

This is a gradual advance from the Second Number, having the Reading and Spelling Lessons arranged on the same plan. The Lessons, in each of the Numbers, are followed by a set of Questions, to exercise the reader on what he has read. Price 17 cts.

Angell's Reader No. 4.

A neat Stereotype Volume, also designed as a Reading and Spelling Book, and containing a variety of other useful matter. Price 30 cts.

Angell's Reader No. 5.

A Reading book for the higher classes in Common Schools, with Spelling Lessons and Definitions adapted to each reading section—with Tables, Mental Arithmetic, &c. Price 54 cts.

Angell's Reader No. 6, or Select Reader.

Being a selection of pieces, in Prose and Verse, which can scarcely fail to interest the mind, improve the heart, and inform the understanding; accompanied with an explanatory Key, containing much

useful information; and a large collection of verbal distinctions with illustrations. Designed as a Reading book for the highest classes in Academies and Schools. Price 75 cts.

The whole forming a Series of interesting, useful, and economical School Books.

They have been through several large editions, and the Publishers have had the whole Series stereotyped, so that future editions will be uniform, in every respect. They have spared neither pains nor expense to render these School Books worthy of attention, and they flatter themselves that their appeals to an enlightened public, for encouragement, will not be made in vain.

These Six Volumes, compiled by OLIVER ANGELL, comprise a Series which is undoubtedly more suitable for the purpose for which they are designed, than any previous publications; and they are more popular among those who have the direction of education than any ever prepared in this country. There is a decided advantage in possessing sets of Elementary books by the same author, who has pursued a similar plan with each, rising step by step, and who, it is presumed, would be better able to preserve the proper gradation of style and matter, than several individuals would. This will be found to be the case in the present Series — and no matter which appears in one, is inserted in either of the others; so that the six compilations may be, and are intended to be used, in different classes in the same school.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Columbia, Pa., December 8, 1840.

TO THE TEACHERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The bearer is authorized, by the Board of Directors, to visit the Schools, and make arrangements for the adoption of "Angell's Series of Reading Books;" "Parley's History;" and "Smith's Grammar," in all our Schools. It is the intention of the Board to insist upon each scholar's providing himself, or herself, with such of the above works as the Teacher thinks necessary. You will, therefore, assist by giving him all the information he desires.

By authority of the Board of Directors.

JOHN F. HOUSTON.

Philadelphia, January 5.

You will accept my sincere acknowledgments for the set of Angell's Class Books, which you were so obliging as to send me a few weeks ago.

This Series, embracing a range of exercises from the easiest prose composition to the highest efforts of description, poetry; and eloquence, appears likely, in the hands of discreet and able teachers, to lead the youthful understanding and taste onward from one degree of development to another, while the moral sentiments and social affections are duly fostered and improved. I cannot doubt, that in Common Schools, this Series of Reading Books will find a favourable reception, while some of the superior numbers will be able to sustain a creditable competition with works of a similar rank already in use in our Academies and High Schools.

Very respectfully yours,

W. R. JOHNSON,

Professor of Mathematics and Moral Philosophy.

STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER AND CO.

At a meeting of the Providence School Committee, the following resolution was introduced by a sub-committee, appointed to examine and report what School Books they consider best for the use of the Public Schools:

"Resolved, That the arrangement and plan of the Series of Common School Classics, compiled by Mr. Angell, meet our approbation."

Signed, WILLIAM R. STAPLES, } Sub-Committee
DAVID PICKERING, }

Which resolution was unanimously adopted by the School Committee.

Witness, GEORGE CURTIS, Secretary

From the Preceptors of the Public Schools in the City of Providence.

Providence, April 14.

We have used Mr. Angell's Series of School Books, for nearly one year; and from this long trial we can say, with confidence, that we believe them admirably suited to answer the purposes for which they were composed. From our examination of the inferior Numbers, which are used in the Primary Schools, we believe them also to be no less useful. As Reading Books, they all combine, in our opinion, many peculiar excellencies. The first, which will strike all who use them, is their perfect *adaptation* to the *capacities* of those for whom they were designed. This we consider a most important advantage in an Elementary book, and one which has not been, heretofore, sufficiently attended to.

The books put into the hands of children, at school, have generally been altogether *above the understanding* of the young mind; and the consequence has been, that scholars have not only made much less progress, in a given time, but have acquired a lasting *disgust* for their studies, which has operated as an effectual bar to future improvement. To this great and extensive evil, Mr. Angell's Books afford a *certain and easy remedy*. The facility with which his lessons are *understood*, added to their very interesting nature, causes them to be read by the scholar with eagerness and delight; by which means his love of study and his improvement in learning are both successfully promoted. The introduction of *Spelling-Lessons*, in connection with *Reading-Lessons*, into all the books, is an advantage which they possess over those previously in use. This arrangement, by enabling the pupil to become acquainted with each separate word, immediately before he is called to read them, is well calculated to render that exercise correct and pleasing, at the same time that it renders Orthography a less dry and uninteresting study than the usual mode. It also considerably promotes economy, by rendering the purchase of a separate spelling-book unnecessary. The *appending of Questions* to each Reading Lesson, we consider a very valuable improvement, since, by calling the attention of the pupil more closely to the subject, it will lead him to a better understanding of what is read. The natural graduation from what is easy, to what is more difficult, which is observed throughout this whole Series, is a circumstance that renders them peculiarly valuable. Entertaining these opinions, we cheerfully recommend them to the attention of Teachers, and others interested in the cause of education; confident, that to all who are aware how much success in teaching depends upon proper books, they will be peculiarly acceptable.

P. W. FERRIS, E. W. BAKER,
ESEK ALDRICH, SILAS WESTON,
RICHARD ANTHONY,

The Committee on Education, appointed by the General Assembly of the State of Rhode-Island— Report ;

"That they have examined the Series of Common School Classics, by Oliver Angell, A. M., and that the arrangement and plan of the said Series meet their approbation, and in the opinion of said Committee, the introduction of the same into the Public Schools of this State would be advantageous"

Signed, GEORGE G. KING, for the Committee.

From Roberts Vaux, late President of the Board of Controllers of the Public Schools for the city and county of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, 9th Month 21st.

I have examined "Angell's Union Series of Common School Classics," and entertain a very favourable opinion of the work. It comprises a course of Elementary Lessons, arranged on simple and practical principles, and, so far as I can discover, imparts throughout, knowledge to instruct the understanding and purify the heart.

ROBERTS VAUX.

Philadelphia, October 5.

I have taken some pains to examine Angell's Series of School Books, and have been much pleased with the selection and arrangement of the Lessons; and, which is of much importance, the boys are pleased with them. The gradation and arrangement of the numbers, please me better than any series of English Readers with which I am acquainted. One great advantage they possess, is there being a number of them: and I think they might, with advantage, be increased to a greater number. I have, for several years, formed a series for my scholars, beginning with Dr. Keagy's Primer, and ending with Putnam's Reader, and I am gratified to find Angell's Series such as I can include in my catalogue of Readers; and I shall make no hesitation in making use of some, or all of the numbers.

I am, most respectfully,

T. D. JAMES,

Principal of Juvenile Academy for Boys.

I have examined with much pleasure, as minutely as the short space of time allowed would permit, "Angell's Common School Classics," and do most cheerfully accord with the numerous and strong recommendations given to said work.

Notwithstanding my decided opposition to a change of books in a school, I shall give my pupils an opportunity of participating in the advantages to be derived from their adoption and general use in my school.

Respectfully,

S. JOHNSON,

Principal of the Classical and English School, 554 Broadway, New York.

New York, February 24.

I have examined Mr. Angell's Series of Common School Classics, and think them eminently adapted to the purposes for which they are designed; and, as a proof of my estimation of them, I would remark, that I shall immediately introduce them into my school. The works show for themselves, and need only to be examined to be highly valued and generally introduced.

I am yours, with much respect,

JOHN W. BAND,

Principal of Academy, 347 Pearl Street.

New York, March 2.

We have introduced into our school the Series of Books compiled by Mr. Angell, and witness, with pleasure, the interest they awaken in the minds of our pupils, and the improvement resulting from their use as Class Books. We cheerfully express our approbation of the sentiments, order, object—the general spirit and method, which characterize the Series.

Yours, &c.

NASH & MANN,

Classical and English School, Bleecker Street.

New York, March 8.

We have examined, with unusual interest, Angell's School Classics, and most cordially agree with the numerous and strong testimonials already furnished; and do not hesitate to say, we have never seen any Series of Spelling and Reading books equal, or anywhere near equal, to Angell's Union. We shall forthwith adopt them into general use in our School.

HAZELTINE & MERRILL,

Principals of St. John's Academy.

URANOGRAPHY:

OR,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE STARRY HEAVENS,

Designed for the use of Schools and Academies; accompanied by an Atlas of the Heavens, showing the places of the principal stars, clusters, and nebulae.

By E. OTIS KENDALL, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Central High School of Philadelphia, and Member of the American Philosophical Society. The Uranography contains 365 pages 12mo, with 9 fine engravings. The Atlas is in 4to, and contains 18 large maps. Price of the Uranography and Atlas \$1.25.

URANOGRAPHY, as the word imports, is simply a description of the Heavens. It is *Descriptive*, as distinguished from *Practical Astronomy*. Astronomy, as a practical science, requires the use of costly instruments and a knowledge of the higher mathematics. But Uranography requires for its study no more expensive apparatus or higher attainments than Geography. The same boy or girl who is competent to study the description of the earth, may with equal ease, and from the same teacher, learn a description of the heavens. The "Uranography and Atlas" are to the one study what the "Geography and Atlas" are to the other.

A great obstacle to the study of Uranography heretofore, has been the difficulty of transferring to the heavens themselves, the ideas acquired in studying the maps. There was so much in the map that was *not* in the heavens, that it was extremely difficult for a beginner to conceive the one to be in any respect the representative of the other. A Celestial Map or Globe, crowded with highly coloured pictures of birds, and beasts, and four-footed animals,

and creeping things, might well look, to the eye of the uninitiated, more like the show-bill of a menagerie than a picture of the starry heavens. In the present work, however, while a faint outline of the old constellations is preserved for the sake of their historical associations, *prominence* is given in the maps to that which is prominent in the heavens, viz: to the STARS THEMSELVES.

This feature of the work is made yet more striking by the introduction of another, of a character altogether novel. Not only are the objects which are not seen in the heavens, excluded from the maps, but the heavens themselves are represented more nearly in their true colors. Instead of painting, as heretofore, the stars black and the sky white, the groundwork of the map is here the deep blue of heavenly space, while the stars are a brilliant, spotless white. Such a representation of the subject seems to be the one *least* likely to confuse the mind of the student, when, from a contemplation of his Celestial Atlas, he turns to contemplate the august scene which it represents.

URANOGRAPHY.—“I have often wondered that the mighty Heavens, the richest page in all the works of God which we gaze upon, are not made the subject of study in our higher schools. To be sure, we here and there find a celestial globe in the corner of the school room; but we seldom find the little scholar who can go out and select from the glowing heavens the different classifications of the constellations. I mourn that it is so. And I rejoice to have a book which *ought* to be a favourite through the land. This work, with its eighteen maps, is abundant, in the hands of a competent teacher, to create pure pleasures which shall be renewed and deepened through life.”—*Rev. J. Todd, D.D.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“A capital work for schools and academies.”—*Richmond Inquirer.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“No text book on the subject has ever been published at all equal to this of Prof. Kendall’s.”—*Watchman of the South.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“The author has brought to the work a strong love for, which has led to a deep knowledge of, the science of which he treats; and his position as a teacher, enables him to set forth his instruction in an available form. We cordially recommend the work to parents and teachers, as eminently calculated to assist the young in arriving at a knowledge of the things ‘that are in the Heavens above.’”—*U. S. Gazette.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“We commend this work with warmth and confidence. It is admirable in its arrangement and details—is clear, comprehensive, and instructive.”—*Phila. Inquirer.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“With the author of this work Astronomy may fairly be styled a passion. He is one of the most enthusiastic pursuers of the science in the world; and as a consequence, he is one of the most competent men to treat of it, so far as knowledge is concerned. His profession has given him what all do not possess—the capacity to impart information; and we have in this work one most excellent to follow the ordinary elementary treatises.”—*Saturday Post.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“It appears to us that this work supplies a desideratum with the schools, and will much facilitate the study of the ‘wonders of the Heavens.’ We commend it to the attention of teachers, and doubt not they will find it a valuable acquisition to their means of imparting knowledge.”—*Richmond Compiler.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“The arrangement and details of this work are excellent. The author appears to have selected for elucidation the prominent points in Astronomy, and has explained them with clearness and simplicity. His remarks on Double Stars and Nebulæ go more into the profundity of the science, and are able and interesting. We are glad to see practical teachers turning their attention to the preparation of school books. There is no other way in which they can employ their leisure hours with so much advantage to their pupils and the community.”—*Baltimore Clipper.*

URANOGRAPHY.—“We know of no work of the same nature equal to this in comprehensiveness and arrangement. It is designed for academies and schools, and will no doubt be generally adopted.”—*North American.*

FIRST LINES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

Divested of Mathematical formulæ: being a practical and lucid introduction to the study of the science. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies, and for readers generally, who have not been trained to the study of the exact sciences, and for those who wish to enter understandingly upon the study of the exact sciences. By REYNELL COATES, M. D., author of *Physiology for Schools*. Illustrated by 264 cuts. Price 75 cents.

This is another most valuable contribution to the science of elementary instruction, from the pen of a writer already widely known as a lucid reasoner; and a peculiarly happy instructor of youth.

The mode in which the subject is discussed resembles that which has secured such general approval, and extensive patronage for the "*Physiology for Schools*." Unlike most works designed for a similar purpose, this volume is not a compilation merely. The author has evidently considered the capacities and tastes of his audience, matured his plan, and mastered all the necessary relations of his theme before putting pen to paper; then, with the whole subject before him, and considering his pupil as utterly ignorant of the first principles of nature, he begins as though addressing the extremely young; and, throughout the entire work, he nowhere oversteps the ability of the pupil—not a technical term is used unless fully and clearly explained, and no previous mathematical knowledge is demanded of the student; although the reader is drawn, by light and easy, but logical and orderly stages, from the consideration of the simplest accidents of every day life, to the comprehension of some of the grandest phenomena connected with Astronomy.

Originality to any great extent would be out of place in the "*First Lines*"

of a science which has been cultivated for many ages; but in the sections on "*Extension*," much novelty will be discovered, at least in the deductions, if not in the facts; while in the department of the *Phenomena of Fluids*, the text is occasionally enlivened by the valuable results of personal observation.

It is one of the peculiarities of this writer, that whatever he attempts to teach he teaches thoroughly; and while the Appendix of well-digested questions and references, greatly increases the value of the work to the practical preceptor of children acquiring the rudiments of education, its text will render it scarcely less valuable to the youth about commencing the study of the exact sciences, the man of liberal information, and even the professional teacher.

The study of the elements of natural philosophy is now pursued in every well-ordered school or academy, and we believe that this volume will bear favourable comparison with any treatise of similar intention now offered to the public.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, }
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1846. }

Coates' *First Lines of Natural Philosophy*, is used as a text book for the junior classes in this institution.

JOHN S. HART, *Principal*.

From Benjamin Hallowell, Principal of the Friends' High School, Philadelphia.

I have examined with some care the "First Lines of Natural Philosophy," by Reynell Coates, M.D., published by E. H. Butler & Co., and I believe it to be a work unusually well calculated to give to the student a clear understanding of the different subjects upon which it treads. The clear and familiar style of the author, and his mode of preparing the learner to comprehend the meaning of the different scientific terms, previous to their being used in the work, are advantages, in my opinion of no small merit.

Signed,

BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Philadelphia, 11th mo. 20th, 1845.

From the Presbyterian.

We have seldom been more gratified by the execution of an elementary book, than by the one before us. The intelligent reader will at once perceive that it is not a mere compilation, in which the materials are well selected and arranged, but the product of a philosophical mind—the result of much thought and skilful analysis. The author displays a clear comprehension of his subject, and he has succeeded remarkably in communicating an intelligible view of it to his reader. In our opinion he has furnished one of the best text books we have met with, for the aid of those who wish to obtain a good general view of this interesting science.

From the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.

This is a book of great merit. Dr. Coates is favourably known as the author of "Physiology for Schools," a work well received by Teachers, and now introduced extensively into the schools as a text book, in that branch of natural science. His work on Natural Philosophy is superior in respect to style and arrangement, even

to the popular work above mentioned. The book consists of about 400 pages, including an index and several pages of questions. The different branches of the science are discussed in a clear and forcible manner, avoiding the too frequent use of technical terms, and yet not altogether discarding them. This feature in the work, together with its intrinsic merit, renders it particularly valuable to the private learner. The majority of elementary books now in use, are composed of extracts taken verbatim from longer works, with here and there a few lines from the compiler. Such books are always unsatisfactory to the inquiring mind of the student, and instead of producing in him ardour for further investigation, often disgust him with the study. Dr. Coates has not used the scissors.—Being intimately acquainted with the subject, he has condensed into a medium sized book the valuable parts of the whole science, and, at the same time, preserves a free and attractive style. It would be out of place for us to examine this work critically, as it would require more space than is usually allotted to notices of books; but we may recommend to the attention of those interested in the scientific publications, the articles on Mechanics, Hydraulics, and Electro-Magnetism; not that they contain anything particularly new to those already versed in the science, but because they exhibit so rich an assemblage of useful facts rendered accessible at the same time by the pleasing manner of the writer.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

In preparing this work the author seems to have had in view chiefly to render the instruction he imparts practically useful to the student. It contains a number of familiar illustrations, which render the subject plain and easily to be comprehended, besides being interesting to the student.

FIRST LINES OF PHYSIOLOGY.

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

Price \$1 00.

THIS work is designed *expressly* for the use of Schools, and has been carefully adapted to the capacities of Children, while the matter and style are such as to render it at once attractive and instructive to Youth who are advancing towards the conclusion of their studies, even in Seminaries of the highest class.

The plan of the Work, and the mode in which the subject is handled, are in a great degree novel, and are the result of much thought on the proper manner of communicating scientific information to the young. The well-known literary character of the Author is a sufficient guaranty for the execution of this difficult task.

Technical terms are avoided, as much as possible, and those which are necessarily employed, are fully explained in an accurate and simple manner. No term is given until the Student is impressed with the want of a word, to express an idea already received; so that the memory is not fatigued, at the very commencement of the study, with a long list of words, and abstract definitions, which he has no means of fixing in his mind by association.

PHYSIOLOGY is a subject of the deepest interest to all who are desirous properly to cultivate their powers of body and mind; and it is now beginning to be conceded, that no course of education can be regarded as complete, without including some general knowledge of the science of Life. A Text-Book upon this subject is anxiously sought for by the leading teachers and professors of our country; but it has been supposed that, desirable as such knowledge must be for those who are charged with the care of the young, there is something in the nature of the study, rendering it unfit for introduction into seminaries for young ladies. The error of this opinion is most clearly shown in the work now offered to the public. It contains not a word that can be regarded as objectionable by the most fastidious delicacy.

The Author has treated the subject as though his readers were totally ignorant of living actions, and leads them forward from the simplest first principle, as deduced from the history of the lowest links of the chain of animated nature, to the consideration of the loftiest endowments of man: and so far is he from resorting to the easy operation of the scissors, in the manufacture of a book, that the entire volume does not contain an extracted sentence. An Appendix presents a complete Series of Questions as an assistance to Preceptors, referring by paragraphs to every fact and doctrine.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF COATES'S PHYSIOLOGY.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I have used Coates's "Physiology for Schools," as a Text-Book on this subject, since its first publication, and think it superior to any work of the kind that has come under my notice. The plan is excellent; at once scientific and popular—calculated, not to load the memory with barren facts, for the mere purpose of exhibition, but to interest the imagination, excite curiosity, and thus cherish habits of accurate observation and just reasoning. In the hand of a judicious teacher, it is capable of being made one of the most pleasant and useful of School Books. I should be gratified to see it in general use.

I concur in the above opinion of Mr Harbut.

M. L. HURLBUT.

JOHN FROST.

Philadelphia, April 30, 1842.

MR. E. H. BUTLER.

Sir,—Please accept my thanks for a copy of the "Physiology for Schools, by Reynolds Coates, M.D." It is unnecessary for me to speak of the value of the study; or of the general interest which has been awakened in its favour within a few years. The manner in which Dr. Coates has accomplished his object, is what particularly concerns us. With respect to this, I would briefly say; if systematic arrangement; if perspicuity of style; if clearness of illustration; and if freedom from anything which can offend the most delicate and correct taste, be the standard of merit; then, it must be admitted, that the Author has done all that can be required. I trust you will receive from an enlightened community, substantial proof, that it can appreciate what is truly useful.

Yours, truly,

SAMUEL RANDALL,

Young Ladies' Seminary, 229 and 231 Arch Street.

May 5, 1842.

I concur in the above expression of Samuel Randall, Esq., and trust that the community will encourage the use of Dr. Coates's work.

JOHN D. BRYANT,

Principal of English and Classical Academy.

I most heartily concur with the above recommendation.

S. W. CRAWFORD.

So far as we have had time to examine Dr. Coates's Physiology, we agree with above recommendations.

W. BRADFORD.

L. W. BURNET,

Teacher at corner 4th and Vine Streets.

We, the undersigned, fully concur with the opinion expressed in the above recommendation.

P. A. CREGAR,
D. R. ASHTON,
THOMAS BALDWIN,
WILLIAM NOTSON,
SPENCER ROBERTS,
JOHN MOONEY,
E. ROBERTS,

D. M. PADDACK,
C. PELTEN,
JAMES GOODFELLOW,
J. WOOD,
JOSEPH P. ENGLS,
THOMAS M'ADAM,
JOHN EVANS,
THOMAS T. AZPELL,
Teacher, No. 35 Spruce Street.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1842.

With the plan and general arrangement of "Coates's Physiology," I am much pleased. The principles of the science are presented in a familiar manner, calculated to interest as well as instruct the pupil.

I shall introduce the work into my school.

W. M. RICE

HART'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

An Exposition of the Principles and Usages of the English Language, by JOHN S. HART, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and Member of the American Philosophical Society.

Duodecimo. Price 38 cents.

In the preparation of this work no special attempt has been made at novelty. The author's aim has been chiefly to make a careful and accurate digest of those principles of the language which have been remarked by previous writers, and to state these principles with precision and perspicuity. At the same time, the work is believed to contain many observations that are new, and a satisfactory solution of many difficulties not solved in other works on the subject. Unusual pains have been taken in preparing the parts intended to be committed to memory; viz., the Rules and Definitions. In respect to these, it is believed, the qualities of clearness, brevity, and accuracy have been attained to a high degree in the Grammar now offered to the public. Special care has been used also to distinguish the parts which are elementary from those which are not. A great defect in the books heretofore used has been the want of sufficient care in this particular. In some grammars, the whole text is of uniform size throughout. This makes it necessary either for the teacher to mark with a pencil the parts to be committed to memory, or for the pupil to burden his memory with the whole book, either of which is an intolerable labour. Even in those works in which such a distinction is attempted, the parts in coarse print are generally entirely too numerous. The book is encumbered thereby, and the memory is burdened entirely beyond what is convenient or proper. In the present Grammar nothing is put in large type but those rules and definitions which are

of primary and indispensable importance. All the miscellaneous observations, and all rules and definitions of secondary importance, are printed in a type of medium size, clearly distinguished to the eye from the others. There is also a third and large class of observations, partaking of the nature of discussions, and adapted to the wants of the teacher and of the advanced scholar rather than to the beginner. These portions are put in quite a small type. By this means a large amount of matter is brought within a small compass; and the character and relative importance of the various parts of the text are indicated clearly to the eye. At the bottom of each page are questions and exercises on all the matter contained in that page. This gives great facility in hearing large classes, as it prevents the necessity of referring back and forth from the question to the answer. The questions are separated from the text, being placed at the bottom of the page, so as not to embarrass those who do not wish to use them. They are so prepared as to facilitate the despatch of lessons to those teachers who have large and numerous classes, and at the same time they are of a suggestive character, and suited to the wants of those who wish to vary the exercises from time to time. The different parts of the subject are clearly divided and classified under distinct heads. But the paragraphs are all numbered consecutively from beginning to end. This gives great facility in making references.

STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER AND CO.

NEW YORK WARD SCHOOL TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION. }
February 19, 1846. }

Resolved, That this Association considers Hart's English Grammar very well adapted to forward the progress of students in that most difficult study, and earnestly recommends its adoption in the ward and other schools of this Association.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, *Rec. Secretary.*

CHAMBER OF THE CONTROLLERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS. }
PHILADELPHIA, January 10, 1845. }

Resolved, That Hart's English Grammar be introduced as a class book into the grammar schools of the district.

From the minutes,

THOMAS B. FLORENCE, *Sec.*

From Alexander Dallas Bache, LL.D.,
Superintendent of the Coast Survey of
the United States, and late President
of the Girard College for Orphans.

MESSRS. E. H. BUTLER & Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have examined, with great gratification, the "English Grammar: or, Exposition of the Principles and Usages of the English Language, by John S. Hart, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School, &c." It is, in my opinion, a decided improvement upon the grammars which have heretofore come under my notice. The definitions are philosophical, and at the same time compact and clear, as well as comprehensive. The author does not dogmatize in reference to his science, but gives the grounds for his theories, which he makes the basis of his definitions; these theories will be of great value to the teacher, and to the more advanced learner. The arrangement of the subjects is logical; but when a stiff adherence to form would have impaired the value of the work as a text book, the form has been wisely set aside for the substance. The mechanical arrangements, by which the different varieties of type are made to express clearly to the learner the relative importance to him of the different sections or paragraphs, are admirable. The questions at the bottom of the page are well adapted to bring out the pupil's knowledge of the subjects referred to, and to induce a habit of thinking, not less valuable than the information acquired. You have con-

ferred a benefit upon our youth by the publication of this excellent work, and I trust will be amply rewarded by a discriminating public.

Very respectfully yours,

ALEX. D. BACHE.

April, 1845.

From the Hon. Jesse Miller, Superintendent of Common Schools, of the State of Pennsylvania.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
HARRISBURG, June 3d, 1845:

From the examination I have made of Professor Hart's English Grammar, together with the high recommendation given to the work by Professor Bache, and others who have examined it critically, I feel satisfied in recommending it to the patronage of the public, and am of opinion that its introduction into the public schools will be found very advantageous in imparting a knowledge of the principles of the English language to the youth of the country.

J. MILLER.

From the Hon. A. V. Parsons, late Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of Pennsylvania.

MESSRS. E. H. BUTLER & Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—My attention has recently been directed to a book you have published, entitled "English Grammar: or, an Exposition of the Principles and Usages of the English Language, by Mr. Hart."

HART'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

It is a singular fact, that although the works upon this subject are very numerous, and some have been written by men of great eminence, yet but few have been able to convey their ideas on this branch of learning with sufficient clearness to make the learner fully acquainted with the principles on which these rules are founded, and often have failed to give any satisfactory reason for many of the rules they have laid down for the arrangement of language. Hence, many a youth has failed for years to learn the science without being able clearly to explain that which has been the subject of his study.

I have rarely met with a work where the science of language is explained with so much clearness as this which has been prepared by Professor Hart.

The remarkable conciseness and brevity with which every rule is arranged; the happy selection he has made in giving one or more reasons for the arrangement of the rules which govern our language, cannot fail to commend this book to every one familiar with the instruction of youth.

He seems to have exerted all the energies of his remarkably clear mind and sound judgment, in adapting this work to the comprehension of children, so as to enable the most dull of comprehension fully to understand that which they commit to memory.

It is a book which I should like to see introduced into every grammar school, or other school where the science of language is taught, throughout our state. While Superintendent of Common Schools, I examined numerous publications upon this subject, but I do not recollect ever to have seen any one that I consider equal to this, (and I make these remarks without wishing to detract in the least degree from the valuable writings of other authors upon this science.) I wish that the Board of Control would immediately cause it to be introduced into our grammar schools in Philadelphia, for I am

sincerely convinced that much benefit would follow its general use in these very valuable branches of our admirable school system.

I have taken the liberty of thus frankly expressing to you my opinion of this publication, without having seen or heard from you on this subject, and purely from a desire at all times to contribute my humble aid in advancing the cause of education, a subject in which I feel an increased and lively interest.

I am, with high respect, yours,

A. V. PARSONS

From D. Moore, Esq., Head Clerk of the School Department, (Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools.)

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, (School Dep't.)

HARRISBURG, May 29th, 1845.

No treatise on English Grammar that has hitherto come under my notice, will, in my opinion, compare with that of Professor Hart, in its adaptation to general use in our Common Schools. It contains everything of value to the pupil that is to be met with in the more voluminous works on the subject; the whole condensed with extraordinary skill into such a brief space as to restrict the volume to a convenient size for a school book. The style throughout is concise, simple, and perspicuous, and the arrangement every way calculated for facilitating the labour of the teacher and the progress of the scholar.

D. MOORE

From Charles B. Trego, Esq., Chairman of the Committee on Education, in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

An examination of the work entitled "*English Grammar: or, an Exposition of the Principles and Usages of the English Language*, by John S. Hart, A. M.," has convinced me of its admirable adaptation to the purposes of school instruction.

The arrangement of the subject mat-

HART'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

ter is judicious; the definitions, explanations, and rules are concise, and well calculated to convey to the mind of the pupil clear ideas and just perceptions of the grammatical properties and relations of words. In too many of the grammars in common use, the young beginner is embarrassed by the laboured attempts of the author to elucidate points of obscure or difficult construction; and from a want of clearness and brevity in the definitions and rules, is led to regard the study of grammar as involving peculiar difficulty, from its apparently abstruse and unintelligible character. This is happily avoided in the present work, the author of which appears to possess the faculty, so inestimable in a practical teacher, of rendering science attractive by presenting its truths in the most simple and beautiful form.

The use of this grammar as a textbook in our schools, accompanied by such oral illustrations and explanatory remarks, as every properly qualified teacher should be both *able* and *willing* to give on the occurrence of obscure or doubtful points, or sentences of involved construction, would doubtless tend, in no small degree, to divest the study of English Grammar of its apparently repulsive features, and lead the youthful mind better to understand and appreciate the strength and beauty of a proper construction of our noble, though somewhat difficult language.

CHAS. B. TREGO.

Philadelphia, May 5th, 1845.

From Henry Vethake, L. L. D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, May 15th, 1845.

Messrs. E. H. BUTLER & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Having examined an "English Grammar, by John S. Hart, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School, &c.," I have no hesitation in commending it as a most excellent elementary treatise. In comparatively

narrow bounds, it embraces whatever it is important for youth to be taught on the subject to which it relates. The arrangement is excellent; the author's ideas distinctly conceived, and very clearly expressed; and he has the great merit of avoiding all neologisms, and adhering to the established usage of language.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY VETHAKE.

From the Princeton Review.

"It is a work of uncommon excellence. The arrangement is clear, the definitions concise, the matter well condensed, and the whole presented to the eye in a neat and attractive form."

From G. Emlen Hare, D. D., Assistant Professor of Languages in the University of Pennsylvania.

Messrs. E. H. BUTLER & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—From the cursory inspection which I have been able to give to Mr. Hart's English Grammar, as well as from my acquaintance with the abilities and attainments of the author, I believe that the book will prove a valuable assistant to pupils and teachers.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. EMLÉN HARE.

May 16th, 1845.

From Elias Loomis, Professor in the University of New York.

New York University, May 24th, 1845.

Messrs. E. H. BUTLER & Co.:

GENTLEMEN—I have examined Hart's English Grammar with much pleasure. The treatise is concise, but contains the most important principles of Grammar presented in a form well adapted to the capacities of young pupils. The definitions and rules are brief and intelligible—being very unlike those of Murray, which are often so abstract that imma-

HART'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

ture minds find difficulty in understanding them without a great deal of explanation and simplification from the living teacher. The most important portions are rendered sufficiently prominent by large type, and the book is well calculated to render the important study of English Grammar, popular in our elementary schools.

ELIAS LOOMIS.

*From Professors Goodwin and Upham,
Bowdoin College, Maine.*

BRUNSWICK, July 24th, 1845.

THE undersigned have so far examined Mr. Hart's English Grammar, as to enable them, without going into a minute specification of its merits, to say in general terms, that they highly appreciate it as a Grammar exceedingly well calculated to facilitate the progress of youth in the important department of grammatical education.

D. K. GOODWIN,
THOMAS C. UPHAM.

*From E. W. Gilbert, D. D., President of
Newark College, Delaware.*

I HAVE examined with some care the larger portion of Hart's English Grammar, and have been pleased with its simple, clear, philosophical arrangement and exposition of principles.

The absence of any great peculiarity is with me a recommendation rather than otherwise.

I have been particularly pleased with the method of the Syntax.

E. W. GILBERT.

NEWARK Delaware, June 23d, 1845.

*From W. A. Norton, A. M., Professor
in Newark College, Delaware.*

I TAKE pleasure in expressing my entire concurrence in the favourable opinion which the Rev. Dr. Gilbert has given of Hart's English Grammar; and

will add that, while the general arrangement of the work seems to me to be unexceptionable, and the definitions and rules to be as clear and concise as could be desired, the plan of printing different portions in types of different sizes, appears particularly to adapt it to meet the various wants of schools of different grades.

W. A. NORTON.

*From F. A. Bregy, Professor of Modern
Languages in the Philadelphia High
School.*

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 20th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—I have been looking over your grammar, and have been very much pleased with it. It is exactly what I imagine a grammar should be. Works, the greater part of which is to be committed to memory, cannot be too concise; and, at the same time, being intended for schools, they must be of so simple a style as to be understood by the most untrained intellect. Now I find these two qualities united in your valuable grammar. Every rule which is to be learned by heart is reduced to its simplest expression, or form, expressed in such a way that the least knowledge of the common spoken English language enables the student to comprehend its full meaning. Children learning grammar may be compared to foreigners, as to the language. They know very little of it; and if use is made of long sentences and scientific words, in teaching them, they only get tired and learn nothing. This has been the great mistake of most compilers of grammar; they continually forget that they write for ignorant persons, and assume at first, if I can express myself thus, a metaphysical tone, more perplexing than useful. For my own part, I must confess, that until the present time I have found so much confusion in the English grammars which I have happened to meet with, that I never had the courage to go through one in my studies; and for the little of the English

HART'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR

language that I have acquired since I have been in the country, I am indebted only to frequent reading and conversation. In your grammar, on the contrary, all seems to me to be so simple and easy that I find its study quite easy and interesting.

I cannot then but recommend it strongly to all my countrymen and other foreigners who may be desirous of acquiring correct views on the important subject of English grammar.

I wish that a grammar, on the same plan, might be written for the English or American who studies the French language. Such a grammar is greatly needed. Most respectfully yours,

F. A. BRIGY.

*From the Rev. Henry Haverstick, A. M.,
Professor of Ancient Languages in the
Philadelphia High School.*

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 20th, 1845.

A CANDID examination of Professor Hart's system of English grammar has led me to form a high estimate, both of its intrinsic excellence, and of its value for the practical objects of the scholar.

With characteristic modesty, the author has refrained from any effort to present the objectionable features of other systems now in vogue; and he has been equally careful to avoid claiming for himself the merit of entire novelty or superior excellence. In these several respects, as well as in others, he has left the book to speak for itself, and thus make its own appeal to the unbiassed judgment of the reader or the learner.

Some writers upon English grammar have aimed at such extreme *simplicity*, as often borders upon the *ridiculous*, if it does not actually perplex the youthful scholar. Others, overlooking the diversified wants of our schools, appear to have imitated the philosophic method of discussing the subject, as taught

by the German models; and hence they have greatly overlooked its practical importance.

Professor Hart has been successful in avoiding either extreme. His general view of the subject indicates a mind trained to logical habits of thought, and accustomed to deal with realities. Hence, in carrying out the plan, while a due regard to brevity is apparent, a remarkably lucid and distinct character pervades every part of the work. Things are arranged and presented in a form easy to be apprehended by a pupil in the incipient stages of his course; while there has been a careful examination of the distinguishing peculiarities exhibited by our language, throughout the whole province of grammar.

The work does not claim the meed of perfection, which has never been accorded to any human performance; but it bears the stamp of solid excellence, which must be felt and acknowledged.

HENRY HAVERSTICK.

From Wm. Vogdes, Professor of Mathematics in the Philadelphia High School.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA, May 17th, 1845.

I HAVE examined Professor Hart's English Grammar, and regard it as one of the most careful and scholar-like productions that has yet appeared. It is remarkably simple, practical in its character, and well adapted to the purposes of instruction. The rules and definitions are clear, brief, and comprehensive. The arrangement of the different topics is perspicuous and happy. The explanations in the small type intended for teachers and advanced pupils, exhibit the philosophy of the language in a way that cannot fail to contribute materially to a greatly improved method of studying it.

WM. VOGDES.

CLASS BOOK OF PROSE.

384 Pages 12mo. Price 75 cents.

CLASS BOOK OF POETRY.

384 Pages 12mo. Price 75 cents.

Consisting of selections from distinguished English and American authors, from Chaucer to the present day; the whole arranged in chronological order, with biographical and critical remarks. By JOHN S. HART, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and member of the American Philosophical Society.

In making a compilation like the present, intended chiefly for the use of those whose characters and opinions are still but partially formed, it has been deemed important to select not only master-pieces of style, but also master-pieces of thought. It is believed to be a defect in some of the more recent publications, intended as reading-books for schools, that sufficient care has not been used in regard to the sentiments contained in them. Such books very often, indeed, contain pleasing descriptions, and interesting stories; written in an agreeable style, and capable of affording amusement for children of a certain age. But they are not of that masculine character that stimulates the mind to action, or that gives it materials to act upon; and they not unfrequently cultivate a taste for reading of the most unprofitable description.

The unbounded popularity which belonged to the old "English Reader" of Lindley Murray, and which still clings to it, notwithstanding its somewhat antiquated character, was undoubtedly due to the value of the materials inserted in his collection. The same materials still exist; and, since his day, large additions have been made to the stock of thoughts that, in

the language of Milton, posterity "will not willingly let die." No literature, probably, is more opulent than ours. No literature contains nobler or more numerous instances of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;"—of sentiments uttered centuries ago, that are to this day "familiar as household words" wherever, in any quarter of the globe, an educated Englishman or American is to be found. It should be a constituent part of Common School education, to furnish the youthful mind with some at least of those rich stores of wisdom that lie scattered through the writings of our distinguished authors. There is something contagious in the fire of genius:—the mind receives an impulse by the mere contact with one of superior intellect. The minds of the young especially receive growth and strength by being made early acquainted with whatever is best of its kind in every field of English literature.

In making his selections for the present work, the compiler has purposely drawn less freely from authors of the present day; not from holding them in less esteem, but because they are already in a thousand forms accessible to every body that can read. By adopting this course, room was left, without unduly encumbering the work, for

more copious extracts from those great storehouses of thought which are in a measure accessible only to the few.

The practical teacher will find in these books an almost inexhaustible fund of grammatical illustration, as well as models of every style of English composition, both prose and verse. They may be used, therefore, not only in teaching reading in the higher department of rhetorical expression, but in teaching composition and grammar; and may be especially useful in making pupils acquainted with the varied resources of the language, a knowledge to be acquired in no other way than by familiarity with the writings of distinguished authors. It is believed, too, that the chronological arrangement of the extracts will enable the teacher, without material difficulty, to communicate important information in regard to the history of English literature. Short biographical and critical notices are, with this view, prefixed to all the earlier authors, for the benefit of those young persons who may not have the advantage of a living instructor.

"HART'S CLASS BOOK OF PROSE AND CLASS BOOK OF POETRY, are well suited for the instruction of advanced classes, in reading, and much better calculated to impart a knowledge of the *English Language* than any works of similar design, now extant. In addition to the advantages which the young will derive from being made familiar with the style and thoughts of the classic English authors, the "biographical and critical remarks" prefixed to most of the extracts, render them invaluable to both instructor and pupil. These volumes will form an important addition, not only to the list of approved school books, but also to the library of the general reader, who will thus be enabled to observe the sources from which the scholar derives so many incentives to ennobling thought and action. The mania for light reading now

so prevalent, owes its existence, in a great measure, to the trifling nature of the reading books which have usually been placed in the hands of the young; and it is pleasing to observe that Professor Hart has adopted the only certain remedy, by bringing within the reach of youth in particular, and the community in general, models of *thought and diction*, whose healthful influence will be as enduring as the language in which they are written."—*Pennsylvanian*.

HART'S CLASS BOOK OF POETRY.—
"This "*Class Book*" is decidedly the best work of the kind that has fallen under our notice. It is invaluable both for schools and for families; and while furnishing admirable exercise for the reader, it at the same time affords him a general knowledge of the best poetry and of the most illustrious poets of England and America. The selections, too, have been made with remarkable judgment, presenting passages of striking beauty, yet avoiding those which have been so hackneyed that their charm is lost by wearisome familiarity. Unlike many who have assumed the same task, Mr. Hart has evidently taken great care with the work; and instead of using what may be called the traditional extracts, he has exercised his own powers of criticism and discrimination. The "*Class Book*," therefore, forms a library in itself, especially for the young, so far as good poetry is concerned; and its biographical and analytical contents possess that species of interest which will add greatly to the worth of the volume. It is, indeed, very far superior to the generality of compilations for the purposes of instruction, and is in all respects just such a book as should find its way wherever it is desired to cultivate the taste of the youthful reader, and to create in him a fondness for that description of literature which will purify his mind and increase his means of intellectual enjoyment."—*Neal's Gazette*.

From James Rhoads, Esq., Principal of the North-West Public Grammar School.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 21, 1845.

Dear Sir,—I have examined, with particular care, your "Class Book of Poetry," and it gives me pleasure to testify, that I have never seen a book of selections with which I have been so well pleased; and I cannot help thinking, that if the authors from whose works you have extracted could see your book, they would be as much pleased as I am; for you certainly have adorned it with their choicest passages.

The introduction of such a book into our schools could not fail to be of great service. I think it is the *needed* thing, as a reading-book in our public schools.

Very truly yours,
JAMES RHOADS.

JOHN S. HART, ESQ.,
Principal Central High School.

From W. H. Pile, Esq., Principal of the North-East Boys' School.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 20, 1845.

Prof. JOHN S. HART:

Sir,—I am happy to say, after having perused your interesting volumes (Hart's Prose and Poetical Readers), that I consider them a valuable acquisition to the list of reading-books now in use. As you justly remark, they will furnish a fund of grammatical illustrations, and at the same time impart much knowledge of the history and progress of English literature.

Of the authors from whom your selections are taken, it is useless to speak; they are known. It only remains for me to say, that I consider the work one much needed, and hope soon to see it in general use.

Very respectfully,
W. H. PILE.

From W. W. Wood, Esq., Principal of the South-West Public Grammar School.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19, 1845.

Dear Sir,—I have attentively perused your Class Books of poetry and prose, lately published by Butler and Williams of this city. They appear to be works of much labour and research. The pieces have been judiciously selected and arranged, somewhat after the plan of Murray's Reader and Sequel, so justly celebrated.

They are miscellaneous in their contents, as designed, and are well adapted for the use of the higher classes in our public schools.

I shall be gratified to hear they have been introduced by the Controllers.

Respectfully, sir, yours, &c.,
W. W. WOOD.

From P. A. Cregar, Esq. Principal of the South-East Public Grammar School.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1845.

Sir,—As our schools were very much in want of good reading-books, I am highly gratified in finding that desideratum has been obtained in the valuable works afforded by your judicious selection.

I am acquainted with no books, now in use, so well adapted to give our youth a taste for reading the classic authors of our language, whose various styles, force, and compass of expression are so happily set forth in the examples you have chosen.

Considering the trifling character of the literature of the present day, this alone would certainly be a great advantage; but, without this, the matter they contain affords a greater means of making good readers than any other within my knowledge.

Yours, truly,
P. A. CREGAR.
To Prof. J. S. HART.

A BRIEF EXPOSITION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES,

In the form of questions and answers; for the use of Schools and Colleges.
By JOHN S. HART, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and
Professor of Moral, Mental, and Political Science in the same.

100 Pages 12mo. Price 34 cents.

EVERY man in this country who holds office, whether Executive, Judicial, or Legislative, whether under the National Government or any of the State Governments, is bound by oath to support the Constitution of the United States. Every one of the more than two millions who are now entitled to vote, is called upon to decide questions of Constitutional law, as really and truly as is the Supreme Court of the United States. But how many of all that number have ever read the Constitution? In what proportion of our Colleges, Academies, or Common Schools, is it studied? In what system of education, whether public or private, in any part of the country, is a knowledge of the Constitution of the country made a requisite for graduation, or for admission from a lower school to a higher one? Ask a number of boys at school almost any reasonable question in Geography or History, and you will see dozens ready to reply without a moment's hesitation. But ask them what will be necessary, when they grow up, to entitle them to vote, what constitutes citizenship, what rights a citizen of one State has in another State, or any other simple and obvious question in regard to the Constitution of their country, and you will be met with a profound silence. And is not a knowledge of his immediate personal rights and duties quite as important to the young American, as to be acquainted with a long catalogue of dead kings or distant cities?

The main reason why the study of the Constitution has never yet been

made a branch of Common School education is believed to be an entire misapprehension in regard to the nature and difficulty of the study. There are, it is true, not a few passages in the Constitution, the proper construction of which has given rise to much discussion; and there are many nice points arising out of its more obvious provisions, requiring for their solution great natural abilities and profound legal erudition. But it is still true, that the great majority of its clauses are as intelligible, and as easily remembered, as most of the studies which now make an essential part in every system of education. What difficulty is there in a boy's learning that a Representative is chosen for two years, while a Senator is chosen for six; that a Representative must be twenty-five years old, while a Senator must be thirty; to know what body has the power to impeach, and what the power to try impeachments: in short, to understand and recollect nine out of ten of all the provisions of the Constitution? Is it one whit more difficult than to comprehend and recollect the various details of Geography and History, to give off-hand the position of Timbuctoo or the Tagus, or to know in what year Rome was founded or Cæsar slain?

The plan pursued in this little book is in accordance with the views here suggested. There has been no attempt to discuss knotty political questions, or to speculate upon abstract theories of government, but simply to present the Constitution itself, with such questions and answers as might direct the atten-

tion of the learner to its plain and obvious meaning. The Constitution provides for the duties and rights of everyday life, and is written in simple language almost entirely free from technical and professional expressions. Is there any reason why children capable of learning, and teachers capable of teaching History and Geography, might not intelligently study and teach all the material facts and provisions of the Constitution, as they are here presented?

From the Hon. John B. Gibson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 14, 1845.

JOHN S. HART, Esq.

Dear Sir,—An examination of your Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, enables me to speak very favourably of its merits. It is a simple, but an accurate synopsis of the rudiments of the federal government: so well adapted to the apprehension of youth, as to leave nothing further to be desired in the shape of a political manual. By reason of its catechetical form, it is better calculated to impress principles on the mind, than a mere text-book would be. You have conferred a great and an original benefit on the republic, by opening an easy way through the common schools to a competent knowledge of its fundamental law, and by making it a subject of popular instruction.

Very respectfully, dear sir,
your friend and servant,

JOHN B. GIBSON.

From the Hon. Thomas Sergeant, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24, 1845.

JOHN S. HART, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have looked over the little volume you were kind enough to

send me, containing an Exposition of the Constitution of the United States. There can be but one opinion, I should suppose, in this country, on the importance of the subject as a portion of elementary instruction. In my judgment, those who succeed in making the principles of our constitution a fundamental branch of popular instruction throughout every part of the United States, confer the greatest of benefits on the country. Nor can I discover any more difficulty in giving lessons on it to children than in the elements of history, geography, arithmetic, or the moral and natural sciences. Your work appears to me to be well done, and suitable for the commencement of this important undertaking; and I cordially recommend its use as far as my approbation can tend to it.

With much respect,
your obedient servant,
THOS. SERGEANT.

From the Hon. Archibald Randall, Judge of the U. S. District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 26, 1845.

I have examined "A Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States for the use of Common Schools, by John S. Hart, A. M.," and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a valuable and useful work, especially for the use of common schools, for which it purports to have been designed. A knowledge of the constitution of our country should be one of the prominent branches of popular education, and in this work that instrument is examined and explained in such a manner as to make it plain and intelligible to the youth who is capable of studying the history of our country.

I cheerfully recommend it as a class book.

ARCH. RANDALL.

STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER AND CO.

From the Hon. A. V. Parsons, Law Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the city and county of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27, 1845.

Messrs. BUTLER & Co.

Gentlemen,—I have recently been favoured with the copy of a work published by you, entitled "A Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States," for the use of Common Schools, by Mr. John S. Hart, Principal of the High School in this city; and rarely have I met with a publication which I thought calculated to be more highly useful to the youth of our country, in making them acquainted with the great principles of our government, and imbuing their minds with its true value and greatness, than this little book. I sincerely wish it was introduced into every school in the union. Its value in giving permanency to our republican institutions is incalculable. If we desire to preserve our beautiful system of self-government; it is indispensably necessary that all who participate in sustaining it should be acquainted with the bond that unites us and keeps us all, from the highest to the lowest, within the control of the people, the sovereigns from whom all power is derived, and who are likewise governed by the same fixed rules.

In my opinion, the youth of America cannot be too early taught the science of our government and its true value. None but an enlightened and educated people can ever govern themselves; and they must have a profound knowledge of government as well as of other sciences. For these and many other reasons which might be urged, I think this subject should, to a certain extent, form a part of our common school education. The work which Professor Hart has prepared is concise in its arrangement, simple in form, at the same time conveying a vast fund of information adapted to the comprehension of the young. I trust the book

will be widely circulated, and that the public, by their universal approbation, will in some measure reward Mr. Hart for his labour in preparing this valuable work for the rising generation. Feeling a deep interest in the school system of this state, and desiring to see the most useful books introduced into our common schools, I have taken the liberty of expressing my opinion of this publication without seeing, or hearing from you upon the subject.

I am respectfully yours,
A. V. PARSONS.

HART'S CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—"This work is admirably adapted to its purpose, and will be found valuable, not in schools alone, but for the general use of the people, affording, as it does, a clear analysis of the fundamental law of the union, and rendering it perfectly plain and intelligible. As a work for the instruction of the rising generation, it cannot be too highly commended, and we learn, with pleasure, that such is the opinion of the many distinguished jurists who have examined it, and who, by the nature of their pursuits, are best qualified to form a judgment on its merits."—*Neal's Gazette*.

HART'S CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—"A work of this sort has long been a desideratum."—*Watchman of the South*.

HART'S CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—"In preparing this work on the Constitution, Mr. Hart has performed a most important service to his country: it is most devoutly to be wished that the apathy of school directors, teachers, and parents, may not render this service fruitless. His work, it is to be hoped, will at once be adopted in every school district, not only in Pennsylvania, but throughout our entire country, as a part of the routine of study."—*North American*.

PETER PARLEY'S
COMMON SCHOOL HISTORY,

**WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS, ILLUSTRATING
HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.**

Price 75 cents.

THIS work is universally admitted to be the most successful attempt to bring General History within the scope of our schools and academies, that has ever been made. The importance of having such a work in our seminaries, cannot be too highly estimated. Many children have no other means of education than are furnished by the public schools: if they do not here obtain the elements of Universal History, they go through life in ignorance of a most important portion of human knowledge. This work is calculated to remove the difficulties which have hitherto excluded this study from our schools. It presents Universal History in a series of interesting and striking scenes, weaving together an outline of Chronology, illustrated by descriptions, which, once impressed on the mind, will never leave it. One peculiar advantage of the work is, that History is here based upon geography, a point of the utmost importance. The success of the work, in actually interesting children in the study of history, has been practically tested and demonstrated. Several instances have occurred, in which pupils, before averse to history, have become deeply interested in it, preferring it to almost any other subject. The lessons are so arranged, that the whole study may be completed in a winter's schooling. It is deemed particularly desirable that a subject so important should be introduced into all our common schools; and as calculated to aid in such a purpose, the publishers invite the attention of all persons interested in education, to this work.

It is only necessary to add, that this History has, in the short space of fifteen months, run through six large editions, and is now introduced into many of the best schools in the United States. It has been published in England, and has there met with the most decided favour. The following notices will show the estimate of it, formed by persons well qualified to decide upon its merits.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF COMMON SCHOOL HISTORY.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From Professor C. D. Cleveland, Philadelphia.

The publisher requests my opinion of Parley's Common School History. It is seldom that I give an opinion upon school books, there are so few that I can recommend with a clear conscience; and publishers do not wish, of course, to send forth a condemning sentence to the world. But in this case I can truly say that, having used the book in my school since it was published, I consider it a most interesting and luminous compend of general history for the younger classes of scholars; and that, were I deprived of it, I know not where I could find a work that I could use with so much pleasure to myself, and profit to those for whom it is designed.

Respectfully yours,

C. D. CLEVELAND.

I fully concur in the above opinion of Professor Cleveland.

JOHN FROST,

Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia.

From Rev. C. H. Alden, late Principal of the High School for Young Ladies, Philadelphia; now Chaplain in the U. S. Navy.

I am greatly pleased with Parley's Universal History, and shall introduce it into my school. Judicious in its arrangements, attractive in style, and striking in selection, it commends itself to teachers and parents as particularly appropriate to the juvenile mind. When known to school committees, and others concerned with our common schools, it cannot fail of being introduced into general use. The Geographical and Chronological accompaniments greatly enhance the value of the work; nor should the numerous and appropriate cuts and maps be overlooked, furnishing, as they do, a very valuable addition to both its beauty and utility.

Philadelphia, September 19, 1839.

Having examined Parley's Common School History, I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, it is decidedly the best elementary general history I have seen, and I recommend its use to other teachers.

M. L. HURLBUT.

The above is concurred in by the undersigned, as follows:

I intend to introduce it into the academical department of the University of Pennsylvania, under my care, as soon as possible.

SAMUEL W. CRAWFORD.

I have already introduced Parley's Common School History as a class-book.

SAMUEL JONES,

Principal of Classical and Mathematical Institute.

After a careful examination of the above-mentioned work, I am convinced that it is the best treatise for beginners in history, whether juvenile or adult, that I have ever seen.

J. J. HITCHCOCK.

I fully concur in the above.

R. P. HUNT.

I consider the work as a valuable acquisition in our schools for elementary classes in History.

M. SEMPLE, M. D.,

Principal of Young Ladies' Institute.

Parley's Common School History will, in my opinion, prove a valuable work in every school in which history is a subject of instruction. The modesty of its title is far from giving an adequate idea of its excellence.

OLIVER A. SHAW.

RECOMMENDATIONS OF COMMON SCHOOL HISTORY.

The following teachers of Philadelphia have expressed their decided approbation of the work :

T. SEVERN, Mathematical Teacher.
JAMES CROWELL.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER, A. M., Teacher of Languages.
WILLIAM GARRIGUES, Mathematical Teacher.
MOSES SOULE, A. M., Classical Teacher.
D. HOWARD, Classical and English Teacher.
HENRY TYSON, Teacher of Mathematics.
CHARLES KEYSER, Teacher of Seminary of German Reformed Congregation.
WILLIAM MANN, Principal of the Lyceum of Languages.
AUGUSTINE LUDINGTON, Principal of the Mercantile, Mathematical, and Classical Seminary.
CHARLES PICOT, Principal of a Female Seminary.
THOMAS BROAD, Franklin Institute.
W. CURRAN, Classical Teacher.
SAMUEL J. WIThey, Principal of a Female Seminary.

From Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Hartford.

I consider it one of the best works of its talented and indefatigable author. Its style is clear, and its plan shows the labour of thought. It is based, as all such works should be, upon geography, and judiciously cemented with chronology. It is surprising that any analysis of so complex a science as History, should disregard what have been so aptly called its "two eyes"—Geography and Chronology.

I am submitting these volumes to the practical test of daily lessons with my children, and find them both pleasing and instructive. Their division into short chapters, and the general classification, render their great variety of subjects easy to the unfolding mind.

From J. Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' School, 430 Houston Street, New York.

I have carefully examined Parley's Common School History, and am delighted with the work. The most prominent and important features of the history of all nations and ages, from the creation of man to the present time, are presented in a manner striking, familiar, and pleasing—in a style pure, neat, and even elegant, and admirably adapted to youth—and, at the same time, interesting to mature age. The geographical drawings, interspersed as the basis of the work, are such, in fact, as should be the basis of all history. The engravings are good; the figures numerous, and pleasingly illustrative of the manners and customs of different ages and nations.

I have examined with some care, Parley's Common School History, and the examination has afforded me much pleasure. My opinion of the work may be briefly expressed. The writer displays throughout the performance a strong, and almost always an accurate, conception of his subject; he expresses his ideas forcibly and clearly, and allures equally by the familiarity of his manner and the vivacity of his style. Indeed, whether we consider the quantity or the utility of the matter, Parley's Common School History is, for juvenile classes, by far the best Universal History that has at any time fallen under my notice.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN M'INTYRE,
No. 37 Walnut street.

Philadelphia, May 7, 1842.

MR. E. H. BUTLER.

Sir,—Believing Parley's Common School History to be the best adapted for the primary book in that department of study, I adopted it for my younger classes a year ago. As I have yet seen no other that suits my views so well, I still continue to use it.

R. W. GREEN, A. M.,
Teacher of a Private School in Fourth below Chestnut street

COMSTOCK'S ELOCUTION.

A SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO GESTURE, TO THE TREATMENT OF STAMMERING, AND DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION, COMPRISING NUMEROUS DIAGRAMS AND ENGRAVED FIGURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SUBJECT, BY ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D., PRINCIPAL OF THE VOCAL AND POLYGLOTT GYMNASIUM. EIGHTH EDITION, ENLARGED. PHILADELPHIA: PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & Co.

This is a duodecimo volume of nearly 400 pages. It is printed on good paper, and is well bound in leather. Price \$1.

The work is *theoretical* and *practical*. It comprises a variety of exercises for the cure of defective articulation, cuts showing the best posture of the mouth in the energetic utterance of the elementary sounds of the English language, numerous diagrams illustrative of the melody and modulations of the voice, &c., and more than 200 engraved figures illustrative of the subject of gesture.

Under the head, PRACTICAL ELOCUTION, are a variety of Exercises on the Elements of the English Language, which are calculated to develop the voice, increase its compass, and give flexibility to the muscles of articulation.

The Exercises in Reading and Declamation have been taken from some of the best ancient and modern authors; and they are well adapted to the purposes of the student in elocution. In these Exercises, most of the sounds liable to be omitted, or to be imperfectly articulated, are represented by italic letters. Hence, the reader will have no difficulty in correcting all ordinary defects in his articulation.

The arrangement of the several parts of the work is strictly systematic; each is discussed in its natural order, and with as much brevity as consists with perspicuity. The work is designed for the use of colleges and schools, as well as for the instruction of private individuals who desire to improve themselves in the art of reading and speaking.

The value of vocal gymnastics cannot be duly appreciated by those who have not experienced or witnessed their beneficial results. But the time is not far distant when these exercises will be considered, by all intelligent persons, an essential part of primary instruction.

COMSTOCK'S SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICES.

Certificates from Professor Horner and Professor Hare of the University of Pennsylvania.

HAVING been present on the 10th inst. at the exercises of the pupils in Dr. Andrew Comstock's Gymnasium, for the improvement of the voice and of the articulation in stammerers and others, the impression made upon me was highly favourable to his method of instruction.

The system is founded upon an exact anatomical and physiological information, in regard to the organs concerned in the production and modification of sound. Its several parts appear to have been evolved and matured upon a degree of thought and an extent of experiment reflecting much credit upon his sagacity and industry; and it inspires a very strong confidence of its applicability to the faults generally of speech or pronunciation. One of his pupils, who only a week before the occasion alluded to, had been a most unpleasant stammerer, was then heard to recite publicly with great ease and fluency, with a full intonation.

W. E. HORNER, M. D.

Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.
Philadelphia, Aug. 11, 1837.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14th, 1837.

Having been present on the occasion alluded to in the preceding letter of the Professor of Anatomy, I have no hesitation in alleging that my impressions are consistent with those which my colleague has therein expressed.

ROBERT HARE, M. D.

Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania.

From the United States Gazette.

CONGRESS HALL, Philad., Nov. 25, 1837.

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.

Dear Sir,—Before leaving your city, allow me to express to you the perfect satisfaction I feel, in witnessing the progress which my son has made in Elocution under your instruction.

The habit of stammering which commenced with his early efforts to speak, and which thirteen years (his present age) seemed only to confirm, is now, with six weeks instruction, completely eradicated.

Though delighted beyond expression in this result, I am not disappointed. From the moment I became acquainted with your method of instruction, I did not doubt its entire success. Founded on scientific principles, it must succeed in all cases where there is no malformation of the organs of speech.

You have reduced to a system what before was but imperfectly understood, and done most essential service to mankind in elevating a numerous class of unfortunate fellow-beings, and saved them from the impositions of ignorant and unprincipled empirics.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E. PIERCE, M. D., of Athens, N. Y.

From the Rev. Thomas B. Bradford.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4, 1842.

I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Comstock's **SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION**. A practical acquaintance with the system, and with the instructions of its author, enables me to speak with confidence of the high superiority of this treatise, and of the ample qualifications of its author as an instructor in the art of speaking.

His course of instruction is exactly adapted to the cure of stammerers; and my personal knowledge of the cure of those who have been thus afflicted, warrants me in particularly recommending such individuals to place themselves under the tuition of Dr. Comstock.

T. B. BRADFORD.

From E. C. Wines, A. M., late Professor of Moral, Mental, and Political Science in the Central High School of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22d, 1842.

I take pleasure in stating that Dr. A. Comstock taught Elocution in my school during the whole of last year, and that his **SYSTEM OF ELOCUTION** was used as a text-book. I consider it a work of very great merit, admirably adapted to the end for which it was designed. The principles of the science are laid down with clearness and ability in the **First Part**; and the selections for practice in the **Second Part** are made with excellent judgment. It is a work every way worthy of the public patronage.

The progress of the pupils in my school under Dr. Comstock's instruction was altogether satisfactory. He fully sustained his high reputation as a teacher of practical elocution.

E. C. WINES.

From S. W. Crawford, A. M., Principal of the Academy connected with the University of Pennsylvania.

I have examined Dr. Comstock's **ELOCUTION**, and agree with Mr. Wines in the above recommendation.

S. W. CRAWFORD

SPECIMEN PAGES FROM COMSTOCK'S ELOCUTION.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847, by Andrew Comstock, in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



185

vef-phz
Ye crags and peaks, |
R 2



186

shf-eds
I'm with you once again ; ;



187

B seq
I hold to you the hands
you first beheld, |



188

B voc
to show they still |

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



189

B veq
are free. | Methinks I hear a
R 1
spirit in your echoes, answer
me, | and bid your tenant



190

B shq
welcome to his home
R 2



191

R
gain!! | O sacred forms, |
R 1
how proud you look! |



192

sef-sdx sky
How high you lift your
heads into the sky! |
R 2

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



193
B shk
How huge you are!|



194
B veq
How mighty!!|
R 1



195
B shf
and how free!!|
R 2



196
Z-pds
Ye are the things that tower;|
R 1

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



197

shf-sdx
that shine; |
R 2



198

whose smile makes *ld* glad; |
R 1



199

B veq
whose frown is terrible; |
r L 1



200

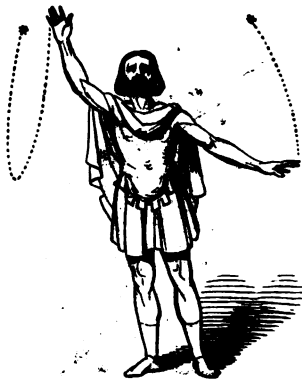
B vec
whose forms, robed, |

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



201

B veq
or unrobed, do all the
impress wear



202

vaf-phz
of awe divine. |



203

f-phz
Ye guards of liberty, |



204

shf-shz
I'm with you once again! |

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



205

Z-phz
[call to you with all my]



206

shf-shz
voice !



207

B seq
I hold my hands to you, |
L 2



208

B vec
to show they still are |

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.



209
B vsq
 free— |



210
B sf
 I rush to you, |
a R 2



211
B 1
 as though I could |



212
B shf *R*
 embrace you. |
R 1

Lady Jane Grey, a female whose accomplishments
and virtuous life have rendered her an object
of universal admiration and pity, was the daughter
of the marquis of Dorset, and was born 1537
at Bradgate Hall, in Leicestershire. Her talents
which were of a superior order, were early de-
veloped, and by the time that she was four years
of age she had mastered Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chaldee,
Arabic, French and Italian. Aymer, who was at
that time bishop of London, was her tutor. In 1553, she was
married to Lord Guildford Dudley; and shortly after-
wards, reluctantly accepted the diadem which the
intrigues of her father and her father-in-law had
induced Edward VI to set upon her. Her reign
of nine days ended by her being committed to
the Tower with her husband, and, in Feb. 1554
they were brought to the scaffold by the rebel
Mary. She refused to apostatize from the
true faith, and died with the utmost firmness.

