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FAMOUS LITERATURE

SIR WALTER BESANT

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IN TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME IX

LONDON
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INTRODUCTION
TO VOL. IX

"NOVELS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY"

WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," &c., &c.

NOVELS WHICH HAVE MADE HISTORY

By Sir Walter Besant

History is "made' by the novelist in two ways. The first is by the presentation of the ideas, laws, manners, customs, religion, prejudices, and fashions of the time so faithfully that the historian of the future can by his help understand the period, and reconstruct the life of that generation. I would instance, as the leading representatives of this kind of novelist, Defoe, Fielding, and Dickens. It would be quite possible, I doubt not, to reconstruct a great part of the early eighteenth century without the help of Defoe: but not the whole. The essayists give us the manners and the humours of the coffee-house; they also give us an insight into the mind of scholar, critic, and divine of the period. Swift's Letters disclose the current talk of politicians. That mine of contemporary manners, *The Athenian Oracle,* introduces us to the governing ideas on religion and morality among the bourgeois class. The two worthies, Tom Brown and Ned Ward, leave nothing, apparently, untold as regards the taverns, night-houses, bagnios, and the coarse profligacy of their time. To go no farther, here is a great mass of information out of which the historian can make a catalogue if not a picture—it is too often the catalogue that appears. But it is by a picture and not by a catalogue that the world is enabled to understand and to realise events and modes of thought, past or present, of which it has itself formed no part. To make a picture one must select, and arrange, and find characters, and group them, either for one situation or for many. In other words, the picture may be a painting—which is one way

of presenting the past, subject to the disadvantage of being no more than one set scene: or it may be a novel, that is to say, a succession of "animated photographs."

We are saved the trouble of constructing this succession of animated photographs in the case of Defoe. In that wonderful series of novels which he began at an age when most men are thinking of rest, he has photographed and fixed for ever the city life which rolled on around him. We are led through the streets of London; we see the poor little waifs and strays, the pick-pockets, the motherless girls, the wretched women, the soldiers; the apprentices, the tradesmen, the merchants,—all that the city of London contained at that time. Especially, he enables us to understand, as no other writer of the time can do—certainly not Addison or Swift, neither of whom knew the city—that strange revival of enterprise and adventure which possessed our people at that time. We are so much accustomed to think of the scholarly calm of Addison and his friends; of the slow and dignified carriage which would not admit of haste; of the round smooth face on which leisure seems stamped; of the full wig which must not be disarranged by eager gesture;—that we do not realise the animation of change; the busy crowds of the port; the merchants preparing their next venture into unknown seas to unknown nations; the arrival of the weather-beaten captain after a brush with the Moorish pirates. These things we find in Defoe and in Defoe alone.

So also with Fielding. The life which he drew is not that of the City; it is that of the country and the West-End. The country gentleman, the adventurer, the debtor's prison, the fine Court lady, the bully, the valet, the broken captain, the coffee-house, the tavern, the gaming table—are they not all in Fielding?

Or, to take Dickens. Is he not the chief exponent, the chief authority, for the very life of that vast section of the people called sometimes the "lower middle class"—the class which stands between the professional and the working man? How the people talked fifty years ago; what were their manners, their amusements

their follies, their absurdities, their virtues, their conventions?—who has ever done this for the people of his time so well as Dickens? The manners which he drew are changing fast; the young people do not recognise them; part of the old delight—that of one's own knowledge and recognition of the type—is gone. Yet Dickens will remain as the chief and leading exponent of contemporary manners—not of the Court of the Aristocracy; not of clergy and lawyers and scholars, but the folk around. Like François Villon, like Piers Plowman, he draws what he sees.

I should like, if I had time, to reconstruct the social history of any one period by the work of one novelist. I would take Defoe and the city of London. I would present that life, which is not the life found in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, as it is depicted in his pages. The result would be, if I were equal to the task, a reconstruction of the trading side of England at that time which has never yet been done.

Let us pass to the second kind of "history making" novel. If the first is the treasure-house for the future, the second is the treasure-house for the present. The novelist who "makes history" in this sense inspires the ideas, the convictions, the enthusiasms, which causes great events and underlie great social movements.

In every age there may always be found, among the people, a floating mass of perceptions only half understood; of uneasy discoveries only half unearthed; of recognitions only dimly seen; of an accusing conscience heard as from afar; of approaching figures seen as through a mist. This is only saying that humanity is never satisfied, never at rest; there is always, even in the most crystallised ages, a feeling that the existing conditions are not perfect. When the Church had laid her iron hand on everything—apparently for ever—then John Wyclyf arises and with him Piers Plowman. Then questions begin to fly around, and rhymes are made and songs are sung, and the uneasy inarticulate murmurs of doubt are for the first time clothed in words. Without words there can be no action: without definition the vague aspirations, the twilight perceptions, the nascent hopes rise before the brain

and pass away and vanish like the mist in the morning, leaving not a trace behind.

But the Interpreter arrives. One thing is essential, that he comes at the right moment—to use the common phrase, the psychical moment. It must be when the time is ripe for him; when the people have thus been whispering and murmuring; when dreams of doubt have thus arisen to vex the sleeper; when the soul asks for words to interpret its own uneasiness. At such a moment came Peter the Hermit, when Western Europe was filled with a blind and unquestioning faith; when the stories brought home by pilgrims stirred all hearts in every village to their depths, and when there wanted but a match to fill all the land with flames. So, too, Francis of Assisi came at the moment when he was most desired, yet unconsciously desired.

There has been the Interpreter as Preacher: there has been the Interpreter as Poet there has been the Interpreter as Dramatist. Let us be careful not to confuse the Interpreter with the teacher. The former brings new light into the world: the latter spreads the knowledge of the old. Or, we may say that the Interpreter gives utterances in words to feelings, passions, and protests which lie unspoken in men's minds: and that the Teacher takes them over. Without an Interpreter doubt may become rage, and rage may become revolt and madness. For want of an Interpreter the French people—the people, not their scholars—went mad a hundred years ago.

As Preacher, we have had no Interpreter since John Wesley. As Dramatist, we have had none for nearly three hundred years, since the last of the Elizabethans died. The Dramatic Interpreter, will return, and that, I believe, soon. For the Interpreter, as Poet, we have been blessed above all other nations with Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning for the nobler minds, and with such a body of lyric verse, stirring, inspiring, strengthening, ennobling, as no other language can show.

I have, however, to speak of the Interpreter in Fiction; in that kind of Fiction which inspires the soul and becomes the mainspring of action.

Every novel which is a true picture of any part, however humble, of humanity, should be suggestive and inspiring. "Tell me a story," says the child, and listens rapt in attention, unconscious that while the story-teller carries on the tale, his own mind is being widened by new thoughts and charged with new ideas. We are all children when we sit with the open novel and go off into the Land of the Other Folk. We come back, when we close the book, with a wider experience of humanity, with new friends, new loves, and new enemies. I think that the strongest defence of fiction should be the fact that the true presentation of humanity from any point of view must tend to the increase of certain virtues—sympathy, pity, and an ardour inextinguishable, when once it has seized the soul, for justice. This is a great claim for fiction: yet I advance it in favour not only of the great works which move a whole nation, but of the humble stories whose only merit is their plain unvarnished truth. What made *The Vicar of Wakefield* popular? What preserves it? It is not a great work; it deals not with ambitions and great passions; it treats simply of a single family, undistinguished, one of the crowd, yet so truthfully and naturally that we cannot suffer it to be forgotten.

In these days the most important teacher—the most widespread, the most eagerly heard—whether for good or evil, is the novelist. Between Russia in the East, and California in the West, it is the novelist who teaches. He is the fount of inspiration; he gives the world ideas; he makes them intelligible; sometimes, in rare cases, he so touches the very depths of a people that his words reverberate and echo as from rock to rock and from valley to valley far beyond the ear of him who listens. In these cases he makes history, because he causes history to be made.

Let me illustrate my meaning by one or two cases. I might, for instance, adduce Rabelais, who put into living figures and action the revolt of the populace against the Church. He did not speak for the scholars—Étienne Dolet did that—yet he loaded his page with allusions not intelligible except to scholars: he spoke the language of the people and presented them, as at a puppet show,

with figures which embodied their beliefs and their hatreds. It was Rabelais who made the attempt at a French Reformation possible; it was Calvin who turned away the heart of the people by his austerities and his narrowness and made it impossible. This illustration is not, I fear, intelligible to many readers, because Rabelais is only read by scholars. Take, however, the work of Voltaire and especially his tales. There was plenty of a coarse kind of atheism, before these tales were passed from hand to hand, among the aristocracy of France. There was plenty of epigram against the *régime;* Voltaire gave to all, noble and bourgeois alike, new weapons of ridicule, scorn, and contempt; he offered all upon the altar of doubt; he it was who stripped the French Revolution of religion, of any belief in anything except the one great virtue of the French people—their patriotism. And he spoke at the critical moment; at the moment when all minds were prepared for him, as the fields in spring are prepared for the showers of April.

In Charles Reade, the language possesses a writer whose whole soul was filled with a yearning for justice and a pity for the helpless. I think that the world has not yet done justice to the great heart of Charles Reade. He wrote many books. Among them there were two which are still widely read and deservedly popular. One of them is written with a purpose: I do not know if the result satisfied him at the time; one thing is certain that the position of the man who has fallen into crime has at least gained enormously by this book. There is sympathy for the poor man; light is thrown upon the prison where he sits; he is followed when he comes out. One can never wipe away the prison taint, but one can treat him as one who has expiated his crime and may be received again, albeit in a lower place.

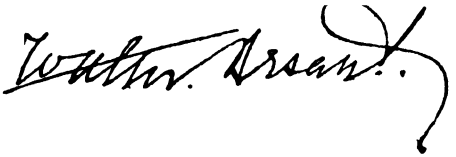
Again, can one ever forget the effect of Harriet Beecher Stowe's great work? I am old enough to remember when that book ran through the length and breadth of this country in editions numberless—I believe they were mostly pirated. The long and wearisome agitation against slavery had died out with the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. The younger people remembered nothing about it; then suddenly appeared this book, and we were

reminded once more what slavery might be, if not what slavery was. No book was ever more widely read; no book ever produced such response of sympathy with the Abolitionists. When the Civil War broke out it seemed to many—it still seems to many—in America that the sympathies of all the English people were with the South. Not all—and remember, if you please, that the sympathies of England were never with the "Institution."

Perhaps I may be permitted one illustration of the power of a novel in the case of a living writer. I mean the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. This book has been, I believe, read as widely in America as in England.

It is too early to judge of the lasting effect of the book on the religious thought of either country. It is, however, certain that it was read and pondered by many thousands on account of its faithful presentation of the religious difficulties and anxieties which perplex the minds of men and women in these days. Of course, I express no opinion as to these difficulties. The explanation of that book's success, to my mind, is chiefly in the fact that it appeared, like *Candide* or *Pantagruel*, at a moment especially fitted to receive its ideas and its teaching.

It is not every novel, I repeat, that has the chance of such a success, that can hope for the honour of expressing the thought of the day, or of advancing any cause of the future; but every novel that is true, every scene that is really natural, every character who is a true man or a true woman, should secure for that work the greatest prize that can be offered to a poet or a novelist—first, the advance of human sympathy, and next, the conversion of dreams into realities.



LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

[HORACE WALPOLE: An English author; born in London, October 5, 1717; died there March 2, 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. After traveling about the Continent, he purchased an estate at Twickenham, his house afterward becoming famous as Strawberry Hill. There he set up a printing press and published his own and other works. His most noteworthy writings are his "Letters," published in nine volumes, 1857-1859. His other works include: "A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England" (1758), "Anecdotes of Painting in England" (1761-1771), "The Castle of Otranto," (1764), "The Mysterious Mother" (1768), and "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II." (1822).]

PLEASURES OF YOUTH, AND YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

KING'S COLLEGE, *May* 6, 1736.

DEAR GEORGE, — I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the greatest actions of other people are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles that every man can call to mind of himself while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond set into little heart rings with mottoes, — the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable.

Alexander, at the head of the world, never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes and policies, engage their thoughts; and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth from any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! How, unexperienced, they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom, only for the pleasure of being driven from it and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia, I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy, and saw Windsor Castle in no other view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum.* I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a schoolboy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove, —not in thumping and pommeling King Amulius' herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plow,—one that one should have thought had worked with his head as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recolleect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles, and

Your sincere friend.

GEORGE III., THE NEW KING. — FUNERAL OF GEORGE II.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

ARLINGTON STREET, *Nov.* 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis' place, but he is saved. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humor; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, "No petticoat Government, no Scotch Minister, no Lord George Sackville," — two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erksine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand in one spot with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui.* He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Lichfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral, — nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see

that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabers and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day,—the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, "Man that is born of a woman," was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant,—his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching

HORACE WALPOLE

cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bedchamber? what is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate. I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever.

Concerning a Particular Friend, and Friendship in General.

TO JAMES CRAWFORD, ESQ.

Paris, *March* 6, 1766.

You cannot conceive, my dear sir, how happy I was to receive your letters, not so much for my own sake as for Madame du Deffand's. I do not mean merely from the pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and malice which is produced by an arbitrary Government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great.

The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are still to grovel at the foot of the throne; but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child with her poor no eyes as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate, and just,—so just that it vexes me to be forced so continually to combat the goodness of her heart

and destroy her fond visions of friendship. Ah! but, said she at last, he does not talk of returning. I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had stayed here still, I have learned nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is indescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert,—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintances, and incapable of doing as the rest do,—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard, the President, treat her like a dog. Her nephew, the Archbishop of Toulouse, I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do. Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauveau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous, friendly being upon earth; but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine.

Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow

itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much; and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do anything we can to please her. I can go no farther; I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry Hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship: I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper credit, and like all other bank bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realize me; but how do you, or how do I, know that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another till some of them are forced to love one another again; and as the cracks are soldered by hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine! Your Ministers may not know it, but the war has been on the point of breaking out here between France and England, and upon a cause very English,—a horse race. Lord Forbes and Lauragais were the champions; they rode, but the second lost. His horse being ill, it died that night, and the surgeons on opening it swore it was poisoned. The English suspect that a groom, who I suppose had been reading Livy or Demosthenes, poisoned it on patriotic principles, to insure victory to his country. The French, on the contrary, think poison as common as oats or beans in the stables at Newmarket. In short, there is no impertinence they have not uttered, and it has gone so far that two nights ago it was said that the King

had forbidden another race, which is appointed for Monday, between the Prince de Nassau and a Mr. Forth, to prevent national animosities. On my side I have tried to stifle these heats, by threatening them that Mr. Pitt is coming into the Ministry again; and it has had some effect. This event has confirmed what I discovered early after my arrival, that the *Anglomanie* was worn out; if it remains, it is *manie* against the English. All this, however, is for your private ear; for I have found that some of my letters home, in which I had spoken a little freely, have been reported to do me disservice. As we are *not* friends, I may trust to your discretion — may not I? I did not use to applaud it much.

Perhaps it is necessary to use still more caution in mentioning me to Lord Ossory. Do it gently; for though I have great regard for him, I don't design to make it troublesome to him.

You don't say a word of our Duchess [Grafton], so superior to earthly Duchesses! How dignified she will appear to me after all the little tracasseries of Paris! I trust I shall see her soon. Packing-up is in all my quarters, but though I quit tittle-tattle, I don't design to head a squadron of mob on any side. I hate politics as much as friendship, and design to converse at home as I have done here,— with Dévots, Philosophers, Choiseul, Maurepas, the Court, and the *Temple*.

What a volume I have writ! But don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffiniska has received three sumptuous robes of ermine, martens and Astrakhan lambs, the last of which the Czarina had, I suppose, the pleasure of flaying alive herself. "Oh! pour cela, *oui*," says old Brantôme, who always assents. I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not; Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat; Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print; and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holdernesse! Adieu! Yours ever.

Visits a Wesley Meeting.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Bath, *Oct.* 10, 1766.

I am impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself; all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit,—scarlet-armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails,—so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh-colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends; wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm,—decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity and *some honorable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours: looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

In Paris again with Madame du Deffand.

to george montagu, esq.

Paris, *Sept.* 7, 1769.

Your two letters flew here together in a breath. I shall answer the article of business first. I could certainly buy many things for you here that you would like,—the relics of the last age's magnificence; but since my Lady Holdernesse invaded the Customhouse with an hundred and fourteen gowns in the reign of that twopenny monarch, George Grenville, the ports are so guarded that not a soul but a smuggler can smuggle anything into England; and I suppose you would not care to pay seventy-five per cent on secondhand commodities. All I transported three years ago was conveyed under the canon of the Duke of Richmond. I have no interest in our present representative, nor, if I had, is he returning. Plate, of all earthly vanities, is the most impassable: it is not contraband in its metallic capacity, but totally so in its personal; and the officers of the Customhouse not being philosophers enough to separate the substance from the superficies, brutally hammer both to pieces, and return you only the intrinsic,—a compensation which you, who are no member of Parliament, would not, I trow, be satisfied with. Thus I doubt you must retrench your generosity to yourself, unless you can contract it into an Elzevir size, and be content with anything one can bring in one's pocket.

My dear old friend [Madame du Deffand] was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds con-

versation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed! I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two or three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions which I have quitted at home. I tell a story,—I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! But it is idle to look forward. What is next year?—a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanac! To form plans and projects in such a precarious life as this resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, etc. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centers his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with the beggars at the threshold, and never propose going on but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all *our* expense in kitchen gardens produces. Lord and Lady Dacre are a few doors from me, having started from Tunbridge more suddenly than I did from Strawberry Hill, but on a more unpleasant motive. My lord was persuaded to come and try a new physician. His faith is greater than mine! But, poor man, can one wonder that he is willing to believe? My lady has stood her shock, and I do not doubt will get over it.

Adieu, my t'other dear old friend! I am sorry to say I see you almost as seldom as I do Madame du Deffand. However, it is comfortable to reflect that we have not changed to each other for some five and thirty years, and neither you nor I haggle

about naming so ancient a term. I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Oglethorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mézières, and thought I might, to a spiritual votary to immortality, venture to say that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly, and said no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of its seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh, we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them!

Literary and Dramatic Criticism.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, *Oct.* 16, 1769.

I arrived at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and in truth you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the Customhouse; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public, —at least not till I am "food for worms, good Percy." Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste; our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal; the theater swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As that man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor. Cibber wrote as bad Odes, but then Cibber wrote "The Careless Husband," and his own Life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both, lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu!

Charm of Madame de Sévigné's Letters. — The American War.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Strawberry Hill, *Aug.* 7, 1775.

Let me tell you you have no more taste than Dr. Kenrick if you do not like Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Read them again; they are one of the very few books that, like Gray's Life, improve upon one every time one reads them. You have still less taste if you like my letters, which have nothing original; and if they have anything good, so much the worse, for it can only be from having read her letters and his. He came perfect out of the eggshell, and wrote as well at eighteen as ever he did,—nay, letters better; for his natural humor was in its bloom, and not wrinkled by low spirits, dissatisfaction, or the character he had assumed. I do not care a straw whether Dr. Kenrick and Scotland can persuade England that he was no poet. There is no common sense left in this country,—

With Arts and Sciences it traveled West.

The Americans will admire him and you, and they are the only people by whom one would wish to be admired. The world is divided into two nations,—men of sense that *will* be free, and fools that like to be slaves. What a figure do two great empires make at this moment! Spain, mistress of Peru and Mexico, amazes Europe with an invincible armada; at last it sails to Algiers, and disbarks its whole contents, even to the provisions of the fleet. It is beaten shamefully, loses all its

stores, and has scarce bread left to last till it gets back into its own ports!

Mrs. Britannia orders her senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards, and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of their towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma;* but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston that it will sue for peace. At last she gives her army leave to sally out; but being twice defeated, he determines to carry on the war so vigorously, till she has not a man left, that all England will be satisfied with the total loss of America! And if everybody is satisfied, who can be blamed? Besides, is not our dignity maintained? have not we carried our majesty beyond all example? When did you ever read before of a besieged army threatening military execution on the country of the besiegers? — *car tel est notre plaisir!* But, alack! we are like the mock Doctor, — we have made the heart and the liver change sides; *cela était autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela!* . . .

America and the Administration.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

PARIS, *Sept.* 7, 1775.

Your letter of August 12 followed me hither from England. I can answer it from hence with less reserve than I should at home. I understand very well, my dear sir, the propriety of the style in which you write in your ministerial capacity, and never wish to have you expose yourself to any inconvenience by unnecessary frankness. I am too much convinced of your heart and head not swerving from the glorious principles in which we were both educated, to suspect you of having adopted the principles instilled into so many Englishmen by Scotch Jacobites, the authors of the present, as they have been of every civil war since the days of Queen Elizabeth. You will on your side not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the administration have made a thousand, besides the two capital ones of first provoking and

then of uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. The campaign seems languishing. The Ministers will make all their efforts against the spring. So no doubt will the Americans too. Probably the war will be long. On the side of England, it must be attended with ruin. If England prevails, English and American liberty is at an end; if the Colonies prevail, our commerce is gone; and if, at last, we negotiate, they will neither forgive nor give us our former advantages.

The country where I now am is, luckily, neither in a condition or disposition to meddle. If it did, it would complete our destruction, even by only assisting the Colonies, which I can scarce think they are blind enough not to do. They openly talk of our tyranny and folly with horror and contempt, and perhaps with amazement; and so does almost every foreign Minister here, as well as every Frenchman. Instead of being mortified, as I generally am when my country is depreciated, I am comforted by finding that, though but one of very few in England, the sentiments of the rest of the world concur with and confirm mine. The people with us are fascinated; and what must we be when Frenchmen are shocked at our despotic acts! Indeed, both this nation and their king seem to embrace the most generous principles,—the only fashion, I doubt, in which we shall not imitate them! Too late our eyes will open.

The Duke and Duchess [of Gloucester] are at Venice. Nothing ever exceeded the distinctions paid to them in this country. The king even invited them to Paris; but the Duke's haste to be more southerly before the bad weather begins would not permit him to accept of that honor. They do not expect the same kindness everywhere; and for the English, they have even let the French see what slaves they are, by not paying their duty to the Duke and Duchess. I have written to her, without naming you, to dissuade their fixing at Rome,—I fear in vain. I proposed Sienna to them, as I flatter myself the Emperor's goodness for the Duke would dispose the Great Duke to make it agreeable to them; and their residence there would not commit *you*. Indeed, I do not believe you suspect me of sacrificing you to the interests of my family. On the other hand, I wish you, for your own sake, to take any opportunities of paying your court to them indirectly. They are both warm and hurt at the indignities they have received. In our present distracted situation, it is more than possible

that the Duke may be a very important personage. I know well that you have had full reason to be dissatisfied with him; I remember it as much as you can: but you are too prudent, as well as too good-natured, not to forgive a young prince. I own I am in pain about the Duchess. She has all the good qualities of her father [Sir Edward Walpole], but all his impetuosity; and is much too apt to resent affronts, though her virtue and good nature make her as easily reconciled: but her first movements are not discreet. I wish you to please her as much as possible, within your instructions. She has admirable sense, when her passions do not predominate. In one word, her marriage has given me many a pang; and though I never gave in to it, I endeavor by every gentle method to prevent her making her situation still worse; and above all things, I try never to inflame. It is all I can do where I have no ascendant, which, with a good deal of spirit of my own, I cannot expect: however, as I perfectly understand both my parties and myself, I manage pretty well. I know when to stoop and when to stop; and when I will stoop or will not. I should not be so pliant if they were where they ought to be.

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Lord Chatham when I left England was in a very low, languishing way, his constitution, I believe, too much exhausted to throw out the gout; and then it falls on his spirits. The last letters speak of his case as not desperate. He might, if allowed — and it was practicable — do much good still. Who else can, I know not. The Opposition is weak every way. They have better hearts than the Ministers, fewer good heads, — not that I am in admiration of the latter. Times may produce men. We must trust to the book of events, if we will flatter ourselves. Make no answer to this; only say you received my letter from Paris, and direct to England. I may stay here a month longer, but it is uncertain.

11*th.*

P.S. — I had made up my letter; but those I received from England last night bring such important intelligence, I must add a paragraph. That miracle of gratitude, the Czarina, has consented to lend England twenty thousand Russians, to be transported to America. The Parliament is to meet on the 20th of next month, and vote twenty-six thousand seamen! What a paragraph of blood is there! With what torrents must

liberty be preserved in America! In England, what can save it? Oh, mad, mad England! What frenzy, to throw away its treasures, lay waste its empire of wealth, and sacrifice its freedom, that its prince may be the arbitrary lord of boundless deserts in America, and of an impoverished, depopulated, and thence insignificant island in Europe! And what prospect of comfort has a true Englishman? Why, that Philip II. miscarried against the boors of Holland, and that Louis XIV. could not replace James II. on the throne!

Discouraging Outlook of Affairs in America

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, *April* 3, 1777.

I have nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, especially as I can know nothing more than you see in the papers. It is my opinion that the king's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behavior of the provincials, who seem to have been apprised that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I look upon a great part of America as lost to this country! It is not less deplorable that, between art and contention, such an inveteracy has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war! Supposing this unnatural enmity should not soon involve us in other wars, which would be extraordinary indeed, what a difference, in a future war with France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale instead of being in ours! What politicians are those who have preferred the empty name of *sovereignty* to that of *alliance*, and forced subsidies to the golden ocean of commerce!

Alas! the trade of America is not all we shall lose. The ocean of commerce wafted us wealth at the return of regular tides; but we had acquired an empire too, in whose plains the beggars we sent out as laborers could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests, and who with their sickles and reaping hooks have robbed and cut the throats of those who sowed the

grain. These rapacious foragers have fallen together by the ears; and our Indian affairs, I suppose, will soon be in as desperate a state as our American. Lord Pigot [Governor of Madras] has been treacherously and violently imprisoned, and the Company here has voted his restoration. I know nothing of the merits of the cause on either side. I dare to say both are very blamable. I look only to the consequences, which I do not doubt will precipitate the loss of our acquisitions there, the title to which I never admired, and the possession of which I always regarded as a transitory vision. If we could keep it, we should certainly plunder it, till the expense of maintaining would overbalance the returns; and though it has rendered a little more than the holy city of Jerusalem, I look on such distant conquests as more destructive than beneficial; and whether we are martyrs or banditti, whether we fight for the Holy Sepulcher or for lakhs of rupees, I detest invasions of quiet kingdoms both for their sakes and for our own; and it is happy for the former that the latter are never permanently benefited.

Great Calamities lost in the Magnitude of English Affairs.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

. . . My letters, I think, are rather eras than journals. Three days ago commenced another date,—the establishment of a family for the Prince of Wales. I do not know all the names, and fewer of the faces that compose it; nor intend. I, who kissed the hand of George I., have no colt's tooth for the court of George IV. Nothing is so ridiculous as an antique face in a juvenile drawing-room. I believe that they who have spirits enough to be absurd in their decrepitude are happy, for they certainly are not sensible of their folly; but I, who have never forgotten what I thought in my youth of such superannuated idiots, dread nothing more than misplacing myself in my old age. In truth, I feel no such appetite; and excepting the young of my own family, about whom I am interested, I have mighty small satisfaction in the company of *posterity*,—for so the present generation seem to me. I would contribute anything to their pleasure but what cannot contribute to it,—my own presence. Alas! how many of this age are swept away before me; six thousand have been mowed down at once by the

late hurricane at Barbadoes alone! How Europe is paying the debts it owes to America! Were I a poet, I would paint hosts of Mexicans and Peruvians crowding the shores of Styx, and insulting the multitudes of the usurpers of their continent that have been sending themselves thither for these five or six years. The poor Africans, too, have no call to be merciful to European ghosts. Those miserable slaves have just now seen whole crews of men-of-war swallowed by the late hurricane.

We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital. An overgrown metropolis has less sensibility than marble; nor can it be conceived by those not conversant in one. I remember hearing what diverted me then: a young gentlewoman, a native of our rock, St. Helena, and who had never stirred beyond it, being struck with the emotion occasioned there by the arrival of one or two of our China ships, said to the captain, "There must be a great solitude in London as often as the China ships come away!" Her imagination could not have compassed the idea if she had been told that six years of war, the absence of an army of fifty or sixty thousand men and of all our squadrons, and a new debt of many, many millions would not make an alteration in the receipts at the door of a single theater in London. I do not boast of or applaud this profligate apathy. When pleasure is our business, our business is never our pleasure; and if four wars cannot awaken us, we shall die in a dream!

On Some New Books.

TO MISS BERRY.

Berkeley Square, *May* 26, 1791.

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The rest of my letter must be literary, for we have no news. Boswell's book is gossiping, but having numbers of proper names, would be more readable, at least by me, were it reduced from two volumes to one; but there are woeful longueurs, both about his hero and himself, the *fidus Achates*, about whom one has not the smallest curiosity. But I wrong the original Achate: one is satisfied with his fidelity in keeping his master's secrets and weaknesses, which modern led captains betray for their patron's glory and to hurt their own enemies,—which Boswell has done shamefully, particularly against Mrs. Piozzi

and Mrs. Montagu and Bishop Percy. Dr. Blagden says justly that it is a new kind of libel, by which you may abuse anybody by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody alive. Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches to living persons; for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. He loved to dispute to show his superiority. If his opponents were weak, he told them they were fools; if they vanquished him, he was scurrilous,—to nobody more than to Boswell himself, who was contemptible for flattering him so grossly, and for enduring the coarse things he was continually vomiting on Boswell's own country, Scotland. I expected, amongst the excommunicated, to find myself, but am very gently treated. I never would be in the least acquainted with Johnson; or, as Boswell calls it, I had not a just value for him,—which the biographer imputes to my resentment for the Doctor's putting bad arguments (purposely, out of Jacobitism) into the speeches which he wrote fifty years ago for my father in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* which I did not read then, or ever knew Johnson wrote till Johnson died, nor have looked at since. Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I ever was in a room with him six times in my days. Boswell came to me, said Dr. Johnson was writing the "Lives of the Poets," and wished I would give him anecdotes of Mr. Gray. I said, very coldly, I had given what I knew to Mr. Mason. Boswell hummed and hawed, and then dropped, "I suppose you know Dr. Johnson does not admire Mr. Gray." Putting as much contempt as I could into my look and tone, I said, "Dr. Johnson don't!—hump!"—and with that monosyllabic ended our interview. After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him,—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavored, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe. In the two new volumes Johnson says, and very probably did, or is made to say, that Gray's poetry is *dull*, and that he was a *dull* man! The same oracle dislikes Prior, Swift, and Fielding. If an

elephant could write a book, perhaps one that had read a great deal would say that an Arabian horse is a very clumsy, ungraceful animal. Pass to a better chapter!

Burke has published another pamphlet against the French Revolution, in which he attacks it still more grievously. The beginning is very good; but it is not equal, nor quite so injudicious as parts of its predecessor,—is far less brilliant, as well as much shorter; but were it ever so long, his mind overflows with such a torrent of images that he cannot be tedious. His invective against Rousseau is admirable, just, and new. Voltaire he passes almost contemptuously. I wish he had dissected Mirabeau too; and I grieve that he has omitted the violation of the consciences of the clergy, nor stigmatized those universal plunderers, the National Assembly, who gorge themselves with eighteen livres a day,—which to many of them would, three years ago, have been astonishing opulence.

When you return, I shall lend you three volumes in quarto of another work, with which you will be delighted. They are State letters in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Mary, Elizabeth, and James; being the correspondence of the Talbot and Howard families, given by a Duke of Norfolk to the Herald's Office; where they have lain for a century neglected, buried under dust, and unknown, till discovered by a Mr. Lodge, a genealogist, who, to gratify his passion, procured to be made a pursuivant. Oh, how curious they are! Henry seizes an alderman who refused to contribute to a benevolence, sends him to the army on the Borders, orders him to be exposed in the front line, and if that does not do, to be treated with the utmost rigor of military discipline. His daughter Bess is not less a Tudor. The mean, unworthy treatment of the Queen of Scots is striking; and you will find how Elizabeth's jealousy of her crown and her avarice were at war, and how the more ignoble passion predominated. But the most amusing passage is one in a private letter, as it paints the awe of children for their parents a *little* differently from modern habitudes. Mr. Talbot, second son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was a member of the House of Commons, and was married. He writes to the Earl his father, and tells him that a young woman of a very good character has been recommended to him for chambermaid to his wife, and if his Lordship does not disapprove of it, he will hire her. There are many letters of news that are very entertaining too. But it is nine o'clock, and I must go to Lady Cecilia's.

Picture of his Old Age.

TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

Jan. 15, 1797.

My dear Madam,—You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honor me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say. I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffeehouses,—consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

Oh, my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown! Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shopboards of pastry cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then pray, madam, accept the resignation of your ancient servant,

Orford.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY.[1]

By LESLIE STEPHEN.

[Leslie Stephen: An English author and editor; born at Kensington, November 28, 1832. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and was graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1854, remaining there for a time as a fellow and a tutor. He was editor of the *Cornhill* (1871–1882); and of the first twenty-six volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography"

[1] By permission of the author and Smith, Elder & Co. (Crown 8vo., price 6*s.*)

(1885–1891), from 1891 conjointly with his successor, Mr. Sidney Lee. Among his other works are: "The Playground of Europe" (1871), "Hours in a Library" (3 vols., 1874–1879), "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876), "Johnson" (1878), "Pope" (1880), "Swift" (1882), and "Life of Henry Fawcett" (1885).]

Horace Walpole.

The history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole. There are, indeed, some other books upon the subject. Some good stories are scattered up and down the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Nichols' "Anecdotes." There is a speech or two of Burke's not without merit, and a readable letter may be disinterred every now and then from beneath the piles of contemporary correspondence. When the history of the times comes to be finally written in the fashion now prevalent, in which some six portly octavos are allotted to a year, and an event takes longer to describe than to occur, the industrious will find ample mines of waste paper in which they may quarry to their heart's content. Though Hansard was not, and newspapers were in their infancy, the shelves of the British Museum and other repositories groan beneath mountains of State papers, law reports, pamphlets, and chaotic raw materials, from which some precious ore may be smelted down.

But these amorphous masses are attractive chiefly to the philosophers who are too profound to care for individual character, or to those praiseworthy students who would think the labor of a year well rewarded by the discovery of a single fact tending to throw a shade of additional perplexity upon the secret of Junius. Walpole's writings belong to the good old-fashioned type of history, which aspires to be nothing more than the quintessence of contemporary gossip. If the opinion be pardonable in these days, history of that kind has not only its charm, but its serious value. If not very profound or comprehensive, it impresses upon us the fact — so often forgotten — that our grandfathers were human beings. The ordinary historian reduces them to mere mechanical mummies; in Walpole's pages they are still living flesh and blood. Turn over any of the proper decorous history books, mark every passage where, for a moment, we seem to be transported to the past — to the thunders of Chatham, the drivelings of Newcastle, or

the prosings of George Grenville, as they sounded in contemporary ears — and it will be safe to say that, on counting them up, a good half will turn out to be reflections from the illuminating flashes of Walpole. Excise all that comes from him, and the history sinks towards the level of the solid Archdeacon Coxe; add his keen touches, and, as in the "Castle of Otranto," the portraits of our respectable old ancestors, which have been hanging in gloomy repose upon the wall, suddenly step from their frames, and, for some brief space, assume a spectral vitality.

It is only according to rule that a writer who has been so useful should have been a good deal abused. No one is so amusing and so generally unpopular as a clever retailer of gossip. Yet it does seem rather hard that Walpole should have received such hard measure from Macaulay, through whose pages so much of his light has been transfused. The explanation, perhaps, is easy. Macaulay dearly loved the paradox that a man wrote admirably precisely because he was a fool, and applied it to the two greatest portrait painters of the times — Walpole and Boswell. There is something which hurts our best feelings in the success of a man whom we heartily despise. It seems to imply, which is intolerable, that our penetration has been at fault, or that merit — that is to say, our own conspicuous quality — is liable to be outstripped in this world by imposture. It is consoling if we can wrap ourselves in the belief that good work can be extracted from bad brains, and that shallowness, affectation, and levity can, by some strange chemistry, be transmuted into a substitute for genius. Do we not all, if we have reached middle age, remember some idiot (of course he was an idiot!) at school or college who has somehow managed to slip past us in the race of life, and revenge ourselves by swearing that he is an idiot still, and that idiocy is a qualification for good fortune? Swift somewhere says that a paper cutter does its work all the better when it is blunt, and converts the fact into an allegory of human affairs, showing that decorous dullness is an overmatch for genius. Macaulay was incapable, both in a good and bad sense, of Swift's trenchant misanthropy. His dislike to Walpole was founded not so much upon posthumous jealousy — though that passion is not so rare as absurd — as on the singular contrast between the character and intellect of the two men. The typical Englishman, with his rough, strong sense,

passing at times into the narrowest insular prejudice, detested the Frenchified fine gentleman who minced his mother tongue and piqued himself on cosmopolitan indifference to patriotic sentiment: the ambitious historian was irritated by the contempt which the dilettante dabbler in literature affected for their common art; and the thoroughgoing Whig was scandalized by the man who, whilst claiming that sacred name, and living face to face with Chatham and Burke, and the great Revolution families in all their glory, ventured to intimate his opinion that they, like other idols, had a fair share of clay and rubbish in their composition, and who, after professing a kind of sham republicanism, was frightened by the French Revolution into a paroxysm of ultra-Toryism. "You wretched fribble!" exclaims Macaulay; "you shallow scorner of all that is noble! You are nothing but a heap of silly whims and conceited airs! Strip off one mask of affectation from your mind, and we are still as far as ever from the real man. The very highest faculty that can be conceded to you is a keen eye for oddities, whether in old curiosity shops or in Parliament; and to that you owe whatever just reputation you have acquired." Macaulay's fervor of rebuke is amusing, though, by righteous Nemesis, it includes a species of blindness as gross as any that he attributes to Walpole. The summary decision that the chief use of France is to interpret England to Europe, is a typical example of that insular arrogance for which Matthew Arnold popularized the name of Philistinism.

Yet criticism of this one-sided kind has its value. At least it suggests a problem. What is the element left out of account? Folly is never the real secret of a literary reputation, or what noble harvests of genius we should produce! If we patiently take off all the masks we must come at last to the animating principle beneath. Even the great clothes philosophers did not hold that a mere Chinese puzzle of mask within mask could inclose sheer vacancy; there must be some kernel within, which may be discovered by sufficient patience. And in the first place, it may be asked, why did poor Walpole wear a mask at all? The answer seems to be obvious. The men of that age may be divided by a line which, to the philosophic eye, is of far more importance than that which separated Jacobites from loyal Whigs or Dissenters from High Churchmen. It separated the men who could drink two bottles of port after dinner from the men who could not. To men of delicate digestions the test

imposed by the jovial party in ascendency must have been severer than those due to political and ecclesiastical bigotry. They had to choose between social disabilities on the one side, and on the other indigestion for themselves and gout for their descendants. Thackeray, in a truly pathetic passage, partly draws the veil from their sufferings. Almost all the wits of Queen Anne's reign, he observes, were fat: "Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat; all that fuddling and punch drinking, that club and coffeehouse boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age."

Think of the dinner described, though with intentional exaggeration, in Swift's "Polite Conversation," and compare the bill of fare with the *menu* of a modern London dinner. The very report of such conviviality — before which Christopher North's performances in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" sink into insignificance — is enough to produce nightmares in the men of our degenerate times, and may help us to understand the peevishness of feeble invalids such as Pope and Lord Hervey in the elder generation, or Walpole in that which was rising.

Amongst these Gargantuan consumers, who combined in one the attributes of "gorging Jack and guzzling Jemmy," Sir Robert Walpole was celebrated for his powers, and seems to have owed to them no small share of his popularity. Horace writes piteously from the paternal mansion, to which he had returned in 1743, not long after his tour in Italy, to one of his artistic friends: "Only imagine," he exclaims, "that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table were to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs or the second is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions."

What was the style of conversation at these tremendous entertainments had better be left to the imagination. Sir R. Walpole's theory on that subject is upon record; and we can dimly guess at the feelings of a delicate young gentleman who

had just learnt to talk about Domenichinos and Guidos, and to buy ancient bronzes, when plunged into the coarse society of these mountains of roast beef. As he grew up manners became a trifle more refined, and the customs described so faithfully by Fielding and Smollett belonged to a lower social stratum. Yet we can fancy Walpole's occasional visit to his constituents, and imagine him forced to preside at one of those election feasts which still survive on Hogarth's canvas. Substitute him for the luckless fine gentleman in a laced coat, who represents the successful candidate in the first picture of the series. A drunken voter is dropping lighted pipe ashes upon his wig; a hideous old hag is picking his pockets; a boy is brewing oceans of punch in a mash tub; a man is blowing bagpipes in his ear; a fat parson close by is gorging the remains of a haunch of venison; a butcher is pouring gin on his neighbor's broken head; an alderman — a very mountain of roast beef — is sinking back in a fit, whilst a barber is trying to bleed him; brickbats are flying in at the windows; the room reeks with the stale smell of heavy viands and the fresh vapors of punch and gin, whilst the very air is laden with discordant howls and thick with oaths and ribald songs. Only think of the smart young candidate's headache next morning in the days when soda water was not invented!

And remember too that the representatives were not entirely free from sympathy with the coarseness of their constituents. Just at the period of Hogarth's painting, Walpole, when speaking of the feeling excited by a Westminster election, has occasion to use this pleasing "new fashionable proverb" — "We spat in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." It owed its origin to a feat performed by Lord Cobham at an assembly given at his own house. For a bet of a guinea he came behind Lord Hervey, who was talking to some ladies, and made use of his hat as a spittoon. The point of the joke was that Lord Hervey — son of Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and related, as the scandal went, rather too closely to Horace Walpole himself — was a person of effeminate appearance, and therefore considered unlikely — wrongly, as it turned out — to resent the insult. We may charitably hope that the assailants, who thus practically exemplified the proper mode of treating milksops, were drunk.

The two-bottle men who lingered till our day were surviving relics of the type which then gave the tone to society.

Within a short period there was a Prime Minister who always consoled himself under defeats and celebrated triumphs with his bottle; a Chancellor who abolished evening sittings on the ground that he was always drunk in the evening; and even an archbishop — an Irish archbishop, it is true — whose jovial habits broke down his constitution. Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats, and you everywhere find the Squire Western. A man of squeamish tastes and excessive sensibility who jostled amongst that thick-skinned, iron-nerved generation, was in a position with which any one may sympathize who knows the sufferings of a delicate lad at a public school in the old (and not so very old) brutal days. The victim of that tyranny slunk away from the rough horseplay of his companions to muse, like Dobbin, over the "Arabian Nights" in a corner, or find some amusement which his tormentors held to be only fit for girls. So Horace Walpole retired to Strawberry Hill and made toys of Gothic architecture, or heraldry, or dilettante antiquarianism.

The great discovery had not then been made, we must remember, that excellence in field sports deserved to be placed on a level with the Christian virtues. The fine gentleman of the Chesterfield era speak of fox-hunting pretty much as we speak of prize fighting and bull baiting. When all manly exercises had an inseparable taint of coarseness, delicate people naturally mistook effeminacy for refinement. When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea tables and small talk. For many years, Walpole's greatest pleasure seems to have been drinking tea with Lady Suffolk, and carefully piecing together bits of scandal about the Courts of the first two Georges. He tells us, with all the triumph of a philosopher describing a brilliant scientific induction, how he was sometimes able, by adding his bits of gossip to hers, to unravel the secret of some wretched intrigue which had puzzled two generations of quidnuncs. The social triumphs on which he most piqued himself were of a congenial order. He sits down to write elaborate letters to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, brimming over with irrepressible triumph when he has persuaded some titled ladies to visit his pet toy, the printing press, at Strawberry Hill, and there, of course to their unspeakable surprise, his printer draws off a copy of verses composed in their honor in the most faded style of old-fashioned gallantry. He

is intoxicated by his appointment to act as poet laureate on the occasion of a visit of the Princess Amelia to Stowe. She is solemnly conducted to a temple of the Muses and Apollo, and there finds one of his admirable effusions—

> T'other day with a beautiful frown on her brow,
> To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:

and so on. "She was really in Elysium," he declares, and visited the arch erected in her honor three or four times a day.

It is not wonderful, we must confess, that burly ministers and jovial squires laughed horselaughs at this mincing dandy, and tried in their clumsy fashion to avenge themselves for the sarcasms which, as they instinctively felt, lay hid beneath this mask of affectation. The enmity between the lapdog and the mastiff is an old story. Nor, as we must confess again, were these tastes redeemed by very amiable qualities beneath the smooth external surface. There was plenty of feminine spite as well as feminine delicacy. To the marked fear of ridicule natural to a sensitive man Walpole joined a very happy knack of quarreling. He could protrude a feline set of claws from his velvet glove. He was a touchy companion and an intolerable superior. He set out by quarreling with Gray, who, as it seems, could not stand his dandified airs of social impertinence, though it must be added in fairness that the bond which unites fellow-travelers is, perhaps, the most trying known to humanity. He quarreled with Mason after twelve years of intimate correspondence; he quarreled with Montagu after a friendship of some forty years; he always thought that his dependents, such as Bentley, were ang ls for six months, and made their lives a burden to them afterwards; he had a long and complex series of quarrels with all his near relations. Sir Horace Mann escaped any quarrel during forty-five years of correspondence; but Sir Horace never left Florence and Walpole never reached it. Conway alone remained intimate and immaculate to the end, though there is a bitter remark or two in the Memoirs against the perfect Conway.

With ladies, indeed, Walpole succeeded better; and perhaps we may accept, with due allowance for the artist's point of view, his own portrait of himself. He pronounces himself to be a "boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy." Making the necessary corrections, we should translate this into "a

bitter enemy, a warm but irritable friend." Tread on his toes, and he would let you feel his claws, though you were his oldest friend; but so long as you avoided his numerous tender points, he showed a genuine capacity for kindliness and even affection; and in his later years he mellowed down into an amiable purring old gentleman, responding with eager gratitude to the caresses of the charming Miss Berrys. Such a man, skinless and bilious, was ill qualified to join in the rough game of politics. He kept out of the arena where the hardest blows were given and taken, and confined his activity to lobbies and back stairs, where scandal was to be gathered and the hidden wires of intrigue to be delicately manipulated. He chuckles irrepressibly when he has confided a secret to a friend, who has let it out to a minister, who communicates it to a great personage, who explodes into inextinguishable wrath, and blows a whole elaborate plot into a thousand fragments.

To expect deep and settled political principle from such a man would be to look for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles; but to do Walpole justice, we must add that it would be equally absurd to exact settled principle from any politician of that age. We are beginning to regard our ancestors with a strange mixture of contempt and envy. We despise them because they cared nothing for the thoughts which for the last century have been upheaving society into strange convulsions; we envy them because they enjoyed the delicious calm which was the product of that indifference. Wearied by the incessant tossing and boiling of the torrent which carries us away, we look back with fond regret to the little backwater so far above Niagara, where scarcely a ripple marks the approaching rapids. There is a charm in the great solid old eighteenth-century mansions, which London is so rapidly engulfing, and even about the old red-brick churches with "sleep-compelling" pews. We take imaginary naps amongst our grandfathers with no railways, no telegraphs, no mobs in Trafalgar Square, no discussions about ritualism or Dr. Colenso, and no reports of parliamentary debates. It is to our fancies an "island valley of Avilion," or, less magniloquently, a pleasant land of Cockaine, where we may sleep away the disturbance of battle, and even read through "Clarissa Harlowe." We could put up with an occasional highwayman in Hyde Park, and perhaps do not think that our comfort would be seriously disturbed by a dozen executions in a morning at Tyburn.

In such visionary glances through the centuries we have always the advantage of selecting our own position in life, and perhaps there are few that for such purposes we should prefer to Walpole's. We should lap ourselves against eating cares in the warm folds of a sinecure of 6000*l.* a year bestowed because our father was a Prime Minister. There are many immaculate persons at the present day to whom truth would be truth even when seen through such a medium. There are — we have their own authority for believing it — men who would be republicans, though their niece was married to a royal duke. Walpole, we must admit, was not one of the number. He was an aristocrat to the backbone. He was a gossip by nature and education, and had lived from infancy in the sacred atmosphere of court intrigue; every friend he possessed in his own rank either had a place, or had lost a place, or was in want of a place, and generally combined all three characters; professed indifference to place was only a cunning mode of angling for a place, and politics was a series of ingeniously contrived maneuvers in which the moving power of the machinery was the desire of sharing the spoils. Walpole's talk about Magna Charta and the execution of Charles I. could, it is plain, imply but a skin-deep republicanism. He could not be seriously displeased with a state of things of which his own position was the natural outgrowth. His republicanism was about as genuine as his boasted indifference to money — a virtue which is not rare in bachelors who have more than they can spend. So long as he could buy as much bric-à-brac, as many knickknacks, and old books and bronzes and curious portraits and odd gloves of celebrated characters as he pleased; add a new tower and a set of battlements to Strawberry Hill every few years; keep a comfortable house in London, and have a sufficiency of carriages and horses; treat himself to an occasional tour, and keep his press steadily at work; he was not the man to complain of poverty. He was a republican, too, as long as that word implied that he and his father and uncles and cousins and connections by marriage and their intimate friends were to have everything precisely their own way; but if a vision could have shown him the reformers of a coming generation who would inquire into civil lists and object to sinecures — to say nothing of cutting off the heads of the first families — he would have prayed to be removed before the evil day. Republicanism in his sense was a word exclusive of revolution.

Was it, then, a mere meaningless mask intended only to conceal the real man? Before passing such a judgment we should remember that the names by which people classify their opinions are generally little more than arbitrary badges; and even in these days, when practice treads so closely on the heels of theory, some persons profess to know extreme radicals who could be converted very speedily by a bit of riband. Walpole has explained himself with unmistakable frankness, and his opinion was at least intelligible. He was not a republican after the fashion of Robespierre, or Jefferson, or M. Gambetta; but he had some meaning. When a duke in those days proposed annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we may assume that he did not realize the probable effect of those institutions upon dukes; and when Walpole applauded the regicides, he was not anxious to send George III. to the block. He meant, however, that he considered George III. to be a narrow-minded and obstinate fool. He meant, too, that the great Revolution families ought to distribute the plunder and the power without interference from the Elector of Hanover. He meant, again, that as a quick and cynical observer, he found the names of Brutus and Algernon Sidney very convenient covers for attacking the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute. But beyond all this, he meant something more, which gives the real spice to his writings. It was something not quite easy to put into formulas; but characteristic of the vague discomfort of the holders of sinecures in those halcyon days arising from the perception that the ground was hollow under their feet.

To understand him we must remember that the period of his activity marks precisely the lowest ebb of political principle. Old issues had been settled, and the new ones were only just coming to the surface. He saw the end of the Jacobites and the rise of the demagogues. His early letters describe the advance of the Pretender to Derby; they tell us how the British public was on the whole inclined to look on and cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" how the Jacobites who had anything to lose left their battle to be fought by half-starved cattle stealers, and contented themselves with drinking to the success of the cause; and how the Whig magnates, with admirable presence of mind, raised regiments, appointed officers, and got the expenses paid by the Crown. His later letters describe the amazing series of blunders by which we lost America in spite of the clearest warnings from almost every man of sense in the

kingdom. The interval between these disgraceful epochs is filled — if we except the brief episode of Chatham — by a series of struggles between different connections — one cannot call them parties — which separate and combine, and fight and make peace, till the plot of the drama becomes too complicated for human ingenuity to unravel. Lads just crammed for a civil service examination might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining.

What, for example, were the politics of a Rigby, or a Bubb Dodington? The diary in which the last of these eminent persons reveals his inmost soul is perhaps the most curious specimen of unconscious self-analysis extant. His utter baseness and venality, his disgust at the "low venal wretches" to whom he had to give bribes; his creeping and crawling before those from whom he sought to extract bribes; his utter incapacity to explain a great man except on the hypothesis of insanity; or to understand that there is such a thing as political morality, derive double piquancy from the profound conviction that he is an ornament to society, and from the pious aspirations which he utters with the utmost simplicity. Bubb wriggled himself into a peerage, and differed from innumerable competitors only by superior frankness. He is the fitting representative of an era from which political faith has disappeared, as Walpole is its fitting satirist.

All political virtue, it is said, was confined, in Walpole's opinion, to Conway and the Marquis of Hertford. Was he wrong? or, if he was wrong, was it not rather in the exception than the rule? The dialect in which his sarcasms are expressed is affected, but the substance is hard to dispute. The world, he is fond of saying, is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think. He preferred the comedy view. "I have never yet seen or heard," he says, "anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopædists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade, I think a plowman

who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester, than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again like figures in a moving picture." Probably Walpole's belief in the plowman lasted till he saw the next smock frock; but the bitterness clothed in the old-fashioned cant is serious and is justifiable enough. Here is a picture of English politics in the time of Wilkes: —

"'No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all, and dying in a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute, and that five mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton (then Prime Minister) like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a horse race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has 3000*l.* a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne!" And every word of this is true — at least, so far as epigrams need be true. It is difficult to put into more graphic language the symptoms of an era just ripe for revolution.

If frivolous himself, Walpole can condemn the frivolity of others. "Can one repeat common news with indifference," he asks, just after the surrender of Yorktown, "while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners? . . . These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that expresses them; and, though I do not doubt that the same dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles will reign again in ten days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago that, in the height of four raging wars (with America, France, Spain, and Holland), I saw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dresses of the company, and hence the town, and thence, of course, the whole nation, were informed that Mr. Fitzpatrick had very little powder in his hair." Walpole sheltered himself behind

the corner of a pension to sneer at the tragi-comedy of life; but if his feelings were not profound, they were quick and genuine, and, affectation for affectation, his cynical coxcombry seems preferable to the solemn coxcombry of the men who shamelessly wrangled for plunder, while they talked solemn platitudes about sacred Whig principles and the thrice-blessed British Constitution.

Walpole, in fact, represents a common creed amongst comfortable but clear-headed men of his time. It was the strange mixture of skepticism and conservatism which is exemplified in such men as Hume and Gibbon. He was at heart a Voltairean, and, like his teacher, confounded all religions and political beliefs under the name of superstition. Voltaire himself did not anticipate the Revolution to which he, more than any man, had contributed. Walpole, with stronger personal reasons than Voltaire for disliking a catastrophe, was as furious as Burke when the volcano burst forth. He was a republican so far as he disbelieved in the divine right of kings, and hated enthusiasm and loyalty generally. He wished the form to survive and the spirit to disappear. Things were rotten, and he wished them to stay rotten. The ideal to which he is constantly recurring was the pleasant reign of his father, when nobody made a fuss or went to war, or kept principles except for sale. He foresaw, however, far better than most men, the coming crash. If political sagacity be fairly tested by a prophetic vision of the French Revolution, Walpole's name should stand high. He visited Paris in 1765, and remarks that laughing is out of fashion. "Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left." Do you know, he asks presently, who are the philosophers? "In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody, and in the next it means men who, avowing war against Papacy, aim, many of them, at the destruction of regal power. The philosophers," he goes on, "are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic. They preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism — you could not believe how openly. Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, '*Il est bigot, c'est un déiste!*'" French politics, he professes a few years afterwards, must end in "despotism, a civil war, or assassination," and he remarks that the age will

not, as he had always thought, be an age of abortion, but rather "the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter." The next century, he says at a later period, "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." If these sentences had been uttered by Burke, they would have been quoted as proofs of remarkable sagacity. As it is, we may surely call them shrewd glances for a frivolous coxcomb.

Walpole regarded these symptoms in the true epicurean spirit, and would have joined in the sentiment, *après moi le déluge*. He was on the whole for remedying grievances, and is put rather out of temper by cruelties which cannot be kept out of his sight. He talks with disgust of the old habit of stringing up criminals by the dozen; he denounces the slave trade with genuine fervor; there is apparent sincerity in his platitudes against war; and he never took so active a part in politics as in the endeavor to prevent the judicial murder of Byng. His conscience generally discharged itself more easily by a few pungent epigrams, and though he wished the reign of reason and humanity to dawn, he would rather that it should not come at all than be ushered in by a tempest. His whole theory is given forcibly and compactly in an answer which he once made to the republican Mrs. Macaulay, and was fond of repeating: "Madam, if I had been Luther, and could have known that for the *chance* of saving a million of souls I should be the cause of a million of lives, at least, being sacrificed before my doctrines could be established, it must have been a most palpable angel, and in a most heavenly livery, before he should have set me at work." We will not ask what angel would have induced him to make the minor sacrifice of six thousand a year to establish any conceivable doctrine.

Whatever may be the merit of these opinions, they contain Walpole's whole theory of life. I know, he seems to have said to himself, that loyalty is folly, that rank is contemptible, that the old society in which I live is rotten to the core, and that explosive matter is accumulating beneath our feet. Well! I am not made of the stuff for a reformer: I am a bit of a snob, though, like other snobs, I despise both parties to the bargain. I will take the sinecures the gods provide me, amuse myself with my toys at Strawberry Hill, despise kings and ministers, without endangering my head by attacking them, and be overpolite to a royal duke when he visits me on condition of laugh-

ing at him behind his back when he is gone. Walpole does not deserve a statue; he was not a Wilberforce or a Howard, and as little of a Burke or a Chatham. But his faults, as well as his virtues, qualified him to be the keenest of all observers of a society unconsciously approaching a period of tremendous convulsions.

To claim for him that, even at his best, he is a profound observer of character, or that he gives any consistent account of his greatest contemporaries, would be too much. He is full of whims, and, moreover, full of spite. He cannot be decently fair to any one who deserted his father, or stood in Conway's light. He reflects at all times the irreverent gossip current behind the scenes. To know the best and the worst that can be said of any great man, the best plan is to read the leading article of his party newspaper, and then to converse in private with its writer. The eulogy and the sarcasm may both be sincere enough; only it is pleasant, after puffing one's wares to the public, to glance at their seamy side in private. Walpole has a decided taste for that last point of view. The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at the moment with a quick eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait, like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling vignettes which are often as significant as far more pretentious works.

Nowhere, for example, can we find more graphic sketches of the great man who stands a head and shoulders above the whole generation of dealers in power and place. Most of Chatham's contemporaries repaid his contempt with intense dislike. Some of them pronounced him mad, and others thought him a knave. Walpole, who at times calls him a mountebank and an impostor, does not go further than Burke, who, in a curious comment, speaks of him as the "grand artificer of fraud," who never conversed but with "a parcel of low toad-eaters"; and asks whether all this "theatrical stuffing" and these "raised heels" could be necessary to the character of a great man. Walpole, of course, has a keen eye to the theatrical stuffing. He takes the least complimentary view of the grand problem, which still puzzles some historians, as to the genuineness of Chatham's gout. He smiles complacently when the great actor forgets that his right arm ought to be lying

helpless in a sling and flourishes it with his accustomed vigor. But Walpole, in spite of his sneers and sarcasms, can recognize the genuine power of the man. He is the describer of the striking scene which occurred when the House of Commons was giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption — the House of Commons was frivolous in those benighted days; he tells how Pitt suddenly stalked down from the gallery and administered his thundering reproof; how Murray, then Attorney General, "crouched silent and terrified," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer faltered out an humble apology for the unseemly levity. It is Walpole who best describes the great debate when Pitt, "haughty, defiant, conscious of injury and supreme abilities," burst out in that tremendous speech — tremendous if we may believe the contemporary reports, of which the only tolerably preserved fragment is the celebrated metaphor about the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône.

Alas! Chatham's eloquence has all gone to rags and tatters; though, to say the truth, it has only gone the way of nine tenths of our contemporary eloquence. We have, indeed, what are called accurate reports of spoken pamphlets, dried specimens of rhetoric from which the life has departed as completely as it is strained out of the specimens in a botanical collection. If there is no Walpole amongst us, we shall know what our greatest living orator has said; but how he said it, and how it moved his audience, will be as obscure as if the reporters' gallery were still unknown. Walpole — when he was not affecting philosophy, or smarting from the failure of an intrigue, or worried by the gout, or disappointed of a bargain at a sale — could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he describes which reveal the true man. He errs from petulancy, but not from stupidity. He can appreciate great qualities by fits, though he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessor. And if he wrote down most of our rulers as knaves and fools, we have only to lower those epithets to selfish and blundering, to get a very fair estimate of their characters. To the picturesque historian his services are invaluable; though no single statement can be accepted without careful correction.

Walpole's social, as distinguished from his political, anecdotes do in one sense what Leech's drawings have done for this generation. But the keen old man of the world puts a far bitterer and deeper meaning into his apparently superficial scratches than the kindly modern artist, whose satire was

narrowed, if purified, by the decencies of modern manners. Walpole reflects in a thousand places that strange combination of brutality and polish which marked the little circle of fine ladies and gentlemen who then constituted society, and played such queer pranks in quiet unconsciousness of the revolutionary elements that were seething below. He is the best of commentators on Hogarth, and gives us "Gin Lane" on one side and the "Marriage à la mode" on the other. As we turn over the well-known pages we come at every turn upon characteristic scenes of the great tragi-comedy that was being played out. In one page a highwayman puts a bullet through his hat, and on the next we read how three thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the criminal in his cell, on the Sunday before his execution, till he fainted away twice from the heat; then we hear how Lord Lovat's buffooneries made the whole brilliant circle laugh as he was being sentenced to death; and how Balmerino pleaded "not guilty," in order that the ladies might not be deprived of their sport; how the House of Commons adjourned to see a play acted by persons of quality, and the gallery was hung round with blue ribands; how the Gunnings had a guard to protect them in the park; what strange pranks were played by the bigamous Miss Chudleigh; what jokes — now, alas! very faded and dreary — were made by George Selwyn, and how that amiable favorite of society went to Paris in order to see the cruel tortures inflicted upon Damiens, and was introduced to the chief performer on the scaffold as a distinguished amateur in executions.

One of the best of all these vignettes portrays the funeral of George II., and is a worthy pendant to Lord Hervey's classic account of the Queen's death. It opens with the solemn procession to the torch-lighted Abbey, whose "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault" excite the imagination of the author of the "Castle of Otranto." Then the comic element begins to intrude; the procession jostles and falls into disorder at the entrance of Henry the Seventh's Chapel; the bearers stagger under the heavy coffin and cry for help; the bishop blunders in the prayers, and the anthem, as fit, says Walpole, for a wedding as a funeral, becomes immeasurably tedious. Against this tragi-comic background are relieved two characteristic figures. The "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, stands with the obstinate courage of his race gazing into the vault where his father is being buried, and into which he is

soon to descend. His face is distorted by a recent stroke of paralysis, and he is forced to stand for two hours on a bad leg. To him enters the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, who begins by bursting into tears and throwing himself back in a stall whilst the Archbishop "hovers over him with a smelling bottle." Then curiosity overcomes him, and he runs about the chapel with a spyglass in one hand to peer into the faces of the company, and mopping his eyes with the other. "Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." What a perch to select! Imagine the contrast of the two men, and remember that the Duke of Newcastle was for an unprecedented time the great dispenser of patronage, and so far the most important personage in the government. Walpole had reason for some of his sneers.

The literary power implied in these brilliant sketches is remarkable, and even if Walpole's style is more Gallicized than is evident to me, it must be confessed that with a few French idioms he has caught something of that unrivaled dexterity and neatness of touch in which the French are our undisputed masters. His literary character is of course marked by an affectation analogous to that which debases his politics. Walpole was always declaring with doubtful sincerity (that is one of the matters in which a man is scarcely bound to be quite sincere) that he has no ambition for literary fame, and that he utterly repudiates the title of "learned gentleman." There is too much truth in his disavowals to allow us to write them down as mere mock modesty; but doubtless his principal motive was a dislike to entering the arena of open criticism. He has much of the feeling which drove Pope into paroxysms of unworthy fury on every mention of Grub Street. The anxiety of men in that day to disavow the character of professional authors must be taken with the fact that professional authors were then an unscrupulous, scurrilous, and venal race. Walpole feared collision with them as he feared collision with the "mountains of roast beef." Though literature was emerging from the back lanes and alleys, the two greatest potentates of the day, Johnson and Warburton, had both a decided cross of the bear in their composition. Walpole was nervously anxious to keep out of their jurisdiction, and to sit at the feet of such

refined lawgivers as Mason and Gray, or the feebler critics of polite society. In such courts there naturally passes a good deal of very flimsy flattery between persons who are alternately at the bar or on the bench. We do not quite believe that Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings were unsurpassable by "Salvator Rosa and Guido," or that Lady Ailesbury's "landscape in worsteds" was a work of high art; and we doubt whether Walpole believed it; nor do we fancy that he expected Sir Horace Mann to believe that when sitting in his room at Strawberry Hill, he was in the habit of apostrophizing the setting sun in such terms as these: "Look at yon sinking beams! His gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon," etc.

Sweeping aside all this superficial rubbish, as a mere concession to the faded taste of the age of hoops and wigs, Walpole has something to say for himself. He has been condemned for the absurdity of his criticisms, and it is undeniable that he sometimes blunders strangely. It would, indeed, be easy to show, were it worth while, that he is by no means so silly in his contemporary verdicts as might be supposed from scattered passages in his letters. But what are we to say to a man who compares Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam"? The first answer is that, in this instance, Walpole was countenanced by greater men. Voltaire, with all his faults the most consummate literary artist of the century, says with obvious disgust that there are people to be found who force themselves to admire "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the "Divina Commedia." Walpole must be reckoned as belonging both in his faults and his merits to the Voltairean school of literature, and amongst other peculiarities common to the master and his disciple, may be counted an incapacity for reverence and an intense dislike to being bored. For these reasons he hates all epic poets, from Dante to Blackmore; he detests all didactic poems, including those of Thomson and Akenside; and he is utterly scandalized by the French enthusiasm for Richardson. In these last judgments, at least nine tenths of the existing race of mankind agree with him; though few people have the courage to express their agreement in print.

We may be thankful that Walpole is as incapable of boring as of enduring bores. He is one of the few Englishmen who share the quality sometimes ascribed to the French as a nation,

and certainly enjoyed by his teacher, Voltaire; namely, that though they may be frivolous, blasphemous, indecent, and faulty in every other way, they can never for a single moment be dull. His letters show that crisp, sparkling quality of style which accompanies this power, and which is so unattainable to most of his countrymen. The quality is less conspicuous in the rest of his works, and the light verses and essays in which we might expect him to succeed are disappointingly weak. Xoho's letter to his countrymen is now as dull as the work of most imaginary travelers, and the essays in *The World* are remarkably inferior to the *Spectator*, to say nothing of the *Rambler*.

Yet Walpole's place in literature is unmistakable, if of equivocal merit. Byron called him the author of the last tragedy and the first romance in our language. The tragedy, with Byron's leave, is revolting (perhaps the reason why Byron admired it), and the romance passes the borders of the burlesque. And yet the remark hits off a singular point in Walpole's history. A thorough child of the eighteenth century, we might have expected him to share Voltaire's indiscriminating contempt for the Middle Ages. One would have supposed that in his lips, as in those of all his generation, Gothic would have been synonymous with barbaric, and the admiration of an ancient abbey as ridiculous as admiration of Dante. So far from which, Walpole is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gimcracks, its pasteboard battlements, and stained-paper carvings, was the lineal ancestor of the new law courts. The restorers of churches, the manufacturers of stained glass, the modern decorators and architects of all vanities, the Ritualists and the High Church party, should think of him with kindness. It cannot be said that they should give him a place in their calendar, for he was not of the stuff of which saints are made. It was a very thin veneering of mediævalism which covered his modern creed; and the mixture is not particularly edifying. Still he undoubtedly found out that charming plaything which, in other hands, has been elaborated and industriously constructed till it is all but indistinguishable from the genuine article. We must hold, indeed, that it is merely a plaything, when all has been said and done, and maintain that when the root has once been severed, the tree can never again be made to grow.

Walpole is so far better than some of his successors, that he did not make a religion out of these flimsy materials. However that may be, Walpole's trifling was the first forerunner of much that has occupied the minds of much greater artists ever since. And thus his initiative in literature has been as fruitful as his initiative in art. The "Castle of Otranto" and the "Mysterious Mother" were the progenitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and probably had a strong influence upon the author of "Ivanhoe." Frowning castles and gloomy monasteries, knights in armor, and ladies in distress, and monks and nuns and hermits, all the scenery and the characters that have peopled the imagination of the romantic school, may be said to have had their origin on the night when Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour Street curiosities, and dreamt that he saw a gigantic hand in armor resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months from that time he had elaborated a story, the object of which, as defined by himself, was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel, and which, to say the least, strikes us now like an exaggerated caricature of the later school. Scott criticises the "Castle of Otranto" seriously, and even Macaulay speaks of it with a certain respect. Absurd as the burlesque seems, our ancestors found it amusing, and, what is stranger, awe-inspiring. Excitable readers shuddered when a helmet of more than gigantic size fell from the clouds, in the first chapter, and crushed the young baron to atoms on the eve of his wedding, as a trap smashes a mouse. This, however, was merely a foretaste of a series of unprecedented phenomena. At one moment the portrait of Manfred's grandfather, without the least premonitory warning, utters a deep sigh, and heaves its breast, after which it descends to the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Presently the menials catch sight of a leg and foot in armor to match the helmet, and apparently belonging to a ghost which has lain down promiscuously in the picture gallery. Most appalling, however, of all is the adventure which happened to Count Frederick in the oratory. Kneeling before the altar was a tall figure in a long cloak. As he approached it rose, and, turning round, disclosed to him the fleshless jaws and empty eye sockets of a skeleton. The ghost disappeared, as ghosts generally do, after giving a perfectly unnecessary warning, and the catastrophe is soon reached by the final appearance of the whole suit of armor with the ghost inside it,

who bursts the castle to bits like an eggshell, and, towering towards the sky, exclaims, "Theodore is the true heir of Alphonso!" This proceeding fortunately made a lawsuit unnecessary, and if the castle was ruined at once, it is not quite impossible that the same result might have been attained more slowly by litigation. The whole machinery strikes us as simply babyish, unless we charitably assume the whole to be intentionally burlesque. The intention is pretty evident in the solemn scene in the chapel, which closes thus: "As he spake these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue" (Alphonso is the specter in armor). "Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. 'Behold!' said the friar, 'mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alphonso will never mix with that of Manfred!'" Nor can we think that the story is rendered much more interesting by Walpole's simple expedient of introducing into the midst of these portents a set of waiting maids and peasants, who talk in the familiar style of the smart valets in Congreve's or Sheridan's comedies.

Yet, babyish as this mass of nursery tales may appear to us, it is curious that the theory which Walpole advocated has been exactly carried out. He wished to relieve the prosaic realism of the school of Fielding and Smollett by making use of romantic associations without altogether taking leave of the language of common life. He sought to make real men and women out of mediæval knights and ladies, or, in other words, he made a first experimental trip into the province afterwards occupied by Scott. The "Mysterious Mother" is in the same taste; and his interest in Ossian, in Chatterton, and in Percy's Relics, is another proof of his anticipation of the coming change of sentiment. He was an arrant trifler, it is true; too delicately constituted for real work in literature and politics, and inclined to take a cynical view of his contemporaries generally, he turned for amusement to antiquarianism, and was the first to set modern art and literature masquerading in the antique dresses. That he was quite conscious of the necessity for more serious study appears in his letters, in one of which, for example, he proposes a systematic history of Gothic architecture, such as has since been often enough executed. It does not, it may be said, require any great intellect, or even any exquisite taste, for a fine gentleman to strike out a new line of dilettante amusement. In truth, Walpole has no pretensions whatever to be

regarded as a great original creator, or even as one of the few infallible critics. The only man of his time who had some claim to that last title was his friend Gray, who shared his Gothic tastes with greatly superior knowledge.

But he was indefinitely superior to the great mass of commonplace writers, who attain a kind of bastard infallibility by always accepting the average verdict of the time; which, on the principle of the *vox populi*, is more often right than that of any dissenter. There is an intermediate class of men who are useful as sensitive barometers to foretell coming changes of opinion. Their intellects are mobile if shallow; and perhaps their want of serious interest in contemporary intellects renders them more accessible to the earliest symptoms of superficial shiftings of taste. They are anxious to be at the head of the fashions in thought as well as in dress, and pure love of novelty serves to some extent in place of genuine originality. Amongst such men Walpole deserves a high place; and it is not easy to obtain a high place even amongst such men. The people who succeed best at trifles are those who are capable of something better. In spite of Johnson's aphorism, it is the colossus who, when he tries, can cut the best heads upon cherry stones, as well as hew statues out of rock. Walpole was no colossus; but his peevish anxiety to affect even more frivolity than was really natural to him, has blinded his critics to the real power of a remarkably acute, versatile, and original intellect. We cannot regard him with much respect, and still less with much affection; but the more we examine his work, the more we shall admire his extreme cleverness.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge and studied for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His most ambitious poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. He died July 30, 1771.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world — to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

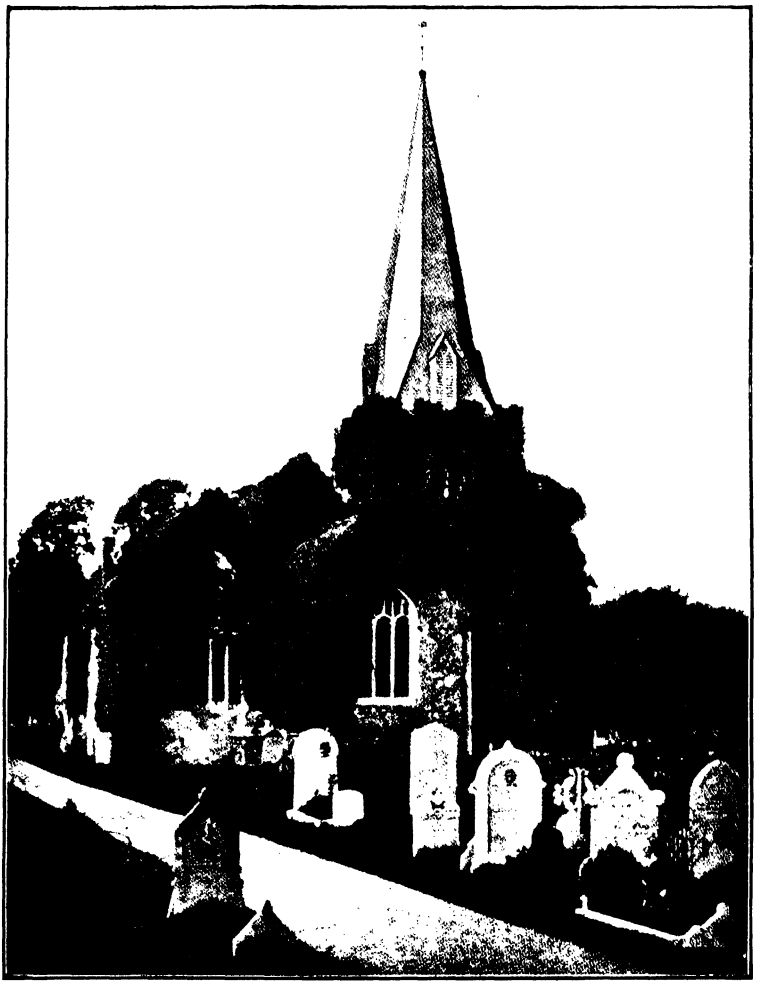
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead — but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



STOKE POGES CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD
OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

From a photo by F. G. O. Stuart, Southampton

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had — a tear;
He gained from heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

EXEQUY.

BY HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

[1592–1669.]

ACCEPT, thou shrine of my dead saint,
Instead of dirges, this complaint;
And for sweet flowers to crown thy hearse
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy grieved friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind; for thee (loved clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practice with mine eyes,
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns; this, only this,
My exercise and business is:
So I compute the weary hours
With sighs dissolvèd into showers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide passed),
And I remember must in tears
Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
As day tells hours: by thy clear sun
My love and fortune first did run:

But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemisphere,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled star is fallen and gone,
And 'twixt me and my soul's dear wish
The earth now interposèd is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make
As ne'er was read in almanac.

I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my sad clime:
Were it a month, or year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then.
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return,
And, putting off thy ashy shroud,
At length disperse this sable cloud!

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blessed as to descry
A glimpse of thee, till that day come
Which shall the earth to cinders doom,
And a fierce fever must calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our souls' bliss: then we shall rise,
And view ourselves with clearer eyes
In that calm region where no night
Can hide us from each other's sight.

Meantime thou hast her, Earth: much good
May my harm do thee! Since it stood

With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-lived right and interest
In her whom living I loved best;
With a most free and bounteous grief
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and, prithee, look
Thou write into thy doomsday book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrined doth lie.
See that thou make thy reckoning straight,
And yield her back again by weight:
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each grain and atom of this trust,
As thou wilt answer Him that lent,
Not gave thee, my dear monument.
So, close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw: my bride is laid.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.
Thus from the sun my bottom steers,
And my day's compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,

And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live,
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

A SISTERLY VISIT.

By SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(From "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.")

[SAMUEL RICHARDSON, English novelist, was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and began his career as a printer's apprentice. He afterwards established a business of his own in London, became printer of the "Journals" of the House of Commons, and late in life was master of the Stationers' Company. Asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life," he wrote "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1741), which ran through five editions in a year, and was recommended even from the pulpit. He then wrote "Clarissa Harlowe" (1751), generally regarded as his masterpiece, and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1754). The former work Johnson declared to be the first book in the world for its knowledge of the human heart. Richardson was a pious, benevolent man, and lived surrounded by a circle of affectionate and flattering friends, mostly women. He died in London, July 4, 1761.]

MONDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE just received a letter from my best friend [her husband]. This is a copy of it; directed to me by maiden name, because of the servant who brought it: —

Monday Morning, Three O'clock.

MY DEAREST LOVE, — As I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope my absence did not discompose you.

I sat up with my poor friend Carlton all night. He entreats me not to leave him. His hours seem to be numbered. A very few, it is believed, will shut up the solemn scene. He is, however, sensible. I have made his heart, and the hearts of his wife and children, easy in the assurances of my kindness to them. I left the poor man. for a few moments, praying for a release, and blessing me.

I could have wished, so much has this melancholy scene affected me, that we had not engaged ourselves to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood, for this night; but since the engagement must take place, let me beg of you, my dear, to take the chariot, and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day, the more obliging it will be to all your admiring friends. I hope to join you there by your tea time in the afternoon. It will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.

I count every hour of this little absence for a day, for I am, with the utmost sincerity, my dearest love,

Forever yours,

W. B.

If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies, it would be a freedom they would be delighted with, and the more, as they expect not such a favor.

God preserve the health of my dearest Mr. B. I hope it will not suffer by his fatigues; and God bless him for his goodness to his sick friend and the distressed family. The least intimation of his pleasure shall be a command to me. I have ordered the chariot to be got ready. I will go and dine with Lady Darnford. I am already dressed.

Mrs. Jewkes is sent for down. The trampling of horses in the courtyard. Visitors are come. A chariot and six. Coronets on the chariot. Who can they be? They have alighted, and come into the house.

Dreadful! Dreadful! What shall I do? Lady Davers! [her husband's sister]. Lady Davers, her own self! And my kind protector a great, great many miles off!

Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my master and me. How I tremble! I can hardly hold my pen. . . . "She is not marry'd, I hope!" said my lady. — "No," replied Mrs. Jewkes. — "I am glad of that!" said my lady. Mrs. Jewkes apologized to me, as it was to be a secret at present, for denying that I was married.

I can write no more at present. Lord bless me! I am all in terrors! I will try to get away.

Let me tell you all, my dear mother, just as it passed. I have been dreadfully — But you shall hear all as it passed.

"I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes," said I. "Let the chariot go to the further end of the elm walk, and I will fly to it unperceiv'd." — "But she is inquiring for you, madam. I said you were within, but going out. She would see you presently, she said, as soon as she could have patience." — "What did she call me, Mrs. Jewkes?" — "*The creature*, madam: — '*I will see the creature*,' said she, '*as soon as I can have patience*.'" — "Ay, but," replied I, "*the creature* won't see her, if she can help it. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favor my escape for this once; for I am sadly frighted."

"I'll bid the chariot go down as you order," said she, "and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the parlor over against the staircase." — "That's a good Mrs. Jewkes!" said I; "but who has she with her?" — "Her woman," answer'd she, "and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables, and they have three footmen." — "And I wish," said I, "they were all three hundred miles off! What *shall* I do!"

Mrs. Jewkes told me I must go down, or my lady would come up. — "What does she call me now?" — "*Wench*, madam: '*Bid the wench come down to me*.' Her nephew and her woman are with her."

"I can't go!" said I, "and that's enough! You might contrive it, that I might get out, if you would." — "Indeed, madam, I cannot, for I would have shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase." — "Then," said I, fanning myself, "I'll get out of the window, I think; I am sadly frighted!" — "I wonder you so much disturb yourself, madam," said Mrs. Jewkes. "You're on the right side of the hedge, I'm sure; and were it my case, I would not be so discompos'd for anybody." — "Ay," said I, "but who can help constitution? I dare say *you* would no more be so discompos'd than I can help it." — "Indeed, madam, if I were you, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome." — "Fine talking!" replied I; "and be cuffed for my civility! How unlucky this is, that your good master is abroad!"

"She expects to see you, madam. What answer shall I give her?" — "Tell her I am sick in bed, tell her I am dying,

and must not be disturb'd; tell her I am gone out; tell her anything!"

At that moment up came her woman. "How do you do, Mrs. Pamela?" said she, and stared; I suppose to see me dressed. "My lady desires to speak with you."—"Now," thought I, "I must go. She won't beat me, I hope. Oh, that my dear protector were at home!"

I followed her woman down; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot when I could get away. I had hoped that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over; but I trembled sadly; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible; and entering the parlor, and making a very low court'sy—"Your servant, my good lady," said I.—"And *your* servant, again," said she, "*my lady;* for I think you are dress'd out like one."

"A charming girl, tho'!" said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath. "Dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her." And came up to me.

"Forbear, uncivil gentleman," said I; "I won't be us'd with freedom."

"Jackey," said my lady, "sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last.

"Well, child," said she, sneeringly, "how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on of late! I hear strange reports about thee! Thou'rt got into fool's paradise, I doubt; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby face!"

"I see," said I, sadly vex'd (her woman and nephew smiling by), "your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw."

"Worden," said she to her woman, "shut the door; my young lady and I must not part so soon. Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child?" said she.

"When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly," replied I, "I shall know how to answer."

"Well, but my dear child," said she, in drollery, "don't be too *pert*, neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore,

which my mother's waiting wench used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself."

"I would beg," said I, "one favor of your ladyship: that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree."

"Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget *my* degree, wouldst thou not *keep* thy distance?"

"If you, madam," said I, "lessen the distance yourself, you will descend nearer to the level you are pleased to consider me in, than I hope Lady Davers, for her own honor, will deign to do."

"Do you hear? do you hear, Jackey? Did I not tell you that I should know how to form a notion of her situation, either by her pertness, or her reverence! — Ah, girl! girl!"

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling, "I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!" — "I hope, sir," replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering), "that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath."

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last — "Why, Mrs. Pamela," said he, "you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof."

"Sir," said I, "you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance."

"How now, Pert One," said my lady, "do you know to whom you talk?"

"I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself ——"

And then I made a low courtesy, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

"Well," said I, "I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands."

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, "Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence." My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said, "You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave."

I stood up and said, "When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit."

"But I ask'd you," said she, "whither your master is gone?"

"To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill."

"And when does he come home?"

"This evening, madam."

"And whither are you going?"

"To a gentleman's house in the town, madam."

"And how were you to go?"

"In the chariot, madam."

"Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it with your master?"

"I beseech you, madam," said I, very much nettled, "to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all."

"Why, Bold Face," said she, "you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time."

I could no longer refrain tears, but said: "Pray, your ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity than your anger?"

She came to me, and, taking my hand, led me to her chair, and then sat down, still holding my hand.

"Poor wench!" said she, "I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concern'd for you. I was still *more* concern'd for you, and lov'd you when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruin'd" (this shocked me a little), "I cannot help showing you my displeasure."

"Madam," reply'd I, "I must beg a less hasty judgment; I have *not* lost my innocence."

"Take care, take care, Pamela; don't lose your veracity, as well as your virtue. Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please? I will make one pro-

posal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me? I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you will go with me. Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can."

"I am innocent, madam," reply'd I, "and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this."

"Then, very flatly, thou liest, child," said she; "and I give thee up," rising, and walking about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, "Your ladyship is very good."

"'Tis a plain case; a very plain case," said her nephew.

I would have mov'd the chair to have gone out, but her nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honor I was raised to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit, and I said, "What, sir, is *your* privilege in this house? And what is your pretense to detain me against my will?"

"Because," said he, "I like it."

"Do you so, sir?" replied I; "if that is the answer of a gentleman to me, a woman, it would not, I dare say, be your answer to a gentleman."

"My lady! my lady!" said he, "a challenge, a challenge, by Gad!"

"No, sir," said I; "I am of a sex that gives no challenges, and you think so too, or you would not have thought of the word."

"Don't be surpris'd, nephew," said my lady; "the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bedfellow. — Pamela, Pamela," tapping my shoulder two or three times in anger, "thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy master's assurance, and art fit to go anywhere."

"Then, and please your ladyship," said I, "I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may withdraw."

"No," reply'd she; "I will know, first, what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent."

"I *can* give," said I, "a very good one; but I beg to be excused."

"I *will* hear it," said she.

"Why, then," answer'd I, "I should perhaps have less reason to like *this* gentleman, at your ladyship's house, than my abode where I am."

"Well then," said she, "I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and see you with them in safety. What do you say to that?"

"Ay, Mrs. Pamela," said her nephew, "now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore Gad, madam, you have puzzled her now."

"Be pleased, madam," said I, "to relieve me from the questionings of this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me insulted."

"Insulted, madam! Insulted!" returned he. "Fine ladies will give themselves fine airs! May she not as well call me insolent, madam?—Who, Mrs. Pamela, do you talk to?"

"Jackey, be quiet," said my lady. "You only give her a pretense to evade my questions.—Answer me, Pamela."

"I will, madam, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be obliged to your ladyship for this honor; for I am to set out on Wednesday on the way to my parents."

"Now, again, thou liest, wench."

"I am not of quality," said I, courtesying, "to answer such language."

"Let me again caution thee, wench, not to provoke me by thy pertness to do something by thee unworthy of myself."

"That," thought I, "you have done already;" but I ventur'd not to say so.

"But who is to carry you," said she, "to your father and mother?"

"Who my master pleases, madam."

"Ay," said she, "I doubt not thou wilt do everything he pleases, if thou hast not already." . . .

I was quite shock'd. "I have not," said I, "deserved such usage; I am sure your ladyship can expect no answer to such a question. My sex, and my youth, might have exempted me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality; were it only for your own sake, madam."

"Thou art a confident wench," said she, "I see!"

"Pray, madam, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town to dinner."

"I can't spare you," replied she; "and whomsoever you are to go to will excuse you when they are told 'tis *I* that command you *not* to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you recollect that 'tis the unexpected arrival of

your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that requires your attendance on her."

I pleaded, foolishly enough, as I might have expected she would ridicule me for it, preëngagement.

"My stars!" said she, "what will this world come to? Waiting wenches plead preëngagements in bar of their duty! —O Pamela, Pamela! I am sorry thou givest thyself such airs, and triest to ape thy betters: I see thou art quite spoil'd; of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wert, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the world but what, I fear, thou art."

"Why, madam," said her kinsman, "what signifies all your ladyship can say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out."

"Bad as you take me to be, madam," said I, "I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me, and I won't bear it."

"Won't *bear* it, wench!—Well, but, Jackey, be silent;" and, shaking her head—"Poor girl! what a sweet innocence is here destroy'd! A thousand pities! I could weep over her! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and has assum'd airs upon it that all those creatures are distinguish'd by!"

I wept for vexation. "Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word."

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and ask'd if her ladyship was ready for dinner. "Let it be served," said she. I would have gone out with Mrs. Jewkes, but my lady, taking my hand, repeated, that she could not spare me. "And, miss," proceeded she, "you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by; you shall not stir from my presence. If you behave better, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you."

Mrs. Jewkes stopping at the door—"Madam," said she to me, "may I speak one word with you?"

"I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes," return'd I. "My lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner."

"Madam, dost thou call her, woman? And I suppose *thou* art called madam too. But what thou hast to say thou mayst speak before me."

Mrs. Jewkes went out, and seem'd vex'd for me. She says my face look'd like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlor, and for *three* persons, and she led me in. "Come, my little dear," said she, with a sneer, "I'll hand you in, and I would have you think as highly of the honor as if it was done you by my brother."

"How dreadful," thought I, "would be my lot, were I as wicked as this haughty lady thinks me!"

"Jackey," said my lady, "come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Worden" (to her woman), "assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?"

"I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands."

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, "Do you expect anybody else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three?*"

"I hoped your ladyship and madam," replied Mrs. Jewkes, "would have been so well reconcil'd that she would have sat down too."

"What means the clownish woman?" said my lady, in great disdain; "could you think the creature should sit down with me?"

"She does, and please your ladyship, with my master." . . .

"So!" said she, "the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say;" and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring. "O my dear God!" said she, "if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor Innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition!—Why," said she, and turn'd me round, "thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *preëngagements!* Prithee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee."

I was then resolved to try to be silent, altho' exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleering at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

"Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam?" said he.

"Ay, well thought of," answered my lady.—"Pray, Mrs.

Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place!" How poor was this for a great lady! I said nothing.

With a still poorer pun — "Thou hast some modesty, however, child! For thou canst not *stand it*, so must *sit*, tho' in my presence!"

I kept my seat, and was still silent. "It is a sad thing," thought I, "to be thus barbarously treated, and hindered, besides, from going where I should be so welcome."

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness, "If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast."

"But, perhaps, child," said her Jackey, "thou likest the merrythought; shall I bring it thee?" And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself, being eldest son of Lord H. His mother was Lord Davers' sister, who, dying some years ago, he has received what education he has from Lord Davers' direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But for one of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, much about the age of my dear Mr. B., he is a silly creature.

"Pamela," said my lady, "help me to a glass of wine. — No, Worden, *you* shan't;" for she was offering to do it. "I will have my Lady Bride confer that honor upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*." I was silent, and stirr'd not.

"Dost hear, *Chastity?*" said she; "wilt thou help me to a glass of wine when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one."

Still I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continu'd silent.

"When I have ask'd thee, Meek One, *half a dozen questions together*," said she, "I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?"

I was so vex'd I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

"I believe," said she, "my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest One, I shall be entitled to an swer."

Her nephew arose, and brought the bottle and glass.

"Come," said he, "Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help her ladyship, and I will be your deputy."

"Sir," replied I, "'tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself."

"Why, Creature," said she, flying into a passion, "dost thou think thyself above it? Insolence!" continued she, "this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or——"

I took a little spirit then. Thought I, I can but be beaten. "If," said I, "to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, were required of me, as a token of respect to Lady Davers; and not as an insult to her brother, who has done me an honor that requires me to act a part not unworthy of his goodness to me, I would do it. But, as things are, I must say I cannot."

She seem'd quite surpris'd, and look'd now upon her kinsman and then upon her woman.

"I'm astonish'd! quite astonish'd! Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you to be my brother's wife; would you not?"

"Your ladyship," said I, "compels me to say this."

"But," replied she, "dost thou *thyself* think thou art so?"

"Silence," said her kinsman, "gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt?"

"Tell me," said my lady, "what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee, to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister?"

"Madam," reply'd I, "that is a question will better become your brother to answer than me."

She was rising in great wrath; but her woman said, "Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her; and if the poor girl has been deluded, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she will be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger."

"True, Worden, very true," said my lady; "but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature."

I would have gone out at the door; but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride and violent temper; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, "Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behavior, you will, perhaps, have

cause to repent it." I then went and sat down in the window again.

"Another challenge, by Gad!" said he; "but I am glad she says her *master!* You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been *so much* deluded as you think for."

And coming to me with a barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, "My new aunt, your *blessing*, or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!"

I gave him a most contemptuous look. "Tinsel'd toy!" said I (for he was laced all over), "twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better. Meantime, sport with your footmen, and not with me."

I then removed to another window nearer the door, and he look'd like the fool he is.

"Worden, Worden," said my lady, "this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers' to be thus used by such a wench?" And was coming to me. Indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, "Pray, your ladyship, don't discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your ladyship and your brother; for my master dotes upon madam."

"Woman," said she, "do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy servants in it!"

"I beg pardon, madam," reply'd Mrs. Jewkes; and turning to me, "Madam," said she, "my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you."

I again arose to go out; but my lady said, "If it were only for *that* reason, she shan't go."

She then went to the door. "Woman," said she to Mrs. Jewkes, shutting her out, "come not in again till I call you;" and stepping to me, took my hand, saying, "Find your legs, miss, if you please."

I stood up. She tapp'd my cheek. "How does that glowing face," said she, "show thy rancorous heart, if thou daredst to speak out! But come this way." And leading me to her chair — "Stand there," said she, "and answer me a few questions, while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent

master to account; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravel'd; for, between you, I *will* come to the bottom of it."

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the window on the other side the parlor, which looks into the private garden; and her woman said, "Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry; stand by her ladyship, as she bids you."

"Mrs. Worden," replied I, "do you attend your *lady's* commands, and lay not *yours* upon *me*."

"Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela," replied she; "times are much alter'd with you, I assure you."

"Lady Davers," return'd I, "has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in; but *you* may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*."

"Heyday!" retorted she. "This from you, Mrs. Pamela! But since you provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind."

"Hush, hush! *good woman*," said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes; "my lady wants not your assistance! Besides, I can't scold!"

The woman was ready to stutter with vexation; and her nephew laugh'd as if he would burst his sides. "G—— d—— me, Worden," said he, "you had better let her alone to my lady here; for she will be too many for twenty such as you and I."

And then he laugh'd again, and repeated, "I *can't scold*," quotha! "but, by Gad, miss, you can speak d——d spiteful words, I can tell you that! Poor Worden, poor Worden! — 'Fore Gad, she's quite dumfounder'd!"

"Well, but, Pamela," said my lady, "come hither, and tell me truly — Dost thou think thyself really marry'd?"

"My good lady," said I, and approach'd her chair, "I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me; but I cannot bear to be used thus by this gentleman and your ladyship's woman."

"Child," said she, "thou art very impertinent to my kinsman; thou canst not be civil to *me;* and *my ladyship's* woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing! Dost thou think thou art really marry'd?"

"I see, madam," replied I, "you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* answer I shall return. If I should say I am *not*, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and perhaps I should tell an untruth. If I should say I *am*, your ladyship

will ask me how I have the impudence to be so; and will call it a sham marriage."

"I will," said she, "be answer'd more directly."

"Why, madam, what does it signify what *I* think? Your ladyship will believe as you please."

"But canst thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly," said she, "to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* brother? He is no fool, child; and libertine enough of conscience; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots."

"Well, well," said I (in a violent flutter), "I am easy and pleas'd with my lot, and pray, madam, let me continue to be so as long as I can."

"Pert wench! But I will have patience with thee, if possible. Dost thou not think I am concern'd that thou, a young creature, whom my mother lov'd so well, shouldst have cast thyself away, shouldst have suffer'd thyself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand that thou madest for so long a time?"

"I do not think myself deluded and undone, madam; and am as innocent and as virtuous as ever I was in my life."

"Thou liest, child," said she.

"So your ladyship told me *twice* before!"

She gave my hand a slap for this; and I made a low courtesy; and retiring, said, "I humbly thank your ladyship!" But I could not refrain tears; and added, "Your brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, tho' *I* do."

"Come a little nearer me, my dear," said she, "and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou thinkest thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he were here, I would serve thee worse, and him too."

"I wish he was," said I.

"Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?"

"Now, pray, madam," said I (but got a little further off), "be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honor*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said *one* thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench, and the creature, you take me to be?"

"Come hither, my pert dear," replied she, "come but

within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest."

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, "I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam?"

"I suppose *not*," said she. "Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayst fast till thy mannerly master comes home."

"Pray your ladyship," said her woman, "let the *poor girl* sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Worden," replied I, "but times, as you said, are much alter'd with me. I have been of late so much honor'd by better company that I can't stoop to yours."

"Was ever such confidence!" said my lady.

"Poor Worden! poor Worden!" said her kinsman; "why, she beats you quite out of the pit!"

"Will your ladyship," said I, "be so good as to tell me how long I am to stay? For you will please to see by *that* letter that I am obliged to attend my master's commands." And so I gave her her brother's letter, written from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honor done me by him.

"Ay," said she, "this is my *worthy* brother's hand; it is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to *you*, I suppose, child! Thy name will be always Andrews for him, I am sure!" And so she read on, making remarks as she went along, in this manner: —

"'My dearest love,' — DEAREST LOVE sure!" looking at me, from head to foot. — "What! this to thy baby face! — DEAREST LOVE! — Out upon it! I shall never bear to hear those words again! — Pray, Jackey, bid Lord Davers never call *me* 'dearest love!' — 'as I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope' — Lord be good unto me! Mind, Jackey! I HOPE — 'my absence did not discompose you.' — Who can bear this! — A confession, Jackey! a plain confession!" — "And so it is, madam! As clear to me as the sun!" looking at me till he dashed me. And then laughing with *such* an impudent look. I hated him at the moment. — "Well, but *did it discompose his dearest love?*" said my lady. "*Wert*

thou *discomposed*, dearest love? — Vastly tender! A creature, in thy way of life, is more complaisantly treated than an honest wife; but mark the end of it!"

She read to herself till she came to the following words: "'I could have wished' — Prithee, Jackey, mind this — 'I could have wished WE had not engaged OURSELVES' — WE and OURSELVES — MY brother and THEE, reptile, put together! Give me patience! — 'to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood for this night.' — And does Sir Simon, and the good neighborhood, permit thy visits, child? They shall have none from me, I assure them. — 'But since the engagement must take place,' — Mind, mind, Jackey — 'let me beg of you,' — The wretch who could treat Lord Davers and me as he has done, to turn beggar to this creature! — *Let me beg of you* — 'my dear,' — My dear! I shall be sick before I get half thro'! Thou little witch! How hast thou brought this about? — But I will read on — 'to take the chariot,' — And is the chariot ready? — Thank Heaven, I am in time to save thee this presumption! — 'and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day the more obliging' — Say you so, brother? And can thy company, creature, *oblige Sir Simon* and the *good neighborhood?* — 'to all your ad-' — O Jackey, Jackey — sick — sick to death! — 'miring friends!'" — And away went the letter at my head. I would have stooped for it; but her Worden was too nimble for me, and put the letter again into her lady's hands; who went on with her remarks. — "'I hope to join you there' — Join *you* — Who? Pamela Andrews! A beggar's brat! Taken by my mother ——" "On charity, madam!" said I. "I courtesy to the dear lady's memory for it. I can best bear this of all your ladyship's reflections. It is my glory!" — "Confidence! be silent. Dost thou glory in thy shame!" — "Thank God," thought I, "I have a *truer* glory!" And I was silent, proudly silent, my dear mother. "'I hope to join you there,'" proceeded she in reading, "'by your tea time in the afternoon.' — So you are in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important *preëngagements*. Now, Jackey, he would have been hanged before he would have wrote so complaisantly to a WIFE. No *admiring* friends would he have mentioned to a woman of birth and quality answerable to his own, after the first fortnight. Very evident to me how the case is. — Is it not so to you, Jackey? — To you, Worden?" — "Very true, madam," said her woman. — "Clear as the sun," said her

nephew, sneering in my glowing face. — "Uncivil gentleman!" I muttered to myself; but still I was proud of my innocence; and I could the better be silent. My lady read on: "'It will be six miles' difference to me.' — Ah, wretched Pamela! Seest thou not that thy influence is already in the wane? Hadst thou kept thine innocence, and thy lover had been of thine own rank, sixty miles would have been no more than one to him. Thinkest thou that my brother's heart is to be held fast by that baby face of thine? Poor wretch! How I pity thee!" I courtesied to her for her pity; but still in proud (because self-justified) silence. She read on: "'And I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.' — Excuse dress! No doubt but they will. Any dress is good enough, I am sure, to appear in, to such company as *admire* thee, creature, for a companion, in thy ruined state! — But, Jackey, Jackey! More fine things still! — 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' — There's for you! Let me repeat it: 'I count every hour of this little absence for a day!' Mind too the nonsense of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his dear; no less than, according to his amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights at least! And yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE ABSENCE. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother. But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons! — But now comes the reason *why* this LITTLE absence, which, at the same time, is so GREAT an ABSENCE, is so *tedious*: 'For I am,' — Ay, now for it! — 'with the UTMOST sincerity, my dearest love,' — Out upon it! DEAREST LOVE, again! — 'Forever yours!' — But, brother, thou liest! Thou know'st thou dost. And, so, my good Miss Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest love* will be *forever yours!* — And hast thou the vanity to believe this? — But stay, here is a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love*. He's sadly in for't, truly! Why, *his dearest love*," looking at me, "you are mighty happy in such a lover! — 'If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies,' — Cry your mercy, my *dearest love*, now comes the *preëngagement!* — 'it would be a freedom' — A freedom with a witness! — 'they would be delighted with.' — Wretched flatterers, and mean-spirited creatures, if they are. — 'And the more, as they expect not such a favor.' — *Favor!* Jackey! *Favor!* — O thou poor painted doll! But I *will* have patience, if possible!

Thy company will indeed be a favor to those who can be delighted with it."

"Well, so much for this kind letter! — Worden, you may go to dinner with Fat Face!"

Her woman retired. "But you see, miss," proceeded my lady to me, "you cannot honor this *admiring* company with this *little-expected*, and, but in complaisance to *his* folly, I dare say, *little-desired freedom*. And indeed, I cannot forbear *admiring* thee so much myself, my *dearest love*, that I will not spare thee at all, this whole evening."

You see that I had shown her my letter to very little purpose. Indeed, I repented my giving it into her hands several times as she read.

"Well then," said I, "I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and let him know that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me that you will not let me leave you."

"Insolent creature!" said she; "and wantest thou my *good* brother, as thou callest him, to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, what it is thou meantest by showing me this letter?"

"To show your ladyship," replied I, "how I was engaged for this day and evening."

"And for nothing else?" asked she.

"If your ladyship can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope not to be the *worse* treated for them."

Her eyes sparkled with indignation. She took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, "I know, confident creature, that you show'd it me to insult me. You show'd it me, to let me see that he could be civiler to a beggar-born than to me, or to my good Lord Davers. You show'd it me, as if you would have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe you are married, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* know it. You show'd it me, in short, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and unsullied beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee an hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot."

This fearful menace, and her fiery eyes and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.

I wept. "Good your ladyship," said I, "pity me. Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world."

"Tho' I know," said she, "the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense; yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to *my* brother! So take care, Pamela; take care, beggar's brat; take care."

"Spare, madam, I beseech you, my parents. They are honest; they are good; it is no crime to be poor. They were once in a very creditable way; they never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend the highest. I can bear the cruelest imputations on myself; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who have passed thro' the greatest trials, without being beholden to anything but God's blessing, and their own hard labor, I cannot bear reflection."

"What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art? — God give me patience! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the Herald's Office, to set out thy wretched obscurity. Provoke me, Pamela; I desire thou wilt. One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art marry'd to *my* brother."

"Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say will please you; and your ladyship is resolved to be angry with me, let me beg of you to do whatever you design by me, and suffer me to depart your presence!"

She slapt my hand, and reach'd to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes and her woman, hearkening without, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us, "Your ladyship knows not what you do; indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me if I suffer'd, in his house, one he so dearly loves to be so used; and it must *not* be, tho' you are Lady Davers."

Her woman too interposed, and told her I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But my lady was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said I should not go till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it halfway, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, "O the sword! the sword!" And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady,

and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy; and said, sinking on my knees, "Defend me, good your ladyship! The sword! the sword!"—Mrs. Jewkes said, "My lady will fall into fits." But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, "Jackey, don't draw your sword! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward."

"Come," said she, "be comforted; I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish." Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said, "Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves; and, Jackey, do you withdraw; only you, Worden, stay."

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

"You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela," again said her woman.

"Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd," replied my lady. She sat down over against me. "To be sure, Pamela," said she, "you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too) as to me." And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. "Own," said she, "you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon; and I will try to pity you; for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence."

"'Tis injurious to me, madam," said I, "to imagine I have not! . . .

"Then your ladyship's next question," said I, "will be—Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my answer to that—and will beat me again."

"I have not beat you yet; have I, Worden? So you want to make out a story, do you? But, indeed, I cannot bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, to serve for a cloak to thy yielding. Prithee, prithee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little; know it almost as much at thirty-two as thou dost at sixteen."

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—"Beat me again, if you please," said I; "but I

must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship!"

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again. "Let the vain creature go from your presence, madam," said she. "She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship."

"Stand away, Worden," said my lady. "That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I? Is that to be borne?"

"But if the creature believes she is, madam," said her woman, "she is to be as much pity'd for her credulity as despis'd for her vanity."

I was in hopes to have slipp'd out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pull'd me back. "Pray, your ladyship," said I, very much afraid of her (for I have a strange notion of the fury of a woman of quality when provoked), "don't kill me! I have done no harm." She locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. And I, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, lifted up the sash, and said, "Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship."

She was resolv'd to be displeas'd, let me say what I would.

"No, no," said she; "he'll then think that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."

"I thought your ladyship," reply'd I, "could not have taken exceptions at this message."

"Thou knowest nothing, wench," said she, "of what belongs to people of condition; how shouldst thou?"

"Nor," thought I, "do I desire it at this rate."

"What shall I say, madam, to your brother?"

"Nothing at all," replied she; "let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and every one will be *a day* in his amorous account."

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd, "Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by."

"*As much marry'd as I!*" repeated she. "The insolence of the creature!" talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me, as she walked; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was — "Am I not worthy of an answer?"

"If I speak," replied I, "your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully. Would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship!"

"Confess the truth," answered she, "that thou art an undone creature; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast caused between thy master and me; and then I will pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; or if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee."

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected; and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front yard, the parlor floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could, — my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out; and she bidding them stop me, I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows!" But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, — the only time, I thought, it ever became him, — and said, "He would *chine* the man" (that was his word) "who offer'd to touch his lady;" and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, "The creature flies like a bird." Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying, "Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!" He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said, "Don't be frighten'd, madam; nobody shall hurt you." He shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

HENRY FIELDING

THE GENIAL JOKES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By HENRY FIELDING.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

[HENRY FIELDING, English novelist, was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707, son of Edmund Fielding, afterwards lieutenant general under the Duke of Marlborough. He was sent to Eton and Leyden, and on his return from the Continent wrote a number of comedies and farces, among them being "The Modern Husband," "The Wedding Day," etc. In 1735 he married Miss Charlotte Craddock, of Salisbury, and settled down as a country gentleman, but, having speedily exhausted his wife's money and his own, he resumed dramatic work; studied for the bar; and for immediate subsistence employed his pen on various subjects. He made his début as a novelist with "Joseph Andrews" (1742), which he had at first conceived as a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela." The work met with success, and was followed by "Jonathan Wild the Great," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." In 1745 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster. He died October 8, 1754, at Lisbon, whither he had gone in search of health.]

THE hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time, applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviæ* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any

intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species, for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack hare he ever saw, at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous, manly style of thy Mallet; thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero; lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand — a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning ; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been taken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories: as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that "Nobody bids more for that fine, that superb." He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes ; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons: the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption; the second and much the greater reason is that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose : for indeed what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight, which Joseph no sooner perceived than he leveled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his greatcoat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good at trailing, and sure in a highway; no babbler, no overrunner; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg: no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name, Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equaled by any poet, romance or life writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of

laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting match, race, cock fighting, bull or bear baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the

courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty, which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams, some of them declaring that parson hunting was the best sport in the world, others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk, a favor which was likewise intended for Adams, which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed further, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and

other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university — that is, what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country, especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs, and who did indeed no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying

grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavored to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams' ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practiced on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty: —

An Extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view?
His cassock old, his wig not overnew,
Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon;
But would it not make any mortal stare
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received

with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him "his cassock would serve for petticoats, and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman;" he then stepped forward to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a

parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had a hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it" (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent "That he hoped he did not mean

to reflect upon him; damn him, he had as much imanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams, smiling, said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and clenching his fist declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty, and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor, who indeed had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should

discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson, eagerly; "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars, for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared "He was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drunk two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water

provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Adams, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued as that Mr. Adams might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing master and doctor went on this errand.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CLINKER.

By TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

(From "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker.")

[Tobias George Smollett, English novelist, grandson of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, was born at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, March, 1721. After a course of study at the University of Glasgow, he was apprenticed to a surgeon; about 1740 entered the navy as surgeon's mate; and took part in the disastrous expedition against Carthagena (1741). On his return to England, he set up as a practitioner in London, and then in Bath, but, not meeting with success, turned to literature, and acquired a reputation as novelist, editor, historian, dramatist, translator, etc. Toward the close of his life he retired to Monte Novo, near Leghorn, Italy, where he died after a long illness, October 21, 1771. "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker" are his principal novels. His other works include: "A Complete History of England," written in fourteen months; "The Adventures of an Atom," a satire; translations of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas"; plays, poems, etc. Smollett ranks with Richardson and Fielding as one of the standard novelists of the eighteenth century, founders of the English school of prose fiction.]

J. Melford to Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., of Jesus Coll. Oxon.

Dear Phillips, — The moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission. With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty. The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me — but he denied the charge with great confidence; till I told him that, if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but, if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages; and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance. So much for business.

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance; because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt,

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

From an original painting

I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to see a carriage belonging to a coach maker in our neighborhood. Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door, which, it seems, opened into a kind of Methodist meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace. But, if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was Lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Squaretoes was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lackey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, Lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotions, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at anything she had done. "I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character. If, in fact, as I rather believe, your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine ——" Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the

whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that, if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand, with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing anything that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him upstairs, and spoke to him in these words: —

"Since you are called upon by the Spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service."

"I hope," said Humphry, "I have not failed in my duty to your honor; I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me; but having an inward admonition of the Spirit ——"

"Admonition of the devil!" cried the squire, in a passion; "what admonition, you blockhead? What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?"

"Begging your honor's pardon," replied Clinker, "may not the new light of God's grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philosopher, in all his pride of human learning?"

"What you imagine to be the new light of grace," said his master, "I take to be a deceitful vapor, glimmering through a crack in your upper story; in a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, sir!" cried Humphry, "the light of reason is no more, in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon."

"Very true," said my uncle, "the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain. Hark ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast, and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others

of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-o'-the-wisp from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy: and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair."

"Which the Lord, of his infinite mercy, forbid!" exclaimed the affrighted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honor says I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll assure your honor I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad; therefore I beseech your honor, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery."

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of Methodism; but Mrs. Tabitha took offense at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly-mindedness; she upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience' sake; she observed that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look; then turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says. If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of Methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labor."

"I would not willingly give offense to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry; "her ladyship has been very good to me ever since we came to London; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises, and both she and Lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims; but, at the same

time, I am bound to love and obey your honor. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with a gentleman of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison to your honor, therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner Lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching; that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention; that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griskin. Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister; that, on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulsions as made him believe he was certainly moved by the Spirit, and that he had assisted in Lady Griskin's and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary; that this supposition would account for their endeavors to convert him to Methodism, an event which would occasion a connection of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand that Barton was preëngaged; that he had the day before made a

present of an étuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuffbox at the same time; that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honorable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objection to his alliance; that I thanked him for the honor he had intended our family, but told him it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life; that he assured me he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

Matt. Bramble to Dr. Lewis.

I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from Justice Buzzard to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman. This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked and obtained permission; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the justice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected. Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief takers; and, at a little distance, a thick squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a post chaise, which he, the postilion, drove. This deposition was sufficient to justify his

commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect; which, begging their pardon, is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavorable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savored of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent; and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavors that he may not be oppressed. I shall to-morrow send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner, that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf. Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin. I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlor, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay in London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find anything in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

LONDON, *June* 12.

J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., JESUS COLL. OXON.

DEAR WAT, — The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage. Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion,

with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison. A postilion having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risk of being hanged. Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve as persuaded most of the people who crowded the place that he was really a knave; and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favor the culprit—he was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted that he was a student in one of the inns of court—he freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his simplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so."

"No," cried he, "God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin."

"What then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master.

"No, sure," said he, "blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the justice interposed, observing that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The templar affirmed that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic. "You know very well," added he, "that the robbery in question was not committed by the pris-

The thief takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied, with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine."

In short, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks' confinement. He said his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, "Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?"

"We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions," said he; "but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction; and, as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point-blank to his identity."

"So, if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he has sworn," said I, "this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The constable observed that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi;* or perhaps, Martin might be apprehended, and convicted for another fact, in which case he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself; or finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind, so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about. Then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprise that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance, the constable, who was himself a thief taker, gave me to understand that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behavior void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches, or trinkets, nor even with bank notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other. "This great man," said he, "has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but, for all that, his race is almost run. He is now fluttering about justice like a moth about a candle. There are so many lime twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honorable member of that community upon which he now preys for a subsistence! It seems he lived some time as a clerk to a timber merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, he was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way than by taking to the road, in which he has traveled hitherto with uncommon success. He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence. The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part. Hitherto he has baffled all the

vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honor to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenseless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the jailer of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity of equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness as by his own misfortune. When I assured him that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down upon his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O squire," cried he, sobbing, "what shall I say? — I can't — no, I can't speak — my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear — dear — generous — noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time Lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen; and when we inquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him," said he; "here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place. Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined — we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his garnish — the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion. For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil. Two or three

as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by habeas corpus, or otherwise, I'll be damned if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls — we shan't have a soul to credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman, — damn my eyes! there will be nothing but sniveling in the cart — we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the jailer's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our housemaid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw anything so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervor, on the torments of hell, denounced in Scripture against evil doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins formed a group that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, disdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a sixth, derision; and in a seventh, indignation. As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow; but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The jailer's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying she wished from her heart there was such another good soul like him in every jail in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man. But Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to Methodism. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honor of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the

benefit of their poor souls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reënforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maidservants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of Justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial. So that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and indeed the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the squire, in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honorable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him that he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person whose deposition would bring him off as clear as the sun at noon. Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself! He said the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next jail delivery. He affirmed that all these circumstances were well known to the justice; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgment of his candor and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favorable

Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be dismissed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavors do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from — Yours,

J. MELFORD.

LONDON, *June* 11.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS COLL. OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,— The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty. As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society, who, resenting his presumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postilion being upon record as an old offender, the Chief Justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honest Humphry was discharged. When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion. He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words. "Clinker," said he, "I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life guardsman on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung across his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday, at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself ahorseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I had

taken upon trial. The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding dress, jack boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes; so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postilions stopped the carriage and gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows ahorseback, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and, unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert. At this instant who should come up, at a hand gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance, fled across the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would give him leave, he would have the honor to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck. Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was described by the constable, and he was much

struck with its singularity. He could not suppose the fellow had any design on our company, which was so numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him for the service he had just done them, said he would be glad of his company, and asked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profession of our guest; but this was a secret to all, except my uncle and myself. Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means consent to proceed with a case of loaded pistols in the coach, and they were forthwith discharged in complaisance to her and the rest of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, she became remarkably good humored, and at dinner behaved in the most affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whose polite address, and agreeable conversation, she seemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accosted me in the yard, asked with a significant look, if the gentleman that rode the sorrel belonged to our company? I understood his meaning, but answered *No;* that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen. He nodded three times distinctly, as much as to say he knows his cue. Then he inquired if one of those men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a chestnut gelding, with a white streak down his forehead? and being answered in the affirmative, he assured me they had robbed three post chaises this very morning. I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and nodding thrice again, he answered that *he had seen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin, with such expression as is more easily conceived than described, asked, if he often traveled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his understanding the question, that he very seldom did business in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favored us with his company to the neighborhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me in very polite terms, and turned off upon a crossroad, that led to a village on the left. At supper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praise of Mr. Martin's good sense and good breeding, and seemed to regret that she had not a farther opportunity to make some experiment upon his affection.

J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., AT OXON.

DEAR WAT, — In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practiced upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of the mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution; but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavors to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and by dint of his outlandish qualifications threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his

secondhand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed; he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier-maché;* he supplied her with a powder for her teeth; he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion; he undertook to be her French master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lute-string, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed, but she was most remarkable for the frissure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high street to the theater, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horsewhip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. "He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, "but I might as well challenge him to make a horseshoe or a plow iron, for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it does not become servants to use those weapons,

or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if your honor won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'an a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the Border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lismahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defense but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the mean time the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favor of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces; and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart from which the other had

been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken; in the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoring abed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter; but when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. One of the first persons he encountered was the postilion returned from Coldstream, where he had been witness to the marriage, and, over and above a handsome gratuity, had received a bride's favor, which he now wore in his cap. When the forsaken lover understood they were actually married, and set out for London, and that Dutton had discovered to the lady that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run distracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He swore he would pursue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a post chaise and four to be got ready as soon as possible; but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of traveling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what happened, till the postilion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who sent me his respects, hoping I would excuse him for his abrupt departure, as it was a step upon which his fortune depended. Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged tomorrow!" When I asked him who he was, "My name," said he, "is Master Macloughlin, but it should be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope. I'm a man of fortune, and have spent all I had; and so being in distress, Mr. Coshgrave, the fashioner in Suffolk Street, tuck me out, and made me his own private shecretary; by the same token, I was the last he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himself up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, because as how he could not refuse anybody that asked, and therefore in time would have robbed himself of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long

at that rate, must have died bankrupt very soon; and so I made my addresses to Miss Skinner, a young lady of five thousand pounds' fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worse; and, to be sure, this day would have put me in possession, if it had not been for that rogue your sarvant, who came like a tief, and stole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that she was going to marry the ninth part of a man; but the devil burn my soul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't show him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his first alarm, I told him I was sorry he had allowed himself to be so jockied, but it was no business of mine, and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride had likewise robbed me of my servant. "Didn't I tell you then," cried he, "that Rogue was his true Christian name. Oh! if I had but one fair trust with him upon the sod, I'd give him leave to brag all the rest of his life."

My uncle, hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement, observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape; that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah!" said he, "she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss; and, like Judas, she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expenses back to London; and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience rather than treat as footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present, and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old soldier, whose last master, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered, but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good sort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much respected by all the travelers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run; at present the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favor of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those flood gates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostasy and reprobation, and, finally, threatened to send her a packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

LYDIA MELFORD TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY, — Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate, my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed! — and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well-nigh perished. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his

own father?—for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman who came to offer us his assistance and invite us to his house turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son; who do you think is this only son? O Letty! O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you that this only son of Mr. Dennison is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart! Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favor; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother no longer oppose my inclinations; on the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble! I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune; I have no merit, I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel; I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion, Lydia Melford.

This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favor us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker, alias Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you

ABBOTSFORD, FROM THE LAKE

will arrive by four in the afternoon at the halfway house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where I am sure you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal; if you have any friendship, any humanity, you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise your ever-faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

October 14.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BÜRGER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the brush, the brier, the brake:
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,

And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May:
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

"To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray: —
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
  O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right
  Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Upsprings, from yonder tangled thorn,
  A stag more white than mountain snow:
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
  "*Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!*"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
  He gasps the thundering hoofs below:
But, live who can, or die who may,
  Still, "*Forward, forward!*" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
  A field with Autumn's blessings crowned;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
  A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
  Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
  In scorching hour of fierce July."—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
  The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
  But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
  Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
  "*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*"

So said, so done:—A single bound
  Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
  Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
  Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
  Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
  Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall; —
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!" —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmannered dog! To stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*" —
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near:
The murderous cries the stag appall, —
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, "*Hark away! and holla, ho!*"

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer;
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar, and forbear!

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head: —
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey: —
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Nor God Himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*" —
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;

And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke: —

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood;
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hushed. — One flash of somber glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; — her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "*Hark away, and holla, ho!*"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

VOLTAIRE

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the 'lated peasant hears;
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
The infernal cry of "*Holla, ho!*"

EXPERIENCES OF CANDIDE.

By VOLTAIRE.

(From "Candide; or, Optimism.")

[François Marie Arouet, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717–1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are: "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

One evening that Candide, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners who lodged at the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the color of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us; be sure you do not fail." Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprise. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, "Cunegund!" said he, "Cunegund has come with you, doubtless! Where, where is she? Carry me to her

this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence." "Cunegund is not here," answered Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "Good heavens, at Constantinople! But no matter if she were in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone." "Soft and fair," said Cacambo, "stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say anything more to you. I am a slave, and my master waits for me: I must go and attend him at table. But mum! say not a word; only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers, who were come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, "Sire, your majesty may go when you please; the ship is ready;" and so saying he left the room. The guests, surprised at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word, when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, "Sire, your majesty's post chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready." The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, "Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get everything ready," and instantly disappeared.

Candide and Martin then took it for granted that this was some of the diversions of the Carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, "Your majesty may set off when you please;" saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candide. "Troth, sir," said he, "they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu." The servants being

GRAND CANAL, VENICE

From a painting by J. M. W. Turner

all gone, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candide broke it by saying, "Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly that neither my friend Martin here nor myself have any claim to royalty."

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: "I am not joking in the least. My name is Achmet III. I was grand seignior for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said: "My name is Ivan. I was once Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favor. I have fought in defense of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown into their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself; and my grandfather and I are come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth spoke thus: "I am the King of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of Providence, in the same manner as Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I am King of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings put together were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gen-

tlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw in a common jail in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the Carnival."

The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention; it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candide gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. "Who can this private person be?" said the five princes to one another, "who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?"

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the Carnival at Venice. Candide took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

The trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candide and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candide said to Martin: "You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund. My dear Martin, I must insist on it that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best." "I wish it may be so," said Martin. "But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn." "This is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be

dethroned; and as for our having the honor to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident not deserving our attention."

As soon as Candide set his foot on board the vessel he flew to his old friend and valet, Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. "Well," said he, "what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have doubtless purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragotsky, whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly." "Ugly or handsome," said Candide, "I am a man of honor; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition when I sent five or six millions to her by you?" "Lord bless me," said Cacambo, "was I not obliged to give two millions to Seignior Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Fagueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? And then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? And then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of, and I myself am slave to the dethroned Sultan." "What a chain of shocking accidents!" exclaimed Candide. "But after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she is grown so very ugly."

Then turning to Martin, "What think you, friend?" said he; "whose condition is most to be pitied, the Emperor Achmet's, the Emperor Ivan's, King Charles Edward's, or mine?" "Faith, I cannot resolve your question," said Martin, "unless I had been in the breasts of you all." "Ah!" cried Candide, "were Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once." "I know not," said Martin, "in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings.

All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet." "Why, that may be," answered Candide.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and the first thing Candide did was to pay a very high ransom for Cacambo; then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley in order to search for his Cunegund on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bastinado. Candide, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy Baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion. He examined them more attentively than before. "In troth," said he, turning to Martin, "if I had not seen my Master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the Baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men."

No sooner had Candide uttered the names of the Baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bastinado. "Hold, hold," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons." "Good heavens! it is Candide," said one of the men. "Candide!" cried the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide, "or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my Lord Baron, whom I killed? and that my Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?"

"It is I! it is I!" cried they both together. "What, is this your great philosopher?" said Martin. "My dear sir," said Candide to the master of the galley, "how much do you ask for the ransom of the Baron of Thundertentronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Why then, Christian cur," replied the Turkish captain, "since these two

dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund." The captain, upon Candide's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars so effectually that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide bestowed a thousand embraces on the Baron and Pangloss. "And so then, my dear Baron, I did not kill you? And you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley?" "And is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," said Cacambo. "And do I once again behold my dear Candide?" said Pangloss. Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them. They embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to port. Candide instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time by Father Abraham that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands than he paid it down for the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears. The former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible," said he, "that my sister should be in Turkey?" "Nothing is more possible," answered Cacambo, "for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince." Candide sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them. And then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

"Pardon," said Candide to the Baron; "once more let me entreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body." "Say no more about it," replied the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must own. But as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had

been cured of the wound you gave me by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found bathing in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not believe there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian prince who had taken refuge among the Turks."

"But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss?" said Candide. "It is true," answered Pangloss, "you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent that they found it impossible to light the fire, so they e'en hanged me because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy Inquisition was a subdeacon, and knew how to burn people very well; but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled downstairs. His wife, hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, 'My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest

to come and drive the evil spirit out.' I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have mercy on me!' At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me: and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lackey to a Knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

"One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old imam and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with the most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it that the imam began to be angry, and perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the Cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the very galley and to the very same bench with the Baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself. We were continually whipped, and received twenty lashes a day with a bastinado, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to them, "when you were hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that everything in this world happens for the best?" "I have always abided by my first opinion," answered Pangloss; "for, after all, I am a philosopher, and it would not become me to retract my sentiments, especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong, and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*."

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world, on causes

and effects, on moral and physical evil, on free will and necessity, and on the consolation that may be felt by a person when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there were Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some tablecloths on a line to dry.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candide, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sunburnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face, and arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favorable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her. He then acquainted the Baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never suffer," said the Baron, "my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part; no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire." Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. "Thou foolish fellow," said Candide, "have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom and thy sister's too, who was a scullion and is very ugly, and yet condescend to marry her; and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again." "Thou mayest kill me again," said the Baron, "but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living."

Candide had in truth no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine

memorial, by which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys, after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the Father General at Rome. This advice was found to be very good: the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister. The business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine that after undergoing so many disasters, Candide married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that a person is equally ill situated everywhere; he took things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzeroum; and other cadis, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, "I would be glad to know which is worst: to be the negro pirates', to have pieces of one's flesh cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in short, to experience

all the miseries through which every one of us has passed, or to remain here doing nothing?" "This," said Candide, "is a grand question."

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide did not absolutely agree to this, yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that everything went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which more than ever confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss, which was the arrival of Pacquette and Brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarreled again, been thrown into prison; had made their escape, and at last Brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. "I foresaw very well," says Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than Brother Giroflée and Pacquette." "Ah!" says Pangloss to Pacquette, "it is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world?" This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult. Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: "Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed."

"Why do you trouble your head about it?" said the dervish; "is it any business of yours?" "But my reverend father," says Candide, "there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth." "What signifies it," says the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?" "What must then be done?" says

Pangloss. "Be silent," answers the dervish. "I flattered myself," replied Pangloss, "to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a preëstablished harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation news was spread abroad that two viziers of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled. "I cannot tell," answered the good old man; "I never knew the name of any mufti or vizier breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end, and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is doing at Constantinople. I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands." After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly have a vast estate," said Candide to the Turk, who replied, "I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children, and our labor keeps off from us three great evils — idleness, vice, and want."

Candide as he was returning home made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. "This good old man," said Martin, "appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers;

for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athalia by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV." "Neither need you tell me," said Candide, "that we must take care of our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle." "Work, then, without disputing," said Martin. "It is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry work, Paequette embroidered, the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to Brother Giroflée, but did some service. He was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man.

Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide: "There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not traveled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."

THE SELF-ANALYSIS OF A PARASITE.[1]

BY DENIS DIDEROT.

(From "Rameau's Nephew.")

[DENIS DIDEROT, French encyclopedist and philosophical writer, was born, a master cutler's son, at Langres, October 5, 1713. With a passion for books and study, he quitted the law and settled in Paris, where he supported himself by teaching, translating, and general literary work. His "Pensées Philosophiques" (1746) was burned by the Parliament of Paris, while he suffered three months' imprisonment at Vincennes for a work entitled "A Letter on the Blind" (1749). But he is now chiefly remembered as the projector and co-editor with D'Alembert of the famous "Encyclopédie," a repository of the results of scientific research in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first volume was issued in 1751, and although publication was several times suspended by the government, the vast undertaking was carried to a successful conclusion twenty years later. Diderot received financial support from Catherine II., and went to St. Petersburg (1773–1774) to thank his imperial benefactress. He died at Paris, July, 1784. Besides articles in the "Encyclopédie" on history, philosophy, and mechanical arts, he wrote plays, letters, art criticisms, and several stories, among which may be mentioned "The Nun," "Jacques the Fatalist," and "Rameau's Nephew." Diderot is regarded as the chief of the skeptical school of encyclopedists; and it is asserted that he was a professed atheist.]

He — Singular beings, you are!

I — 'Tis you who are beings much to be pitied, if you cannot imagine that one rises above one's lot, and that it is impossible to be unhappy under the shelter of good actions.

He — That is a kind of felicity with which I should find it hard to familiarize myself, for we do not often come across it. But, then, according to you, we should be good.

I — To be happy, assuredly.

He — Yet I see an infinity of honest people who are not happy, and an infinity of people who are happy without being honest.

I — You think so.

He — And is it not for having had common sense and frankness for a moment, that I don't know where to go for a supper to-night?

I — Nay, it is for not having had it always; it is because you did not perceive in good time that one ought first and foremost to provide a resource independent of servitude.

He — Independent or not, the resource I had provided is at any rate the most comfortable.

I — And the least sure and least decent.

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He — But the most conformable to my character of sloth, madman, and good for naught.

I — Just so.

He — And since I can secure my happiness by vices which are natural to me, which I have acquired without labor, which I preserve without effort, which go well with the manners of my nation, which are to the taste of those who protect me, and are more in harmony with their small private necessities than virtues which would weary them by being a standing accusation against them from morning to night, why, it would be very singular for me to go and torment myself like a lost spirit, for the sake of making myself into somebody other than I am, to put on a character foreign to my own, and qualities which I will admit to be highly estimable, in order to avoid discussion, but which it would cost me a great deal to acquire, and a great deal to practice, and would lead to nothing, or possibly to worse than nothing, through the continual satire of the rich among whom beggars like me have to seek their subsistence. We praise virtue, but we hate it, and shun it, and know very well that it freezes the marrow of our bones — and in this world one must have one's feet warm. And then all that would infallibly fill me with ill humor; for why do we so constantly see religious people so harsh, so querulous, so unsociable? 'Tis because they have imposed a task upon themselves which is not natural to them. They suffer, and when people suffer, they make others suffer too. That is not my game, nor that of my protectors either; I have to be gay, supple, amusing, comical. Virtue makes itself respected, and respect is inconvenient; virtue insists on being admired, and admiration is not amusing. I have to do with people who are bored, and I must make them laugh. Now it is absurdity and madness which make people laugh, so mad and absurd I must be; and even if nature had not made me so, the simplest plan would still be to feign it. Happily, I have no need to play hypocrite; there are so many already of all colors, without reckoning those who play hypocrite with themselves. . . . If your friend Rameau were to apply himself to show his contempt for fortune, and women, and good cheer, and idleness, and to begin to Catonize, what would he be but a hypocrite? Rameau must be what he is — a lucky rascal among rascals swollen with riches, and not a mighty paragon of virtue, or even a virtuous man, eating his dry crust of bread, either alone, or by the side of a pack of beg-

gars. And, to cut it short, I do not get on with your felicity, or with the happiness of a few visionaries like yourself.

I—I see, my friend, that you do not even know what it is, and that you are not even made to understand it.

He—So much the better, I declare; so much the better. It would make me burst with hunger and weariness, and, maybe, with remorse.

I—Very well, then, the only advice I have to give you, is to find your way back as quickly as you can into the house from which your impudence drove you out.

He—And to do what you do not disapprove absolutely, and yet is a little repugnant to me relatively?

I—What a singularity!

He—Nothing singular in it at all; I wish to be abject, but I wish to be so without constraint. I do not object to descend from my dignity. . . . You laugh?

I—Yes, your dignity makes me laugh.

He—Everybody has his own dignity. I do not object to come down from mine, but it must be in my own way, and not at the bidding of others. Must they be able to say to me, Crawl—and behold me, forced to crawl? That is the worm's way, and it is mine; we both of us follow it—the worm and I—when they leave us alone, but we turn when they tread on our tails. They have trodden on my tail, and I mean to turn. And then you have no idea of the creature we are talking about. Imagine a sour and melancholy person, eaten up by vapors, wrapped twice or thrice round in his dressing gown, discontented with himself, and discontented with every one else; out of whom you hardly wring a smile, if you put your body and soul out of joint in a hundred different ways; who examines with a cold considering eye the droll grimaces of my face, and those of my mind, which are droller still. I may torment myself to attain the highest sublime of the lunatic asylum, nothing comes of it. Will he laugh, or will he not? That is what I am obliged to keep saying to myself in the midst of my contortions; and you may judge how damaging this uncertainty is to one's talent. My hypochondriac, with his head buried in a nightcap that covers his eyes, has the air of an immovable pagod, with a string tied to its chin, and going down under his chair. You wait for the string to be pulled, and it is not pulled; or if by chance the jaws open, it is only to articulate some word that shows he has not seen you, and that all your

drolleries have been thrown away. This word is the answer to some question which you put to him four days before; the word spoken, the mastoid muscle contracts, and the jaw sticks.

[Then he set himself to imitate his man. He placed himself on a chair, his head fixed, his hat coming over his eyebrows, his eyes half shut, his arms hanging down, moving his jaw up and down like an automaton:] Gloomy, obscure, oracular as destiny itself — such is our patron.

At the other side of the room is a prude who plays at importance, to whom one could bring one's self to say that she is pretty, because she is pretty, though she has a blemish or two upon her face. *Item*, she is more spiteful, more conceited, and more silly than a goose. *Item*, she insists on having wit. *Item*, you have to persuade her that you believe she has more of it than anybody else in the world. *Item*, she knows nothing, and she has a turn for settling everything out of hand. *Item*, you must applaud her decisions with feet and hands, jump for joy, and scream with admiration: "How fine that is, how delicate, well said, subtly seen, singularly felt! Where do women get that? Without study, by mere force of instinct, and pure light of nature! That is really like a miracle! And then they want us to believe that experience, study, reflection, education, have anything to do with the matter! . . ." And other fooleries to match, and tears and tears of joy; ten times a day to kneel down, one knee bent in front of the other, the other leg drawn back, the arms extended towards the goddess, to seek one's desire in her eyes, to hang on her lips, to wait for her command, and then start off like a flash of lightning. Where is the man who would subject himself to play such a part, if it is not the wretch who finds there two or three times a week the wherewithal to still the tribulation of his inner parts?

I — I should never have thought you were so fastidious.

He — I am not. In the beginning I watched the others, and I did as they did, even rather better, because I am more frankly impudent, a better comedian, hungrier, and better off for lungs. I descend apparently in a direct line from the famous Stentor. . . .

[And to give me a just idea of the force of his organ, he set off laughing, with violence enough to break the windows of the coffeehouse, and to interrupt the chess players.]

I — But what is the good of this talent?

He — You cannot guess?

I — No; I am rather slow.

He — Suppose the debate opened, and victory uncertain; I get up, and, displaying my thunder, I say: "That is as mademoiselle asserts. . . . That is worth calling a judgment. There is genius in the expression." But one must not always approve in the same manner; one would be monotonous, and seem insincere, and become insipid. You only escape that by judgment and resource; you must know how to prepare and place your major and most peremptory tones, to seize the occasion and the moment. When, for instance, there is a difference in feeling, and the debate has risen to its last degree of violence, and you have ceased to listen to one another, and all speak at the same time, you ought to have your place at the corner of the room which is farthest removed from the field of battle, to have prepared the way for your explosion by a long silence, and then suddenly to fall like a thunderclap over the very midst of the combatants. Nobody possesses this art as I do. But where I am truly surprising is in the opposite way — I have low tones that I accompany with a smile, and an infinite variety of approving tricks of face; nose, lips, brow, eyes, all make play; I have a suppleness of reins, a manner of twisting the spine, of shrugging the shoulders, extending the fingers, inclining the head, closing the eyes, and throwing myself into a state of stupefaction, as if I had heard a divine angelic voice come down from heaven; that is what flatters. I do not know whether you seize rightly all the energy of that last attitude. I did not invent it, but nobody has ever surpassed me in its execution. Behold, behold!

I — Truly, it is unique.

He — Think you there is a woman's brain that could stand that?

I — It must be admitted that you have carried the talent of playing the madman, and of self-debasement, as far as it can possibly be carried.

He — Try as hard as they will, they will never touch me — not the best of them. Palissot, for instance, will never be more than a good learner. But if this part is amusing at first, and if you have some relish in inwardly mocking at the folly of the people whom you are intoxicating, in the long run that ceases to be exciting, and then after a certain number of discoveries one is obliged to repeat one's self. Wit and art have

their limits. 'Tis only God Almighty and some rare geniuses, for whom the career widens as they advance.

I— With this precious enthusiasm for fine things, and this facility of genius of yours, is it possible that you have invented nothing?

He — Pardon me; for instance, that admiring attitude of the back, of which I spoke to you; I regard it as my own, though envy may contest my claim. I dare say it has been employed before: but who has felt how convenient it was for laughing in one's sleeve at the ass for whom one was dying of admiration! I have more than a hundred ways of opening fire on a girl under the very eyes of her mother, without the latter suspecting a jot of it; yes, and even of making her an accomplice. I had hardly begun my career before I disdained all the vulgar fashions of slipping a *billet-doux;* I have ten ways of having them taken from me, and out of the number I venture to flatter myself there are some that are new. I possess in an especial degree the gift of encouraging a timid young man; I have secured success for some who had neither wit nor good looks. If all that was written down, I fancy people would concede me some genius.

I— And would do you singular honor.

He — I don't doubt it.

I— In your place, I would put those famous methods on paper. It would be a pity for them to be lost.

He — It is true; but you could never suppose how little I think of method and precepts. He who needs a protocol will never go far. Your genius reads little, experiments much, and teaches himself. Look at Cæsar, Turenne, Vauban, the Marquise de Tencin, her brother the cardinal, and the cardinal's secretary, the Abbé Trublet, and Bouret! Who is it that has given lessons to Bouret? Nobody; 'tis nature that forms these rare men.

I— Well, but you might do this in your lost hours, when the anguish of your empty stomach, or the weariness of your stomach overloaded, banishes slumber.

He — I'll think of it. It is better to write great things than to execute small ones. Then the soul rises on wings, the imagination is kindled; whereas it shrivels in amazement at the applause which the absurd public lavishes so perversely on that mincing creature of a Dangeville, who plays so flatly, who walks the stage nearly bent double, who stares affectedly and

incessantly into the eyes of every one she talks to, and who takes her grimaces for finesse, and her little strut for grace; or on that emphatic Clairon, who becomes more studied, more pretentious, more elaborately heavy, than I can tell you. That imbecile of a pit claps hands to the echo, and never sees that we are a mere worsted ball of daintinesses ('Tis true the ball grows a trifle big, but what does it matter?), that we have the finest skin, the finest eyes, the prettiest bill; little feeling inside, in truth; a step that is not exactly light, but which for all that is not as awkward as they say. As for sentiment, on the other hand, there is not one of these stage dames whom we cannot cap.

I— What do you mean by all that? Is it irony or truth?

He— The worst of it is that this deuced sentiment is all internal, and not a glimpse of it appears outside; but I who am now talking to you, I know, and know well, that she has it. If it is not that, you should see, if a fit of ill humor comes on, how we treat the valets, how the waiting maids are cuffed and trounced, what kicks await our good friend, if he fails in an atom of that respect which is our due. 'Tis a little demon, I tell you, full of sentiment and dignity. Ah, you don't quite know where you are, eh?

I— I confess I can hardly make out whether you are speaking in good faith or in malice. I am a plain man. Be kind enough to be a little more outspoken, and to leave your art behind for once. . . .

He— What is it? why it is what we retail before our little patroness about the Dangeville or the Clairon, mixed up here and there with a word or two to put you on the scent. I will allow you to take me for a good for nothing, but not for a fool; and 'tis only a fool, or a man eaten up with conceit, who could say such a parcel of impertinences seriously.

I— But how do people ever bring themselves to say them?

He— It is not done all at once, but little by little you come to it. *Ingenii largitor venter.*

I— Then hunger must press you very hard.

He— That may be; yet strong as you may think them, be sure that those to whom they are addressed are much more accustomed to listen to them than we are to hazard them.

I— Is there anybody who has courage to be of your opinion?

He— What do you mean by anybody? It is the sentiment and language of the whole of society.

I— Those of you who are not great rascals must be great fools.

He— Fools! I assure you there is only one, and that is he who feasts us to cheat him.

I— But how can people allow themselves to be cheated in such gross fashion? For surely the superiority of the Dangeville and the Clairon is a settled thing.

He— We swallow until we are full to the throat any lie that flatters us, and take drop by drop a truth that is bitter to us. And then we have the air of being so profoundly penetrated, so true.

I— Yet you must once, at any rate, have sinned against the principles of art, and let slip, by an oversight, some of those bitter truths that wound; for, in spite of the wretched, abject, vile, abominable part you play, I believe you have at bottom some delicacy of soul.

He— I! not the least in the world. Deuce take me if I know what I am! In a general way, I have a mind as round as a ball, and a character fresh as a water willow. Never false, little interest as I have in being true; never true, little interest as I have in being false. I say things just as they come into my head; sensible things, then so much the better; impertinent things, then people take no notice. I let my natural frankness have full play. I never in all my life gave a thought, either beforehand, what to say, or while I was saying it, or after I had said it. And so I offend nobody.

I— Still that did happen with the worthy people among whom you used to live, and who were so kind to you.

He— What would you have? It is a mishap, an unlucky moment, such as there always are in life; there is no such thing as unbroken bliss: I was too well off, it could not last. We have, as you know, the most numerous and the best-chosen company. It is a school of humanity, the renewal of hospitality after the antique. All the poets who fall, we pick them up; all decried musicians, all the authors who are never read, all the actresses who are hissed, a parcel of beggarly, disgraced, stupid, parasitical souls, and at the head of them all I have the honor of being the brave chief of a timorous flock. It is I who exhort them to eat the first time they come, and I who ask for drink for them — they are so shy. A few young men in rags who do not know where to lay their heads, but who have good looks; a few scoundrels who bamboozle the master of the house,

and put him to sleep, for the sake of gleaning after him in the fields of the mistress of the house. We seem gay, but at bottom we are devoured by spleen and a raging appetite. Wolves are not more famishing, nor tigers more cruel. Like wolves when the ground has been long covered with snow, we raven over our food, and whatever succeeds we rend like tigers. Never was seen such a collection of soured, malignant, venomous beasts. You hear nothing but the names of Buffon, Duclos, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot; and God knows the epithets that bear them company! Nobody can have any parts if he is not as stupid as ourselves. That is the plan on which Palissot's play of "The Philosophers" has been conceived. And you are not spared in it, any more than your neighbors.

I—So much the better. Perhaps they do me more honor than I deserve. I should be humiliated if those who speak ill of so many clever and worthy people took it into their heads to speak well of me.

He—Everybody must pay his scot. After sacrificing the greater animals, then we immolate the others.

I—Insulting science and virtue for a living, that is dearly earned bread!

He—I have already told you, we are without any consistency; we insult all the world, and afflict nobody. We have sometimes the heavy Abbé d'Olivet, the big Abbé Le Blanc, the hypocrite Batteux. The big abbé is only spiteful before he has had his dinner; his coffee taken, he throws himself into an armchair, his feet against the ledge of the fireplace, and sleeps like an old parrot on its perch. If the noise becomes violent he yawns, stretches his arms, rubs his eyes, and says: "Well, well, what is it?" "It is whether Piron has more wit than Voltaire." "Let us understand; is it wit that you are talking about, or is it taste? For as to taste, your Piron has not a suspicion of it." "Not a suspicion of it?" "No." And there we are, embarked in a dissertation upon taste. Then the patron makes a sign with his hand for people to listen to him, for if he piques himself upon one thing more than another, it is taste. "Taste," he says, "taste is a thing. . . ." But, on my soul, I don't know what thing he said that it was, nor does he.

Then sometimes we have friend Robbé. He regales us with his equivocal stories, with the miracles of the convulsionnaires

which he has seen with his own eyes, and with some cantos of a poem on a subject that he knows thoroughly. His verses I detest, but I love to hear him recite them — he has the air of an energumen. They all cry out around him: "There is a poet worth calling a poet! . . ."

Then there comes to us also a certain noodle with a dull and stupid air, but who has the keenness of a demon, and is more mischievous than an old monkey. He is one of those figures that provoke pleasantries and sarcasms, and that God made for the chastisement of those who judge by appearances, and who ought to have learnt from the mirror that it is as easy to be a wit with the air of a fool as to hide a fool under the air of a wit. 'Tis a very common piece of cowardice to immolate a good man to the amusement of the others; people never fail to turn to this man; he is a snare that we set for the newcomers, and I have scarcely known one of them who was not caught. . . .

[I was sometimes amazed at the justice of my madman's observations on men and characters, and I showed him my surprise.] That is, he answered, because one derives good out of bad company, as one does out of libertinism. You are recompensed for the loss of your innocence by that of your prejudices; in the society of the bad, where vice shows itself without a mask, you learn to understand them. And then I have read a little.

I — What have you read?

He — I have read, and I read, and I read over and over again Theophrastus and La Bruyère and Molière.

I — Excellent works, all of them.

He — They are far better than people suppose; but who is there who knows how to read them?

I — Everybody does, according to the measure of his intelligence.

He — No; hardly anybody. Could you tell me what people look for in them?

I — Amusement and instruction.

He — But what instruction, for that is the point?

I — The knowledge of one's duties, the love of virtue, the hatred of vice.

He — For my part, I gather from them all that one ought to do, and all that one ought not to say. Thus, when I read the "Avare," I say to myself: "Be a miser if thou wilt, but

beware of talking like the miser." When I read "Tartufe," I say: "Be a hypocrite if thou wilt, but do not talk like a hypocrite. Keep the vices that are useful to thee, but avoid their tone and the appearances that would make thee laughable." To preserve thyself from such a tone and such appearances, it is necessary to know what they are. Now these authors have drawn excellent pictures of them. I am myself, and I remain what I am, but I act and I speak as becomes the character. I am not one of those who despise moralists; there is a great deal of profit to be got from them, especially with those who have applied morality to action. Vice only hurts men from time to time; the characteristics of vice hurt them from morning to night. Perhaps it would be better to be insolent than to have an insolent expression. One who is insolent in character only insults people now and again; one who is insolent in expression insults them incessantly. And do not imagine that I am the only reader of my kind. I have no other merit in this respect than having done on system, from a natural integrity of understanding, and with true and reasonable vision, what most others do by instinct. And so their readings make them no better than I am, and they remain ridiculous in spite of themselves, while I am only so when I choose, and always leave them a vast distance behind me; for the same art which teaches me how to escape ridicule on certain occasions teaches me also on certain others how to incur it happily. Then I recall to myself all that the others said, and all that I read, and I add all that issues from my own originality, which is in this kind wondrous fertile.

I— You have done well to reveal these mysteries to me, for otherwise I should have thought you self-contradictory.

He— I am not so in the least, for against a single time when one has to avoid ridicule, happily there are a hundred when one has to provoke it. There is no better part among the great people than that of fool. For a long time there was the king's fool; at no time was there ever the king's sage, officially so styled. Now I am the fool of Bertin and many others, perhaps yours at the present moment, or perhaps you are mine. A man who meant to be a sage would have no fool, so he who has a fool is no sage; if he is not a sage he is a fool, and perhaps, even were he the king himself, the fool of his fool. For the rest, remember that in a matter so variable as manners, there is nothing absolutely, essentially, and universally true

or false; if not that one must be what interest would have us be, good or bad, wise or mad, decent or ridiculous, honest or vicious. If virtue had happened to be the way to fortune, then I should either have been virtuous, or I should have pretended virtue, like other persons. As it was, they wanted me to be ridiculous, and I made myself so; as for being vicious, nature alone had taken all the trouble that was needed in that. When I use the term "vicious," it is for the sake of talking your language; for, if we came to explanations, it might happen that you called vice what I call virtue, and virtue what I call vice.

Then we have the authors of the Opéra Comique, their actors and their actresses, and oftener still their managers, all people of resource and superior merit. And I forget the whole clique of scribblers in the gazettes, the *Avant Coureur*, the *Petites Affiches*, the *Année littéraire*, the *Observateur littéraire*.

I—The *Année littéraire*, the *Observateur littéraire!* But they detest one another.

He—Quite true, but all beggars are reconciled at the poringer. That cursed *Observateur littéraire*, I wish the devil had had both him and his sheet! It was that dog of a miserly priest who caused my disaster. He appeared on our horizon for the first time; he arrived at the hour that drives us all out of our dens, the hour for dinner. When it is bad weather, lucky the man among us who has a shilling in his pocket to pay for a hackney coach! He is free to laugh at a comrade for coming besplashed up to his eyes and wet to the skin, though at night he goes to his own home in just the same plight. There was one of them some months ago who had a violent brawl with the Savoyard at the door. They had a running account; the creditor insisted on being paid, and the debtor was not in funds, and yet he could not go upstairs without passing through the hands of the other.

Dinner is served; they do the honors of the table to the abbé—they place him at the upper end. I come in and see this. "What, abbé, you preside? That is all very well for to-day, but to-morrow you will come down, if you please, by one plate; the day after by another plate, and so on from plate to plate, now to right and now to left, until from the place that I occupied one time before you, Fréron once after me, Dorat once after Fréron, Palissot once after Dorat, you become stationary beside me, poor rascal as you are—*che siedo sempre come*"—[an Italian proverb not to be decently reproduced].

The abbé, who is a good fellow, and takes everything in good part, bursts out laughing; mademoiselle, struck by my observation and by the aptness of my comparison, bursts out laughing; everybody to right and left burst out laughing, except the master of the house, who flies into a huff, and uses language that would have meant nothing if we had been by ourselves —

"Rameau, you are an impertinent."

"I know I am, and it is on that condition that I was received here."

"You are a scoundrel."

"Like anybody else."

"A beggar."

"Should I be here, if I were not?"

"I will have you turned out of doors."

"After dinner I will go of my own will."

"I recommend you to go."

We dined: I did not lose a single toothful. After eating well and drinking amply, for after all Messer Gaster is a person with whom I have never sulked, I made up my mind what to do, and I prepared to go; I had pledged my word in presence of so many people that I was bound to keep it. For a considerable time I hunted up and down the room for my hat and cane in every corner where they were not likely to be, reckoning all the time that the master of the house would break out into a new torrent of injuries, that somebody would interpose, and that we should at last make friends by sheer dint of altercation. I turned on this side and that, for I had nothing on my heart; but the master, more somber and dark-browed than Homer's Apollo as he lets his arrows fly among the Greeks, with his cap plucked farther over his head than usual, marched backwards and forwards up and down the room. Mademoiselle approaches me: "But, mademoiselle," say I, "what has happened beyond what happens every day? Have I been different from what I am on other days?"

"I insist on his leaving the house." — "I am leaving. . . . But I have given no ground of offense." — "Pardon me; we invite the abbé and . . ." It was he who was wrong to invite the abbé, while at the same time he was receiving me, and with me so many other creatures of my sort. — "Come, friend Rameau, you must beg the abbé's pardon." — "I shall not know what to do with his pardon." — "Come, come, all will be right." — They take me by the hand, and drag me towards the abbé's chair; I

look at him with a kind of admiring wonder, for who before ever asked pardon of the abbé? "All this is very absurd, abbé; confess, is it not?" And then I laugh, and the abbé laughs too. So that is my forgiveness on that side; but I had next to approach the other, and that was a very different thing. I forget exactly how it was that I framed my apology. — "Sir, here is the madman . . ." — "He has made me suffer too long; I wish to hear no more about him." — "He is sorry." — "Yes, I am very sorry." — "It shall not happen again." — "Until the first rascal . . ." — I do not know whether he was in one of those days of ill humor when mademoiselle herself dreads to go near him, or whether he misunderstood what I said, or whether I said something wrong: things were worse than before. Good heavens, does he not know me? Does he not know that I am like children, and that there are some circumstances in which I let anything and everything escape me? And then, God help me, am I not to have a moment of relief? Why, it would wear out a puppet made of steel, to keep pulling the string from night to morning, and from morning to night! I must amuse them, of course, that is the condition; but I must now and then amuse myself. In the midst of these distractions there came into my head a fatal idea, an idea that gave me confidence, that inspired me with pride and insolence: it was that they could not do without me, and that I was indispensable.

I — Yes, I dare say that you are very useful to them, but that they are still more useful to you. You will not find as good a house every day; but they, for one madman who falls short, will find a hundred to take his place.

He — A hundred madmen like me, sir philosopher; they are not so common, I can tell you! Flat fools — yes. People are harder to please in folly than in talent or virtue. I am a rarity in my own kind, a great rarity. Now that they have me no longer, what are they doing? They find time as heavy as if they were dogs. I am an inexhaustible bagful of impertinences. Every minute I had some fantastic notion that made them laugh till they cried; I was a whole Bedlam in myself.

I — Well, at any rate you had bed and board, coat and breeches, shoes, and a pistole a month.

He — That is the profit side of the account; you say not a word of the cost of it all. First, if there was a whisper of a new piece (no matter how bad the weather), one had to ransack all the garrets in Paris, until one had found the author; then

to get a reading of the play, and adroitly to insinuate that there was a part in it which would be rendered in a superior manner by a certain person of my acquaintance. — "And by whom, if you please?" — "By whom? a pretty question! There are graces, finesse, elegance." — "Ah, you mean Mademoiselle Dangeville? Perhaps you know her?" — "Yes, a little; but 'tis not she." — "Who is it, then?" — I whispered the name very low. "She?" — "Yes, she," I repeated with some shame, for sometimes I do feel a touch of shame; and at this name you should have seen how long the poet's face grew, if indeed he did not burst out laughing in my face. Still, whether he would or not, I was bound to take my man to dine; and he, being naturally afraid of pledging himself, drew back, and tried to say "No, thank you." You should have seen how I was treated, if I did not succeed in my negotiation! I was a blockhead, a fool, a rascal; I was not good for a single thing; I was not worth the glass of water which they gave me to drink. It was still worse at their performance, when I had to go intrepidly amid the cries of a public that has a good judgment of its own, whatever may be said about it, and make my solitary clap of the hand audible, draw every eye to me, and sometimes save the actress from hisses, and hear people murmur around me — "He is one of the valets in disguise belonging to the man who . . . Will that knave be quiet?" They do not know what brings a man to that; they think it is stupidity, but there is one motive that excuses anything.

I — Even the infraction of the civil laws.

He — At length, however, I became known, and people used to say: "Oh, it is Rameau!" My resource was to throw out some words of irony to save my solitary applause from ridicule, by making them interpret it in an opposite sense.

Now agree that one must have a mighty interest to make one thus brave the assembled public, and that each of these pieces of hard labor was worth more than a paltry crown. And then at home there was a pack of dogs to tend, and cats for which I was responsible. I was only too happy if Micou favored me with a stroke of his claw that tore my cuff or my wrist. Criquette is liable to colic; 'tis I who have to rub her. In old days mademoiselle used to have the vapors; to-day, it is her nerves. She is beginning to grow a little stout; you should hear the fine tales they make out of this.

I — You do not belong to people of this sort, at any rate?

He — Why not?

I — Because it is indecent to throw ridicule on one's benefactors.

He — But is it not worse still to take advantage of one's benefits to degrade the receiver of them?

I — But if the receiver of them were not vile in himself, nothing would give the benefactor the chance.

He — But if the personages were not ridiculous in themselves they would not make subjects for good tales. And then, is it my fault if they mix with rascaldom? Is it my fault if, after mixing themselves up with rascaldom, they are betrayed and made fools of? When people resolve to live with people like us, if they have common sense, there is an infinite quantity of blackness for which they must make up their minds. When they take us, do they not know us for what we are, for the most interested, vile, and perfidious of souls? Then if they know us, all is well. There is a tacit compact that they shall treat us well, and that sooner or later we shall treat them ill in return for the good that they have done us. Does not such an agreement subsist between a man and his monkey or his parrot? . . . If you take a young provincial to the menagerie at Versailles, and he takes it into his head for a freak to push his hands between the bars of the cage of the tiger or the panther, whose fault is it? It is all written in the silent compact, and so much the worse for the man who forgets or ignores it. How I could justify by this universal and sacred compact the people whom you accuse of wickedness, whereas it is in truth yourselves whom you ought to accuse of folly. . . . But while we excute the just decrees of Providence on folly, you who paint us as we are, you execute its just decrees on us. What would you think of us, if we claimed, with our shameless manners, to enjoy public consideration? That we are out of our senses. And those who look for decent behavior from people who are born vicious and with vile and bad characters — are they in their senses? Everything has its true wages in this world. There are two Public Prosecutors, one at your door, chastising offenses against society; nature is the other. Nature knows all the vices that escape the laws. Give yourself up to debauchery, and you will end with dropsy; if you are crapulous, your lungs will find you out; if you open your door to ragamuffins, and live in their company, you will be betrayed, laughed at, despised. The shortest way is to resign one's self to the

equity of these judgments, and to say to one's self: That is as it should be; to shake one's ears and turn over a new leaf, or else to remain what one is, but on the conditions aforesaid. . . .

I— You cannot doubt what judgment I pass on such a character as yours?

He — Not at all; I am in your eyes an abject and most despicable creature; and I am sometimes the same in my own eyes, though not often: I more frequently congratulate myself on my vices than blame myself for them; you are more constant in your contempt.

I — True; but why show me all your turpitude?

He — First, because you already know a good deal of it, and I saw that there was more to gain than to lose, by confessing the rest.

I — How so, if you please?

He — It is important in some lines of business to reach sublimity; it is especially so in evil. People spit upon a small rogue, but they cannot refuse a kind of consideration to a great criminal; his courage amazes you, his atrocity makes you shudder. In all things, what people prize is unity of character.

I — But this estimable unity of character you have not quite got: I find you from time to time vacillating in your principles; it is uncertain whether you get your wickedness from nature or study, and whether study has brought you as far as possible.

He — I agree with you, but I have done my best. Have I not had the modesty to recognize persons more perfect in my own line than myself? Have I not spoken to you of Bouret with the deepest admiration? Bouret is the first person in the world for me.

I — But after Bouret you come?

He — No.

I — Palissot, then?

He — Palissot, but not Palissot alone.

I — And who is worthy to share the second rank with him?

He — The Renegade of Avignon.

I — I never heard of the Renegade of Avignon, but he must be an astonishing man.

He — He is so, indeed.

I — The history of great personages has always interested me.

He — I can well believe it. This hero lived in the house

of a good and worthy descendant of Abraham, promised to be father of the faithful in number equal to the stars in the heavens.

I—In the house of a Jew?

He—In the house of a Jew. He had at first surprised pity, then good will, then entire confidence, for that is how it always happens: we count so strongly on our kindness, that we seldom hide our secrets from anybody on whom we have heaped benefits. How should there not be ingrates in the world, when we expose this man to the temptation of being ungrateful with impunity? That is a just reflection which our Jew failed to make. He confided to the renegade that he could not conscientiously eat pork. You will see the advantage that a fertile wit knew how to get from such a confession. Some months passed, during which our renegade redoubled his attentions; when he believed his Jew thoroughly touched, thoroughly captivated, thoroughly convinced that he had no better friend among all the tribes of Israel . . . now admire the circumspection of the man! He is in no hurry; he lets the pear ripen before he shakes the branch; too much haste might have ruined his design. It is because greatness of character usually results from the natural balance between several opposite qualities.

I—Pray leave your reflections, and go straight on with your story.

He—That is impossible. There are days when I cannot help reflecting; 'tis a malady that must be allowed to run its course. Where was I?

I—At the intimacy that had been established between the Jew and the renegade.

He—Then the pear was ripe. . . . But you are not listening; what are you dreaming about?

I—I am thinking of the curious inequality in your tone, now so high, now so low.

He—How can a man made of vices be one and the same? . . . He reaches his friend's house one night, with an air of violent perturbation, with broken accents, a face as pale as death, and trembling in every limb. "What is the matter with you?"—"We are ruined."—"Ruined, how?"—"Ruined, I tell you, beyond all help."—"Explain."—"One moment, until I have recovered from my fright."—"Come, then, recover yourself," says the Jew. . . . "A traitor has informed against us before the Holy Inquisition, you as a Jew, me as a renegade, an infamous renegade. . . ." Mark how the traitor does not

blush to use the most odious expressions. It needs more courage than you may suppose to call one's self by one's right name; you do not know what an effort it costs to come to that.

I—No, I dare say not. But "the infamous renegade ——"

He—He is false, but his falsity is adroit enough. The Jew takes fright, tears his beard, rolls on the ground, sees the officers at his door, sees himself clad in the *Sanbenito*, sees his *auto-da-fé* all made ready. "My friend," he cries, "my good, tender friend, my only friend, what is to be done?"

"What is to be done? Why, show ourselves, affect the greatest security, go about our business just as we usually do. The procedure of the tribunal is secret but slow; we must take advantage of its delays to sell all you have. I will hire a boat, or I will have it hired by a third person—that will be best; in it we will deposit your fortune, for it is your fortune that they are most anxious to get at; and then we will go, you and I, and seek under another sky the freedom of serving our God, and following in security the law of Abraham and our own consciences. The important point in our present dangerous situation is to do nothing imprudent."

No sooner said than done. The vessel is hired, victualed, and manned, the Jew's fortune put on board; on the morrow, at dawn, they are to sail, they are free to sup gayly and to sleep in all security; on the morrow they escape their prosecutors. In the night, the renegade gets up, despoils the Jew of his portfolio, his purse, his jewels, goes on board, and sails away. And you think that this is all? Good: you are not awake to it. Now when they told me the story, I divined at once what I have not told you, in order to try your sagacity. You were quite right to be an honest man; you would never have made more than a fifth-rate scoundrel. Up to this point the renegade is only that; he is a contemptible rascal whom nobody would consent to resemble. The sublimity of his wickedness is this, that he was himself the informer against his good friend the Israelite, of whom the Inquisition took hold when he awoke the next morning, and of whom a few days later they made a famous bonfire. And it was in this way that the renegade became the tranquil possessor of the fortune of the accursed descendant of those who crucified our Lord.

I—I do not know which of the two is most horrible to me—the vileness of your renegade, or the tone in which you speak of it.

He — And that is what I said: the atrocity of the action carries you beyond contempt, and hence my sincerity. I wished you to know to what a degree I excelled in my art, to extort from you the admission that I was at least original in my abasement, to rank me in your mind on the line of the great good for naughts, and to hail me henceforth — *Vivat Mascarillus, fourbum imperator!*

CONFESSIONS.

By JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[Jean Jacques Rousseau: A French author; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. He was early thrown upon his own resources and acquired by his own exertions a desultory education, meanwhile earning his living in various ways, and spending not a little time in travel. He was given first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon for a memorial upon the question "Has the Progress of Sciences and Arts contributed to corrupt or to purify Morals" (1749). This almost his first attempt at literary work won for him immediate fame, but had the effect of making him misanthropic and melancholy. Among his subsequent works are: "The Village Soothsayer" (1753), an opera which brought him a pension from the king; "Narcissus" (1753); "Letter on French Music" (1753); "On the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Mankind" (1755); "On Political Economy" (1758); "Letters to Voltaire"; "A Project of Perpetual Peace" (1761); "The Social Contract" (1762); "Émile" (1762); "To the Archbishop of Paris" (1763); "The Departure of Silvio" (1763); "Letters from the Mountain" (1764); "Dictionary of Music" (1767); "Letters on his Exile" (1770); "Émile and Sophie" (1780); "Consolations of my Life" (1781); "Government of Poland" (1782); and "Confessions" (1782-1790).]

Early Years.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice; not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver; and I had been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the registrar that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was Monsieur Ducommon, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and reduce my feelings, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history, and antiquities; I could hardly recollect whether such people as Romans ever existed. When I visited my father, he no longer beheld his idol, nor could the ladies recognize the gallant Jean Jacques; nay, I was so well convinced

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

that Monsieur and Mademoiselle Lambercier would scarce receive me as their pupil that I endeavored to avoid their company, and have never seen them since. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them. I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, else the declension could not have followed with such ease and rapidity, for never did so promising a Cæsar so quickly become a Laridon.

The trade itself did not displease me. I had a lively taste for drawing. There was nothing displeasing in the exercise of the graver; and as it required no extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watch-case engraver, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new-invented order of chivalry, and though this differed very little from my usual employ, I considered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labor, and a severe beating was the consequence. He reproached me at the same time with attempting to make counterfeit money, because our medals bore the arms of the Republic, though I can truly aver I had no conception of false money, and very little of the true, knowing better how to make a Roman "as" than one of our three-sous pieces.

My master's tyranny rendered insupportable that labor I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonstration of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Naturally shy and timid, effrontery was far from my nature; but hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty; this I suddenly lost. I was enterprising at my father's, free at Monsieur Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's; but, with my master, I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live with my superiors on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures I could not command, to see no dish I was not to partake of, or be sensible of a desire I might not express; to be able to bring every wish of my heart to my lips — judge

what must become of me in a house where I was scarce allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table before the meal was half ended, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there; was incessantly confined to my work; pleasures for others, privations only for me; while the liberty that my master and his journeymen enjoyed served only to increase the weight of my subjection. When disputes happened to arise, though conscious that I understood the subject better than any of them, I dared not offer my opinion; in a word, everything I saw became an object of desire, only because I was not permitted to enjoy anything. Farewell gayety, ease, those happy turns of expression which formerly even made my faults escape correction! I recollect a circumstance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me smile. Being for some fault ordered to bed without my supper, as I was passing through the kitchen, with my poor morsel of bread in my hand, I saw the meat turning on the spit; my father and the rest were round the fire; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone through this ceremony, leering with a wishful eye at the roast meat, which looked so inviting and smelt so savory, I could not abstain from making that a bow likewise, adding in a pitiful tone, "Good-by, roast meat!" This unpremeditated pleasantry put them in such good humor that I was permitted to stay and partake of it. Perhaps the same thing might have produced a similar effect at my master's, but such a thought could never have occurred to me, or, if it had, I should not have had courage to express it.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal —a propensity I never felt the least idea of before, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Desire and inability united naturally lead to this vice, which is the reason pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a situation where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity. As I never experienced this advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of send-

ing young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up exclaims, "Bravo!" The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous; it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave,

I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

But, again I say, I had no covetous longings to repress. A sheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This unreasonable caprice is connected with one of the singularities of my character, and has so far influenced my conduct that it requires a particular explanation.

My passions are extremely violent; while under their influence nothing can equal my impetuosity; I am an absolute stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum; rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid, no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. Beyond the object in view the whole world is not worth a thought; this is the enthusiasm of a moment; the next, perhaps, I am plunged in a state of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquillity, I am indolence and timidity itself; a word to speak, the least trifle to perform, appear an intolerable labor; everything alarms and terrifies me; the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder; I am so subdued by fear and shame that I would gladly shield myself from mortal view. When obliged to exert myself, I am ignorant what to do; when forced to speak, I am at a loss for words; and if any one looks at me I am instantly out of countenance. If animated with my subject, I express my thoughts with ease, but in ordinary conversations I can say nothing — absolutely nothing; and the obligation to speak renders them insupportable.

I may add that none of my predominant inclinations center in those pleasures which are to be purchased: money empoisons my delights; I must have them unadulterated. I love those of the table, for instance, but cannot endure the restraints of good company or the intemperance of taverns; I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impossible; my imagination is then so occupied with other things that I find no pleasure in eating. If the warmth of my blood calls for the society of the fair sex, my heart calls still more earnestly for pure love. Women who are to be purchased have no charms for me. It is the same with all other enjoyments: if not truly disinterested, they are insipid; in a word, I am fond of those things which are only estimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money so desirable as it is usually imagined. If you would enjoy, you must transform it; and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience: you must bargain, purchase, pay dear, be badly served, and often duped. If I want anything, I wish to have it good of its kind; for money I am given what is bad. I ask for an egg, am assured it is new laid — I find it stale; fruit in perfection — 'tis absolutely green; a damsel — she has some defect. I love good wine, but where shall I get it? Not at my wine merchant's — he will poison me at a certainty. I wish to be well treated; how shall I com-

pass my design? I would make friends, send messages, write letters, come, go, wait, and in the end must be frequently deceived. Money is the perpetual source of uneasiness; I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to purchase some delicacy. I approach the pastry cook's, perceive some women at the counter, and imagine they are laughing at the little epicure. I pass a fruit shop, see some fine pears, their appearance tempts me; but then two or three young people are near, a man I am acquainted with is standing at the door, a girl is approaching — perhaps our own servant; I take all that pass for persons I have some knowledge of, and my near sight contributes to deceive me: I am everywhere intimidated, restrained by some obstacle, my desire grows with my hesitancy; and at length, with money in my pocket, I return as I went, for want of resolution to purchase what I longed for.

I should enter into the most insipid details were I to relate the trouble, shame, repugnance, and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in parting with my money, whether in my own person, or by the agency of others; as I proceed the reader will get acquainted with my disposition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with the recital.

This once comprehended, one of my seeming contradictions will be easily accounted for, and the most sordid avarice reconciled with the greatest contempt of money. It is a movable which I consider of so little value that, when destitute of it, I never wish to acquire any; and when I have a sum I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to dispose of it to my satisfaction; but let an agreeable and convenient opportunity present itself, and I empty my purse in a moment. Not that I would have the reader imagine I am extravagant from a motive of ostentation — the characteristic of misers, — quite the reverse; it was ever in subservience to my pleasures, and, instead of glorying in expense, I endeavor to conceal it. I so well perceive that money is not made to answer my purposes, that I am almost ashamed to have any, and, still more, to make use of it. Had I ever possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, subjection. As long as my

purse contains money it secures my independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror; and the dread of seeing the end of my independence makes me unwilling to part with my means. The money that we possess is the instrument of liberty, that which we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery. Thence it is that I hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is only idleness; the pleasure of possessing is not in my estimation worth the trouble of acquiring: my dissipation is only another form of idleness; when we have an opportunity of disbursing pleasantly, we should make the best possible use of it. I am less tempted by money than by other objects, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain the desired object there is always an interval, however short; whereas to possess the thing is to enjoy it. I see a thing, and it tempts me; but if I see only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for; but I never in my life recollect having taken a liard from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I stole seven livres and ten sous. The story is worth recounting, as it exhibits a marvelous concurrence of effrontery and stupidity that I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any but myself.

It was in Paris; I was walking with Monsieur de Francueil at the Palais-Royal, at five o'clock in the afternoon; he pulled out his watch, looked at it, and said to me, "Suppose we go to the Opera?" "With all my heart." We go; he takes two tickets, gives me one, and enters before me with the other; I follow, find the door crowded, and, looking in, see every one standing; judging, therefore, that Monsieur de Francueil might suppose me concealed by the company, I go out, ask for my counterfoil, and getting the money returned, leave the house, without considering that by the time I had reached the outer door every one would be seated, and Monsieur de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more opposite to my natural inclination than this proceeding, I note it to show that there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions: this was not stealing the money, it was stealing the

use for which it was destined: the less it was a robbery, the more was it an infamy.

I should never end these details were I to describe all the gradations through which I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a knave. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures: the amusements of my companions were displeasing, and when too much restraint had made my business wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This renewed my taste for reading, which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offense: books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment, while inclination, strengthened by constraint, became an unconquerable passion. La Tribu, a woman who owned a well-known lending library, furnished me with all kinds: good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination. I read in the workshop; I read while going on errands; I read in odd corners, sometimes for hours together; my head was turned with reading, it absorbed me wholly. My master watched me, surprised me, chastised me, took away my books. How many of these were torn, burnt, flung out of the window! How many of La Tribu's volumes lost their fellows! When I had not wherewith to pay her, I brought her my linen, my suits of clothes; the three sous that I received every Sunday were duly handed to her.

It will be said, "At length, then, money became necessary." True; but this happened at a time when reading had deprived me both of resolution and activity: totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wished to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear most attached to; I give in to the new idea; it becomes a passion, and immediately every former desire is forgotten. My heart beat with impatience to run over the new book I carried in my pocket; the first moment I was alone, I seized the opportunity to draw it out, and thought no longer of rummaging my master's closet. I cannot believe that I would have pilfered, even had my expenses been more costly. La Tribu gave me credit, and, when once I had the book in my possession, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it. As money came it naturally passed to this woman; and when she chanced to be pressing, nothing was so conveniently at hand as my own effects; to steal in advance required foresight, and robbing to pay was no temptation.

The frequent reproaches and blows I received, together with my private and ill-chosen studies, rendered me reserved, unsociable, and almost deranged my reason. Though my taste had not preserved me from silly, unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a stranger to licentious or obscene ones: not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) made any scruple of lending these; on the contrary, to enhance their worth, she spoke of them with an air of mystery which produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous compositions, to which a fine lady of fashion has no other objection than that they must be read with one hand.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently ill chosen, had worn off my childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition had inspired; meantime, disgusted with all within my reach, and hopeless of attaining aught else, my present situation appeared miserable. My passions began to acquire strength, I felt their influence, without knowing to what object they would conduct me. I was as far from guessing the truth as if I had been sexless, and, though past the age of boyhood, could not see beyond. At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my increasing emotions, and, indeed, saved me from myself; it was, to contemplate those situations, in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind — to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated. This fondness for imaginary objects, and the facility with which I could gain possession of them, completed my disgust for everything around me, and fixed that inclination for solitude which has ever since been predominant. We shall have more than once occasion to remark the odd effects of a disposition misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which proceed, in fact, from a heart too affectionate, too ardent, which, for want of society with similar dispositions, is constrained to content itself with

fictions. It is sufficient, at present, to have traced the origin of a propensity which has modified my passions, and, restraining them within bounds, has rendered me idle in action, though too ardent in desire.

Imaginary "Conspiracies" of his Later Life.

It is at this period that I think I may fix the establishment of a system since adopted by those at whose disposal I am, and which has made such successful progress as will seem miraculous to persons who know not with what facility everything which favors the malignity of man gains a firm footing. I will endeavor to explain in a few words what to me appears visible in this profound and obscure system.

With a name already distinguished and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved my primitive simplicity. My mortal aversion to all that is known as party, faction, and cabal had kept me free and independent, without any other tie than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a foreigner, without family or fortune, and unconnected with everything except my principles and duties, I followed the paths of uprightness, never flattering or favoring any person at the expense of justice and truth. Besides, having lived for two years past in solitude, without observing the course of events, unconnected with the affairs of the world, and not informed of what passed, nor desirous of being acquainted with it, I lived four leagues from Paris, as much separated from that capital by my indifference as I should have been in the island of Tinian by the sea.

Grimm, Diderot, and D'Holbach were, on the contrary, in the center of the vortex, lived in the very midst of the great world, and divided amongst them almost all its spheres. Noblemen, wits, men of letters, men of the long robe, and women, all listened to them when they chose to act in concert. The advantage that three men in this situation united must have over a fourth in mine cannot but already appear. It is true, Diderot and D'Holbach were incapable — at least I think so — of forming black conspiracies; one of them was not base enough nor the other sufficiently able; but it was for this reason that the party was more united. Grimm alone formed his plan in his own mind, and discovered no more of it than was necessary to induce his associates to concur in the execution. The as-

cendency he had gained over them made this easy, and the effect of the whole answered to the superiority of his talents.

It was with these — which were of a superior kind — that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our respective situations, he conceived the project of completely overturning my reputation, and, without compromising himself, of giving me one of a nature quite opposite, by raising up about me an edifice of obscurity through which it was impossible for me to discern his maneuvers and unmask them.

This enterprise was difficult, because it was necessary to palliate the iniquity in the eyes of those of whose assistance he stood in need. He had honest men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of everybody, and to leave me without a friend of any kind. What say I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that no word of truth might reach my ears. Had a single man of generosity come and said to me: "You assume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and these the circumstances by which you are judged: what have you to say?" truth would have triumphed and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced; but he had examined his own heart, and estimated men according to their merit. I am sorry, for the honor of humanity, that he judged with so much truth.

In these dark and crooked paths his steps, to be the more sure, were necessarily slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plan, and the most difficult part of it is still to come; this is to deceive the public entirely. There are among them eyes that have followed him more closely than he imagines. He is afraid of this public, and dares not lay his conspiracy open. But he has found the easy means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances with less danger. The satellites of power piquing themselves but little on uprightness, and still less on candor, he has no longer to fear the indiscretion of any honest man. His safety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity, and in concealing from me his conspiracy, well knowing that, with whatever art he may have formed it, it could never sustain my gaze. His great address consists in appearing to favor whilst he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system by the secret accusations of the Coterie Holbachique, without its being possible for

me to know, or even to conjecture, in what these accusations consisted. Deleyre informed me in his letters that heinous things were attributed to me. Diderot, more mysteriously, told me the same thing; and when I came to an explanation with both the whole was reduced to the heads of accusation of which I have already spoken. I perceived a gradual increase of coolness in the letters from Madame d'Houdetot. This I could not attribute to Saint-Lambert, who continued to write to me with the same friendship, and even came to see me after his return. It was impossible to think myself the cause of it, as we had separated well satisfied with each other, and nothing since that time had happened on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which she felt the necessity. Therefore, not knowing whence this coolness — which she refused to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived — could proceed, I was uneasy upon every account. I knew she greatly favored her sister-in-law and Grimm, in consequence of their connections with Saint-Lambert, and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation reopened my wounds, and rendered my correspondence so disagreeable as quite to disgust her with it. I saw, as at a distance, a thousand cruel circumstances, without discovering anything distinctly. I was in a situation the most insupportable to a man whose imagination is easily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I should have become more calm; but my heart still clung to attachments by means of which my enemies had a thousand advantages over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my asylum conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, makes me fear everything from those concealed from me, if, fortunately, objects sufficiently interesting to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my mind was filled, had not presented themselves. In the last visit that Diderot paid me at the Hermitage he had spoken of the article "Geneva," which D'Alembert had inserted in the "Encyclopédie." He had informed me that this article, concerted with the better class of citizens, had for its object the setting up of a theater at Geneva, that measures had been taken accordingly, and that

the establishment would soon take place. As Diderot seemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the success of the measure, and as I had, besides, to debate with him upon too many other subjects to touch upon that article, I made him no answer; but, scandalized at these seductive preparatives to immorality in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the "Encyclopédie" in which the article was inserted, to see whether it would not be possible to give an answer which might ward off the blow. I received the volume soon after my establishment at Mont-Louis, and found the article to be written with much art and address, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This, however, did not abate my desire to answer it; and, notwithstanding the dejection of spirits under which I then labored, my griefs and pains, the severity of the season, and the inconvenience of my new abode, in which I had not yet had time to settle commodiously, I set to work with a zeal which surmounted every obstacle.

In a severe winter in February, and in the situation I have described, I went every day, morning and evening, to pass a couple of hours in an open donjon which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation stood. This donjon, which terminated a terraced walk, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and presented to me, as the closing point of a prospect, the plain but interesting Castle of Saint-Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then exposed to freezing cold, that, without being sheltered from the wind and snow, and having no other fire than that within my heart, I composed, in the space of three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert on theaters. This — for my "Julie" was not then half written — was the first of my writings that charmed me in composition. Until then virtuous indignation had been a substitute for Apollo, tenderness and a gentleness of mind now became so. The injustice I had been witness to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterness was but that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by those whom it had thought akin, was obliged to remain concentered. Full of that which had befallen me, and still affected by so many violent emotions, my heart added the sentiment of its sufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my subject had inspired me; what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Unconsciously, I described my actual

situation, gave portraits of Grimm, Madame d'Épinay, Madame d'Houdetot, Saint-Lambert, myself. What delicious tears did I shed as I wrote! Alas! in these descriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made such efforts to cure myself, still remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain tenderness relative to myself, for I thought I was dying, and imagined I was bidding the public my last adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully saw it approach; but I felt some regret at leaving my fellow-creatures without their having perceived my real merit, and being convinced how much I should have deserved their esteem had they known me better. These are the secret causes of the singular tone that pervades this work, so widely opposed to that by which it was preceded.

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it, when, after a long silence, I received one from Madame d'Houdetot which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet suffered. She informed me in this letter that my passion for her was known to all Paris; that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public; that this rumor, having reached the ears of her lover, had nearly cost him his life; that at length he did her justice, and peace was restored between them; but on his account, as well as on hers and for the sake of her reputation, she thought it her duty to break off all correspondence with me, at the same time assuring me that she and her friend would never cease to take an interest in my welfare, that they would defend me before the public, and that she herself would from time to time send to inquire after my health.

And thou too, Diderot! exclaimed I. Unworthy friend! I could not, however, yet resolve to condemn him. My weakness was known to others who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt — but this was soon out of my power. Saint-Lambert shortly after performed an action worthy of himself. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the state in which I must be: betrayed by one set of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. The first time he had not many moments to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèse, who happened to be there, had with him a conversation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to him and me. The surprise with

which I learned that nobody doubted of my having lived with Madame d'Épinay, as Grimm then did, cannot be equaled, except by that of Saint-Lambert when he was convinced that the rumor was false. He, to the great dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same situation with myself; and the facts brought to light by this conversation removed from me all regret on account of my having broken with her forever. Relative to Madame d'Houdetot, he mentioned several circumstances with which neither Thérèse nor Madame d'Houdetot herself were acquainted, which were known to me only, and which I had never mentioned except to Diderot, under the seal of friendship; and it was Saint-Lambert himself to whom he had chosen to communicate them. This last step was sufficient to determine me. I resolved to break with Diderot forever, and this without further deliberation, except on the manner of doing it; for I had perceived that secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, because they left the mask of friendship in possession of my most cruel enemies.

The rules of good breeding established in the world on this head seem to have been dictated by a spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear the friend of a man, when in reality we are no longer so, is to reserve to ourselves the means of doing him an injury by betraying honest men into an error. I recollected that when the gifted Montesquieu broke with Père de Tournemine he immediately declared it openly, and said to everybody: "Listen neither to Père de Tournemine nor myself, when we speak of each other, for we are no longer friends." This open and generous proceeding was universally applauded. I resolved to follow the example with Diderot; but what method was I to take to publish the rupture authentically from my retreat, and yet without scandal? I concluded on inserting in the form of a note, in my work, a passage from the book of Ecclesiasticus, which declared the rupture, and even the subject of it, in terms sufficiently clear to such as were acquainted with the matter, but could signify nothing to the rest of the world. I determined also not to speak in my work of the friend whom I had renounced except with the honor always due to friendship even when extinct. The whole may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world but good fortune and ill fortune, and every act of courage seems to be a crime in adversity. For that which had been admired in Montesquieu I received

only blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I sent one to Saint-Lambert, who, the evening before, had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'Houdetot a note expressive of the most tender friendship. The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy that I had sent him : —

EAUBONNE, 10*th October*, 1758.

Indeed, monsieur, I cannot accept the present you have just made me. At that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes [he mistakes; it is from Ecclesiasticus] the book dropped from my hand. In the conversations we had together last summer, you seemed to be persuaded that Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. You may, for aught I know to the contrary, have cause to complain of him, but surely this does not give you a right to insult him publicly. You are not unacquainted with the nature of the persecutions he suffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, monsieur, how much this heinous act of yours has shocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honor him, and I have a lively sense of the pain you give to a man whom, at least not in my hearing, you have never reproached with anything more than a trifling weakness. You and I, monsieur, differ too much in our principles ever to be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exist; this you may easily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promise, monsieur, to forget your person, and to remember nothing but your talents.

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction ; and in the excess of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I answered him by the following note : —

MONTMORENCY, 11*th October*, 1758.

MONSIEUR, — While reading your letter, I did you the honor to be surprised at it, and had the weakness to suffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an answer.

I will no longer continue the copies for Madame d'Houdetot. If it be not agreeable to her to keep what she has, she may send it me back and I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper and the money; and at the same time I beg she will return me the prospectus which she has in her possession. Adieu, monsieur.

Courage under misfortune irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleasing to generous minds. This note seemed to

make Saint-Lambert reflect with himself and to regret his having been so violent; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he seized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of softening the effect of the blow that he had struck. A fortnight afterwards I received from Monsieur d'Épinay the following letter: —

Thursday, 26th.

Monsieur, — I have received the book you had the goodness to send me, and am reading it with much pleasure. I have always experienced the same sentiment in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I should have returned you these in person had my affairs permitted me to remain in your neighborhood; but this year I did not stay long at La Chevrette. Monsieur and Madame Dupin ask me to dine there next Sunday. I expect Monsieur de Saint-Lambert, Monsieur de Francueil, and Madame d'Houdetot will be of the party; you will do me much pleasure by making one also. All the persons who are to dine with me desire it, and will as well as myself be delighted to pass with you a part of the day. I have the honor to be, with the most perfect consideration, etc.

This letter made my heart beat violently; after having for a year past been the talk of Paris, the idea of presenting myself as a spectacle before Madame d'Houdetot made me tremble, and I had much difficulty in finding sufficient courage to support that trial. Yet, as she and Saint-Lambert were desirous of it, and D'Épinay spoke in the name of all the guests without naming one whom I should not be glad to see, I did not think, after all, that I should compromise myself by accepting a dinner to which I was in some degree invited by all who would be present. I therefore promised to go; on Sunday the weather was bad, Monsieur d'Épinay sent me his carriage, and I went.

My arrival caused a sensation; I never met a better reception; an observer would have thought the whole company felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are susceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected to see; amongst others the Comte d'Houdetot, whom I did not know, and his sister Madame de Blainville, whose absence would have pleased me as well. She had the year before come several times to Eaubonne, and her sister-in-law had left her in our solitary walks, to wait until she thought proper to suffer her to join us. She had harbored a resentment against me, which during this dinner

she gratified at her ease ; for one may guess that the presence of the Comte d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert did not give me the laugh on my side, and that a man embarrassed in the most common conversations was not brilliant in this one. I never suffered so much, appeared so awkward, or received more unexpected mortifications. As soon as we had risen from table, I withdrew from that horrid woman ; I had the pleasure of seeing Saint-Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot approach me, and we conversed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent, it is true, but with the same familiarity as before my involuntary error. This attention was not lost upon my heart ; and, could Saint-Lambert have read what passed there, he certainly would have been satisfied with it. I can safely assert that, although on my arrival the presence of Madame d'Houdetot gave me violent palpitations, on returning from the house I scarcely thought of her ; my mind was entirely taken up with Saint-Lambert.

Notwithstanding the pointed sarcasms of Madame de Blainville, this dinner was of great service to me, and I congratulated myself upon not having refused the invitation. I not only discovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the Holbachians had not deprived me of my old acquaintance, but — what flattered me still more — that the sentiments of Madame d'Houdetot and Saint-Lambert were less changed than I had imagined ; and I at length understood that his keeping her at a distance from me proceeded more from jealousy than disesteem. This was a consolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons whom I esteemed, I wrought in reliance upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not quite extinguish in it a guilty and unhappy passion, I at least so well regulated the remains of it that they have never since that moment led me into the most trifling error. The copying for Madame d'Houdetot, which she prevailed upon me to take up again, and my works, which I continued to send her as soon as they appeared, produced me from her now and then a few notes and messages, indifferent but obliging. She did still more, as will hereafter appear ; and the reciprocal conduct of all three, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the manner in which persons of honor separate when association is no longer agreeable.

Another advantage that this dinner procured me was its being spoken of in Paris, where it served as a complete refuta-

tion of the rumor spread by my enemies that I had quarreled with every person who partook of it, and especially with Monsieur d'Épinay. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he answered not less politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well between us as with Monsieur de Lalive, his brother-in-law, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me some of his engravings. Excepting the two sisters-in-law of Madame d'Houdetot, I have never been on bad terms with any person of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert had great success. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favorable to me. It taught the public to distrust the insinuations of the Coterie Holbachique. When I went to the Hermitage, this Coterie predicted, with its usual self-sufficiency, that I should not remain there three months. When it was found that I had stayed there twenty months, and, though obliged to leave it, still fixed my residence in the country, the Coterie insisted that this was pure obstinacy, and that I was weary to death of my retirement, but that, eaten up with pride, I chose rather to become a victim to my stubbornness than to acknowledge it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of mind which every one perceived not to be affected. Had I been dissatisfied with my retreat, my style and manner would have shown it. This latter tone reigned in all the works I had written at Paris; but in the first I wrote in the country no appearance of it was to be found. To persons who knew how to distinguish, this mark was decisive: they perceived that I was again in my element.

Yet this same work, notwithstanding all the mildness it breathed, made me, by a mistake of my own and my usual ill luck, another enemy amongst men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the house of Monsieur de la Poplinière, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the Baron. Marmontel at that time composed *Le Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to send my works to the authors of periodical publications, and wishing to send him this without his imagining it was in consequence of that title or that I was desirous he should speak of it in *Le Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of *Le Mercure*, but for Monsieur Marmontel. I thought I was paying him a fine compliment; he mistook it for a cruel offense, and became my

irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against this letter with politeness, but with a bitterness easily perceptible, and since that time has never lost an opportunity of injuring me in society, and of indirectly ill-treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable self-love of men of letters, and so careful ought every person to be not to leave anything even slightly equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

THE VARIOUS DELIGHTS AND PLEASURES OF THE BODILY SENSES, USEFUL FOR MENTAL RECREATION.

By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

[EMANUEL SWEDENBORG: The Swedish philosopher; born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688; died in London, March 29, 1772. His father was the Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, and the son was reared in an atmosphere of piety. He was graduated with the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Upsala in 1709, and after traveling in Europe he was appointed by Charles II. extraordinary assessor in the college of mines, and was subsequently elevated to the equestrian order of the House of Nobles. Among his many published works are: "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" (1734), "Prodromus de Infinito" (1734), "Economy of the Animal Kingdom" (1740), "The Animal Kingdom" (1745), "Arcana Cœlestia" (12 vols., 1749-1756), "Heaven and Hell" (1758), "The Intermediate World" (1758), "Divine Love and Wisdom" (1763), "The Four Doctrines" (1763), "The Divine Providence" (1764), "The Apocalypse Revealed" (1766), "Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights" (1768), "The Doctrines of the New Church" (1769), "The Intercourse between the Soul and the Body" (1766), and "The True Christian Religion" (1771).]

SUCH diversions are, social intercourse, with conversations upon various public, private, and household affairs; and walks, with the sight of houses and palaces, and trees and flowers, in gardens, woods, and fields, — delightful for their various beauty and magnificence, — and of men and birds and flocks; and also spectacles of various kinds, representative of the moral virtues, and of events from which something of the Divine Providence appears. These, and similar things, are for the sense of sight. Then there are various musical harmonies and songs, which affect the mind according to their correspondences with affections; and in addition to these, there are decorous jestings, which exhilarate the mind. These, for the sense of hearing. And there are likewise social meals, feasts, and entertainments, and various accompanying pleasan-

tries. And games too, at home, played with dice, balls, and cards; and dances also, at weddings, and at festive gatherings. These and such things are useful diversions, for the recreation of the mind. And in addition to these there are various labors of the hands, which give motion to the body, and divert the mind from the works of its calling; and the reading also of interesting books, on historical and doctrinal subjects, which give delight, and of the news in newspapers.

These are diversions for every one who is in office or employment. They may therefore be called the diversions of offices or employments. But really they are diversions of the affections from which one engages in his employment. There is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags, — as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bended bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus, if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed; but it is enlivened if he looks in succession or at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its varieties — as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.

When the mind has been continually upon the stretch, at its work, it aspires to rest; and when it rests it descends into the body, and seeks there its pleasures, correspondent to its mental operations, — which the mind chooses, according to its interior state in the viscera of the body. The interior things of the body derive their pleasures chiefly from the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, — delights which are in fact drawn from outward things, but yet insinuate themselves into the single parts of the body, which are called members and viscera. From hence and from no other source have they their delights and pleasures. The single fibers, and single tissues of fibers, the single capillary vessels, and thence the common vessels, and so all the viscera in common, derive their own delights; which a man then perceives,

not singly but universally, as one common sensation. But just as is the mind within them, from the head, such are the delights, — pure or impure, spiritual or natural, heavenly or infernal. For within, in every sensation of the body, is the love of his will, with its affections; and the understanding makes him to perceive their delights. For the love of the will, with its affections, constitutes the life of every sensation; and the perception thence of the understanding produces the sensation. Hence come all delights and pleasures. For the body is a concatenated work, and one form. Sensation communicates itself, like a force applied to a chain with its single links, and as a form which has flown together from uninterrupted series.

But as the ministries, functions, offices, and labors of every one keep the mind upon the stretch, and this is what is to be relaxed, revived, and restored by diversions, it may be seen that diversions vary according to the interior affection within them; and that they are one thing if the affection of charity is in them, another if there is in them an affection for honor, another if there is an affection only for gain, another if they perform their duties only for the sake of support, and the necessaries of life, another if only for a name, that they may be celebrated, or if only for the sake of emoluments, that they may grow rich, or that they may live generously, and so on.

If the affection of charity is in them, then all the above-mentioned diversions are for its recreation, — spectacles and plays, musical harmonies and songs, and all the beauties of fields and gardens, and social intercourse in general. The affection for use remains interiorly within them, which, while it is thus resting, is gradually renewed. A longing for one's work breaks or ends them; for the Lord flows into them from heaven and renews; and He also gives an interior sense of pleasure in them, which they who are not in the affection of charity know nothing of. He breathes into them as it were a fragrance or sweetness perceptible only to oneself. A fragrance, by which is meant a spiritual pleasantness; and sweetness, by which is meant spiritual delight. Pleasantness is predicated of wisdom, and of the perception of the understanding therefrom; and delight is predicated of love, and of the affection therefrom, of the will. They have not these who are not in the affection of charity, because the spiritual mind is closed; and in the degree that they depart from charity the spiritual mind, as to its voluntary part, is as if stuffed with a glutinous substance.

To those who have only an affection for honor, that is, who do the works of their calling merely for the sake of reputation, that they may be praised, and promoted, these diversions are similar, outwardly. They work, are vigilant in their occupation, and perform uses in abundance; not however from a love of use, but from the love of self; thus not from love to the neighbor, but from the love of glory. They may also feel a delight in the work of their calling; but it is an infernal delight. To their eyes it may counterfeit heavenly delight; for they are both alike outwardly. But their delight is full of what is undelightful; for they have no rest and peace of mind, except when they are thinking of fame and honor, and when they are being honored and adored. When they are not thinking of these things they rush into voluptuous pleasures, — into drunkenness, luxury, fornication, — into hatred, vindictiveness, and slander of the neighbor, if he does not do them honor. And if from time to time they are not raised to higher honors, they come to loathe their employments, and give themselves up to leisure and become idlers; and after their departure from the world they become demons.

To those who have only an affection for gain these are also diversions; but they are carnal, inspired within only by the delight of opulence. Such men are careful, prudent, industrious, — especially if they are merchants, or workmen. If in official position, they are vigilant in the duties which pertain to their offices, — and sell uses; if judges, they sell justice; if priests, they sell salvation. To them lucre is the neighbor. For the sake of office they love lucre, and they love the lucre derived from their office. They that are high in office may sell their country, and even betray their army and their fellow-citizens to the enemy. Whence it is evident what their love is in the diversions above mentioned. These are full of rapine; and in so far as they are not in fear of the civil laws, or public punishments, and, for the sake of gain, the loss of reputation, they rob and steal. Outwardly they are sincere; but inwardly insincere. They look upon men as a tiger or wolf upon sheep and lambs, which they devour if they can. They do not know that the good of use has any reality. There is an infernal delight and pleasure in their diversions. They are like asses, that see nothing pleasant in meadows and fields but what they eat, be it wheat or barley in the ear. But these things are said of the avaricious.

JOHN WESLEY PREACHING TO THE INDIANS

But to those who perform the duties of their calling only for the sake of support and the necessaries of life; and those who perform them only for a name, that they may be celebrated; and those who perform them only for the sake of the emoluments, to the end that they may grow rich or may live generously, the above-mentioned diversions are the only uses. They are corporeal and sensual men. Their spirits are unclean, — lusts and appetites. They do the works of their calling for the sake of the diversions. They are human beasts, — dead; and their duties are burdens to them. They seek substitutes to do the work of their office, while they retain the name and the salary. When not engaged in the above-named diversions, they are idlers and sloths; they lie in bed, thinking of nothing but how they may find companions to talk, eat, and drink with. They are a public burden. All such after death are shut up in workhouses, where they are under a judge administrator, who daily appoints them the work they are to do; and if they do not do it, no food, or clothing, or bed is given them; and this is continued until they are driven to do something useful.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND CONCERNING TEA.

By JOHN WESLEY.

[JOHN WESLEY: The founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17, 1703 (O.S.); died March 2, 1791. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, was ordained a deacon in 1725; became a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and was ordained a priest in 1728. In 1729 he became leader of the Holy Club at Oxford. In 1735 he joined General Oglethorpe's expedition to Georgia and remained there until 1738, associating much with the Moravians. After his return he devoted his life to evangelical work, preaching, it is said, more than 40,500 sermons. He published the following volumes: "Primitive Physic" (1747), "Explanatory Notes on the New Testament" (1755), "Doctrine of Original Sin" (1757), "Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation" (1763), "Notes on the Old and New Testaments" (1764), "Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion" (1770), and "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies" (1775).]

NEWINGTON, *Dec.* 10, 1748.

DEAR SIR, — I have read your letter with attention, and much approve of the spirit with which it is wrote. You speak in love. I desire to do so too, and then no harm can be done on either side. You appear not to be wedded to your own opinion, but open to farther conviction. I would willingly be of the same temper, not obstinately attached to either side of the question. I am clearly satisfied of the necessity of this, a

willingness to see what as yet I see not: for I know an unwillingness to be convinced would utterly blind either you or me; and that if we are *resolved* to retain our present opinion, reason and argument signify nothing — I shall not therefore, it is time or pains misemployed, but proceed to give the whole cause a second hearing; to recite the occasion of every step I have taken, and the motives inducing me so to do; and then to consider whatsoever either you or others have urged on the contrary side of the question.

Twenty-nine years since, when I spent a few months at Oxford, having, as I apprehended, an exceeding good constitution, and being otherwise in health, I was a little surprised at some symptoms of a paralytic disorder. I could not imagine what should occasion the shaking of my hand, till I observed it was always worst after breakfast, and that if I intermitted drinking tea for two or three days, it did not shake at all. Upon inquiry, I found tea had the same effect upon others also of my acquaintance; and therefore saw that this was one of its natural effects (as several physicians have often remarked), especially when it is largely and frequently drank; and most of all on persons of weak nerves. Upon this I lessened the quantity, drank it weaker, and added more milk and sugar: but still for above six and twenty years I was more or less subject to the same disorder. July was two years, I began to observe that abundance of the people in London with whom I conversed labored under the same, and many other paralytic disorders, and that in a much higher degree; insomuch that some of their nerves were quite unstrung, their bodily strength quite decayed, and they could not go through their daily labor. I inquired, "Are you not a hard drinker?" And was answered by one, and another, and another, "No, indeed, sir, not I; I drink scarce anything but a little tea, morning and night." I immediately remembered my own case; and after weighing the matter thoroughly, easily gathered from many concurring circumstances that it was the same case with them.

I considered, "What an advantage would it be to these poor enfeebled people if they would leave off what so manifestly impairs their health, and thereby hurts their business also! Is there nothing equally cheap which they could use? Yes, surely, and cheaper too. If they used English herbs in its stead (which would cost either nothing, or what is next to nothing), with the same bread, butter, and milk, they would save just the price of

the tea. And hereby they might not only lessen their pain, but in some degree their poverty too: for they would be able to work (as well as to save) considerably more than they can do now. And by this means, if they are in debt, they might be more just, paying away what they earned or saved. If they are not in debt, they might be more merciful, giving it away to them that want."

I considered farther, "What an advantage might this be, particularly in such a body of men as those are who are united together in these societies; who are both so numerous and so poor; how much might be saved in so numerous a body, even this single article of expense; and how greatly is all that can possibly be saved, in every article, wanted daily by those who have not even food convenient for them."

I soon perceived that this latter consideration was of a more general nature than the former; and that it affected many of those whom the other did not so immediately concern; seeing it was as needful for *all* to save needless expenses as for some to regain the health they had impaired: especially, considered as members of a society, the wants of which they could not be unapprised of. They knew, of those to whom they were so peculiarly united, some had not food to sustain nature; some were destitute of even necessary clothing; some had not where to lay their head. They knew, or might know, that the little contributions made weekly did in no wise suffice to remove these wants, being barely sufficient to relieve the sick; and even that in so scanty a manner that I know not if some of them have not with their allowance pined away, and at length died for want. If you and I have not saved all we could to relieve these, how shall we face them at the throne of God? I reflected, "If one only would save all that he could, in this single instance, he might surely feed or clothe one of his brethren, and perhaps save one life. What then might be done if ten thousand, or one thousand, or only five hundred, would do it?" Yea, if half that number should say, "I will compute this day what I have expended in tea, weekly or yearly: I will immediately enter on cheaper food; and whatever is saved hereby, I will put into the poorbox weekly, to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked;" I am mistaken if any among us need want either food or raiment from that hour.

I thought farther, "It is said, nay, many tell me to my face, I can persuade this people to anything: I will make a fair trial:

if I cannot persuade them, there may be some good effect. All who do not willfully shut their eyes will see that I have no such influence as they supposed. If I can persuade any number, many who are now weak or sick will be restored to health or strength; many will pay those debts which others, perhaps equally poor, can but ill afford to lose; many will be less straitened in their own families; many, by helping their neighbor, will lay up for themselves treasures in heaven."

Immediately it struck into my mind, "But example must go before precept; therefore I must not plead an exemption for myself, from a daily practice of twenty-seven years: I must begin." I did so. I left it off in August, 1746. And I have now had sufficient time to try the effects, which have fully answered my expectation: my paralytic complaints are all gone; my hand is steady as it was at fifteen, although I must expect that or other weaknesses soon, as I decline into the vale of years: and so considerable a difference do I find in my expense, that I can make it appear, from the accounts now in being, in only those four families at London, Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle, I save upwards of fifty pounds a year.

The first to whom I explained these things at large, and whom I advised to set the same example to their brethren, were a few of those who rejoice to assist my brother and me, as our sons in the gospel. A week after, I proposed it to about forty of those whom I believed to be strong in faith; and the next morning to about sixty more, entreating them all to speak their minds freely. They did so; and in the end saw the good which might ensue; yielded to the force of Scripture and reason; and resolved all (but two or three) by the grace of God to make the trial without delay. In a short time I proposed it, but with all tenderness I could, first to the body of those who are supposed to have living faith, and after staying a few days, that I might judge the better how to speak to the whole society, it soon appeared (as I doubted not but it would) how far these were from *calling me rabbi;* from implicitly submitting to my judgment, or implicitly following my example. Objections rose in abundance from all sides. These I now proceed to consider; whether they are advanced by you or by others, and whether pointed at the premises, or directly at the conclusion.

Some objected, "Tea is not unwholesome at all; nor in any kind prejudicial to health."

To these I reply, first, you should not be sure of this.

Even that casual circumstance related in Dr. Short's history of it might incline you to doubt, viz. that "While the Chinese dry the leaves, and turn it with their hands upon the tin plates, the moisture of them is so exceedingly corrosive that it eats into the flesh, if not wiped off immediately." It is not probable, then, that what remains in the leaves is quite friendly to the human body.

Secondly, many eminent physicians have declared their judgment that it is prejudicial in several respects; that it gives rise to numberless disorders, particularly those of the nervous kind: and that, if frequently used by those of weak nerves, it is no other than a slow poison.

Thirdly, if all physicians were silent in the case, yet plain fact is against you; and this speaks loud enough. It *was* prejudicial to *my* health; it *is* so to many, to many at this day. "But it is not to *me*," says the objector; "why then should I leave it off?"

I answer, first, to give an example to those to whom it is undeniably prejudicial. Secondly, that you may have the more wherewith to give bread to the hungry, and raiment to the naked.

"But I cannot leave it off; for it helps my health; nothing else will agree with me." I answer, first, will *nothing* else agree with *you?* I know not how to believe that. I suppose your body is much of the same kind with that of your great-grandmother. And do you think nothing else agreed with her? Or with any of her progenitors? What poor, puling, sickly things must all the English, then, have been, till within these hundred years! But you know they were not so. Other things agreed with them, and why not with you? Secondly, if in fact nothing else will, if tea has already weakened your stomach, and impaired your digestion to such a degree, it has hurt *you* more than you are aware; it has prejudiced *your* health extremely. *You* have need to abhor it as deadly poison, and to renounce it from this very hour. So says a drinker of drams, "Nothing else will agree with me; nothing else will raise my spirits; I can digest nothing without." Indeed! is it so? Then touch no more if you love your life. Thirdly, suppose nothing else agrees with you at first; yea, in a while many things will. When I first left off tea, I was half asleep all day long; my head ached from morning to night. I could not remember a question asked, even till I could return an

answer; but in a week's time all these inconveniences were gone, and have never returned since. Fourthly, I have not found one single exception yet; not one person in all England, with whom, after sufficient trial made, *nothing else* would agree.

It is therefore worth while for *you* to try again, if you have any true regard for your own health, or any compassion for those who are perishing all around you, for want of the common necessaries of life. If you are sincere in this plea, if you do not *talk* of your health, while the real objection is your inclination, make a fair trial thus: take half a pint of milk every morning, with a little bread, not boiled, but warmed only (a man in tolerable health might double the quantity); if this is too heavy, add as much water, and boil it together with a spoonful of oatmeal: if this agrees not, try half a pint, or a little more of water gruel, neither thick nor thin, not sweetened (for that may be apt to make him sick), but with a very little butter, salt, and bread. If this disagrees, try sage, green balm, mint, or pennyroyal tea, infusing only so much of the herb as just to change the color of the water. Try two or three of these mixed, in various proportions; try ten or twelve other English herbs; try *foltorn*, a mixture of herbs to be had at many grocers', far healthier as well as cheaper than tea; try cocoa. If after having tried each of these for a week or ten days, you find none of these agree with your constitution, then use (weak green) tea again; but at the same time know that your having used it so long has brought you near the chambers of death.

"I do not know," says another, "but tea may hurt me, but there is nothing saved by leaving it off; for I am sure other things cost full as much." I pray what other things? sack and sugar costs more, and so do ragouts, or pheasants, or ortolans; but what is this to the point? We do not say *all* things are cheaper, but any of the things above mentioned are; at least if prudently managed. Therefore, if you really desire to save what you can, you will drink tea no more.

"Well, I do not design to buy any more myself; but where others drink it, there is nothing saved by my abstaining." I answer, first, yes, something is saved, though but little; especially if you tell them before, "I shall not drink tea;" and many a little, you know, put together, will make a great sum. Secondly, if the whole saved were ever so little, if it were but two mites, when you save this for God and your brethren's

sake, it is much. Thirdly, your example in saving a little now may occasion the saving of more by and by. Fourthly, it is not a little advantage which you may reap even now to your own soul, by habituating yourself not to be ashamed of being singular in a good thing; by taking up your cross and denying yourself, even in so small an instance, and by accustoming yourself to act on rational grounds, whether in a little matter or a great.

"But what is saved will be no better employed;" do you say this with regard to yourself or others? If with regard to yourself, it will be *your* fault, if you do not employ it better. I do not say you *will*, but I am sure you *may;* and if you *do* not, it is your own sin and your own shame. If with regard to others, how do you know that it will not be employed better? I trust it will. It cannot be denied that it often has, and that it always *may* be; and it is highly probable all who save anything from the best motive will lay it out to the best purpose: as to example, you say, "I have lately been without hopes of doing any good by it," I suppose you mean, because so few will follow either your example or mine; I am sorry for it.

This only gives me a fresh objection to this unwholesome, expensive food, viz. That it has too much hold on the hearts of them that use it; that (to use a scriptural phrase) they are *under the power* of this trifle. If it be so, were there no other reason than this, they ought to throw it away at once; else they no more regard St. Paul than they do you or me: for his rule is home to the point. *All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.* Away with it, then, however lawful (that is, though it were wholesome as well as cheap), if you are already brought *under the power of* it; and the fewer they are who follow this rule, the greater reason there is that you should add one example more to those few; though blessed be God they are not so few as you suppose. I have met with very many in London who use less of it than they had done for many years; and above an hundred who have plucked out the right eye, and cast it from them, who wholly abstain from it.

You add, but I am "equally, yea abundantly more concerned to set an example in all Christian behavior;" I grant it: this therefore *ought you to have done*, and *not to leave the other undone.* But "one day (you add) I saw your brother drink tea, which he said was for fear of giving offense." I answer, first, learn from hence to follow neither his nor my practice

implicitly; but weigh the reason of each, and then follow reason wheresoever it stands. But, secondly, examine your heart; and beware inclination does not put on the shape of reason. Thirdly, you see with your own eyes I do not drink it all, and yet I seldom give offense thereby. It is not then the bare obtaining, but the manner of doing it which usually gives the offense. Fourthly, there is therefore a *manner* wherein you may do it too, and yet give no more offense than I; for instance, if any ask you, simply reply, "I do not drink tea, I never use it." If they say, "Why, you *did* drink it?" answer, "I did so; but I have left it off a considerable time." Those who have either good nature or good manners will say no more; but if any should impertinently add, "O, but why did you leave it off?" answer mildly, "Because I thought water gruel (suppose) was wholesomer, as well as cheaper." If they (with still greater ill manners and impertinences) go on, "What! you do it because Mr. Wesley bids you?" reply calmly, "True; I do it because Mr. Wesley on good reasons advises me so to do." If they add the trite and cant phrase, "What, you *follow man!*" reply, without any emotion, "Yes; I follow any man, you, or him, or any other, who gives me good reasons for so doing." If they persist in caviling, close the whole matter with, "I never drink it, nor dispute about it." If you proceed in this manner with mildness and love, exceeding few will be offended.

"But you ought, say some, to give up an indifferent thing, rather than give an offense to any:" so St. Paul, *I will eat no flesh whilst the world stand, lest I make my brother to offend.* I reply, this is not an indifferent thing if it affects the health either of myself or my brethren; therefore that rule relating to things wholly indifferent is not applicable to this case. Would St. Paul have said, I will drink drams while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend? "But tea is not so hurtful as drams;" I do not believe it is; but it is hurtful, and that is enough; the question does not turn on the *degree* of hurtfulness.

"However, it is but a *small* thing." Nay, nothing is small if it touches conscience; much less is it a small thing to preserve my own or my brother's health, or to be a faithful steward even of the mammon of unrighteousness. O, think it not a small thing whether only one for whom Christ died be fed or hungry, clothed or naked.

To conclude the head of offense, you must at least allow

that all this is no plea at all for your drinking tea at home: "yes, it is; for my husband or parents are offended if I do not drink it." I answer, first, perhaps this, in some rare cases, may be a sufficient reason why a wife or a child should use this food, that is, with them, but nowhere else. But, secondly, try, and not once or twice only, if you can't overcome that offense by reason, softness, love, patience, long-suffering, joined with constant and fervent prayer.

Your next objection is, "I can't bear to give trouble; therefore I drink whatever others drink where I come, else there is so much hurry about insignificant me." I answer, first, this is no plea at all for your drinking tea at home; therefore touch it not there whatever you do abroad. Secondly, where is the trouble given even when you are abroad, if they drink tea, and you fill your cup with milk and water? Thirdly, whatever trouble is taken is not for "insignificant *me*," but for that poor man who is half starved with cold and hunger: for that miserable woman who, while she is poisoning herself, wipes her mouth, and says she does no evil, but will not believe the poison will hurt her, because it does not (sensibly at least) hurt you. O, throw it away! let her have one plea less for destroying her body (if not her soul) before the time!

You object farther, "It is my desire to be unknown for any particularity, unless a peculiar love to the souls of those who are present," and I hope to the souls of the absent too; yea, and to their bodies also in a due proportion, that they may be healthy and fed and clothed and warm, and may praise God for the consolation. You subjoin, "When I had left it off for some months, I was continually puzzled with, why, what, etc., and I have seen no good effects, but impertinent questions and answers, and unedifying conversation about eating and drinking."

I answer, first, those who were so uneasy about it plainly showed that you touched the apple of their eye: consequently these, of all others, ought to leave it off; for they are evidently *brought under the power of it.* Secondly, those impertinent questions might have been cut short by a very little steadiness and common sense. You need only have taken the method mentioned above, and they would have dropped in the midst. Thirdly, it is not strange you saw no good effects of leaving it off, where it was not left off at all; but you saw very bad effects of not leaving it off, viz. the adding sin to sin; the

joining much unedifying conversation to wasteful, unhealthy self-indulgence. Fourthly, you need not go far to see many good effects of leaving it off; you may see them in me. I have recovered thereby that healthy state of the whole nervous system which I had in a great degree lost, for considerably more than twenty years. I have been enabled hereby to assist, in one year, above fifty poor with food or raiment, whom I must otherwise have left (for I had before begged for them all I could) as hungry and as naked as I found them. You may see the good effects in above thirty people just now before you, who have been restored to health, through the medicine bought by that money, which a single person has saved in this article; and a thousand more good effects you will not fail to see, when her example is more generally followed.

Neither is there any need that conversation should be unedifying, even when it turns upon eating and drinking; nay, from such a conversation, if duly improved, numberless good effects may flow: for how few understand, *whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God?* And how glad ought you to be of a fair occasion to observe that though the kingdom of God does not consist in meats and drinks, yet, without an exact temperance in these, we cannot have either *righteousness, or peace, or joy*, in the Holy Ghost! it may therefore have a very happy effect if, whenever people introduce the subject, you directly close in, and push it home, that they may understand a little more of this important truth.

But "I find at present very little desire to change either my thoughts or practice." Shall I speak plain? I fear, by not standing your ground, by easiness, cowardice, and false shame, you have grieved the spirit of God, and thereby lost your conviction and desire at once. Yet you add, "I advise every one to leave off tea, if it hurts their health, or is inconsistent with frugality, as I advise every one to avoid dainties in meat, and vanity in dress, from the same principle." Enough, enough! let this only be well pursued, and it will secure all that I contend for. I advise no persons living to leave it off, if it does not hurt the health either of them or their brethren: and if it is not inconsistent with Christian frugality, of cutting off *every* needless expense.

But "to be subject to the consequences of leaving it off again, this I cannot bear!" I answer, first, it may be so, you cannot easily bear it; for, by your giving up the point once,

you have made it much harder to stand your ground now than it was at first. Yet still it is worth all your courage and labor; since the reasons for it are as strong as at the beginning. Secondly, as to the consequences you fear, they are shadowy all; they are a mere lion in the street. "Much trouble to others;" absolutely none at all, if you take the teakettle and fill your cup with water. "Much foolish discourse;" take the preceding advice, and it will be just the reverse.

"Nothing helpful toward the renewal of my soul in the image of Jesus Christ." What a deep mistake is this! Is it not helpful to speak closely of the nature of his inward kingdom? To encourage one another in casting off every weight, in removing every hindrance of it; to inure ourselves to conduct even our minutest actions by the greatest rules of reason and religion; is it "not of any importance" to do this? I think it is of vast importance: however, "it is a very small circumstance in self-denial." It is well if you find it so, I am sure I did not; and I believe the case is the same with many others at this day.

But you say, "I have so many other assaults of self-indulgence, that this is nothing." "It is nothing," said one to a young woman, "to fast once or twice a week, to deny yourself a little food. Why do not you deny yourself as to anger and fretfulness, as to peevishness and discontent?" She replied, "That I want; so I deny myself in little things first, till I am able to do it in greater." Neither you nor I can mend her reply; go thou and do likewise.

I have done what I proposed, and indeed in many more words than I at first intended: I have told you the occasions of every step I have taken, and the motives inducing me thereto; and have considered what either you or others have urged on the contrary side of the question; and now the advice I would give you upon the whole is this: first, pray earnestly to God for clear light, for a full, piercing, and steady conviction that this is a more excellent way. Pray for a spirit of universal self-denial, of cheerful temperance, of wise frugality, for bowels of mercies, for a kind compassionate spirit, tenderly sensible of the various wants of your brethren; and for firmness of mind, even courage, without fear, anger, or shame: then you will once more, with all readiness of heart, make this little (or great) sacrifice to God; and withal, present your soul and body a living sacrifice acceptable unto God through Jesus Christ.

ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.[1]

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "The Master of Ballantrae.")

[ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1880 and dying there December 3, 1894. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

ON the evening of February 26, the master went abroad; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured: a stifling cold; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintery, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night the haze closed in overhead; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold: a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game

[1] By permission of the Executors and Cassell & Co., Ltd. (Popular edition, price 3s. 6d.)

of cards, — another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the master any way affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practiced one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

"My dear Henry, it is yours to play," he had been saying, and now continued: "It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d'hébété qui me fait rager;* it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperiled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict."

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

"Dear God, will this never be done?" cries the master. "*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness, any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy: such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes" (looking at me and stifling a yawn), "it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to

make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me — nor, I think," he continued, with the most silken deliberation, "I think — who did not continue to prefer me."

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. "You coward!" he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the master in the mouth.

The master sprung to his feet like one transfigured. I had never seen the man so beautiful. "A blow!" he cried. "I would not take a blow from God Almighty."

"Lower your voice," said Mr. Henry. "Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," I cried, and sought to come between them.

The master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm's length, and still addressing his brother: "Do you know what this means?" said he.

"It was the most deliberate act of my life," says Mr. Henry.

"I must have blood, I must have blood for this," says the master.

"Please God it shall be yours," said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the master by the points. "Mackellar shall see us play fair," said Mr. Henry. "I think it very needful."

"You need insult me no more," said the master, taking one of the swords at random. "I have hated you all my life."

"My father is but newly gone to bed," said Mr. Henry. "We must go somewhere forth of the house."

"There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery," said the master.

"Gentlemen," said I, "shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?"

"Even so, Mackellar," said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

"It is what I will prevent," said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life. At these words of mine the master turned his blade against my bosom; I saw the light run along the steel; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the master.

To my shame be it said, I was so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," said the master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this ——" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring: a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bareheaded like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bade me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation! If you fall,

I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me — as you very well know — your child even who prefers me to yourself: how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?" He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, but my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till, of a sudden, the master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

"Look at his left hand," said Mr. Henry.

"It is all bloody," said I.

"On the inside?" said he.

"It is cut on the inside," said I.

"I thought so," said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

"God forgive us, Mr. Henry!" said I. "He is dead."

"Dead?" he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, "Dead? dead?" says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

"What must we do?" said I. "Be yourself, sir. It is too late now: you must be yourself."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he; and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy. "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed his example.

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat — my old lord's seat by the chimney side — and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"There is some calamity happened," she cried, sitting up in bed.

"Madame," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"Madame," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and ——"

"And the master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you ——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madame!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madame," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours; has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always; has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing, — the hearing of a hired stranger, — that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madame, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"Oh!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands,

"this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind, and, I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I, at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behoove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added; "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word "shame" that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burden. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight," she whispered. "It was not ——" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not now!" she cried.

"Madame," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "My lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madame," said I, "have you not some one else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Some one else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him — it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all;' if God gives you grace enough, say, 'Forgive me.'"

"God strengthen you, and make you merciful," said she. "I will go to my husband."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she downstairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisdeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"Oh, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed.

You know with what generosity he has always met your other — met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know — you must know — what he has suffered — what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of — is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him — pardon me, my lord! — twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous raillery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know — for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this ——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart."

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord, with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable

light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues; virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons — I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter!" he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarreled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Oh, my

lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer — think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door; oh, it stands open! Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?* these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech!" said he. "Where was it?"

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him, he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The free traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar: put these candles out. I will dress in the mean while; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my

scalp, as I stood there staring; so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it wakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "You cannot have looked. Come back."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long — so long," said she. "Come; give me your hand."

We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She spied the sword, picked it up, and, seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Oh, you have not tried!"

"You have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madame," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword — a strange burden for that woman — she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The free traders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him ——" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?" he asked. "Oh, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed — as he came — without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went downstairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the

table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said: "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "Oh, father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him — you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh, say you know that! Oh, say you can forgive me! Oh, father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And oh, my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me, too! Not your husband — I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him — it's the old bairn that played with you — oh, can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this my lord was like a cold kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself.

"We may leave him to his wife now," says he. "Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelled the morning. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea; and the air puffed at times against our faces, and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing further on toward the landing place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the

path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken; and down by the landing place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind, no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it in the council we held on our return. The free traders had certainly secured the master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures; the rain would, long before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him, as I said, with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants, and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaus, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the

change and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before: it was a parting shot, hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion: which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize: the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied: these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead; but, since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case I was determined to have the means of some defense.

One after another I carried his portmanteaus to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked; went to my own room for my keys, and, returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaus there was a shagreen letter case, which I cut open with my knife; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers: a most damning series: such as to publish would be to wreck the master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents; I rubbed my hands, I sung aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window — looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the

wind driving in the bay — and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momently looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches: they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to any one of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

FROM "FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT."

BY LOUISE MÜHLBACH.

[KLARA MÜLLER MUNDT, German novelist, was born in 1814, and died in 1873. Her novels were mostly written under the pseudonym of Louise Mühl-

bach; the best known of them are the historical ones, including the one here cited, "Joseph II. and his Court," "Marie Antoinette and her Son," "Queen Hortense," "Goethe and Schiller," and "Napoleon and Blücher."]

The Masquerade.

The halls of the palace were radiantly illuminated, and through them moved a procession of fabulous, fantastic figures. Representatives of all nations were there to greet the young hero and king. Greek and Turk and Russian, peasant maidens, Spaniards, odalisques, fairies, witches, monks and nuns, German girls of the mediæval city, knights in silver mail, and gypsies — a many-colored, charming scene.

In the farthest hall there was a group without masks. Both the queens, glittering in gold and jewels, sat there, for Sophia Dorothea needed no longer conceal her diamonds, and Elizabeth Christine, knowing that the king desired the Queen of Prussia to appear in magnificence befitting her dignity, wore her tiara of emeralds and diamonds, which Bielfeld had pronounced a wonder of beauty and richness.

With the queens and the Princesses Amalie and Ulrica stood the king, who had retained his gorgeous costume, and back of the royal family stood the ladies and gentlemen of the retinue, all unmasked, but mask in hand, for no one might enter masked the room in which the queens and the royal family were.

The king and the queen mother were about to keep the promises which they had reciprocally made. Sophia Dorothea was about to permit the presentation of Count Néal, while the king bade the newly married Countess Rhedern welcome.

Pöllnitz' loud, ironical voice proclaimed the arrival of Count and Countess Rhedern and of Count Néal, and the personages thus solemnly announced entered the hall, that sanctuary which opens only to the privileged, to those near the royal family by birth, favor, or service.

Leaning upon the arm of her noble spouse, the newly created Countess Rhedern, *née* Orguelin, entered the sacred precinct. Her face was perfectly calm, cold, and grave; an expression of firm determination manifested itself in her features, which no longer possessed the charm of youth or beauty, yet were not wanting in interest. Extreme kindliness seemed to speak from her somewhat large but well-formed mouth. And out of the large dark eyes, which were not modestly cast down, but calmly directed toward the royal family, so much spirit, passion, and

boldness spoke that the beholder saw at once here was no ordinary woman, but a strong, fiery, determined nature, with courage to challenge her destiny, and, if it must be, bend it to her will.

But the proud and imperious Sophia Dorothea was unpleasantly impressed by the countess' serious and direct observation of herself. If the countess had approached her with downcast eyes, trembling, overwhelmed by the unheard-of royal condescension, the queen mother might have been inclined to pardon her the blemish of her nameless origin. But this calm, unembarrassed demeanor enraged her. Moreover, the countess' brilliant and costly costume offended her. The silver-embroidered train, which, fastened with diamond agrafes at the shoulders, fell in rich folds to the floor, was of costlier stuff than the queen's robe. The necklace, bracelets, and diadem bore comparison with the queen's own, and the huge fan, which the countess carried half open, was of real Chinese workmanship, with such incomparable ivory carving and delicately painted decoration that the queen felt a sort of envy at sight of the rare work of art to which she possessed no mate.

She therefore responded with curt nods to the threefold reverential courtesy of the countess, executed according to all the rules of etiquette; while Queen Elizabeth Christine, who sat next to the queen mother, greeted the countess with a gracious smile. The king, observing the cloud upon his mother's brow, and well knowing its source, found keen amusement in the scene. It pleased him to see her, who had so energetically worked for the reception of Countess Rhedern, receiving her so brusquely, and he wished to tease his royal mother a little with her quickly evaporated enthusiasm for the nameless countess who had no other claim upon the privilege of appearing at court than the debts of the count, her husband, and her own millions. He therefore greeted the new countess with gracious and kindly words, and, turning to his mother, said, half inaudibly, "Indeed, your Majesty, you did well to invite Countess Rhedern to our court; she will be a real ornament to it."

"Yes, a real ornament," said Sophia Dorothea, who now regarded the countess' dignified and unembarrassed bearing as impudent and wanting in respect to royalty, and had determined to punish this obtrusive woman. Casting proud and scornful looks upon her, she said: —

"What a strange train you wear, Countess!"

"It is an Indian product," replied the latter, undisturbed. "My father has connections with certain Dutch importing houses, and one of them procured us this rare stuff which has the honor to attract your Majesty's attention."

Sophia Dorothea blushed with shame and rage. This countess, scarcely emerged from the lowly estate of the tradesman, had the audacity not to blush for her past, not to conceal it under an impenetrable veil, but to speak in the presence of two queens of the business connections of her father; while royalty had meant to be so gracious as to bury this blemish in eternal oblivion.

"You are wearing an article in which your father deals. That is, indeed, a very ingenious method of recommending it, and, in future, when we behold the toilet of the Countess Rhedern, the whole court will at once know which is the newest article for sale by Orguelin, the silk factor, the countess' father."

A scarcely suppressed laugh of the cavaliers and ladies who had heard the queen's words rewarded this cruel jest. All eyes were contemptuously directed toward the countess, whose husband, trembling and deathly pale, stood by her side, not having courage to raise his eyes from the floor. The young Countess Rhedern alone remained perfectly quiet and unconstrained.

"Pardon, your Majesty," she said, in a full, clear voice, "if I venture to contradict you. My father's business is too well known for me to assume that any one is ignorant of the kind of goods in which he deals."

"Well," asked the queen, angrily, "in what does he deal, then?"

The countess bowed reverently. "Your Majesty," she said, "my father deals with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty."

The queen's eyes flashed lightning. A tradesman's daughter dared to snub the queen, and to defy her anger. Sophia Dorothea arose in the full majesty of her royal dignity. She was about to crush this arrogant "newborn" countess, and her lips parted for a sarcastic remark, the more annihilating from royal lips because no retort is possible. But the king saw the rising storm and wished to ward it off. His generous nature resented seeing a poor defenseless woman thus tortured, and he was too high-minded and free from prejudice to be

displeased at the calm and dignified bearing of the poor countess. That which had irritated the queen mother had won the king's approval, and he forgave the countess her nameless birth in favor of her spirit and intelligence.

He laid his hand gently upon his mother's shoulder, and said, with a kind smile: "Does not your Majesty think that Countess Rhedern does credit to her birth? Her father's dealings are carried on with understanding, dignity, generosity, and modesty. The countess seems to me to continue her father's business as an efficient heiress, worthy of all respect. My dear countess, I shall ever be a faithful patron of your house, provided you promise not to forget as Countess Rhedern what you say characterizes your father."

"I promise, your Majesty," said the countess, bowing low, an expression of pure delight illumining her face and making it almost beautiful. "I hope your Majesty may be so gracious," she replied, taking her husband's hand, "as some day to convince yourself that the house of Rhedern & Co. does honor to the king and is able to meet his demands."

The queen mother could hardly suppress a cry of anger and indignation. Countess Rhedern dared to give the king an invitation. This was an offense against the etiquette of the court such as great ignorance or insolence alone could commit, and for which the king would doubtless punish the presumptuous woman with his proudest contempt. But Sophia Dorothea was mistaken. The king bowed, and, with an inimitable expression of kindliness, said, "Madame, I shall come very soon to see whether your establishment does credit to my patronage."

Sophia Dorothea almost fainted; she could endure this scene no longer, and, giving way to her stormy nature, was guilty of the same breach of etiquette which Countess Rhedern had committed in ignorance; she did that which her king or the reigning queen should, according to court etiquette, have done. She broke up the formal presentation. Rising with unwonted celerity from her fauteuil, she said impatiently, "I think it is time to go and look at the dance in the large dancing room. Listen, your Majesty, the music is most enticing. Let us go."

But the king laid his hand upon the queen's arm.

"Madame," he said, "you forget that there is a happy man waiting to be irradiated by the light of your countenance.

You forget that you have consented to Count Néal's presentation."

"This, too," she murmured, sinking back into her fauteuil. She scarcely heard the solemn presentation of Count Néal, responded with a curt, silent nod to the poor count's reverent greeting, not seeing how he beamed with joy at having carried his point and being received by the queen mother.

The king was in the mood for playing peacemaker, and came to the assistance of his mother's angry silence.

"Madame," he said, "Count Néal is a man to be envied. He has seen what we shall probably never see, the sun of India. And in Surinam he was governor for a time."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I was not governor only, I bore the title of viceregent," said the count, with a proud smile.

"Wherein consist the honors of the viceregent?" asked the king, negligently.

"I was esteemed there as your Majesty is here," replied the count.

"Indeed," said the king, with a smile, "you stood upon an equality with the King of Prussia?" and, turning to Pöllnitz, who stood near, he continued: "You have been guilty of a grave breach of etiquette, you have forgotten to place a fauteuil for my half-brother, the viceregent of Surinam. You must make allowance this one day, my dear stepbrother. At the next masquerade we shall not forget that you are viceregent of Surinam, and woe to the baron if he forgets to give you a fauteuil then."

So speaking, he offered his arm to the queen mother, and beckoned to Prince Augustus William to follow with the reigning queen into the dancing room.

"If it is agreeable to you, madame," said the king, releasing his mother's arm, "we will dispense with ceremony for a half-hour and mix at ease with the dancers."

And without awaiting her reply, the king bowed and hastened through the room, accompanied by Pöllnitz, into the adjoining cabinet, where a domino and mask awaited him.

The whole court followed the king's example; the prince and princesses, even the reigning queen, availed themselves of the permission to forget etiquette for a half-hour.

The queen mother suddenly found herself alone in the middle of the great hall, deserted by all her court. Only the marshal, Count Rhedern, his wife, and the train-bearing pages

remained. Sophia Dorothea sighed deeply, felt that she was no longer the queen, but only a poor widow, descended from the throne to the second rank. Luckily Countess Rhedern was there, and upon her the royal anger could be vented.

"Madame," said the queen, "your train is too long. You should have brought some boys from your father's shop to serve as trainbearers. Your father's ware could have been more minutely examined."

The countess bowed. "Your Majesty will kindly pardon me that I cannot obey your behest this time; I have no right to appropriate the boys in my father's store for my personal service. But if your Majesty seriously thinks that I need trainbearers, I would suggest that my father's principal debtors would gladly serve as such if my father would grant them a respite. Your Majesty may rest assured that, should you accept my proposition, I could at once select two of the most distinguished cavaliers of your Majesty's court, and should no longer put your court to shame."

The queen did not reply — she darted a hateful glance at this unconquerable woman standing beside her with undisturbed composure, and then stepped rapidly toward the throne erected for the royal family.

The Fancy Ball.

The king meanwhile had completed his toilet with Pöllnitz' help, and was now such a figure as were wandering by hundreds through the room.

"You do not think I shall be recognized?" asked the king, donning his mask.

"Sire, it is impossible! But you must graciously push the mask a little farther over your eyes, so as to shade them, otherwise your Majesty will surely be known, for no other human eye is like your own."

"I think these eyes will see some things presently that have been seen by few human eyes," said the king, with a smile. "Have you ever seen a battlefield covered with the fleeing enemy, or stood a victor among corpses?"

"Heaven defend me from it, sire! The enemies I have seen have never fled, but always put me to flight; and it is a miracle that I have always succeeded in escaping them!"

"Who are these victorious foes?"

"My creditors, sire; and your Majesty may well believe me when I say that they are for me a more fearful spectacle than a field full of corpses, for they are unfortunately not dead, but alive to torture me."

The king laughed. "Perhaps you may yet succeed in slaying them," he said. "When I have seen my battlefield as I describe it to you, when I return victorious, we must give our attention to slaying your foes as well. Until then, keep up a brave defense! But come, let us go into the dancing hall; I have but one little half-hour left for pleasure!"

The king mingled with merry jests among the dancers, while Pöllnitz stood near the cabinet door watching for some one in the throng. At last a contemptuous smile played over his face, and he murmured softly: "There they are, all three! This nun, in whom no mortal could recognize the Morien. There is the card king, the quinze-vingt Manteuffel, who does not dream that he has already lost the game, playing his trump in vain. And the gypsy there, telling fortunes from the maskers' palms, is the Brandt. How one small piece of paper can unmask three human minds!"

"Now, Baron Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, "will you fulfill your promise?"

"Dearest Madame Morien," replied the baron, with a shrug, "the king has most strictly forbidden me to betray him. His Majesty desires to remain unknown."

"Pöllnitz," whispered the nun, with a trembling voice, "have pity upon me; tell me the king's mask and win my undying gratitude! I know you love diamonds; see the costly brooch that I have brought you in exchange for this far costlier information."

"It is impossible to withstand you," cried the baron, reaching out his hand for the pin. "Listen. The king wears a sky-blue domino embroidered with narrow silver bars. In his hat is a white feather with a ruby pin, and his shoe buckles are diamonds."

"I thank you," whispered the nun, hastily giving him the brooch and vanishing again into the throng.

Pöllnitz was still busily fastening the needle in his lace when the card king laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Now, Baron, you see I keep our rendezvous. Answer the question I asked you yesterday, and I'll give you for it news that assure you a rich and happy future!"

"Accepted, Count. You wished to know from me what route the king proposes to follow and the strength of his troops. Here is a detailed schedule of the troops, and here a map of the route. I have both from an influential friend who is the king's most trusted servant. But I had to pay this friend a thousand crowns for the two papers, as I told you in advance."

"Here is a check for four thousand thalers," said the count, handing him a paper. "You see I have not forgotten the price."

"And the important secret?"

"Listen! In Nuremberg lives a family of friends of mine with an only daughter. The daughter is heiress to a million. The family is of civil rank, but longs to marry the daughter to a Prussian nobleman! I proposed you to them, and you are accepted. You have but to journey thither, give up this letter of introduction, and make your offer. You will be accepted, and at the wedding come into a million!"

"Hum, a million is not so much!" said Pöllnitz, with a shrug. "If I must marry a civilian to get my million, I know a girl that has as much and is in love with me, besides being young and pretty — which may not be the case with the Nuremberger."

"Take my letter, none the less," said the count, laughing, "and consider my proposition. You must at least admit that my secret is worth its price. Au revoir!"

And the count was about to depart when he turned about. "One thing more, my dear Baron! I forgot one little condition which goes with marrying the pretty Nuremberger. The family is strictly Protestant, and demands a Protestant husband for the daughter. If you should wish to marry her, you would therefore have the kindness to get yourself baptized, for, if I am not in error, you are at present of the Catholic faith."

"Yes, for the moment. But that would present no difficulty. I used to be a Protestant, and felt just as well as at present."

The count laughed and slipped away into the throng, while Pöllnitz looked reflectively into the paper which the count had given him.

"I think Anna Pricker must possess at least half a million thalers," he said softly; "and half a million thalers are worth

nearly as much as a million of those light Nuremberg gulden! Old Pricker is fatally ill with grief for the sudden death of his wife. If he dies, Anna will be a rich heiress as well as the Nuremberger. And if our plan succeeds she will really be a great singer, according to Quantz' opinion, so gaining influence over the king and making people forget that she is a tailor's daughter. I think I prefer Anna Pricker to the Nuremberger, whom I should have to take like a cat in a bag. But we will keep her in reserve in case Anna's fortune should be smaller than I think. Then I'll turn Protestant again and marry the Nuremberger."

At this point the gypsy stood before Pöllnitz, eying him with a roguish glance. At once he was the smiling cavalier again, answering the saucy gypsy with pert jests. But Madame Brandt, in the impatience of her feminine curiosity, was soon weary of the tourney of words.

"You promised me news of the letter which I lost at the court banquet," she said.

"Ah! the portentous letter which might well have compromised a gentleman and two ladies beyond measure. The owner must be most desirous of recovering that letter; even at some sacrifice."

"Oh, yes, even at heavy sacrifice," she cried impatiently. "You demanded a hundred louis d'or for the letter; I have brought them. Have you the letter?"

"I have it."

"Then take these rolls of gold pieces quickly and give it to me."

The baron hid the rolls in his bosom.

"Now the letter, give me the letter quickly!" urged Madame Brandt.

Pöllnitz searched his breast pocket. "Heavens!" he said, "that letter seems to have wings and to vanish whenever it is most needed. Perhaps I have lost it in the dancing room just as you did yourself. Let me hasten to seek it."

Pöllnitz wished to retreat at once, but Madame Brandt detained him.

"Be so good as to give me my money until you have found the letter," she said, trembling with rage.

"Your money?" said Pöllnitz, with an appearance of surprise. "Your money? I do not remember your ever giving me money to take care of. Let me hasten to seek the letter."

He tore himself away hastily, while Madame Brandt, speechless with anger, leaned against the wall to keep from falling. But Pöllnitz grinned as he counted his gains. "This evening has brought me a thousand crowns, two hundred louis d'or, the prospect of a rich bride, and possession of a diamond brooch. I think I may be content, and can live for a few months longer. Moreover, I stand well with the king despite all these intrigues, and who knows whether he may not give me a house after all, though Eckert's is unfortunately no longer vacant? Ah! there he is among the maskers."

Suddenly Pöllnitz heard his name whispered, and, turning, met a lady in a black domino, her capuchin drawn low over her brow, her face concealed by an impenetrable mask of lace.

"Herr von Pöllnitz, one word, if I may ask it," said the lady, beckoning with her hand and passing through the crowd in advance of him. Pöllnitz followed her, studying her costume to find some mark by which to recognize the wearer. But in vain. They reached a vacant window niche, and the lady entered it, beckoning Pöllnitz to follow.

"Baron von Pöllnitz," she said, in a low, timid voice, "they call you the noblest and most skillful of all the cavaliers. You will not refuse a favor to a lady?"

"Command me," said Pöllnitz, with his unfailing smile. "What lies in my power I will do."

"You know the king's disguise, doubtless. Tell me which it is."

Pöllnitz started backward, indignant. "That you call a favor, my beautiful domino? I am to betray the king's disguise to you? His Majesty has most strenuously forbidden me to betray his disguise to any one, and if I should describe it to you that would be, not, as you call it, a favor, but an offense against his Majesty. You will not require such a crime of me?"

"Yet I beseech you, grant my request," she cried. "Believe me, it is no mere curiosity, it is the ardent and justifiable wish to speak a word with the king before his departure for the war, from which he may never return."

The lady, carried away by her eager desire, had spoken in her own voice, which seemed to Pöllnitz familiar. A vague suspicion awoke in his mind. But before speaking, he must be certain. He approached the lady more closely, and, watching her narrowly, said:—

"Who vouches for it that you are not some Austrian enemy trying to tempt the king into God knows what dangers?"

"The word of a woman who has never uttered a falsehood," cried the lady. "Nay, Baron von Pöllnitz; God, who hears us and protects the dear life of our king, knows that in my heart there dwells no thought of wishing the king harm."

"Will you swear to this?"

"I swear it as truly as there is a God in heaven!" cried the lady, raising her arm to heaven. Pöllnitz followed the movement with eager eyes. He saw, as the long, broad sleeve of the domino glided back to the elbow, the wondrous bracelet of diamonds and emeralds clasped about the lady's arm. There was but one such bracelet at the court, and it belonged to Queen Elizabeth Christine. Pöllnitz, however, was too crafty a courtier to betray his surprise. He bowed calmly before the lady, who, terrified at her own thoughtlessness, had dropped the sleeve hastily over the traitorous ornament.

"Madame," he said, "you have taken a solemn vow which fully satisfies me. I am ready to accede to your wish. Meanwhile I must keep my word, not *telling* any one the king's disguise. I must content myself with showing you the king. Be so good as to follow me. I am about to look for the king and shall speak with no one save himself. The domino whom I shall first address and before whom I shall bow is the king."

"I thank you," whispered the lady, wrapping herself more closely in her domino. "I shall remember this hour, and if it is ever in my power to render you a service, I shall do so. You may rely upon me!"

"A fortunate evening, indeed," thought Pöllnitz, "for now I have won the favor of the queen, who has hitherto been disinclined toward me!"

He approached Frederick, who, recognizing him, greeted him instantly. Pöllnitz bowed, the lady stood behind him.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said the king, in a low tone.

"I had to wait for our three masqueraders."

"Did all three come?"

"All three, your Majesty! Morien, Manteuffel, and Madame Brandt. Count Manteuffel is true to his rôle; he is

always the harmless quinze-vingt, whom no one need fear, and to signify that, he appears to-day in the costume of a card king!"

"And Madame von Morien?"

"Here as a nun, consumed with longing to speak with your Majesty. She begged so long to know your costume that I betrayed it to her, and if you care to go into the dark room which the gardener has transformed into a grotto, the repentant nun will doubtless willingly follow you thither, sire!"

"It is well. What costume is Madame Brandt wearing?"

"She is a gypsy, sire! A yellow skirt with hieroglyphics, a red, gold-embroidered waist, a tiny cap studded with diamonds upon her curls, and a huge mouche upon the left temple near the mask. She wanted the famous letter, and I sold it to her for a hundred louis d'or."

"Which you could not earn, because you had not the letter."

"Pardon, your Majesty, I deserved them, for I got them first and then declared I had lost the letter."

The king laughed.

"Pöllnitz, Pöllnitz," he said, "it is truly good luck that you are not married. Your sons would all be good for the gallows! Did you give Manteuffel the plan and schedule of troops?"

"I did so, sire! and the worthy count was so rejoiced thereat that he made me a present of four thousand thalers. I took the sum, and your Majesty will prescribe what I shall do therewith."

"Keep your booty. You've talent as a highway robber, and I prefer your exercising it upon the Austrians. There is no harm in the noble count giving four thousand thalers for his false news. For false plans it is enough. For true ones it were a ridiculous trifle! Go now, my Baron, but take care that I find my uniform in the cabinet yonder!"

Reward and Punishment.

The king had forgotten for the moment that he had any other business than that of amusing himself. But now he was reminded of it, for at his elbow stood the card king, his once loved Count Manteuffel.

"I was looking for you," he said in a low voice, laying his hand upon the count's shoulder. "You were wanting to my game, but now that I have you in my hand I shall win."

The count's ear was too well trained to mistake the voice, despite the disguise, but he was too skillful a diplomatist to betray his recognition.

"What game would you play with me, domino?" he inquired, rapidly following the king through the hall to a small deserted room.

"A wholly new game, the play of war, my card king," answered the king, roughly.

"War?" repeated the count. "I am not acquainted with the game."

The king was pacing rapidly up and down.

"Count," he said, pausing before Manteuffel, "I am your friend and give you a piece of good advice. Leave Berlin to-night, never to return."

"Why do you give me this advice, domino?" asked the count, apparently unconstrained.

"Because, otherwise, you run the risk of imprisonment as a traitor and hanging as a spy! Do not reply, do not defend yourself. I am your friend, but I am the king's friend too. The king does not know that you are an Austrian spy in the service of Seckendorf and the empress. May he never know it, for his wrath would be the more terrible because he once loved you. The poor young prince was credulous and inexperienced enough to believe in your love and take you into his heart. It was a tender heart in those days, and is not yet hardened enough to bear with calmness the blows the king's traitorous friends inflict on it. A day will come when the work will be complete, when King Frederick will wear about his heart a coat of mail impenetrable, perhaps, even for true love. Then he would see in you, not his former friend, but a traitor and a spy only. Therefore flee before vengeance descends upon you, beyond the punishment of your own guilty conscience."

"But what if I should stay? should try to justify myself to the king?" asked the count, timidly.

"Do not attempt it; it would be vain. The moment you tried that, the king would be informed of all your intrigues, bribery, and treachery; he would know that you correspond with his cook, that Madame Brandt's diary is written for you

to send to the Austrian court, and why you paid Madame Brandt considerable sums of money."

"Do you advise me to go before applying to his Majesty for dismissal?" asked the count, stupefied.

"I do not counsel you, I command you!" exclaimed the king, forgetting his disguise. "I command you to leave this palace without one word, one greeting, silent, as befits a detected criminal. Go!"

The count obeyed. Silently he bowed before the king, and, with tottering steps and bowed head, broken and humiliated, he quitted the dancing hall.

The king watched him as he vanished into the throng. "For such men must we lose our trust in man," he murmured. "Is it true, as the wise men of old said, that we princes are condemned to solitude? But there is the coquettish gypsy, the worthy friend of our good Manteuffel. We will reverse matters, and I'll forecast her future."

The king hastened to overtake the gypsy. "Pöllnitz has found the letter," he whispered in her ear, "and is hurrying to give it to you."

"Where is he?" cried the gypsy, eagerly.

"Follow me!" answered the king, retiring to a window niche, whither Madame Brandt followed in impatient haste.

"Here we are alone and can chat unobserved," he said.

Madame Brandt laughed. "To chat requires two. You enticed me here by mentioning a letter which Pöllnitz was to give me, but I see neither Pöllnitz nor the letter."

"Pöllnitz charged me to give you the letter. But first give me your hand, I will tell your fortune."

Madame Brandt gave her hand in speechless terror. She had recognized the voice. The king looked at the hand without touching it. "There are wonderful things to be read in this hand. According to them you are a dangerous intrigante, a treacherous subject, a cruel coquette."

"Do you believe this?" asked the gypsy, with a forced smile.

"I do not believe it, I know it. Fate never deceives, and fate has written upon your hand and your brow — see, you may read it — that you received for traitorous services a large sum of money from a foreign country. Here I see diamonds, there a promise of twenty thousand thalers for the maintenance of a certain marriage. How you tremble! hold your hand

still, that I may read your future. Here I see a dangerous letter that got into wrong hands through your imprudence. Should the king read it, your ruin is inevitable. He will punish you for treason, banish you from court, shut you up in a fortress according to the custom when, in war times, a subject conspires with the enemy. So rejoice, for if you are wise and prudent the king shall know nothing, and you are saved!"

"How can I avoid this misfortune?" asked Madame Brandt, breathlessly.

"By banishing yourself from court and leaving Berlin upon some pretext. Retire to your husband's estate and reflect there upon your offense, in solitude. Leave Berlin to-morrow, and do not venture to return until the king summons you."

He left the window niche, where Madame Brandt stayed, weeping with rage and humiliation, and went to the dark grotto. He saw the nun stealthily following him into the shrubbery. He tore away his mask and, turning to the nun, said roughly, "What do you want of me?"

"Your love!" she answered, sinking on her knees; "that love without which I shall perish, without which I suffer the tortures of the damned in the fires of hell."

"Then go and be d——d," answered the king, pushing away the arm she stretched to him and retreating a step farther from her. "Go and suffer in the flames. God will not redeem you, and neither will I."

"To hear this and live!" she murmured through her tears. "Oh! my king, have mercy! Remember what intoxicating poison your looks and words and kisses poured into my veins, and do not punish me because that sweet poison has made me ill unto madness, unto death. See what it has made of me, how poor Leontine has changed since she no longer basks in the sunshine of your love!" With trembling fingers she drew aside the white veil which had covered her face. The king looked at her with stern, calm eyes.

"You have aged, madame," he said, "enough to enter without encountering remonstrance the path you have so wisely selected; enough to become a heroine of virtue after being so long a devotee of love. Accept the Order of Virtue which the Empress of Austria promised you, for the king will not divorce his wife, and, this being wholly due to you, I think the empress cannot refuse you the promised decoration."

"He knows all and despises me," moaned Madame Morien, sobbing aloud, her hands before her face.

"Yes, he despises you!" repeated the king. "He despises you and has no pity upon you. Farewell."

Without a glance at the kneeling, weeping figure, he strode away. Suddenly he felt a hand lightly touching his shoulder.

"One word, King Frederick," whispered the disguised woman.

"Speak! what do you want of me?" he asked kindly.

"Nothing," replied a gentle, trembling voice, "except to see your face once more before you go forth to battle and danger. Only to beg you to spare yourself a little. Remember, my king, that your life is an immeasurable treasure, for which you are responsible, not to God only, but to your people. Oh! my king and master, do not rush into danger; preserve yourself for your family, your people, your country, to all of whom you are indispensable."

The king shook his head with a smile.

"No one can say that he is indispensable," he said. "Man is like a stone thrown into the water. For a moment there is a ripple, then all is as before. But I shall not vanish away without a trace. Should I perish in the war to which I march this night, my death shall be a glorious one, my grave wreathed with laurel, though no one will come to pay tribute of love and tears; for a king is never loved, and when he dies is never wept for, all the world being too busily engaged in greeting his successor."

"But you are loved," cried the disguised woman, carried away by her emotion. "I know a poor woman who lives only by your glance, your words, the sight of you. A woman who would die of joy if loved by you, as she would certainly die of grief if death should seize her hero, her god, her ideal. For the sake of this woman, who has laid her love at your feet, and day by day sacrificed her own heart, thanking God that she may at least lie at your feet — for her sake have mercy and spare yourself, not plunging willfully into danger."

The king laid his hand lightly upon the folded hands of the supplicant, whom he knew but too well.

"Do you know the queen so well that you know what transpires in her inmost soul?"

"Yes, I know the queen," she whispered, "and I may read her heart, for she has but one confidant in her misfortune,

and I am she. I alone know how she suffers, and how she loves!"

"If this be so, pray go to her and carry my farewell. Tell her that the king reveres no woman more than herself; that he esteems her so highly as to place her side by side with the women of antiquity; that he is convinced she will say to the king, departing for the field of battle, as the Roman matrons said to their fathers, husbands, and sons, when giving them their shields, 'With it or upon it.' Elizabeth Christine feels and thinks as the Roman matrons did, knows that the King of Prussia can return home only as a victor or a corpse, from the struggle upon which he now enters with his hereditary enemy, the House of Austria. His life is worth little, his honor everything, and this he must maintain though he pay for it with his blood. Say this to Queen Elizabeth Christine, and tell her that her brother and friend will think of her on the day of battle, not to spare himself, but to remember that in that hour a noble soul is praying for him. And with these words, farewell! I must go to my troops. Go to the queen!"

He bowed low before the poor, sobbing woman, and hastened into the dancing room, where the music was just striking up a waltz.

While the queen retired to her apartment to weep and pray, and the king was hastily donning his uniform, the officers were assembling according to orders in the square below, and Prince Augustus William lingered in the dancing room; but he was not dancing, and no one suspected that he was there. For he had been seen in costume, unmasked, and had left the dancing hall to make, as he said, the last preparations for his departure. He had, however, returned in an inconspicuous domino with a mask. No one except Laura knew this, and with her he now stood in a window niche, concealed by heavy damask curtains from the company.

The moment of parting had come. The officers were taking up their positions in the square, the trumpet blast sounded from the adjacent streets, calling the troops together.

"I must go, dearest," whispered the prince, clasping his weeping sweetheart in his arms.

"Never to return," sighed Laura.

"I shall return, Laura," he said, with a faint smile. "I am not born to die a hero on the field of battle. I know it, I feel it; and still it were, perhaps, much sorrow spared, for that is

the quickest, least expected death, much to be preferred to our daily death in life. Yet nothing shall part us," he cried passionately. "My honor demands to-day's departure, but this shall be the last. When I return, I shall remind thee of thy holy vows."

Laura shook her head sadly. "I have no cheerful confidence in the future, nor yet the courage to bear the thought of separation from thee," she whispered. "Sometimes, when I have been praying, it seems to me that God will give me strength to bow in obedience to the commands of the queen mother and marry Count Voss. But when I try to speak the decisive word my lips are closed as if with seals and I can open them only to utter a cry of despair."

The prince clasped her passionately in his arms. "Swear to me that thou wilt never be so faithless and cowardly as to submit to my mother's threats," he said almost savagely. "Swear to me that thou wilt be true to thy oath which thou hast taken as my bride."

"I swear it," she said, looking, with eyes full of love and tenderness, into his excited face.

"They will make the most of my absence to torture you," he continued. "My mother will storm you with threats and pleas, but if you love me you will find strength to resist them. My mother does not yet know that it is I whom you bless with your love. She thinks it is, if not the king, then one of the margraves or the young Prince of Brunswick who holds your heart in his possession. But any accident may betray our love, and then her rage will be frightful. She will do anything, everything, to separate us, will scorn no intrigue to attain her end. Believe no report, no letter, no message — believe me only, my spoken word. I shall not write, for my letters might be found. I shall send no messenger, for he might betray me. If I should fall in battle I shall, if God is merciful to me, find strength to give some pitying friend a greeting for you, for then our love need no longer fear the eye of the world, the wrath of the king, the cunning of my mother. I shall not write, but my thoughts will be with you constantly."

"And if you should fall, God will be merciful to me and deliver me out of this world, which is but a grave for me," she whispered, clinging to him.

The prince kissed her brow reverently, and, drawing a ring from his finger, fastened it upon hers.

"This is our betrothal ring," he said. "Now you are mine, for you wear my ring. It is the first link in the chain which shall bind you now to me for all our lives. But listen! Do you hear the trumpets, the officers' hurrahs? The king is in the square and must be looking for me in amazement. I must go to the king. Farewell, beloved, farewell!"

He did not look at her again. He emerged carefully from behind the curtains, attracting no attention, passed the procession of masqueraders, who, obedient to the king's express command, continued their merriment undisturbed by the military preparations below. In the cabinet he threw off the domino which had concealed his uniform, and, seizing his helmet, hastened through the halls and down the stairs to the square. There stood the king, surrounded by his generals and officers. All eyes were fastened upon him. Every eye, every will, every trifling wish, was subordinated. He alone ruled.

Tall and brave, he stood in their midst, his handsome face beaming enthusiasm, his eyes gleaming, a smile playing upon his lips. Behind him stood the princes and generals, Prince Anhalt-Dessau, old Zoethen von Winterfeldt, and the adjutants, and above them all, illuminated by countless multitudes of torches, waved the flags, whose new gold-embroidered inscription, "Pro gloria et patria," shone like a star in the dark background.

Frederick raised his sword, greeted the fluttering flags, and opened his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to enter upon a war in which I have no allies beyond your bravery and good will. My cause is just and I seek the support of fortune. Remember the glory which your ancestors won upon the battlefields of Warsaw, Fehrbellin, and in the invasion of Prussia. Your fate is in your own hands. Honor and distinction await you. But I need not awaken your ambition. It inspires you sufficiently. We shall attack troops which, under Prince Eugene, enjoyed the greatest reputation. True, that prince is no more, but our fame as victors will be the greater because we have to measure our prowess with such a foe. Adieu. Depart. I shall follow you without delay to the field of glory."

ADVENTURES OF TOM JONES.

By HENRY FIELDING.

[For biographical sketch, see page 3971.]

Ensign Northerton's Little Joke of Slandering Sophia.

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover, and of the hero too, in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now, turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, "Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character." "Jesting!" cries the other, "d——n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French, of our regiment, had both her and her aunt at Bath." "Then I must tell you in earnest," cries Jones, "that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth."

He had no sooner spoken these words than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which, hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honor was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty, urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him what he could have done less? "Zounds!" says he, "I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life." "Have you not?" said the lieutenant; "then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon: you are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence till a proper guard comes to secure you."

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign that all that fervency of courage which had leveled our poor hero

with the floor would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side; but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat, and the Frenchman declaring, "Begar, me no tush the Engliseman de mort: me have heard de Englise ley, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last."

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musketeers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and, indeed, every one else who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who, being delivered into the custody of six men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honor, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care rather to secure the offender than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behavior, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering

it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which, when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, "Call the barber;" but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner, till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady: she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who, having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed everything which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

Containing the Great Address of the Landlady, the Great Learning of a Surgeon, and the Solid Skill in Casuistry of the Worthy Lieutenant.

When the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer: "I am afraid, sir," said she, "this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honors; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had put his desarts: to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior parsons into their company, they oft to keep their distance; but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen's company; but I thoft he had been an officer himself, till the sergeant told me he was but a recruit."

"Landlady," answered the lieutenant, "you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that's all."

"Ay! ay! good lackaday!" said the landlady; "who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honor will see justice done; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters."

"Indeed, madam," said the lieutenant, "you do the volunteer wrong: I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer."

"Ay!" cries the landlady; "why, look you there, now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he used to say you can't always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too; for I never *saw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who would have thoft it? mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lackaday, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents! why, sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be

sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honor says; for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any Christian blood as much as any men: I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them."

"O fie, madam!" said the lieutenant, smiling; "*all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish."

"Not at all, sir," answered she; "I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies; and there is no harm in that. To be sure, it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why, now, there is above forty shillings for window lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could: we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you oft to favor us; I am sure we are very good friends to the government; and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world."

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, "Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner." "I hope, sir," said the lieutenant, "the skull is not fractured." "Hum," cries the surgeon, "fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phenomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude if the skull is not fractured all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces than some contusions I have met with." "I hope," says the lieutenant, "there are no such symptoms here." "Symptoms," answered the surgeon, "are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavorable symptoms in the morning change to favorable ones at noon, and return to unfavorable again at night. Of

wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divellicated that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and after three or four times dressing the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion — But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood?" "No, really," answered the lieutenant, "I cannot say I understand a syllable." "Well, sir," said the surgeon, "then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion." "I wish, sir," said the lieutenant, "you would be so kind only to inform me whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal." "Sir," answered the surgeon, "to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing would be very weak and foolish presumption: we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee." "But do you think him in danger?" says the other. "In danger! ay, surely," cries the doctor; "who is there among us who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger? All I can say at present is that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning; and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water gruel." "Won't you allow him sack whey?" said the landlady." "Ay, ay, sack whey," cries the doctor, "if you will,

provided it be very small." "And a little chicken broth too?" added she. "Yes, yes, chicken broth," said the doctor, "is very good." "Mayn't I make him some jellies too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor, "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favorable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighborhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones that if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago, for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

"I should be very glad," quoth the lieutenant, "if you were as well as you fancy yourself, for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you."

"I'll try, however," answered Jones, "if you please, and will be so kind as to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own."

"My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy," cries

the lieutenant, kissing him; "you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your strength; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance; and I give you my honor you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment."

"I wish," said Jones, "it were possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me I shall not be able to rest."

"Oh, never think of it," returned the other; "a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honor are not like those in your body: they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now."

"But suppose," says Jones, "I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound?"

"Then your honor," answered the lieutenant, "will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered."

"Still," replied Jones, "I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a Christian."

"So am I too, I assure you," said the officer; "and so zealous a one that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one."

"But how terrible must it be," cried Jones, "to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish malice in his breast in opposition to the command of Him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant; "but a man of honor can't keep it. And you must be a man of honor if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and

he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but he said he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so; for who would bear to live without his honor? No, no, my dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live; but be a man of honor too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honor more. There must be some mistake in the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honor. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice." Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones, therefore, having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

A Most Dreadful Chapter indeed; and which Few Readers ought to venture upon in an Evening, especially when alone.

Jones swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the sergeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the sergeant was no sooner made sensible than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the sergeant with his design;

though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honor, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the sergeant that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword, adding that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. "For which," says he, "I will give you any reasonable price; nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The sergeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humor in the sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that — a blade that — in short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honor so well with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it, and then told the sergeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The sergeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay, he swore very heartily) "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honor, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The sergeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his

family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise; "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavor to impose upon me. Here, take the sword — no, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The sergeant, as we have said, had always his wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones; "why, you just now asked me twenty guineas." "How!" cries the sergeant; "sure your honor must have mistaken me, or else I mistook myself — and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honor flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honor comes to consider everything, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But ——"

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you that I will give you a shilling more than your demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march, adding he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The sergeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the sergeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its color was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his

new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honor. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called — ha — coward — scoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-colored coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he

had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found — an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name, but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors who are hereafter to represent a man frighted out of his wits had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed, whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and specters.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles were brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "I am a

dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him." "What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where Ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men, too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a sergeant who was present answered very coolly, "Young man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire; but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not overreligious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occa-

sion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

The Conclusion of the Foregoing Adventure.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harbored another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover, free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honor than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the quomodo, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was ex-

tremely strong and well made. His face, too, was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail of making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down, for which she would give him an opportunity by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain, having quarreled with his lieutenant, had intrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is that she had the money and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect from the compassionate temper of this good woman that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Everything was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rang at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. "Joo," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?" "It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers — it is Betty Chambermaid's." "If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do it again, since you make your preambles about it." The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore if the drawer did not go up immediately she would turn him away that very morning. "If you do, madam," says he, "I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business." She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavored to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain: Betty was as inflexible as Joo. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, "Come, I will put an end to this contention;" and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in not giving up the point, but added, he was sure if one would consent to go the other would. To which proposal they both agreed in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead that he spoke as heartily as if he were well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favor of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bedside, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavoring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered: "Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other, because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself; but remember the Christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honorable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you." The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavored to compose himself to rest.

MARLOW TAKES MR. HARDCASTLE'S HOUSE FOR AN INN.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(From "She Stoops to Conquer.")

[Oliver Goldsmith: An Irish poet, novelist, dramatist, and essayist; born in County Longford, November 10, 1728. He took his B.A. at Dublin (1749), studied medicine at Edinburgh, and for a number of years led a roving life in England and on the Continent. After several unsuccessful attempts to find an occupation, he settled in London and began to write for the *Critical Review*, the *British Magazine*, and other periodicals. He would have been in comfortable

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

From a painting by P. Krämer. By permission of F. Bruckmann, Munich

circumstances but for extravagance and gambling. He died in London, April 4, 1774, mourned by many distinguished friends, including Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. Among his works are: "The Traveler," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village"; and the comedies, "A Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer."]

Present: HASTINGS *and* MISS NEVILLE. *Enter* MARLOW.

Marlow — The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife, on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gantlet through all the rest of the family. — What have we got here?

Hastings — My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you! — The most fortunate accident! — Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow — Cannot guess.

Hastings — Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marlow [*aside*] — I have been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings — Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marlow — Oh! yes. Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter. — But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder. What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house. It will be every bit as convenient — and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Neville — By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow — O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings — Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow — And, of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, *as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.*

Hastings [*introducing them*] — Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hardcastle [*aside*] — Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow — Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry — madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hastings [*to him*] — You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hardcastle — I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow [*gathering courage*] — I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville — But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings [*to him*] — Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

Marlow [*to him*] — Hem! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle — An observer, like you, upon life were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow — Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings [*to him*] — Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow — Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [*To him*] Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

Hastings — Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [*To him*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt.*

Miss Hardcastle [*after a pause*] — But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow [*relapsing into timidity*] — Pardon me, madam, I — I — I — as yet have studied — only — to — deserve them.

Miss Hardcastle — And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow — Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle — Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow — It's — a disease — of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish — for — um — a — um.

Miss Hardcastle — I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow — My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing — a ——

Miss Hardcastle [*aside*] — Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? [*To him*] You were going to observe, sir ——

Marlow — I was observing, madam — I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle [*aside*] — I vow and so do I. [*To him*] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy — something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow — Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not — a — a — a ——

Miss Hardcastle — I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle — You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow — True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle — Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force — pray, sir, go on.

Marlow — Yes, madam. I was saying — that there are some occasions when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the — and puts us — upon a — a — a ——

Miss Hardcastle — I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow — Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam — But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle — I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow — Yes, madam, I was — But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

Miss Hardcastle — Well, then, I'll follow.

Marlow [*aside*] — This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle [*alone*] — Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? — That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer.

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow — What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story: if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hardcastle — Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marlow [*musing*] — As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle — Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marlow — No, child. [*Musing*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle — I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow — No, no. [*Musing*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. [*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*

Miss Hardcastle — Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marlow — I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle — I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

Marlow — No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle — O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow — Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle — No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow — One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of a trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle — Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We sell no French wines here, sir.

Marlow — Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle — Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow — Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle — O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow — To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty [*approaching*]. Yet, nearer, I don't think so much [*approaching*]. By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed — [*attempting to kiss her*].

Miss Hardcastle — Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age, as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow — I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle — And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! [*To her*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hardcastle — O! then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow — Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*

Miss Hardcastle — Hold, sir; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say?

Marlow — Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old

Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle — Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marlow — Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle — And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss Hardcastle — I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marlow [*aside*] — All's well; she don't laugh at me. [*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle — Ay, sure. There's not a screen or quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow — Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hardcastle — Ay, but the colors do not look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marlow — And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following. [*Exit Miss Hardcastle.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle — I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Marlow — Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be the wonder now?

Hardcastle — I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow — I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hardcastle — I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow—I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the side scene*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To him*] My positive directions were that, as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle—Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marlow—They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, *drunk*.

Marlow—You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle [*aside*]—I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy—Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccup—on my conscience, sir.

Marlow—You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer barrel.

Hardcastle—Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow—sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marlow—Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle—I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow—Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o' night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hardcastle—I tell you, sir, I'm serious! and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow—Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I

FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON IN THE DRESS WORN BY HIM IN HIS JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES

choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

Hardcastle — Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir [*bantering*], as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow — Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle — There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the "Rake's Progress," for your own apartment?

Marlow — Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle — Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

Marlow — My bill, I say.

Hardcastle — I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow — Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hardcastle — Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

[Samuel Johnson, English lexicographer, essayist, and poet, was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford, until his father's death left him without means to continue his studies at the university. After a brief and unsatisfactory experience in teaching, he went to London in 1737, accompanied by his pupil Garrick, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature as a profession. He became a regular contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine;* published his "London," "Life of Richard Savage," and "Vanity of Human Wishes"; and in 1755 completed his famous diction-

ary, on which he had been engaged nine years. He wrote the greater part of *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and in one week finished "Rasselas" (1759). After the accession of George III. he received a pension of £300, and about this time instituted the Literary Club, which included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. During his last years he devoted himself almost exclusively to society and conversation, and his sayings and doings were carefully reported by Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Johnson died at London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

(From *The Adventurer.*)

IT is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

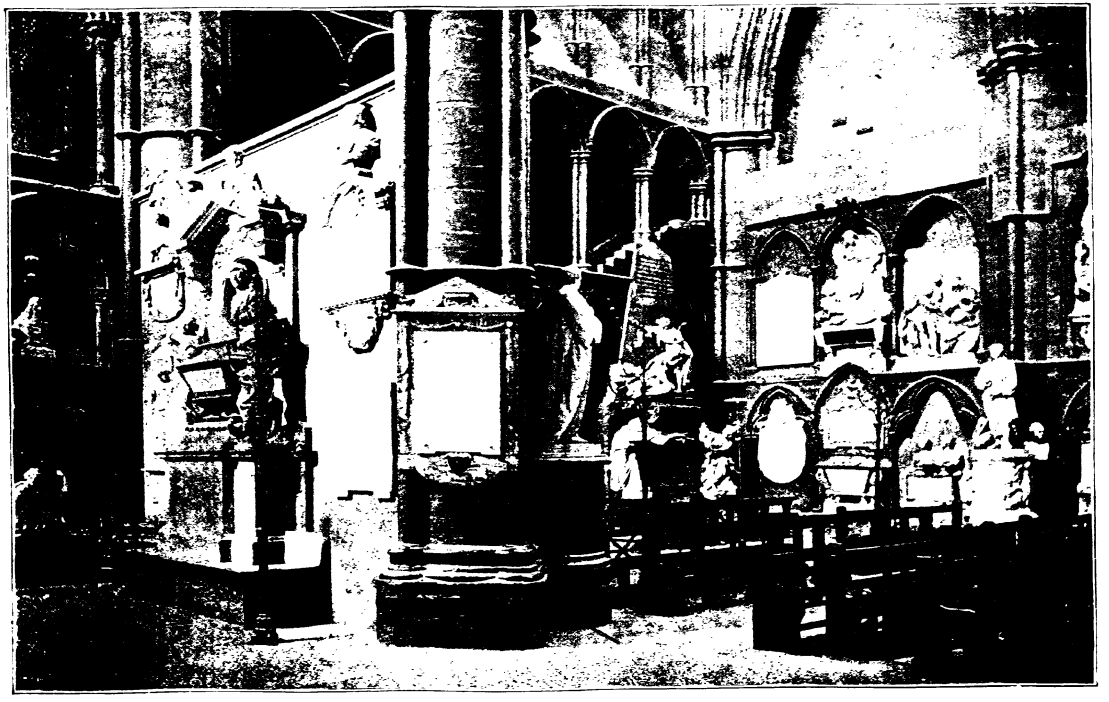
As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever attained by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practiced it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated amongst us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavoring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance, unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perseus has justly observed that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honor or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning is next to consider how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses

it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, *opake*, and that *pellucidum* signified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in

unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies; his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practiced to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail in his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recall to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against

the fallacies which it practices on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: it is, however, reasonable to have *perfection* in our eye, that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

(From *The Rambler.*)

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought, and returns to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the

convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and, instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society, because he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excursions with the asperity, though not with the knowledge, of a student, and hastens again to the same felicity with the eagerness of a man bent upon the advancement of some favorite science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, and, like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought, and the sport of musing. But this discovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thousand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early sense of their danger and their shame. But they who are convinced of the necessity of breaking from this habitual drowsiness too

often relapse in spite of their resolution; for these ideal seducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is necessary to their influence; they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance before their approach is perceived or suspected.

This captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look back with satisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself; he must, in opposition to the Stoic precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady by close application to some new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment or public pleasure is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. Its slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed; and he that finds the frigid and narcotic infection beginning to seize him should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labor; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gayety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation; where suspicion is ban-

ished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence. This easy gayety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war and palaces of pleasure: we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defense without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters: with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(From "Rasselas.")

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

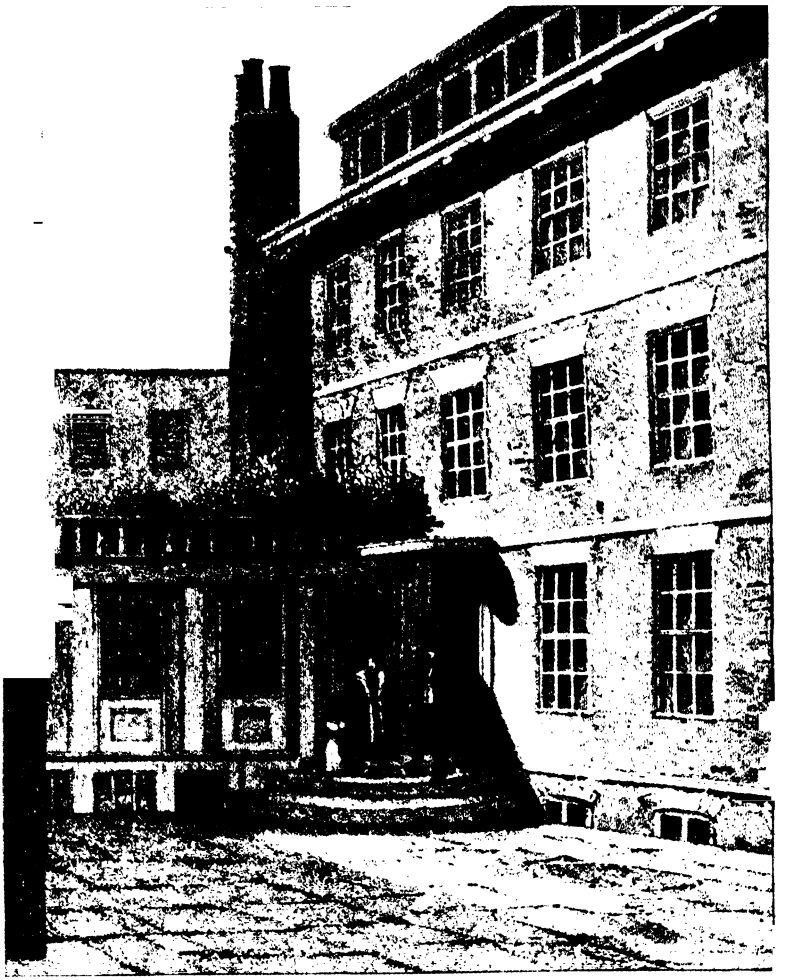
Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course — whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON'S HOUSE, NO. 8 BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET

upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage;

every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had reposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the Emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skillful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practiced to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivu-

lets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the streams, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fullness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desire distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which you are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils

anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me? Shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again, must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once reverenced and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the Prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." "You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labor to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labor or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the Prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would

excite endeavor, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire." The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration: whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured: he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the luster of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavored to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary.

But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defense, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount?" Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man.

"In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four and twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed: who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it — having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

A POEM OF OSSIAN.

By JAMES MACPHERSON.

[JAMES MACPHERSON, the alleged translator of the Ossianic poems, was born at Ruthven, in Inverness, in 1738. In 1760, while a schoolmaster in his native village, he published some fragments of Gaelic verse with translations. These excited so much interest that a subscription was formed to enable the author to discover more of these poems. The result was the appearance, in 1762, of the so-called "Poems of Ossian," consisting of the epics, "Fingal" and "Temora." The controversy which at once arose as to their genuineness (as Gaelic remains) has not yet been settled, though opinion is generally against Macpherson. He was secretary to the governor general of Florida (1764); sat for a number of years in Parliament; and died in 1796. At his own request and expense he was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

LATHMON.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose!

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, O Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven had started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land, and the battle darkened before us. "Whither hast thou fled, O wind!" said the king of Morven. "Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, pursuest thou the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent far. But let each bind on his

mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon is before us with his host: he that fled from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills."

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill: he thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied: the bounding roes came forth. The foe was troubled in my presence: he collected his darkened host. I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon: his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his father. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni. The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield: he knew the sign of war. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembered the deeds of other years.

"My son," he said to fair-haired Gaul, "I hear the sound of war. The king of Morven is returned, his signals are spread on the wind. Go to the halls of Strumon; bring his arms to Morni. Bring the shield of my father's latter years, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armor, O Gaul! and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son? the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away; renown dwells on their aged hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul! how the steps of my age are honored? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him with awe, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of war. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence."

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior is covered with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal arose before him with joy, when he came in his locks of age.

"Chief of roaring Strumon!" said the rising soul of Fingal, "do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed?

Often has Morni shone in fight, like the beam of the ascending sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? The foe will vanish before Fingal!"

"Son of Comhal," replied the chief, "the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark. I feel the weight of my shield. We decay like the grass of the hill: our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal! his soul has delighted in Morni's deeds; but his sword has not been lifted against a foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to war; to direct his arm in fight. His renown will be a light to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, 'Behold the father of Gaul!'"

"King of Strumon," Fingal replied, "Gaul shall lift the sword in fight. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma, and hear of our renown. Bid the harp to be strung, and the voice of the bard to arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with joy. Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear: thy course be with Gaul, in the strife; but depart not from the side of Fingal! lest the foe should find you alone, and your fame fail in my presence.

"I saw Gaul in his arms; my soul was mixed with his. The fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret; the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air."

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their words were of other times, of the mighty deeds of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp: Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gathered on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin: at once ceased the song of the bard. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke. "Chief of Strumon, why

that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in war, but we meet together at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foe of our land: he melts before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, hero of mossy Strumon!"

"King of Morven," replied the chief, "I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal! the feeble remain on the hills! How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! Yet I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian! and fair-haired Gaul! ye are young and swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valor of youth may fail!"

We heard the words of the chief with joy. We moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valor: his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

"Son of Fingal!" he said, "why burns the soul of Gaul? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered; my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me. I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear? How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe! Our renown would grow in song; our steps would be stately in the eyes of the brave."

"Son of Morni," I replied, "my soul delights in war. I delight to shine in battle alone, to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail; can I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. But I will not behold them in his wrath! Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise? They pass like a shade away. But the fame of Ossian shall rise! His deeds shall be like his father's. Let us rush in our arms; son of Morni, let us rush to fight. Gaul!

if thou shouldst return, go to Selma's lofty hall. Tell to Everallin that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

"Son of Fingal," Gaul replied with a sigh, "shall I return after Ossian is low? What would my father say, what Fingal, the king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, 'Behold Gaul, who left his friend in his blood!' Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown! Ossian, I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger."

"Son of Morni," I replied, and strode before him on the heath, "our fathers shall praise our valor when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, 'Our sons have not fallen unknown: they spread death around them.' But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the brave. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; their renown is never heard."

We rushed forward through night; we came to the roar of a stream, which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its sound. We came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the brave. "Shall the son of Fingal rush on the sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield, and let their thousands rise! Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm."

My soul rejoiced over the warrior: my bursting tears came down. "And the foe shall meet thee, Gaul!" I said: "the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. Gaul, dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. Should the foe prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears, for death is in our hands!"

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose.

We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath. They thought that the mighty Fingal was come. The strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves. It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength; it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotho's side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, he ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell. Moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength; the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert. Gray morning rose around us; the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

"Car-borne chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king. He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill." "Then let our steps be slow," replied the fair-haired Gaul; "lest the foe say, with a smile, 'Behold the warriors of night. They are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness; they melt away before the beam of the east.' Ossian, take the shield of Gormar, who fell beneath thy spear. The aged heroes will rejoice beholding the deeds of their sons."

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath, chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna. "Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not

descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath!"

"Son of the feeble hand," said Lathmon, "shall my host descend! They are but two, son of Dutha! shall a thousand lift their steel! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha! I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel! let us contend in fight."

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came down in his strength. His dark host rolled, like clouds, behind him: but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel!

"Son of Fingal," said the hero, "thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; lay the son of Nuäth low! Lay him low among his warriors, or thou thyself must fall! It shall never be told in my halls that my people fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha would roll in tears; her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon!"

"Neither shall it be told," I replied, "that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly! his soul would meet him and say, 'Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?' No; he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle!"

Lathmon came on with his spear. He pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel by my side. I drew the sword of Morni. I cut the spear in twain. The bright point fell glittering on earth. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath. He lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass! But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance; but Lathmon still advanced! Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief. He stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon!

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni. The tear started from

his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on earth, and spoke the words of the brave. "Why should Lathmon fight against the first of men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death! Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose deeds are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say that his son did not yield to the weak: But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him; a thousand ghosts are on the beams of his steel; the ghosts of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy wars! They go forth before thee; they return with the steps of their renown!"

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the deeds of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness; his aged eyes look faintly through tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma. We sat around the feast of shells. The maids of song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Everallin! Her hair spreads on her neck of snow, her eye rolls in secret on Ossian. She touched the harp of music; we blessed the daughter of Branno!

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Lathmon, king of spears. The sword of Trenmor shook by his side, as high he raised his mighty arm. "Son of Nuäth," he said, "why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; our swords gleam not over the weak. When did we rouse thee, O Lathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong! My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The light of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes! and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers! I at last must remain alone! But I will remain renowned; the departure of my soul shall be a stream of light! Lathmon, retire to thy place! Turn thy battles to other lands! The race of Morven are renowned; their foes are the sons of the unhappy!"

THE LIMITATIONS OF PICTORIAL ART.[1]

BY LESSING.

(From the "Laocoon.")

[GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, poet and dramatist, was born at Camenz, Silesia, January 22, 1729; died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was educated at the Fürstenschule of Meissen; studied theology at Leipsic, 1746–1748; and worked as a journalist and critic in Berlin, 1748–1752. Meanwhile he became deeply interested in the drama, published several successful plays, and in 1767 was made official playwright and director of the Hamburg theater. From 1770 until his death he was librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. He published in 1755 "Miss Sara Sampson," a tragedy; in 1758 appeared a series of sharp and witty letters entitled "Briefe, die neueste Literatur betreffend"; the comedy "Minna von Barnhelm" (1765) was the first national drama of Germany; "Laocoon" (1766) is one of his best works; and the tragedy "Emilia Galotti" (1772) is his masterpiece. His other works are: "Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente" (1777), "Anti-Goerze" (1778), "Nathan der Weise" (1779), "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts" (1780), and "Ernst und Falk" (1778–1780).]

UPON examining the reasons alleged for the sculptor of the Laocoon being obliged to exercise moderation in the expression of bodily pain, I find that they are all to be attributed to the essential nature of his art and its inherent exigencies and limitations. They would therefore hardly be applicable to poetry.

Without attempting here to decide how far the poet can succeed in describing physical beauty, it will not be disputed that, as the whole infinite realm of perfection lies open to his imitation, this visible garb, in which perfection becomes beauty, forms but one of the least of the means by which he can awaken our interest in his characters. He often neglects to make use of this means at all, feeling assured that, if his hero has won our regard, his nobler qualities will either engage our attention to such a degree that we shall bestow no thought on his bodily form; or that, if we do think of it, they will so far prepossess us that we shall, in our own minds, attribute to him an exterior, if not beautiful, at least not unpleasing. At any rate, he will not allow himself to pay any regard to the sense of sight, in any single trait that is not expressly intended to appeal to that sense. When Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, does it occur to any one that a widely opened mouth is required for shrieking, and that such a mouth is ugly? It suffices that *clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit* produces a powerful effect upon the ear, be its impression upon the eye what it may.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.

LAOCOON

And if any one here feels the want of a beautiful picture, the poet's whole effect is lost upon him.

The poet, moreover, is nowise compelled to concentrate his description into the space of a single moment. He may take up any individual action at will from its source and carry it on, through every possible variation, to its close. These variations, each of which would, in the case of the artist, need a separate work, require but a single trait at the hands of the poet; and though this trait, if taken by itself, might offend the hearer's imagination, preparation would either be made for it by what preceded, or it would be softened down and counteracted by what follows it, in such a manner that it loses its solitary impression, and, by this combination, produces the best possible effect. Assuming, therefore, that it were really unbecoming in a man to shriek while suffering intense pain: how could this slight, momentary impropriety prejudice us against one whose other virtues have already enlisted our sympathy? Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, but this shrieking Laocoon is the very same whom we already know and love as the most considerate of patriots and the most affectionate of fathers. We ascribe his shrieking, not to his character, but solely to his insupportable suffering. This, and nothing more, is what we hear in his shrieks, and by them alone could the poet have represented it to us in a vivid manner.

Who, then, will still censure him? Who would not rather admit that, if the artist did well in not allowing his Laocoon to shriek, the poet acted equally wisely in letting him do so?

But Virgil is here merely a narrative poet; would his justification include the dramatic poet also? The account of a person's shriek produces one kind of impression; the shriek itself produces another. The drama, designed, as it is, for the living art of the actor, should perhaps for that very reason confine itself more strictly within the limits of material art. For we there not merely imagine that we see and hear a shrieking Philoctetes, but we actually do see and hear him. The nearer the actor approaches to nature, the more susceptibly will our eyes and ears be offended; for it is indisputable that this is the case in actual life when we hear and perceive loud and intense expressions of pain. Moreover, bodily pain is as a rule not capable of arousing our compassion to the same extent as other misfortunes. Our imagination can distinguish too little in it for the mere sight of it to awaken feelings in any way equiva-

lent in ourselves. Sophocles, therefore, might easily have committed an impropriety, not merely a conventional one, but one founded on the very existence of our feelings, by allowing Philoctetes and Hercules thus to moan and cry, shriek and howl. The bystanders in the scene cannot possibly share their sufferings to the extent which these unmeasured outbursts seem to demand. To us, beholding them, they will by comparison appear cold, and yet we cannot but regard their compassion as the measure of our own. Be it added that the actor can with difficulty, if at all, carry the representation of bodily pain to the extent of a perfect illusion, and our modern dramatists may perhaps be deserving rather of praise than of blame, for having either avoided this rock entirely, or at any rate doubled it in but a light craft.

How much would, in theory, appear incontrovertible, had not genius succeeded in proving the reverse by fact. None of the foregoing considerations are unfounded; yet, notwithstanding this, the "Philoctetes" remains one of the masterpieces of the stage. For some of them do not apply to Sophocles, and it was only by rising superior to the remaining ones that he attained to beauties whereof the timid critic, without this example, would never have dreamt. The following remarks will make my meaning clearer:—

1. How wonderfully the poet understood how to strengthen and enlarge the idea of bodily suffering! He chose a wound —(for the circumstances of the story may also be considered as having depended on his choice, inasmuch as it was for the sake of these circumstances, so favorable to him, that he selected the whole story)—he chose, I say, a wound, and not an internal malady, because the former admits of a more vivid representation than the latter, however painful. The inward sympathetic fire which consumed Meleager, when his mother sacrificed him to her sisterly rage, by means of the fatal brand, would therefore be less dramatic than a wound. And this wound was, moreover, a divine punishment. Within it, a supernatural poison raged unceasingly, accompanied at periodical intervals by a yet more violent attack of pain, after which the unhappy man always fell into a stupefying sleep, thus giving exhausted nature time to recover strength to tread once more the same path of suffering. Chateaubrun causes him to be wounded merely by the poisoned arrow of a Trojan. How can any extraordinary issue be expected from so common an

occurrence? In the wars of old every man was exposed to it; how came it, then, that its consequences were so terrible in the case of Philoctetes alone? Besides, a natural poison, that can operate for nine whole years without killing, is far more improbable than all the fabulous wonders with which the Greek has adorned his piece.

2. But, great and terrible as Sophocles made the bodily sufferings of his hero, he yet felt full well that they were, of themselves, insufficient to excite any marked degree of sympathy. He therefore combined them with other evils, which, taken by themselves, would not move us greatly, but which, from this combination, received the same melancholy coloring which they in turn imparted to the bodily pain. These evils were: complete isolation from all human society, hunger and all the hardships of life to which one is exposed in such isolation and under an inclement sky. If we imagine a man in these circumstances, granting him health, strength, and industry, we have a Robinson Crusoe, who, though his fate be not indifferent to us, yet certainly has little claim upon our pity. For we are seldom so contented with human society that the tranquillity which may be enjoyed apart from it would not appear to us very attractive; especially under the idea, which flatters every individual, that in course of time he could learn to dispense with the aid of others. On the other hand, suppose a man to be afflicted with the most painful, incurable disease, but at the same time surrounded by kind friends, who allow him to suffer no want, who alleviate his misfortune as far as it lies in their power to do so, and before whom he freely vents his complaints and sorrows. Undeniably we shall pity him, but this pity will not be of long duration; we shall at last shrug our shoulders and recommend him to have patience. It is only when both these cases are combined, — when, in his solitude, he is moreover not master of his own body; when the sufferer derives as little help from others as he can render himself, and his lamentations are lost upon the desert air — then it is that we see the sum of the evils which can afflict humanity overtaking him, and every passing thought, in which we put ourselves in his place, arouses dread and horror. We see before us naught but despair in its most terrible form, and no sympathy is stronger or stirs our whole soul more deeply than that which is founded on the idea of despair. Of this kind is the sympathy which we feel for Philoctetes, and we feel it most

strongly at the moment when we behold him bereft of his bow, his only means of prolonging his distressful life. Oh, the Frenchman who had no understanding to consider this, no heart to feel it! Or, if he had, was paltry enough to sacrifice it all to the wretched taste of his nation! Chateaubrun gives Philoctetes companions. He lets a young princess come to the hero in his desert island. Nor is she alone; her lady in waiting accompanies her, of which thing I am uncertain as to whether the princess or the poet needed it more. The powerful incident of the bow he has omitted. In its place he gives us the play of beautiful eyes. Certainly a bow and arrows would have afforded great amusement to the heroic youth of France. On the other hand, nothing is more serious, to their minds, than the scorn of beautiful eyes. The Greek tortures us with harrowing apprehensions that the unfortunate Philoctetes will be forced to remain upon the desert island without his bow and miserably perish. The Frenchman knows a surer way to our hearts: he makes us fear that the son of Achilles may have to depart without his princess. This the Parisian critics called triumphing over the Ancients, and one of them suggested that Chateaubrun's piece be called "La difficulté vaincue."

3. After considering the effect of the whole piece, let us look at the single scenes, where Philoctetes is no longer the deserted sufferer, but has hopes of soon leaving the cheerless desert island and returning to his own kingdom — where, in fine, his whole misfortune is centered in his painful wound. He moans and shrieks, his body is seized with the most horrible convulsions. Against this the objection of offended propriety is properly urged. This objection was raised by an Englishman — that is to say, by a man who would hardly be suspected of false delicacy. As already hinted, he gives a very good reason for doing so. All feelings and passions, he says, with which others can but little sympathize, become offensive if expressed with too much intensity. "It is for the same reason that to cry out with bodily pain, how intolerable soever, appears always unmanly and unbecoming. There is, however, a good deal of sympathy even with bodily pain. If, as has already been observed, I see a stroke aimed, and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, I naturally shrink and draw back my own leg or my own arm: and when it does fall, I feel it in some measure, and am hurt by it as well as the sufferer. My hurt, however, is no doubt excessively slight,

and, upon that account, if he makes any violent outcry, as I cannot go along with him, I never fail to despise him."

Nothing is more misleading than laying down general laws for our feelings. They are so finely interwoven and complicated, that it is scarcely possible, even for the most careful observers, to take up clearly a single thread and follow it amid all the others that cross it. And if he does succeed in doing so, what advantage is thereby gained? There are in nature no simple unmixed feelings; together with each one there arise a thousand others, the least of which is sufficient to alter entirely the primary feeling, thus leading to greater and greater complexity, so that at last what was supposed to be a general law is reduced to a mere experience of a few single cases. We despise him, says the Englishman, whom we hear crying out violently with bodily pain. But not always: not the first time; not if we see that the sufferer is doing his utmost to conquer his pain; not if we know him to be in other respects a man of resolution; still less if, at the very time of his suffering, he shows signs of his resoluteness, if we see that his pain, while indeed causing him to cry out, yet does not force him to anything further, and that he submits to a continuance of it rather than change his thoughts or alter his determination in the slightest degree, even though such an alteration bid fair to bring his sufferings entirely to a conclusion. We find all this in Philoctetes. With the Greeks, moral greatness consisted in an equally undying love of one's friends and immutable hatred of one's foes. This greatness Philoctetes maintains throughout all his tortures. His suffering has not drained his eyes of tears to such an extent as to prevent him from weeping over the fate of his former friends. It has not made him so submissive that, in order to escape from it, he could pardon his foes and allow himself to be used for all their selfish ends. And this rock of a man is one whom the Athenians should have despised, because the waves which could not shake him at least make him resound. I confess, I care little for Cicero's philosophy in general, and least of all for that portion of it which he displays in the second Book of his "Tusculan Disputations," on the endurance of bodily pain. One would think that he wanted to train a gladiator, so eagerly does he oppose all external expression of suffering. This betokens to him, apparently, nothing more than a want of patience, nor does he seem to consider that, though it often is entirely voluntary, yet true bravery, also, shows itself

in voluntary actions only. He only hears the cries and shrieks of Sophocles' Philoctetes, and entirely overlooks his other resolute qualities. How else would he have had the opportunity of making his rhetorical onslaught upon the poets? "They would make us effeminate by introducing the bravest men weeping." They must let them weep; for a theater is not an arena. It behooved the condemned or mercenary combatant to do and suffer everything with propriety. Not a sound of complaint must escape his lips, not a convulsive start reveal his pain. His wounds, and even his death, were intended to afford delight to the spectators, and he therefore had to learn the art of entirely concealing his feelings. The slightest display of them would have awakened compassion, and compassion, if frequently excited, would soon have made an end of these cold and cruel spectacles. Now the very effect which was there avoided, the tragic stage has for its principal aim, and here, therefore, a directly opposite line of conduct is demanded. Its heroes must display their feelings, must give utterance to their pain, and let nature follow her ordinary course within them. If they betray any signs of training and forced effort, they fail to reach our hearts; and prize fighters in the *cothurnus* can at the most but excite our wonder. This epithet may be applied to all the characters in the so-called tragedies of Seneca, and I am firmly convinced that the gladiatorial contests formed the principal cause why the Romans remained so far below mediocrity in the Tragic Art. The spectators learnt, in the bloody amphitheater, to misconceive all that is natural; a Ctesias, perhaps, could study his art there, but a Sophocles never. The most tragic of geniuses, inured to these artificial scenes of death, would have degenerated into bombast and rodomontade. But as such rodomontade cannot inspire true heroism, so neither can the sorrow of a Philoctetes inspire weakness. The sorrows are those of a man, but the actions those of a hero. Together, they make the human hero, who is neither weak nor yet obdurate, but rather appears now the former, now the latter, according as nature or his principles of duty may require. His is the highest character that wisdom can produce or art imitate.

4. Not only has Sophocles preserved his sensitive hero from contempt, but he has also wisely provided against any other objection which the Englishman's observation might cause to be raised against him. For, although we may not always despise a man who cries out with bodily pain, yet it cannot be

denied that we do not feel so much pity for him as his cries would appear to demand. What attitude, then, are those actors to assume who have to deal with the crying Philoctetes? Ought they to appear deeply moved? This would be contrary to nature. Or should they appear as cold and embarrassed as one usually is in such cases? This would produce a most disagreeable and incongruous effect upon the spectator. Now this also, as mentioned, Sophocles has guarded against. He did so by furnishing the subsidiary characters with an individual interest, so that the impression made upon them by the cries of Philoctetes does not form the only thing with which they are occupied; and the spectator's attention is directed, not so much towards the disproportion of their sympathy to these cries, but rather to the change which, through this sympathy, however strong or weak the latter may be, is, or should be, effected in their own sentiments and designs. Neoptolemus and the Chorus have deceived the luckless Philoctetes; they recognize the depth of despair into which their deceit will plunge him; and now he meets with his terrible disaster before their very eyes. If this disaster cannot excite any marked degree of sympathy in them, it can at least induce them to look into their own conduct, to have consideration for so much misery and not wish to add to it still further by treachery. This is what the spectator looks for, and his expectations are not deceived by the noble-minded Neoptolemus. Philoctetes, had he been master of his pain, would have confirmed Neoptolemus in his dissimulation; Philoctetes, whose pain renders him incapable of all deception, how necessary soever the same may appear to him, lest his fellow-travelers repent too soon of their promise to take him with them; Philoctetes, who is himself perfectly natural, brings back Neoptolemus also to his nature. This conversion is splendid, and it is all the more touching, because it is brought about simply by humanity. With the Frenchman, on the other hand, the beautiful eyes have their share in it. But I will dismiss this parody from my thoughts. This device of combining in the bystanders the pity intended to be evoked by hearing cries of pain, with some other emotion, has also been adopted by Sophocles in his "Trachiniæ." The pain of Hercules is not merely an exhausting pain: it drives him to a state of frenzy, in which he only thirsts after vengeance. In his fury he has already seized Lichas and dashed him to pieces against the rock. The Chorus is composed of women, and it is therefore most

natural that fear and horror should take possession of it. This, together with their suspense as to whether a god will yet hasten to the aid of Hercules or whether the latter will succumb to his misfortune, here forms the main point of interest, the feeling of sympathy thus being scarcely brought into play. As soon as the final issue has been decided by the assistance of the Oracles, Hercules becomes calm, and the admiration called forth by his last resolution takes the place of every other feeling. In comparing the suffering Hercules with the suffering Philoctetes, however, it must be borne in mind that the former is a demigod, whereas the latter is only a man. The man is never ashamed of his lamentations, but the demigod is ashamed that the mortal part of him should have so far mastered the immortal as to make him cry and moan like a girl. We moderns do not believe in demigods, and yet the smallest hero among us is expected to feel and act like one.

Whether an actor could render his imitation of the shrieks and convulsions of pain absolutely illusive, I would not venture to say. If I found that our actors could not do it, I should first wish to know whether even a Garrick would find it impossible; and if he likewise failed to succeed, I should still be at liberty to think of the acting and declamation of the Ancients as having attained a perfection whereof we cannot to-day form the slightest conception.

SULTAN SALADIN AND NATHAN THE WISE.[1]

BY LESSING.

(From "Nathan the Wise.")

Scene: The Hall of Audience in SALADIN'S *Palace.*

SALADIN *and* SITTAH, *his sister.*

Saladin [*giving directions*] —
Bring the Jew here, as soon as he arrives.
He seems in no great haste.
Sittah — Nay, Saladin,
Perhaps he was not found at home.
Saladin — Ah, sister!
Sittah —
You look as if some contest were at hand.

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (1 vol., price 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Saladin —

Ay! and with weapons I'm not used to wield.
Must I then play the hypocrite — and frame
Precautions — lay a snare? Where learnt I that?
And for what end? To seek for money — money!
For money from a Jew? And to such arts
Must Saladin descend, that he may win
The most contemptible of paltry things?

Sittah —

But paltry things, despised too much, are sure
To find some method of revenge.

Saladin — 'Tis true!
What if this Jew should prove an upright man,
Such as the Dervise painted him?

Sittah — Why, then,
Your difficulty ceases; for a snare
Implies an avaricious, cheating Jew,
And not an upright man. Then he is ours
Without a snare. 'Twill give us joy to hear
How such a man will speak — with what stern strength
He'll tear the net, or with what cunning skill
Untangle all its meshes, one by one.

Saladin —

True, Sittah! 'twill afford me rare delight.

Sittah —

What, then, need trouble you? For if he be,
Like all his nation, a mere cozening Jew,
You need not blush, if you appear to him
No better than he deems all other men.
But if to him you wear a different look,
You'll be a fool — his dupe!

Saladin — So I must, then,
Do ill, lest bad men should think ill of me.

Sittah —

Yes, brother, if you call it doing ill
To put a thing to its intended use.

Saladin —

Well, there is nothing woman's wit invents
It cannot palliate ——

Sittah — How, palliate?

Saladin —

Sittah, I fear such fine-wrought filigree
Will break in my rude hand. It is for those
Who frame such plots to bring them into play.
The execution needs the inventor's skill.

But let it pass. — I'll dance as best I can —
Yet sooner would I do it ill than well.

Sittah —

Oh, brother, have more courage in yourself!
Have but the will, I'll answer for the rest.
How strange that men like you are ever prone
To think it is their swords alone that raise them.
When with the fox the noble lion hunts,
'Tis of the fellowship he feels ashamed,
But of the cunning, never.

Saladin — Well, 'tis strange
That women so delight to bring mankind
Down to their level. But, dear Sittah, go;
I think I know my lesson.

Sittah — Must I go?

Saladin —

You did not mean to stay?

Sittah — No, not with you,
But in this neighb'ring chamber.

Saladin — What! to listen?
Not so, my sister, if I shall succeed.
Away! the curtain rustles — he is come.
Beware of lingering! I'll be on the watch.

[*While* SITTAH *retires through one door,* NATHAN *enters at another, and* SALADIN *seats himself.*

SALADIN, NATHAN.

Saladin —

Draw nearer, Jew — yet nearer — close to me!
Lay fear aside.

Nathan — Fear, Sultan, 's for your foes.

Saladin —

Your name is Nathan?

Nathan — Yes.

Saladin — Nathan the Wise.

Nathan —

No.

Saladin — But, at least the people call you so.

Nathan —

That may be true. The people!

Saladin — Do not think
I treat the people's voice contemptuously.
I have been wishing long to know the man
Whom it has called the Wise.

Nathan — What if it named
Him so in scorn? If wise means prudent only —
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?
Saladin —
Who knows his real interest, you mean.
Nathan —
Then, Sultan, selfish men were the most prudent,
And wise, and prudent, then, would mean the same.
Saladin —
You're proving what your speeches contradict.
You know the real interests of man:
The people know them not — have never sought
To know them. That alone can make man wise.
Nathan —
Which every man conceives himself to be.
Saladin —
A truce to modesty! To meet it ever,
When we are seeking truth is wearisome. [*Springs up.*
So, let us to the point. Be candid, Jew,
Be frank and honest.
Nathan — I will serve you, prince,
And prove that I am worthy of your favor.
Saladin —
How will you serve me?
Nathan — You shall have the best
Of all I have, and at the cheapest rate.
Saladin —
What mean you? Not your wares? — My sister, then,
Shall make the bargain with you. (That's for the listener!)
I am not versed in mercantile affairs,
And with a merchant's craft I've naught to do.
Nathan —
Doubtless you would inquire if I have marked
Upon my route the movements of the foe?
Whether he's stirring? If I may presume ——
Saladin —
Neither was that my object. On that point
I know enough. But hear me.
Nathan — I obey.
Saladin —
It is another, a far different thing
On which I seek for wisdom; and since you
Are called the Wise, tell me which faith or law
You deem the best.

Nathan — Sultan, I am a Jew.

Saladin —

And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands
Between us. Here are three religions, then,
And of these three one only can be true.
A man like you remains not where his birth
By accident has cast him; or if so,
Conviction, choice, or ground of preference,
Supports him. Let me, Nathan, hear from you,
In confidence, the reasons of your choice,
Which I have lacked the leisure to examine.
It may be, Nathan, that I am the first
Sultan who has indulged this strange caprice,
Which need not, therefore, make a Sultan blush.
Am I the first? Nay, speak; or if you seek
A brief delay to shape your scattered thoughts,
I yield it freely. (Has she overheard?
She will inform me if I've acted right.)
Reflect then, Nathan, I shall soon return. [*Exit.*

Nathan [*alone*] —

Strange! how is this? What can the Sultan want?
I came prepared for cash — he asks for truth!
Truth! as if truth were cash! A coin disused —
Valued by weight! If so, 'twere well, indeed!
But coin quite new, not coin but for the die,
To be flung down and on the counter told —
It is not that. Like gold tied up in bags,
Will truth lie hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be produced at need? Now, in this case,
Which of us plays the Jew? He asks for truth.
Is truth what he requires? his aim, his end?
Or does he use it as a subtle snare?
That were too petty for his noble mind.
Yet what is e'er too petty for the great?
Did he not rush at once into the house,
Whilst, as a friend, he would have paused or knocked?
I must beware. Yet to repel him now,
And act the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to fling off the Jew, still less.
For if no Jew, he might with justice ask,
Why not a Mussulman? — That thought may serve. —
Others than children may be quieted
With tales well told. But see, he comes — he comes.

SALADIN, NATHAN.

Saladin [*aside*] —
(The coast is clear) — I am not come too soon?
Have you reflected on this matter, Nathan?
Speak! no one hears.
Nathan — Would all the world might hear!
Saladin —
And are you of your cause so confident.
'Tis wise, indeed, of you to hide no truth,
For truth to hazard all, even life and goods.
Nathan —
Ay, when necessity and profit bid.
Saladin —
I hope that henceforth I shall rightly bear
One of my names, "Reformer of the world
And of the law!"
Nathan — A noble title, truly;
But, Sultan, ere I quite explain myself,
Permit me to relate a tale.
Saladin — Why not?
I ever was a friend of tales well told.
Nathan —
Well told! Ah, Sultan! that's another thing.
Saladin —
What! still so proudly modest? But begin.
Nathan —
In days of yore, there dwelt in Eastern lands
A man, who from a valued hand received
A ring of priceless worth. An opal stone
Shot from within an ever-changing hue,
And held this virtue in its form concealed,
To render him of God and man beloved,
Who wore it in this fixed unchanging faith.
No wonder that its Eastern owner ne'er
Withdrew it from his finger, and resolved
That to his house the ring should be secured.
Therefore he thus bequeathed it: first to him
Who was the most beloved of his sons,
Ordaining then that he should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; then,
That without heeding birth, the fav'rite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should still
Be lord of all the house. You hear me, Sultan?

Saladin —

I understand. Proceed.

Nathan — From son to son,
The ring at length descended to a sire
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him,
And whom he loved with just and equal love.
The first, the second, and the third, in turn,
According as they each apart received
The overflowings of his heart, appeared
Most worthy, as his heir, to take the ring,
Which, with good-natured weakness, he in turn
Had promised privately to each; and thus
Things lasted for a while. But death approached,
The father now embarrassed, could not bear
To disappoint two sons, who trusted him.
What's to be done? In secret he commands
The jeweler to come, that from the form
Of the true ring, he may bespeak two more.
Nor cost nor pains are to be spared, to make
The rings alike — quite like the true one. This
The artist managed. When the rings were brought
The father's eye could not distinguish which
Had been the model. Overjoyed, he calls
His sons, takes leave of each apart — bestows
His blessing and his ring on each — and dies.
You hear me?

Saladin [*who has turned away in perplexity*] —
Ay! I hear. Conclude the tale.

Nathan —
'Tis ended, Sultan! All that follows next
May well be guessed. Scarce is the father dead,
When with his ring each separate son appears,
And claims to be the lord of all the house.
Question arises, tumult and debate —
But all in vain — the true ring could no more
Be then distinguished than — [*after a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's reply*] the true faith now.

Saladin —
Is that your answer to my question?

Nathan — No!
But it may serve as my apology.
I cannot venture to decide between
Rings which the father had expressly made,
To baffle those who would distinguish them.

Saladin —

Rings, Nathan! Come, a truce to this! The creeds
Which I have named have broad, distinctive marks,
Differing in raiment, food, and drink!

Nathan — 'Tis true!
But then they differ not in their foundation.
Are not all built on history alike,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust. Is it not so?
In whom are we most likely to put trust?
In our own people? in those very men
Whose blood we are? who, from our earliest youth,
Have proved their love for us, have ne'er deceived,
Except in cases where 'twere better so?
Why should I credit my forefathers less
Than you do yours? or can I ask of you
To charge your ancestors with falsehood, that
The praise of truth may be bestowed on mine?
And so of Christians.

Saladin — By our Prophet's faith,
The man is right. I have no more to say.

Nathan —

Now let us to our rings once more return.
We said the sons complained; each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring — as was the case —
In virtue of a promise that he should
One day enjoy the ring's prerogative.
In this they spoke the truth. Then each maintained
It was not possible that to himself
His father had been false. Each could not think
His father guilty of an act so base.
Rather than that, reluctant as he was
To judge his brethren, he must yet declare
Some treach'rous act of falsehood had been done.

Saladin —

Well! and the judge? I'm curious now to hear
What you will make him say. Go on, go on!

Nathan —

The judge said: If the father is not brought
Before my seat, I cannot judge the case.
Am I to judge enigmas? Do you think
That the true ring will here unseal its lips?
But, hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the secret power to make the man

Who wears it, both by God and man beloved.
Let that decide. Who of the three is loved
Best by his brethren? Is there no reply?
What! do these love-exciting rings alone
Act inwardly? Have they no outward charm?
Does each one love himself alone? You're all
Deceived deceivers. All your rings are false.
The real ring, perchance, has disappeared;
And so your father, to supply the loss,
Has caused three rings to fill the place of one.

Saladin —
O, charming, charming!

Nathan — And, the judge continued,
If you insist on judgment, and refuse
My counsel, be it so. I recommend
That you consider how the matter stands.
Each from his father has received a ring:
Let each then think the real ring his own.
Your father, possibly, desired to free
His power from one ring's tyrannous control.
He loved you all with an impartial love,
And equally, and had no inward wish
To prove the measure of his love for one
By pressing heavily upon the rest.
Therefore, let each one imitate this love;
So, free from prejudice, let each one aim
To emulate his brethren in the strife
To prove the virtues of his several ring,
By offices of kindness and of love,
And trust in God. And if, in years to come,
The virtues of the ring shall reappear
Amongst your children's children, then, once more
Come to this judgment seat. A greater far
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.

Saladin — O God, O God!

Nathan —
And if now, Saladin, you think you're he ——

Saladin [*approaches* NATHAN *and takes his hand, which he retains to the end of the scene*] —
This promised judge — I? — Dust! I? — Naught! O God!

Nathan —
What is the matter, Sultan?

Saladin — Dearest Nathan!
That judge's thousand years are not yet past;

His judgment seat is not for me. But go,
And still remain my friend.

Nathan — Has Saladin
Aught else to say?

Saladin — No.

Nathan — Nothing?

Saladin — Truly nothing.
But why this eagerness?

Nathan — I could have wished
An opportunity to ask a boon.

Saladin —
Wait not for opportunity. Speak now.

Nathan —
I have been trav'ling, and am just returned
From a long journey, from collecting debts.
Hard cash is troublesome these perilous times,
I know not where I may bestow it safely.
These coming wars need money; and, perchance,
You can employ it for me, Saladin?

Saladin [*fixing his eyes upon* NATHAN] —
I ask not, Nathan, have you seen Al-Hafi?
Nor if some shrewd suspicion of your own
Moves you to make this offer.

Nathan — What suspicion?

Saladin —
I do not ask — forgive me, — it is just,
For what avails concealment? I confess
I was about ——

Nathan — To ask this very thing?

Saladin —
Yes!

Nathan — Then our objects are at once fulfilled.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 4136.]

The Description of the Family of Wakefield, in which a Kindred Likeness prevails, as well of Minds as of Persons.

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife

THE VICAR AND HIS WIFE

always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated: and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called

Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;"—"Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe: open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features: at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and,

properly speaking, they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

Family Misfortunes. The Loss of Fortune only serves to increase the Pride of the Worthy.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony: so that in a few years it was a common saying that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes: it admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her;

it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened, the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance

of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, — the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defense of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."— "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." — "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances; and, as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favor, nor will allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was, by this blow, soon determined: one

virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

A Migration. The Fortunate Circumstances of our Lives are generally found at last to be of our own Procuring.

The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me, in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why, then, should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility: we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support

and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book, too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, —'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheater of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment for the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and

faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph: nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me has shown me there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked

along the footpath by the roadside, observing with a smile that, as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was that, though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we traveled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." — "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." — "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell; "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar: was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind: the slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature — that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other

seemed to decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect: the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation; approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him were little estimable: he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that — that — I forget what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he traveled through Europe on foot; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledg-

ments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than with words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey: my wife observing, as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

A Proof that even the Humblest Fortune may grant Happiness, which depends, not on Circumstances, but Constitution.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, hav-

ing given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments: one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, — for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, — Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good Night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he

that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box. . . .

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

Michaelmas eve happened on the next day, and we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such

high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a great fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us

all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to

own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up smallclothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that our cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the Family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than Real Calamities.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity

in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well!" cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands

out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communi-

cating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." — "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses, again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain,

or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

"Even children followed, with endearing wile"

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,

Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:

She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,

And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure its sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band.
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here richly decked admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,

And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,

Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain:
Teach him that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

PASSAGES FROM A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

By LAURENCE STERNE.

[LAURENCE STERNE: An English novelist; born at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died at London, March 18, 1768. He was the great-grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, archbishop of York, and after attending Jesus College, Cambridge, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England and received the living of Stillington, near Sutton. In January, 1760, he published two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," under the pen name of Yorick. The book took the public by storm, and Sterne was immediately ranked with the greatest novelists of the day. He was given the living of Coxwold by Lord Falconbridge, and was the eager and delighted recipient of all the honors that the English could bestow.

"Tristram Shandy" was completed in nine volumes (1760–1767), and steadily increased in popularity. He also published: "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy" (1768), "The Sermons of Mr. Yorick" (1760), and "Letters to his Most Intimate Friends," posthumous (1775).]

The Pulse.

Hail, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opéra Comique*.

— Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption, till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat on a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

— *Très volontiers;* most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty louis d'or with her, I should have said — "This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take, — you must turn first to your left hand, — *mais prenez garde*, — there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second, — then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont-Neuf*, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; — and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out, — she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I

remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said : — so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of her shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, — I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot. — Is it possible? said she, half laughing. — 'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

— *Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter ; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hands which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment. — And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature ; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. — Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So, laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery.

Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! — and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. — Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "there are worse occupations in this world

than feeling a woman's pulse." — But a *grisette's!* thou wouldst have said, — and in an open shop, Yorick!

— So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

The Husband.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpectedly from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. — 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said — so I began a fresh score. — Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse. — The husband took off his hat, and, making me a bow, said, I did him too much honor; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out, — and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different; for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there: — in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is salique having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant — Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

— Surely, — surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone, thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greet-

ings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

— And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. — With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected. — She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves. — *À propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

The Gloves.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand, — it would not alter the dimensions. — She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. — She held it open; — my hand slipped into it at once. — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little. — No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety, — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel let loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it, — it is enough in the present to say, again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter; — it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, — then sideways to the window, then at the gloves, — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence; — I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack: — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins. — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.

— It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked a single

livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about. — Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honor to lay himself at my mercy? — *M'en croyez-vous capable?* — Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

FOOTE'S JESTS.

[Samuel Foote, English dramatist and actor, was born at Truro, Cornwall, in 1720. After squandering a small fortune in London, he turned to the stage as a means of support and made an unsuccessful début in "Othello." In 1747, however, in a small theater in the Haymarket, he began to give a series of farces and variety entertainments, including imitations of the principal actors and other celebrities of the day, and at once found himself famous. He wrote over twenty dramatic pieces, of which the best are: "An Auction of Pictures," "The Liar," "The Minor," "The Nabob," and "The Mayor of Garratt." He died at Dover, October 21, 1777.]

Irish Hospitality.

Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No, sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

Dr. Kenrick.

One of the performers, coming up to Foote in the green room, with a long face, said he had just heard that Dr. Kenrick was going to give a public critique on his last new comedy of "The Cozeners at Marybone Gardens." "Is he so?" said Foote: "well, let the doctor take care of the fate of our first parents, a fall in the garden."

Dining Badly.

Foote, returning from dining with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed: bad company and a worse dinner." "I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the

admiral a good jolly fellow." "Why, as to that, he may be a good sea-lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad land-lord."

The Point of Female Beauty.

Being asked at what time of life he thought female beauty began to decline, he replied: "Woman is to be counted like a game of piquet: twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, — sixty!"

Trees in Scotland.

On his return from Scotland, being asked by a lady whether there was any truth in the report that there were no trees in Scotland, "A very malicious report indeed, my lady," said he; "for, just as I was crossing Port Patrick to Donaghadee, I saw two blackbirds perched on *as fine a thistle* as ever I saw in my life."

Irish Humor.

Foote always acknowledged the humor and naïveté of the Irish, and gave many instances of it in the course of his convivial hours. One frosty day, he said, as he was crossing the ferry near Dublin, a passenger was put into the boat quite drunk, who was at first very ungovernable. This occasioned many remarks. One said "how beastly drunk he was;" another, "that he ought to be thrown overboard," etc. At last, the boatman, looking at him, seemingly with an eye of compassion, exclaimed: "Why, to be sure, good people, the man is bad enough; but, bad as he is, I wish I had half his disorder about me."

Female Robbery.

A lady of fashion having suddenly eloped to avoid her creditors, a circle of her former friends were, as usual, sitting in judgment on her character, and relating different anecdotes which fell within their respective knowledge. Among the rest, Lady Betty D—— was violently severe against her, for robbing her ladyship of a fine new set of teeth, which she borrowed of her for the feigned purpose of getting a new set like them. "Nay," said Foote, "now, Lady Betty, that's no such great matter after all." "What! no great matter, sir, to rob me of my teeth?" "Why, no, I really think not; for, at the worst, you know it was only biting the biter."

Walter Ross.

Foote having occasion for the testimony of Walter Ross, of Edinburgh, in some theatrical lawsuit, the latter (who was a Scotchman) traveled all the way up to town in a post chaise under the character of writer to the signet, for which he charged Foote the whole of his expenses.

The cause, when it came to a hearing, was determined against Foote, and, as it was then said, on the incompetency of the evidence of Ross, which created some little coolness between the parties. Friends, however, interfering, they were reconciled, and dined together the day before Ross went out of town; during which meeting Foote asked him, in the course of conversation, how he intended to travel back. "On foot," said the wag, taking him in his own way. "I am heartily sorry for that," said the other, "as I know of no man who more richly deserves horsing."

Baron Newman.

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the "left-handed Baron") being detected, in the rooms at Bath, in the act of secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterwards, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor. "Do!" said the wit, "why, 'tis a plain case; never play so high again as long as you live."

The Faro Bank.

A gentleman having lost his money at a faro bank, where he suspected the lady of the house, he communicated his suspicions to Foote; who comforted him by saying, "that he might depend upon it, 'twas all *fair* play."

Apology for Absence.

A conceited young man asking Foote what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before to which he had a card of invitation, "Oh, my dear sir!" replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

Archibald Hamilton.

Somebody praising Mr. Hamilton as a well-read man, Foote said he did not see much of that about him. "I grant you, he reads a great many proofs; but there are no proofs of his reading."

Garrick's Parsimony.

Foote and Garrick supping together at the Bedford, the former, in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it. "Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?" "Gone to the devil, I suppose," said Garrick. "Well said, David, you are always what I took you for: ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

Personation.

On the morning before he set out for Dover, an old performer belonging to the Haymarket Theater called to take leave of him. "Well," said Foote, "what's the matter with you this morning, you look so ruefully?" "Why, I don't know how it is, but I find I'm not myself to-day." "No! then I heartily wish you joy; for though I don't know who you are now, you must certainly be a gainer by the change."

Dr. Paul Hifferman.

Paul was fond of laying, or rather offering, wagers. One day, in the heat of argument, he cried out, "I'll lay my head you are wrong upon that point." "Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager; any trifle among friends has a value."

The Danger of Female Beauty.

A white horse and a beautiful woman, Foote said, were two troublesome things to manage: as the first was difficult to be kept clean; and the second, honest.

Garrick's Love of Money.

Foote, showing a house which he had newly fitted up to some friends, in passing through his bedchamber one of the company observed a small Roman bust of Garrick on the bureau, at which he smiled. "I don't wonder," said Foote, "you should laugh at me for allowing him to be so near my gold; but then please to observe he has no hands."

REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHNSON.

By JAMES BOSWELL.

[James Boswell, celebrated as the friend and biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born at Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, the son of a judge of the Scottish Court of Session, and styled Lord Auchinleck. After studying law at the Scottish universities, he spent some time in continental travel, and met Voltaire, Rousseau, Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and other eminent men. In 1773 he accompanied Dr. Johnson, to whom he had been introduced ten years before, on a tour to the Hebrides, and became a member of the famous Literary Club. This select society of writers was instituted by Johnson, and included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Garrick. Boswell subsequently settled in London and was admitted to the English bar (1786). His death, which occurred May 19, 1795, was indirectly due to intemperance. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (1791) had an immense success at the time of its publication, and is generally admitted to be the greatest biography in the English language. Other works by the same author are: "Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides," "An Account of Corsica," various political pamphlets, etc.]

In the spring of this year [1768], having published my "Account of Corsica, with the Journal of a Tour to that Island," I returned to London, very desirous to see Dr. Johnson, and hear him upon the subject. I found he was at Oxford, with his friend Mr. Chambers, who was now Vinerian Professor, and lived in New Inn Hall. Having had no letter from him since that in which he criticised the Latinity of my Thesis, and having been told by somebody that he was offended at my having put into my book an extract of his letter to me at Paris, I was impatient to be with him, and therefore followed him to Oxford, where I was entertained by Mr. Chambers, with a civility which I shall ever gratefully remember. I found that Dr. Johnson had sent a letter to me to Scotland, and that I had nothing to complain of but his being more indifferent to my anxiety than I wished him to be. Instead of giving, with the circumstances of time and place, such fragments of his conversation as I preserved during this visit to Oxford, I shall throw them together in continuation.

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty. *Johnson*—"Why no, Sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge." *Boswell*—"But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" *Johnson*—"Sir, you do not know it to be good

or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad must be from reasoning, must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, Sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life in the intercourse with his friends?" *Johnson*—"Why no, Sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behavior. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society, than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."

Talking of some of the modern plays, he said, "False Delicacy" was totally void of character. He praised Goldsmith's "Good-natured Man"; said it was the best comedy that had appeared since "The Provoked Husband," and that there had not been of late any such character exhibited on the stage as that of Croaker. I observed it was the Suspirius of his *Rambler*. He said, Goldsmith had owned he had borrowed it from thence. "Sir," continued he, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart."

It always appeared to me that he estimated the compositions of Richardson too highly, and that he had an unreasonable prejudice against Fielding. In comparing those two writers he used this expression: "That there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made and

a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial plate." This was a short and figurative state of his distinction between drawing characters of nature and characters only of manners. But I cannot help being of opinion that the neat watches of Fielding are as well constructed as the large clocks of Richardson, and that his dial plates are brighter. Fielding's characters, though they do not expand themselves so widely in dissertation, are as just pictures of human nature, and, I will venture to say, have more striking features, and nicer touches of the pencil; and though Johnson used to quote with approbation a saying of Richardson's, "That the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man," I will venture to add that the moral tendency of Fielding's writings, though it does not encourage a strained and rarely possible virtue, is ever favorable to honor and honesty, and cherishes the benevolent and generous affections. He who is as good as Fielding would make him is an amiable member of society, and may be led on by more regulated instructors to a higher state of ethical perfection.

Johnson proceeded: "Even Sir Francis Wronghead is a character of manners, though drawn with great good humor." He then repeated, very happily, all Sir Francis' credulous account to Manly of his being with "the great man" and securing a place. I asked him if "The Suspicious Husband" did not furnish a well-drawn character, that of Ranger. *Johnson*—"No, Sir; Ranger is just a rake, a mere rake, and a lively young fellow, but no *character*."

The great Douglas cause was at this time a very general subject of discussion. I found he had not studied it with much attention, but had only heard parts of it occasionally. He, however, talked of it, and said, "I am of opinion that positive proof of fraud should not be required of the plaintiff, but that the judges should decide according as probability shall appear to preponderate, granting to the defendant the presumption of filiation to be strong in his favor. And I think, too, that a good deal of weight should be allowed to the dying declarations, because they were spontaneous. There is a great difference between what is said without our being urged to it, and what is said from a kind of compulsion. If I praise a man's book without being asked my opinion of it, that is honest praise, to which one may trust. But if an author asks me if I like his book, and I give him something like praise, it must not be taken as my real opinion.

"I have not been troubled for a long time with authors desiring my opinion of their works. I used once to be sadly plagued with a man who wrote verses, but who literally had no other notion of a verse but that it consisted of ten syllables. *Lay your knife and your fork across your plate* was to him a verse: —

"Lay yōur knife ānd your fōrk acrōss your plāte.

As he wrote a good number of verses, he sometimes by chance made good ones, though he did not know it."

He renewed his promise of coming to Scotland and going with me to the Hebrides, but said he would now content himself with seeing one or two of the most curious of them. He said, "Macaulay, who writes the account of St. Kilda, set out with a prejudice against prejudice, and wanted to be a smart modern thinker; and yet affirms for a truth that when a ship arrives there all the inhabitants are seized with a cold."

Dr. John Campbell, the celebrated writer, took a great deal of pains to ascertain this fact, and attempted to account for it on physical principles, from the effect of effluvia from human bodies. Johnson at another time praised Macaulay for his "*magnanimity*" in asserting this wonderful story, because it was well attested. A lady of Norfolk, by a letter to my friend Dr. Burney, has favored me with the following solution: —

Now for the explication of this seeming mystery, which is so very obvious as, for the reason, to have escaped the penetration of Dr. Johnson and his friend, as well as that of the author. Reading the book with my ingenious friend, the late Reverend Mr. Christian, of Dorking — after ruminating a little, "The cause," said he, "is a natural one. The situation of St. Kilda renders a northeast wind indispensably necessary before a stranger can land. The wind, not the stranger, occasions an epidemic cold." If I am not mistaken, Mr. Macaulay is dead; if living, this solution might please him, as I hope it will Mr. Boswell, in return for the many agreeable hours his works have afforded us.

Johnson expatiated on the advantages of Oxford for learning. "There is here, Sir," said he, "such a progressive emulation. The students are anxious to appear well to their tutors; the tutors are anxious to have their pupils appear well in the college; the colleges are anxious to have their students appear well in the university; and there are excellent rules of disci-

pline in every college. That the rules are sometimes ill observed may be true, but is nothing against the system. The members of an University may, for a season, be unmindful of their duty. I am arguing for the excellency of the institution."

Of Guthrie, he said, "Sir, he is a man of parts. He has no great regular fund of knowledge; but by reading so long, and writing so long, he no doubt has picked up a good deal."

He said he had lately been a long while at Lichfield, but he had grown very weary before he left it. *Boswell* — "I wonder at that, Sir; it is your native place." *Johnson* — "Why, so is Scotland *your* native place."

His prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at this time. When I talked of our advancement in literature, "Sir," said he, "you have learnt a little from us, and you think yourselves very great men. Hume would never have written History, had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an echo of Voltaire." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, we have Lord Kames." *Johnson* — "You *have* Lord Kames. Keep him; ha, ha, ha! We don't envy you him. Do you ever see Dr. Robertson?" *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir." *Johnson* — "Does the dog talk of me?" *Boswell* — "Indeed, Sir, he does, and loves you." Thinking that I now had him in a corner, and being solicitous for the literary fame of my country, I pressed him for his opinion on the merit of Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland." But to my surprise, he escaped. "Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book."

It is but justice both to him and Dr. Robertson to add that, though he indulged himself in this sally of wit, he had too good taste not to be fully sensible of the merits of that admirable work.

An essay, written by Mr. Deane, a Divine of the Church of England, maintaining the future life of brutes, by an explication of certain parts of the Scriptures, was mentioned, and the doctrine insisted on by a gentleman who seemed fond of curious speculation — Johnson, who did not like to hear anything concerning a future state which was not authorized by the regular canons of orthodoxy, discouraged this talk; and being offended at its continuation, he watched an opportunity to give the gentleman a blow of reprehension. So, when the poor speculatist, with a serious, metaphysical, pensive face, addressed him, "But really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Johnson, rolling

with joy at the thought which beamed in his eye, turned quickly round, and replied, "True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of *him*." He then rose up, strided to the fire, and stood for some time laughing and exulting.

I told him that I had several times, when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals; that it ran round and round in extreme pain, and finding no way to escape, retired to the center, and like a true stoic philosopher darted its sting into its head, and thus at once freed itself from its woes. "*This must end 'em.*" I said this was a curious fact, as it showed deliberate suicide in a reptile. Johnson would not admit the fact: He said Maupertuis was of opinion that it does not kill itself, but dies of the heat; that it gets to the center of the circle, as the coolest place; that its turning its tail in upon its head is merely a convulsion, and that it does not sting itself. He said he would be satisfied if the great anatomist Morgagni, after dissecting a scorpion on which the experiment had been tried, should certify that its sting had penetrated into its head.

He seemed pleased to talk of natural philosophy. "That woodcocks," said he, "fly over the northern countries is proved, because they have been observed at sea. Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." He told us one of his first essays was a Latin poem upon the glowworm; I am sorry I did not ask where it was to be found.

Talking of the Russians and the Chinese, he advised me to read Bell's "Travels." I asked him whether I should read Du Halde's "Account of China." "Why, yes," said he, "as one reads such a book; that is to say, consult it." . . .

A gentleman talked to him of a lady whom he greatly admired and wished to marry, but was afraid of her superiority of talents. "Sir," said he, "you need not be afraid; marry her. Before a year goes about, you'll find that reason much weaker, and that wit not so bright." Yet the gentleman may be justified in his apprehension by one of Dr. Johnson's admirable sentences in his life of Waller: "He doubtless praised many whom he would have been afraid to marry; and, perhaps, married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise. Many qualities contribute to domestic happiness, upon

which poetry has no colors to bestow: and many airs and sallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve."

He praised Signor Baretti. "His account of Italy is a very entertaining book; and, Sir, I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks; but with what hooks he has, he grapples very forcibly." . . .

Upon his arrival in London, in May, he surprised me one morning with a visit at my lodging in Half-moon Street, was quite satisfied with my explanation, and was in the kindest and most agreeable frame of mind. As he had objected to a part of one of his letters being published, I thought it right to take this opportunity of asking him explicitly whether it would be improper to publish his letters after his death. His answer was, "Nay, Sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will."

He talked in his usual style with a rough contempt of popular liberty. "They make a rout about *universal* liberty, without considering that all that is to be valued, or indeed can be enjoyed by individuals, is *private* liberty. Political liberty is good only so far as it produces private liberty. Now, Sir, there is the liberty of the press, which you know is a constant topic. Suppose you and I and two hundred more were restrained from printing our thoughts; what then? What proportion would that restraint upon us bear to the private happiness of the nation?"

This mode of representing the inconveniences of restraint as light and insignificant was a kind of sophistry in which he delighted to indulge himself, in opposition to the extreme laxity for which it has been fashionable for too many to argue, when it is evident, upon reflection, that the very essence of government is restraint; and certain it is that as government produces rational happiness, too much restraint is better than too little. But when restraint is unnecessary, and so close as to gall those who are subject to it, the people may and ought to remonstrate; and, if relief is not granted, to resist. Of this manly and spirited principle, no man was more convinced than Johnson himself. . . .

Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author. Some of us endeavored to support the Dean of St. Patrick's by various arguments.

One in particular praised his "Conduct of the Allies." *Johnson* — "Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability." "Surely, Sir," said Dr. Douglas, "you must allow it has strong facts." *Johnson* — "Why, yes, Sir; but what is that to the merit of the composition? In the Sessions paper of the Old Bailey there are strong facts. House-breaking is a strong fact; robbery is a strong fact; and murder is a *mighty* strong fact: but is great praise due to the historian of those strong facts? No, Sir, Swift has told what he had to tell distinctly enough, but that is all. He had to count ten, and he has counted it right." — Then recollecting that Mr. Davies, by acting as an *informer*, had been the occasion of his talking somewhat too harshly to his friend Dr. Percy, for which, probably, when the first ebullition was over, he felt some compunction, he took an opportunity to give him a hit: so added, with a preparatory laugh, "Why, Sir, Tom Davies might have written the 'Conduct of the Allies.'" Poor Tom being thus dragged into ludicrous notice in presence of the Scottish Doctors, to whom he was ambitious of appearing to advantage, was grievously mortified. Nor did his punishment rest here; for upon subsequent occasions, whenever he, "statesman all o'er," assumed a strutting importance, I used to hail him, — "*The Author of the 'Conduct of the Allies.'*"

When I called upon Dr. Johnson next morning, I found him highly satisfied with his colloquial prowess the preceding evening. "Well," said he, "we had good talk." *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir, you tossed and gored several persons."

The late Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behavior. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honor to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my Lord," said Signor Baretti, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice by applying to him the epithet of

a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*" . . .

I told him that David Hume had made a short collection of Scotticisms. "I wonder," said Johnson, "that *he* should find them."

He would not admit the importance of the question concerning the legality of general warrants. "Such a power," he observed, "must be vested in every government to answer particular cases of necessity; and there can be no just complaint but when it is abused, for which those who administer government must be answerable. It is a matter of such indifference, a matter about which the people care so very little, that were a man to be sent over Britain to offer them an exemption from it at a halfpenny apiece, very few would purchase it." This was a specimen of that laxity of talking which I had heard him fairly acknowledge; for, surely, while the power of granting general warrants was supposed to be legal, and the apprehension of them hung over our heads, we did not possess that security of freedom congenial to our happy constitution, and which, by the intrepid exertions of Mr. Wilkes, has been happily established.

He said, "The duration of Parliament, whether for seven years or the life of the King, appears to me so immaterial that I would not give half a crown to turn the scale one way or the other. The *habeas corpus* is the single advantage which our government has over that of other countries."

On the 30th of September we dined together at the Mitre. I attempted to argue for the superior happiness of the savage life, upon the usual fanciful topics. *Johnson*—"Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized men. They have not better health; and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No, Sir; you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, does not Rousseau talk such nonsense?" *Johnson*—"True, Sir; but Rousseau *knows* he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at

him." *Boswell* — "How so, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, a man who talks nonsense so well, must know that he is talking nonsense. But I am *afraid* (chuckling and laughing) Monboddo does *not* know that he is talking nonsense." *Boswell* — "Is it wrong then, Sir, to affect singularity in order to make people stare?" *Johnson* — "Yes, if you do it by propagating error; and, indeed, it is wrong in any way. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself. If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why, make them stare till they stare their eyes out. But consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd. I may do it by going into a drawing-room without my shoes. You remember the gentleman in *The Spectator* who had a commission of lunacy taken out against him for his extreme singularity, such as never wearing a wig, but a nightcap. Now, Sir, abstractedly, the nightcap was best; but, relatively, the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him."

Talking of a London life, he said, "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit than in all the rest of the kingdom." *Boswell* — "The only disadvantage is the great distance at which people live from one another." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." *Boswell* — "Sometimes I have been in the humor of wishing to retire to a desert." *Johnson* — "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

Although I had promised myself a great deal of instructive conversation with him on the conduct of the married state, of which I had then a near prospect, he did not say much upon that topic. Mr. Seward heard him once say that "a man has a very bad chance for happiness in that state, unless he marries a woman of very strong and fixed principles of religion." He maintained to me, contrary to the common notion, that a woman would not be the worse wife for being learned; in which, from all that I have observed of *Artemisias*, I humbly differed from him. That a woman should be sensible and well informed, I allow to be a great advantage, and think that Sir Thomas Overbury, in his rude versification, has very judiciously pointed

out that degree of intelligence which is to be desired in a female companion: —

> Give me, next *good*, an *understanding wife*,
> By Nature *wise*, not *learned* by much art;
> Some *knowledge* on her side with all my life
> More scope of conversation impart;
> Besides, her inborne virtue fortifie;
> They are most firmly good, who best know why.

When I censured a gentleman of my acquaintance for marrying a second time, as it showed a disregard of his first wife, he said, "Not at all, Sir. On the contrary, were he not to marry again, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife he pays the highest compliment to the first by showing that she made him so happy, as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." So ingenious a turn did he give to this delicate question. And yet, on another occasion, he owned that he once had almost asked a promise of Mrs. Johnson that she would not marry again, but had checked himself. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that in his case the request would have been unreasonable; for if Mrs. Johnson forgot, or thought it no injury to the memory of her first love, — the husband of her youth and the father of her children, — to make a second marriage, why should she be precluded from a third, should she be so inclined? In Johnson's persevering fond appropriation of his *Tetty*, even after her decease, he seems totally to have overlooked the prior claim of the honest Birmingham trader. I presume that her having been married before had, at times, given him some uneasiness; for I remember his observing upon the marriage of one of our common friends, "He has done a very foolish thing; he has married a widow, when he might have had a maid."

We drank tea with Mrs. Williams. I had last year the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Thrale at Dr. Johnson's one morning, and had conversation enough with her to admire her talents, and to show her that I was as Johnsonian as herself. Dr. Johnson had probably been kind enough to speak well of me, for this evening he delivered me a very polite card from Mr. Thrale and her, inviting me to Streatham.

On the 6th of October I complied with this obliging invitation, and found, at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every

circumstance that can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked up to with an awe, tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess. I rejoiced at seeing him so happy.

He played off his wit against Scotland with a good-humored pleasantry, which gave me, though no bigot to national prejudices, an opportunity for a little contest with him. I having said that England was obliged to us for gardeners, almost all their good gardeners being Scotchmen — *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, that is because gardening is much more necessary amongst you than with us, which makes so many of your people learn it. It is *all* gardening with you. Things which grow wild here, must be cultivated with great care in Scotland. Pray now," throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing, "are you ever able to bring the *sloe* to perfection?"

I boasted that we had the honor of being the first to abolish the unhospitable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vails to servants. *Johnson* — "Sir, you abolished vails because you were too poor to be able to give them."

Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it: his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song "Alexis shunned his fellow-swains," etc., in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage in defense of amorous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, "My dear lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense."

Mrs. Thrale then praised Garrick's talents for light, gay poetry; and, as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line: —

I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Johnson — "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple. What folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich." I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him, I observed that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace,

in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: "*fœnum habet in cornu.*" "Ay," said Garrick, vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* of it."

Talking of history, Johnson said: "We may know historical facts to be true, as we may know facts in common life to be true. Motives are generally unknown. We cannot trust to the characters we find in history, unless when they are drawn by those who knew the persons; as those, for instance, by Sallust and by Lord Clarendon."

He would not allow much merit to Whitfield's oratory. "His popularity, Sir," said he, "is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his manner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." . . .

Dr. Johnson shunned to-night any discussion of the perplexed question of fate and free will, which I attempted to agitate: "Sir," said he, "we *know* our will is free, and *there's* an end on't."

He honored me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served, adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst — eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill dress*." "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought home my bloom-colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of

you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the harrow, in Water Lane.'" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a color."

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the "Dunciad." While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem: a poem on what?" *Johnson* (with a disdainful look) — "Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, Sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits." Bickerstaff observed, as a peculiar circumstance, that Pope's fame was higher when he was alive than it was then. Johnson said his "Pastorals" were poor things, though the versification was fine. He told us, with high satisfaction, the anecdote of Pope's inquiring who was the author of his "London," and saying he will be soon *déterré*. He observed that in Dryden's poetry there were passages drawn from a profundity which Pope could never reach. He repeated some fine lines on love, by the former (which I have now forgotten), and gave great applause to the character of Zimri. Goldsmith said that Pope's character of Addison showed a deep knowledge of the human heart. Johnson said that the description of the temple, in "The Mourning Bride," was the finest poetical passage he had ever read; he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it. — "But," said Garrick, all alarmed for "the God of his idolatry," "we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works. Shakspeare must not suffer from the badness of our memories." Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardor: "No, Sir; Congreve has *nature*" (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but composing himself, he added, "Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare. Sir, a man may have no more than ten guineas in the world, but he may have those ten guineas in one piece, and so may have a finer piece than a man who has ten thousand

pounds; but then he has only one ten-guinea piece. — What I mean is that you can show me no passage, where there is simply a description of material objects without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect." Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had *men* in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awakening in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover Cliff. *Johnson* — "No, Sir; it should be all precipice — all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats and other circumstances are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided: you pass on by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

Talking of a barrister who had a bad utterance, some one (to rouse Johnson) wickedly said that he was unfortunate in not having been taught oratory by Sheridan. *Johnson* — "Nay, Sir, if he had been taught by Sheridan, he would have cleared the room." *Garrick* — "Sheridan has too much vanity to be a good man." — We shall now see Johnson's mode of *defending* a man; taking him into his own hands, and discriminating. *Johnson* — "No, Sir. There is, to be sure, in Sheridan, something to reprehend and everything to laugh at; but, Sir, he is not a bad man. No, Sir; were mankind to be divided into good and bad, he would stand considerably within the ranks of good. And, Sir, it must be allowed that Sheridan excels in plain declamation, though he can exhibit no character." . . .

Politics being mentioned, he said: "This petitioning is a new mode of distressing government, and a mighty easy one. I will undertake to get petitions either against quarter guineas or half guineas, with the help of a little hot wine. There must be no yielding to encourage this. The object is not important enough. We are not to blow up half a dozen palaces, because one cottage is burning."

The conversation then took another turn. *Johnson* — "It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence. A wit about town, who wrote Latin bawdy verses, asked me how it happened that England and

Scotland, which were once two kingdoms, were now one; and Sir Fletcher Norton did not seem to know that there were such publications as the *Reviews*." . . .

"The ballad of 'Hardyknute' has no great merit, if it be really ancient. People talk of nature. But mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind."

On Thursday, October 19, I passed the evening with him at his house. He advised me to complete a Dictionary of words peculiar to Scotland, of which I showed him a specimen. "Sir," said he, "Ray has made a collection of north-country words. By collecting those of your country, you will do a useful thing towards the history of the language." He bade me also go on with collections which I was making upon the antiquities of Scotland. "Make a large book—a folio." *Boswell*—"But of what use will it be, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Never mind the use; do it."

I complained that he had not mentioned Garrick in his Preface to Shakspeare, and asked him if he did not admire him. *Johnson*—"Yes, as 'a poor player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage'—as a shadow." *Boswell*—"But has he not brought Shakspeare into notice?" *Johnson*—"Sir, to allow that, would be to lampoon the age. Many of Shakspeare's plays are the worse for being acted: 'Macbeth,' for instance." *Boswell*—"What, Sir! is nothing gained by decoration and action? Indeed, I do wish that you had mentioned Garrick." *Johnson*—"My dear Sir, had I mentioned him, I must have mentioned many more: Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber,—nay, and Mr. Cibber too: he, too, altered Shakspeare." *Boswell*—"You have read his apology, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Yes, it is very entertaining. But as for Cibber himself, taking from his conversation all that he ought not to have said, he was a poor creature. I remember when he brought me one of his 'Odes,' to have my opinion of it, I could not bear such nonsense, and would not let him read it to the end: so little respect had I for *that great man!* (laughing). Yet I remember Richardson wondering that I could treat him with familiarity."

I mentioned to him that I had seen the execution of several convicts at Tyburn, two days before, and that none of them seemed to be under any concern. *Johnson*—"Most of them, Sir, have never thought at all." *Boswell*—"But is not the fear of death natural to man?" *Johnson*—"So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." He

then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating upon the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself upon that occasion: "I know not," said he, "whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between GOD and myself. Talking of our feeling for the distresses of others—" *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, there is much noise made about it, but it is greatly exaggerated. No, Sir, we have a certain degree of feeling to prompt us to do good; more than that, providence does not intend. It would be misery to no purpose." *Boswell* — "But suppose now, Sir, that one of your intimate friends were apprehended for an offense for which he might be hanged." *Johnson* — "I should do what I could to bail him, and give him any other assistance; but if he were once fairly hanged, I should not suffer." *Boswell* — "Would you eat your dinner that day, Sir?" *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir, and eat it as if he were eating with me. Why, there's Baretti, who is to be tried for his life to-morrow; friends have risen up for him on every side; yet if he should be hanged, none of them will eat a slice of plum pudding the less. Sir, that sympathetic feeling goes a very little way in depressing the mind."

I told him that I had dined lately at Foote's, who showed me a letter which he had received from Tom Davies, telling him that he had not been able to sleep from the concern he felt on account of "*this sad affair of Baretti*," begging of him to try if he could suggest anything that might be of service, and, at the same time, recommending to him an industrious young man who kept a pickle shop. *Johnson* — "Ay, Sir, here you have a specimen of human sympathy: a friend hanged, and a cucumber pickled. We know not whether Baretti or the pickle man has kept Davies from sleep, nor does he know himself. And as to his not sleeping, Sir, Tom Davies is a very great man; Tom has been upon the stage, and knows how to do those things: I have not been upon the stage, and cannot do those things." *Boswell* — "I have often blamed myself, Sir, for not feeling for others as sensibly as many say they do." *Johnson* — "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you good. They *pay* you by *feeling*."

Boswell — "Foote has a great deal of humor." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir." *Boswell* — "He has a singular talent of exhibiting character." *Johnson* — "Sir, it is not a talent — it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is not comedy, which ex-

hibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers: it is farce, which exhibits individuals." *Boswell*—"Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" *Johnson*—"Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off." *Boswell*—"Pray, Sir, is not Foote an infidel?" *Johnson*—"I do not know, Sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." *Boswell*—"I suppose, Sir, he has thought superficially, and seized the first notions which occurred to his mind." *Johnson*—"Why then, Sir, still he is like a dog that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing? A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a large, when both are before him." . . .

"Buchanan," he observed, "has fewer *centos* than any modern Latin Poet. He has not only had great knowledge of the Latin language, but was a great poetical genius. Both the Scaligers praise him."

He again talked of the passage in Congreve with high commendation, and said: "Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault. Perhaps you may find seven; but this does not refute my general assertion. If I come to an orchard and say, there's no fruit here, and then comes a poring man, who finds two apples and three pears, and tells me, 'Sir, you are mistaken, I have found both apples and pears,' I should laugh at him: what would that be to the purpose?"

Boswell—"What do you think of Dr. Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Sir?" *Johnson*—"Why, Sir, there are very fine things in them." *Boswell*—"Is there not less religion in the nation now, Sir, than there was formerly?" *Johnson*—"I don't know, Sir, that there is." *Boswell*—"For instance, there used to be a chaplain in every great family, which we do not find now." *Johnson*—"Neither do you find any of the state servants which great families used formerly to have. There is a change of modes in the whole department of life."

Next day, October 20, he appeared, for the only time I suppose in his life, as a witness in a court of justice, being called to give evidence to the character of Mr. Baretti, who, having stabbed a man in the street, was arraigned at the Old Bailey for murder. Never did such a constellation of genius enlighten

the awful Sessions House, emphatically called Justice Hall: Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Beauclerk, and Dr. Johnson; and undoubtedly their favorable testimony had due weight with the court and jury. Johnson gave his evidence in a slow, deliberate, and distinct manner, which was uncommonly impressive. It is well known that Mr. Baretti was acquitted.

On the 26th of October, we dined together at the Mitre Tavern. He found fault with Foote for indulging his talent of ridicule at the expense of his visitors, which I colloquially termed making fools of his company. *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint; you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already: he only brings them into action."

Talking of trade, he observed: "It is a mistaken notion that a vast deal of money is brought into a nation by trade. It is not so. Commodities come from commodities; but trade produces no capital accession of wealth. However, though there should be little profit in money, there is a considerable profit in pleasure, as it gives to one nation the productions of another: as we have wines and fruits, and many other foreign articles brought to us." *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir, and there is a profit in pleasure by its furnishing occupation to such numbers of mankind." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, you cannot call that pleasure to which all are averse, and which none begin but with the hope of leaving off, — a thing which men dislike before they have tried it, and when they have tried it." *Boswell* — "But, Sir, the mind must be employed, and we grow weary when idle." *Johnson* — "That is, Sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were all idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another. There is, indeed, this in trade: it gives men an opportunity of improving their situation. If there were no trade, many who are poor would always remain poor. But no man loves labor for itself." *Boswell* — "Yes, Sir, I know a person who does. He is a very laborious judge, and he loves the labor." *Johnson* — "Sir, that is because he loves respect and distinction. Could he have them without labor, he would like it less." *Boswell* — "He tells me he likes it for itself." — "Why, Sir, he fancies so, because he is not accustomed to abstract." . . .

There was a pretty large circle this evening. Dr. Johnson was in a very good humor, lively, and ready to talk upon all subjects. Mr. Fergusson, the self-taught philosopher, told him of a new-invented machine which went without horses; a man who sat in it turned a handle, which worked a spring that drove it forward. "Then, Sir," said Johnson, "what is gained is, the man has his choice whether he will move himself alone, or himself and the machine too." Dominicetti being mentioned, he would not allow him any merit. "There is nothing in all this boasted system. No, Sir: medicated baths can be no better than warm water: their only effect can be that of tepid moisture." One of the company took the other side, maintaining that medicines of various sorts, and some too of most powerful effect, are introduced into the human frame by the medium of the pores; and, therefore, when warm water is impregnated with salutiferous substances, it may produce great effects as a bath. This appeared to me very satisfactory. Johnson did not answer it; but talking for victory, and determined to be master of the field, he had recourse to the device which Goldsmith imputed to him in the witty words of one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He turned to the gentleman, "Well, Sir, go to Dominicetti, and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to thy *head*, for *that* is the *peccant part*." This produced a triumphant roar of laughter from the motley assembly of philosophers, printers, and dependents, male and female.

I know not how so whimsical a thought came into my mind, but I asked, "If, Sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a newborn child with you, what would you do?" *Johnson*—"Why, Sir, I should not much like my company." *Boswell*—"But would you take the trouble of rearing it?" He seemed, as may well be supposed, unwilling to pursue the subject; but upon my persevering in my question, replied, "Why, yes, Sir, I would; but I must have all conveniences. If I had no garden, I would make a shed on the roof, and take it there for fresh air. I should feed it, and wash it much, and with warm water to please it, not with cold water to give it pain." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, does not heat relax?" *Johnson*—"Sir, you are not to imagine the water is to be very hot. I would not *coddle* the child. No, Sir, the hardy method of treating children does no good. I'll take you five children from Lon-

don, who shall cuff five Highland children. Sir, a man bred in London will carry a burden, or run, or wrestle, as well as a man brought up in the hardest manner in the country." *Boswell* — "Good living, I suppose, makes the Londoners strong." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I don't know that it does. Our chairmen from Ireland, who are as strong men as any, have been brought up upon potatoes. Quantity makes up for quality." *Boswell* — "Would you teach this child, that I have furnished you with, anything?" *Johnson* — "No, I should not be apt to teach it." *Boswell* — "Would not you have a pleasure in teaching it?" *Johnson* — "No, Sir, I should *not* have a pleasure in teaching it." *Boswell* — "Have you not a pleasure in teaching men? *There* I have you. You have the same pleasure in teaching men that I should have in teaching children." *Johnson* — "Why, something about that."

Boswell — "Do you think, Sir, that what is called natural affection is born with us? It seems to me to be the effect of habit, or of gratitude for kindness. No child has it for a parent whom it has not seen." *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I think there is an instinctive natural affection in parents towards their children."

Russia being mentioned as likely to become a great empire, by the rapid increase of population — *Johnson* — "Why, Sir, I see no prospect of their propagating more. They can have no more children than they can get. I know of no way to make them breed more than they do. It is not from reason and prudence that people marry, but from inclination. A man is poor; he thinks, 'I cannot be worse, and so I'll e'en take Peggy.'" *Boswell* — "But have not nations been more populous at one period than another?" *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir; but that has been owing to the people being less thinned at one period than another, whether by emigration, war, or pestilence, not by their being more or less prolific. Births at all times bear the same proportion to the same number of people." *Boswell* — "But to consider the state of our own country, does not throwing a number of farms into one hand hurt population?" *Johnson* — "Why, no, Sir; the same quantity of food being produced, will be consumed by the same number of mouths, though the people may be disposed of in different ways. We see, if corn be dear and butchers' meat cheap, the farmers all apply themselves to the raising of corn, till it becomes plentiful and cheap, and then butchers' meat becomes dear; so that

an equality is always preserved. No, Sir, let fanciful men do as they will, depend upon it, it is difficult to disturb the system of life." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, is it not a very bad thing for landlords to oppress their tenants by raising their rents?" *Johnson*—"Very bad. But, Sir, it can never have any general influence; it may distress some individuals. For, consider this: landlords cannot do without tenants. Now, tenants will not give more for land than land is worth. If they can make more of their money by keeping a shop, or any other way, they'll do it, and so oblige landlords to let land come back to a reasonable rent in order that they may get tenants. Land in England is an article of commerce. A tenant who pays his landlord his rent thinks himself no more obliged to him than you think yourself obliged to a man in whose shop you buy a piece of goods. He knows the landlord does not let him have his land for less than he can get from others, in the same manner as the shopkeeper sells his goods. No shopkeeper sells a yard of ribbon for sixpence when sevenpence is the current price." *Boswell*—"But, Sir, is it not better that tenants should be dependent on landlords?" *Johnson*—"Why, Sir, as there are many more tenants than landlords, perhaps, strictly speaking, we should wish not. But if you please, you may let your lands cheap, and so get the value, part in money and part in homage. I should agree with you in that." *Boswell*—"So, Sir, you laugh at schemes of political improvement." *Johnson*—"Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things." . . .

When we were alone, I introduced the subject of death, and endeavored to maintain that the fear of it might be got over. I told him that David Hume said to me he was no more uneasy to think he should *not be* after his life, than that he *had not been* before he began to exist. *Johnson*—"Sir, if he really thinks so, his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle, without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies, he at least gives up all he has." *Boswell*—"Foote, Sir, told me that when he was very ill, he was not afraid to die." *Johnson*—"It is not true, Sir. Hold a pistol to Foote's breast, or to Hume's breast, and threaten to kill them, and you'll see how they behave." *Boswell*—"But may we not fortify our minds for the approach of death?"—Here I am sensible I was in the wrong to bring before his view

what he ever looked upon with horror; for, although when in a celestial frame of mind in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he has supposed death to be "kind Nature's signal for retreat" from this state of being to "a happier seat," his thoughts upon this awful change were in general full of dismal apprehensions. His mind resembled the vast amphitheater, the Coliseum at Rome. In the center stood his judgment, which, like a mighty gladiator, combated those apprehensions that, like the wild beasts of the arena, were all around in cells, ready to be let out upon him. After a conflict, he drives them back into their dens; but not killing them, they are still assailing him. To my question, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death, he answered, in a passion, "No, Sir, let it alone. It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."

I attempted to continue the conversation. He was so provoked that he said, "Give us no more of this;" and was thrown into such a state of agitation that he expressed himself in a way that alarmed and distressed me; showed an impatience that I should leave him, and when I was going away, called to me sternly, "Don't let us meet to-morrow."

I went home exceedingly uneasy. All the harsh observations which I had ever heard made upon his character crowded into my mind; and I seemed to myself like the man who had put his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with perfect safety, but at last had it bit off.

Next morning I sent him a note, stating that I might have been in the wrong, but it was not intentionally; he was therefore, I could not help thinking, too severe upon me. That, notwithstanding our agreement not to meet that day, I would call on him in my way to the city, and stay five minutes by my watch. "You are," said I, "in my mind, since last night, surrounded with cloud and storm. Let me have a glimpse of sunshine, and go about my affairs in serenity and cheerfulness."

Upon entering his study, I was glad that he was not alone, which would have made our meeting more awkward. There were with him Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyers, both of whom I now saw for the first time. My note had, on his own reflection, softened him, for he received me very complacently; so that I

unexpectedly found myself at ease, and joined in the conversation.

He said the critics had done too much honor to Sir Richard Blackmore, by writing so much against him. That in his "Creation" he had been helped by various wits, — a line by Phillips, and a line by Tickell; so that by their aid, and that of others, the poem had been made out.

I defended Blackmore's supposed lines, which have been ridiculed as absolute nonsense: —

> A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

I maintained it to be a poetical conceit. A Pict being painted, if he is slain in battle, and a vest is made of his skin, it is a painted vest won from him, though he was naked.

Johnson spoke unfavorably of a certain pretty voluminous author, saying, "He used to write anonymous books, and then other books commending those books, in which there was something of rascality."

I whispered him, "Well, Sir, you are now in good humor." *Johnson* — "Yes, Sir." I was going to leave him, and had got as far as the staircase. He stopped me and, smiling, said, "Get you gone *in:*" a curious mode of inviting me to stay, which I accordingly did for some time longer.

This little incidental quarrel and reconciliation, which, perhaps, I may be thought to have detailed too minutely, must be esteemed as one of many proofs which his friends had that though he might be charged with *bad humor* at times, he was always a *good-natured* man; and I have heard Sir Joshua Reynolds, a nice and delicate observer of manners, particularly remark that when upon any occasion Johnson had been rough to any person in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him; but if he found his dignified indirect overtures sullenly neglected, he was quite indifferent, and considered himself as having done all that he ought to do, and the other as now in the wrong.

BOSWELL JOHNSON REYNOLDS GARRICK PEPE PAOLI BURNEY WARTON GOLDSMITH

A LITERARY PARTY AT SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'

DR. JOHNSON.[1]

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

[AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, English essayist, was born at Wavertree, near Liverpool, January 19, 1850, the son of a Baptist minister, and graduated with distinction at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was called to the bar (1875), and was returned to Parliament for West Fife in 1889, and again in 1892. "Obiter Dicta" (1884 and 1887), consisting of literary and biographical essays, is his chief work. He has also published "Res Judicatæ," essays; a life of Charlotte Brontë; and "Men, Women, and Books" (1895).]

IF we should ever take occasion to say of Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare what he himself said of a similar production of the poet Rowe, "that it does not discover much profundity or penetration," we ought in common fairness always to add that nobody else has ever written about Shakspeare one half so entertainingly. If this statement be questioned, let the doubter, before reviling me, re-read the Preface, and if, after he has done so, he still demurs, we shall be content to withdraw the observation, which, indeed, has only been made for the purpose of introducing a quotation from the Preface itself.

In that document, Dr. Johnson, with his unrivaled stateliness, writes as follows: "The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit."

The whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. The Doctor himself has been dead his century. He died on the 13th of December, 1784. Come, let us criticise him.

Our qualifications for this high office need not be investigated curiously.

"Criticism," writes Johnson in the 60th *Idler*, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labor of learning those sciences which may by mere labor be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic."

To proceed with our task by the method of comparison is

[1] By permission of Mr. Elliot Stock.

to pursue a course open to grave objection, yet it is forced upon us when we find, as we lately did, a writer in the *Times* newspaper, in the course of a not very discriminating review of Mr. Froude's recent volumes, casually remarking, as if it admitted of no more doubt than the day's price of consols, that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson. It is a good thing to be positive. To be positive in your opinions and selfish in your habits is the best receipt, if not for happiness, at all events for that far more attainable commodity, comfort, with which we are acquainted. "A noisy man," sang poor Cowper, who could not bear anything louder than the hissing of a tea urn, "a noisy man is always in the right," and a positive man can seldom be proved wrong. Still, in literature it is very desirable to preserve a moderate measure of independence, and we, therefore, make bold to ask whether it is as plain as the "old hill of Howth," that Carlyle was a greater man than Johnson? Is not the precise contrary the truth? No abuse of Carlyle need be looked for here or from me. When a man of genius and of letters happens to have any striking virtues, such as purity, temperance, honesty, the novel task of dwelling on them has such attraction for us, that we are content to leave the elucidation of his faults to his personal friends, and to stern, unbending moralists like Mr. Edmund Yates and the *World* newspaper. To love Carlyle is, thanks to Mr. Froude's superhuman ideal of friendship, a task of much heroism, almost meriting a pension; still it is quite possible for the candid and truth-loving soul. But a greater than Johnson he most certainly was not.

There is a story in Boswell of an ancient beggar woman who, whilst asking an alms of the Doctor, described herself to him, in a lucky moment for her pocket, as "an old struggler." Johnson, his biographer tells us, was visibly affected. The phrase stuck to his memory, and was frequently applied to himself. "I, too," so he would say, "am an old struggler." So, too, in all conscience, was Carlyle. The struggles of Johnson have long been historical; those of Carlyle have just become so. We are interested in both. To be indifferent would be inhuman. Both men had great endowments, tempestuous natures, hard lots. They were not amongst Dame Fortune's favorites. They had to fight their way. What they took they took by storm. But—and here is a difference indeed—Johnson came off victorious, Carlyle did not.

Boswell's book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame, to take up his place with those —

> Dead but scepter'd sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns.

Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender but regretful tears.

We doubt whether there is in English literature a more triumphant book than Boswell's. What materials for tragedy are wanting? Johnson was a man of strong passions, unbending spirit, violent temper, as poor as a church mouse, and as proud as the proudest of church dignitaries; endowed with the strength of a coal heaver, the courage of a lion, and the tongue of Dean Swift, he could knock down booksellers and silence bargees; he was melancholy almost to madness, "radically wretched," indolent, blinded, diseased. Poverty was long his portion; not that genteel poverty that is sometimes behindhand with its rent, but that hungry poverty that does not know where to look for its dinner. Against all these things had this "old struggler" to contend; over all these things did this "old struggler" prevail. Over even the fear of death, the giving up of this "intellectual being," which had haunted his gloomy fancy for a lifetime, he seems finally to have prevailed, and to have met his end as a brave man should.

Carlyle, writing to his wife, says, and truthfully enough, "The more the devil worries me the more I wring him by the nose;" but then if the devil's was the only nose that was wrung in the transaction, why need Carlyle cry out so loud? After buffeting one's way through the storm-tossed pages of Froude's *Carlyle* — in which the universe is stretched upon the rack because food disagrees with man and cocks crow — with what thankfulness and reverence do we read once again the letter in which Johnson tells Mrs. Thrale how he has been called to endure, not dyspepsia or sleeplessness, but paralysis itself: —

"On Monday I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and, in a short time, waked and sat up, as has long been my custom; when I felt a confusion in my head which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God that however much he might afflict

my body, He would spare my understanding. . . . Soon after I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection, in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it. In order to rouse the vocal organs I took two drams. . . . I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time I should contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, He left me my hand. I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me, as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands. . . . How this will be received by you I know not. I hope you will sympathize with me; but perhaps

> "My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,
> Cries — Is he dumb? 'Tis time he shou'd.

"I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand), and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have now two on my own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence; but I am satisfied that what can be done is done for me. I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go."

This is indeed tonic and bark for the mind.

If, irritated by a comparison that ought never to have been thrust upon us, we ask why it is that the reader of Boswell finds it as hard to help loving Johnson as the reader of Froude finds it hard to avoid disliking Carlyle, the answer must be that whilst the elder man of letters was full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the younger one was full to overflowing with something not nearly so nice; and that whilst Johnson was preëminently a reasonable man, reasonable in all his demands and expectations, Carlyle was the most unreasonable

mortal that ever exhausted the patience of nurse, mother, or wife.

Of Dr. Johnson's affectionate nature nobody has written with nobler appreciation than Carlyle himself. "Perhaps it is this Divine feeling of affection, throughout manifested, that principally attracts us to Johnson. A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the earth."

The day will come when it will be recognized that Carlyle, as a critic, is to be judged by what he himself corrected for the press, and not by splenetic entries in diaries, or whimsical extravagances in private conversation.

Of Johnson's reasonableness nothing need be said, except that it is patent everywhere. His wife's judgment was a sound one — "He is the most sensible man I ever met."

As for his brutality, of which at one time we used to hear a great deal, we cannot say of it what Hookham Frere said of Landor's immorality, that it was —

> Mere imaginary classicality
> Wholly devoid of criminal reality.

It was nothing of the sort. Dialectically the great Doctor was a great brute. The fact is he had so accustomed himself to wordy warfare, that he lost all sense of moral responsibility, and cared as little for men's feelings as a Napoleon did for their lives. When the battle was over, the Doctor frequently did what no soldier ever did that I have heard tell of, apologized to his victims and drank wine or lemonade with them. It must also be remembered that for the most part his victims sought him out. They came to be tossed and gored. And after all, are they so much to be pitied? They have our sympathy, and the Doctor has our applause. I am not prepared to say, with the simpering fellow with weak legs whom David Copperfield met at Mr. Waterbrook's dinner table, that I would sooner be knocked down by a man with blood than picked up by a man without any; but, argumentatively speaking, I think it would be better for a man's reputation to be knocked down by Dr. Johnson than picked up by Mr. Froude.

Johnson's claim to be the best of our talkers cannot, on our present materials, be contested. For the most part we have only talk about other talkers. Johnson's is matter of record. Carlyle no doubt was a great talker — no man talked against

talk or broke silence to praise it more eloquently than he, but unfortunately none of it is in evidence. All that is given us is a sort of Commination Service writ large. We soon weary of it. Man does not live by curses alone.

An unhappier prediction of a boy's future was surely never made than that of Johnson's by his cousin, Mr. Cornelius Ford, who said to the infant Samuel, "You will make your way the more easily in the world as you are content to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence, and they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." Unfortunate Mr. Ford! The man never breathed whose claim to conversation excellence Dr. Johnson did not dispute on every possible occasion, whilst, just because he was admittedly so good a talker, his pretensions as a writer have been occasionally slighted.

Johnson's personal character has generally been allowed to stand high. It, however, has not been submitted to recent tests. To be the first to "smell a fault" is the pride of the modern biographer. Boswell's artless pages afford useful hints not lightly to be disregarded. During some portion of Johnson's married life he had lodgings, first at Greenwich, afterwards at Hampstead. But he did not always go home o' nights; sometimes preferring to roam the streets with that vulgar ruffian Savage, who was certainly no fit company for him. He once actually quarreled with "Tetty," who, despite her ridiculous name, was a very sensible woman with a very sharp tongue, and for a season, like stars, they dwelt apart. Of the real merits of this dispute we must resign ourselves to ignorance. The materials for its discussion do not exist; even Croker could not find them. Neither was our great moralist as sound as one would have liked to see him in the matter of the payment of small debts. When he came to die, he remembered several of these outstanding accounts; but what assurance have we that he remembered them all? One sum of £10 he sent across to the honest fellow from whom he had borrowed it, with an apology for his delay; which, since it had extended over a period of twenty years, was not superfluous. I wonder whether he ever repaid Mr. Dilly the guinea he once borrowed of him to give to a very small boy who had just been apprenticed to a printer. If he did not, it was a great shame. That he was indebted to Sir Joshua in a small loan is apparent from the fact that it was one of his three dying requests to that

great man that he should release him from it, as, of course, the most amiable of painters did. The other two requests, it will be remembered, were to read his Bible, and not to use his brush on Sundays. The good Sir Joshua gave the desired promises with a full heart, for these two great men loved one another; but subsequently discovered the Sabbatical restriction not a little irksome, and after a while resumed his former practice, arguing with himself that the Doctor really had no business to extract any such promise. The point is a nice one, and perhaps ere this the two friends have met and discussed it in the Elysian fields. If so, I hope the Doctor, grown "angelical," kept his temper with the mild shade of Reynolds better than on the historical occasion when he discussed with him the question of "strong drinks."

Against Garrick, Johnson undoubtedly cherished a smoldering grudge, which, however, he never allowed any one but himself to fan into flame. His pique was natural. Garrick had been his pupil at Edial, near Lichfield; they had come up to town together with an easy united fortune of fourpence — "current coin o' the realm." Garrick soon had the world at his feet and garnered golden grain. Johnson became famous too, but remained poor and dingy. Garrick surrounded himself with what only money can buy, good pictures and rare books. Johnson cared nothing for pictures — how should he? he could not see them; but he did care a great deal about books, and the pernickety little player was chary about lending his splendidly bound rarities to his quondam preceptor. Our sympathies in this matter are entirely with Garrick; Johnson was one of the best men that ever lived, but not to lend books to. Like Lady Slattern, he had a "most observant thumb." But Garrick had no real cause for complaint. Johnson may have soiled his folios and sneered at his trade, but in life Johnson loved Garrick, and in death embalmed his memory in a sentence which can only die with the English language: "I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

Will it be believed that puny critics have been found to quarrel with this colossal compliment on the poor pretext of its falsehood? Garrick's death, urge these dullards, could not possibly have eclipsed the gayety of nations, since he had retired from the stage months previous to his demise. When

will mankind learn that literature is one thing, and sworn testimony another?

Johnson's relations with Burke were of a more crucial character. The author of "Rasselas" and "The English Dictionary" can never have been really jealous of Garrick, or in the very least desirous of "bringing down the house"; but Burke had done nobler things than that. He had made politics philosophical, and had at least tried to cleanse them from the dust and cobwebs of party. Johnson, though he had never sat in the House of Commons, had yet, in his capacity of an unauthorized reporter, put into the mouths of honorable members much better speeches than ever came out of their, and it is no secret that he would have liked to make a speech or two on his own account. Burke had made many. Harder still to bear, there were not wanting good judges to say that, in their opinion, Burke was a better talker than the great Samuel himself. To cap it all, was not Burke a "vile Whig"? The ordeal was an unusually trying one. Johnson emerges triumphant.

Though by no means disposed to hear men made much of, he always listened to praise of Burke with a boyish delight. He never wearied of it. When any new proof of Burke's intellectual prowess was brought to his notice, he would exclaim exultingly, "Did we not always say he was a great man?" And yet how admirably did this "poor scholar" preserve his independence and equanimity of mind! It was not easy to dazzle the Doctor. What a satisfactory story that is of Burke, showing Johnson over his fine estate at Beaconsfield, and expatiating in his exuberant style on its "liberties, privileges, easements, rights, and advantages," and of the old Doctor, the tenant of "a two-pair back" somewhere off Fleet Street, peering cautiously about, criticising everything, and observing with much coolness, —

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

A friendship like this could be disturbed but by death, and accordingly we read: —

"Mr. Langton one day during Johnson's last illness found Mr. Burke and four or five more friends sitting with Johnson. Mr. Burke said to him, 'I am afraid, sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you.' 'No, sir,' said Johnson, 'it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state indeed when your company would not be a delight to me.' Mr. Burke, in a

tremulous voice, expressive of being very tenderly affected, replied, 'My dear sir, you have always been too good to me.' Immediately afterwards he went away. This was the last circumstance in the acquaintance of these two eminent men."

But this is a well-worn theme, though, like some other well-worn themes, still profitable for edification or rebuke. A hundred years can make no difference to a character like Johnson's, or to a biography like Boswell's. We are not to be robbed of our conviction that this man, at all events, was both great and good.

Johnson the author is not always fairly treated. Phrases are convenient things to hand about, and it is as little the custom to inquire into their truth as it is to read the letterpress on bank notes. We are content to count bank notes and to repeat phrases. One of these phrases is, that whilst everybody reads Boswell, nobody reads Johnson. The facts are otherwise. Everybody does not read Boswell, and a great many people do read Johnson. If it be asked, "What do the general public know of Johnson's nine volumes octavo? I reply, Beshrew the general public! What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public got to do with literature? The general public subscribes to Mudie, and has its intellectual, like its lacteal, sustenance sent round to it in carts. On Saturdays these carts, laden with "recent works in circulation," traverse the Uxbridge Road; on Wednesdays they toil up Highgate Hill, and if we may believe the reports of travelers, are occasionally seen rushing through the wilds of Camberwell and bumping over Blackheath. It is not a question of the general public, but of the lover of letters. Do Mr. Browning, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Stephen, Mr. Morley, know their Johnson? "To doubt would be disloyalty." And what these big men know in their big way, hundreds of little men know in their little way. We have no writer with a more genuine literary flavor about him than the great Cham of literature. No man of letters loved letters better than he. He knew literature in all its branches —he had read books, he had written books, he had sold books, he had bought books, and he had borrowed them. Sluggish and inert in all other directions, he pranced through libraries. He loved a catalogue; he delighted in an index. He was, to employ a happy phrase of Dr. Holmes, at home amongst books, as a stable boy is amongst horses. He cared intensely about the future of literature and the fate of literary men. "I

respect Millar," he once exclaimed; "he has raised the price of literature." Now Millar was a Scotchman. Even Horne Tooke was not to stand in the pillory: "No, no, the dog has too much literature for that." The only time the author of "Rasselas" met the author of the "Wealth of Nations" witnessed a painful scene. The English moralist gave the Scotch one the lie direct, and the Scotch moralist applied to the English one a phrase which would have done discredit to the lips of a costermonger; but this notwithstanding, when Boswell reported that Adam Smith preferred rhyme to blank verse, Johnson hailed the news as enthusiastically as did Cedric the Saxon the English origin of the bravest knights in the retinue of the Norman king. "Did Adam say that?" he shouted: "I love him for it. I could hug him!" Johnson no doubt honestly believed he held George III. in reverence, but really he did not care a pin's fee for all the crowned heads of Europe. All his reverence was reserved for "poor scholars." When a small boy in a wherry, on whom had devolved the arduous task of rowing Johnson and his biographer across the Thames, said he would give all he had to know about the Argonauts, the Doctor was much pleased, and gave him, or got Boswell to give him, a double fare. He was ever an advocate of the spread of knowledge amongst all classes and both sexes. His devotion to letters has received its fitting reward, the love and respect of all "lettered hearts."

Considering him a little more in detail, we find it plain that he was a poet of no mean order. His resonant lines, informed as they often are with the force of their author's character, — his strong sense, his fortitude, his gloom, — take possession of the memory, and suffuse themselves through one's entire system of thought. A poet spouting his own verses is usually a figure to be avoided; but one could be content to be a hundred and thirty next birthday to have heard Johnson recite, in his full, sonorous voice, and with his stately elocution, "The Vanity of Human Wishes." When he came to the following lines, he usually broke down, and who can wonder? —

> Proceed, illustrious youth,
> And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
> Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
> Till captive science yields her last retreat;
> Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,

And pour on
Should not
Nor praise
Should tempting novelty thy cell
And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

If this be not poetry, may the name perish!

In another style, the stanzas on the young heir's majority have such great merit as to tempt one to say that the author of "The Jolly Beggars," Robert Burns, himself, might have written them. Here are four of them: —

Loosened from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell;
Wild as wind and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betseys, Kates, and Jennies,
All the names that banish care.
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,
Show the spirit of an heir.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high —
What are acres? what are houses?
Only dirt — or wet or dry.

Johnson's prologues and his lines on the death of Robert Levet are well known. Indeed, it is only fair to say that our respected friend, the General Public, frequently has Johnsonian tags on its tongue: —

> Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
>
> The unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
>
> He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale.
>
> Death, kind nature's signal of retreat.
>
> Panting time toiled after him in vain.

All these are Johnson's, who, though he is not, like Gray, whom he hated so, all quotations, is yet oftener in men's mouths than they perhaps wot of.

Johnson's tragedy, "Irene," need not detain us. It is unreadable; and to quote his own sensible words, "It is useless to criticise what nobody reads." It was indeed the expressed opinion of a contemporary, called Pot, that "Irene" was the finest tragedy of modern times; but on this judgment of Pot's being made known to Johnson, he was only heard to mutter, "If Pot says so, Pot lies," as no doubt he did.

Johnson's Latin Verses have not escaped the condemnation of scholars. Whose have? The true mode of critical approach to copies of Latin verse is by the question — How bad are they? Croker took the opinion of the Marquess Wellesley as to the degree of badness of Johnson's Latin Exercises. Lord Wellesley, as became so distinguished an Etonian, felt the solemnity of the occasion, and, after bargaining for secrecy, gave it as his opinion that they were all very bad, but that some perhaps were worse than others. To this judgment I have nothing to add.

As a writer of English prose, Johnson has always enjoyed a great, albeit a somewhat awful, reputation. In childish memories he is constrained to be associated with dust and dictionaries, and those provoking obstacles to a boy's reading — "long words." It would be easy to select from Johnson's writings numerous passages written in that essentially vicious style to which the name Johnsonese has been cruelly given; but the searcher could not fail to find many passages guiltless of this charge. The characteristics of Johnson's prose style are colossal good sense, though with a strong skeptical bias,

good humor, vigorous language, and movement from point to point which can only be compared to the measured tread of a well-drilled company of soldiers. Here is a passage from the Preface to Shakspeare: "Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on, through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness and read the commentators."

Where are we to find better sense, or much better English?

In the pleasant art of chaffing an author Johnson has hardly an equal. De Quincey too often overdoes it. Macaulay seldom fails to excite sympathy with his victim. In playfulness Mr. Arnold perhaps surpasses the Doctor, but then the latter's playfulness is always leonine, whilst Mr. Arnold's is surely, sometimes, just a trifle kittenish. An example, no doubt a very good one, of Johnson's humor must be allowed me. Soame Jenyns, in his book on the "Origin of Evil" had imagined that, as we have not only animals for food, but choose some for our diversion, the same privilege may be allowed to beings above us, "who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the ends only of their own pleasure."

On this hint writes our merry Doctor as follows: —

"I cannot resist the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have shown that these 'hunters, whose game is man,' have many sports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps or kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a ship, and stand round the fields of Blenheim, or the walls of Prague, as we encircle a cockpit. As we shoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midst of his business or pleasure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them perhaps are virtuosi, and delight in the operations of an asthma, as a human philosopher in the effects of the air pump. Many a merry bout have these frolic beings at the

vicissitudes of an ague, and good sport it is to see a man tumble with an epilepsy, and revive, and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. The paroxysms of the gout and stone must undoubtedly make high mirth, especially if the play be a little diversified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. . . . One sport the merry malice of these beings has found means of enjoying, to which we have nothing equal or similar. They now and then catch a mortal, proud of his parts, and flattered either by the submission of those who court his kindness, or the notice of those who suffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of false opinions, and the projection of vain designs, they easily fill with idle notions, till, in time, they make their plaything an author; their first diversion commonly begins with an ode or an epistle, then rises perhaps to a political irony, and is at last brought to its height by a treatise of philosophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himself in sophisms and to flounder in absurdity."

The author of the philosophical treatise, "A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," did not at all enjoy this "merry bout" of the "frolic" Johnson.

The concluding paragraphs of Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary are historical prose; and if we are anxious to find passages fit to compare with them in the melancholy roll of their cadences and in their grave sincerity and manly emotion, we must, I think, take a flying jump from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Newman.

For sensible men the world offers no better reading than the "Lives of the Poets." They afford an admirable example of the manner of man Johnson was. The subject was suggested to him by the booksellers, whom as a body he never abused. Himself the son of a bookseller, he respected their calling. If they treated him with civility, he responded suitably. If they were rude to him, he knocked them down. These worthies chose their own poets. Johnson remained indifferent. He knew everybody's poetry, and was always ready to write anybody's Life. If he knew the facts of a poet's life, — and his knowledge was enormous on such subjects, — he found room for them; if he did not, he supplied their place with his own shrewd reflections and somber philosophy of life. It thus comes about that Johnson is every bit as interesting when he is writing about Sprat, or Smith, or Fenton, as he is when he has got Milton or Gray in hand. He is also much

less provoking. My own favorite "Life" is that of Sir Richard Blackmore.

The poorer the poet the kindlier is the treatment he receives. Johnson kept all his rough words for Shakspeare, Milton, and Gray.

In this trait, surely an amiable one, he was much resembled by that eminent man the late Sir George Jessel, whose civility to a barrister was always in inverse ratio to the barrister's practice; and whose friendly zeal in helping young and nervous practitioners over the stiles of legal difficulty was only equaled by the fiery enthusiasm with which he thrust back the Attorney and Solicitor General and people of that sort.

As a political thinker Johnson has not had justice. He has been lightly dismissed as the last of the old-world Tories. He was nothing of the sort. His cast of political thought is shared by thousands to this day. He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling booth. Newspapers may scold, platforms may shake; whatever circulars can do may be done, all that placards can tell may be told; but the fact remains that one third of every constituency in the realm shares Dr. Johnson's "narcotic indifference," and stays away.

It is, of course, impossible to reconcile all Johnson's recorded utterances with any one view of anything. When crossed in conversation or goaded by folly he was, like the prophet Habakkuk (according to Voltaire), *capable du tout*. But his dominant tone about politics was something of this sort. Provided a man lived in a state which guaranteed him private liberty and secured him public order, he was very much of a knave or altogether a fool if he troubled himself further. To go to bed when you wish, to get up when you like, to eat and drink and read what you choose, to say across your port or your tea whatever occurs to you at the moment, and to earn your living as best you may — this is what Dr. Johnson meant by private liberty. Fleet Street open day and night — this is what he meant by public order. Give a sensible man these, and take all the rest the world goes round. Tyranny was a bugbear. Either the tyranny was bearable, or it was not. If it was bearable, it did not matter; and as soon as it became unbearable the mob cut off the tyrant's head, and wise men went home to their dinner. To views of this sort he gave emphatic utterance on the well-known occasion when he gave

Sir Adam Ferguson a bit of his mind. Sir Adam had innocently enough observed that the Crown had too much power. Thereupon Johnson: —

"Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig. Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be abused long; mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of government."

This is not and never was the language of Toryism. It is a much more intellectual "ism." It is indifferentism. So, too, in his able pamphlet, "The False Alarm," which had reference to Wilkes and the Middlesex election, though he no doubt attempts to deal with the constitutional aspect of the question, the real strength of his case is to be found in passages like the following: —

"The grievance which has produced all this tempest of outrage, the oppression in which all other oppressions are included, the invasion which has left us no property, the alarm that suffers no patriot to sleep in quiet, is comprised in a vote of the House of Commons, by which the freeholders of Middlesex are deprived of a Briton's birthright — representation in Parliament. They have, indeed, received the usual writ of election; but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were insulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice. The character of the man, thus fatally excepted, I have no purpose to delineate. Lampoon itself would disdain to speak ill of him of whom no man speaks well. Every lover of liberty stands doubtful of the fate of posterity, because the chief county in England cannot take its representative from a jail."

Temperament was of course at the bottom of this indifference. Johnson was of melancholy humor and profoundly skeptical. Cynical he was not — he loved his fellow-men; his days were full of

> Little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.

But he was as difficult to rouse to enthusiasm about humanity as is Mr. Justice Stephen. He pitied the poor devils, but he

did not believe in them. They were neither happy nor wise, and he saw no reason to believe they would ever become either. "Leave me alone," he cried to the sultry mob bawling "Wilkes and Liberty." "I at least am not ashamed to own that I care for neither the one nor the other."

No man, however, resented more fiercely than Johnson any unnecessary interference with men who were simply going their own way. The Highlanders only knew Gaelic, yet political wiseacres were to be found objecting to their having the Bible in their own tongue. Johnson flew to arms: he wrote one of his monumental letters; the opposition was quelled, and the Gael got his Bible. So too the wicked interference with Irish enterprise, so much in vogue during the last century, infuriated him. "Sir," he said to Sir Thomas Robinson, "you talk the language of a savage. What, sir! would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do so?"

Were Johnson to come to life again, total abstainer as he often was, he would, I expect, denounce the principle involved in "Local Option." I am not at all sure he would not borrow a guinea from a bystander and become a subscriber to the "Property Defence League"; and though it is notorious that he never read any book all through, and never could be got to believe that anybody else ever did, he would, I think, read a larger fraction of Mr. Spencer's pamphlet, "Man *versus* the State," than of any other "recent work in circulation." The state of the Strand, when two vestries are at work upon it, would, I am sure, drive him into open rebellion.

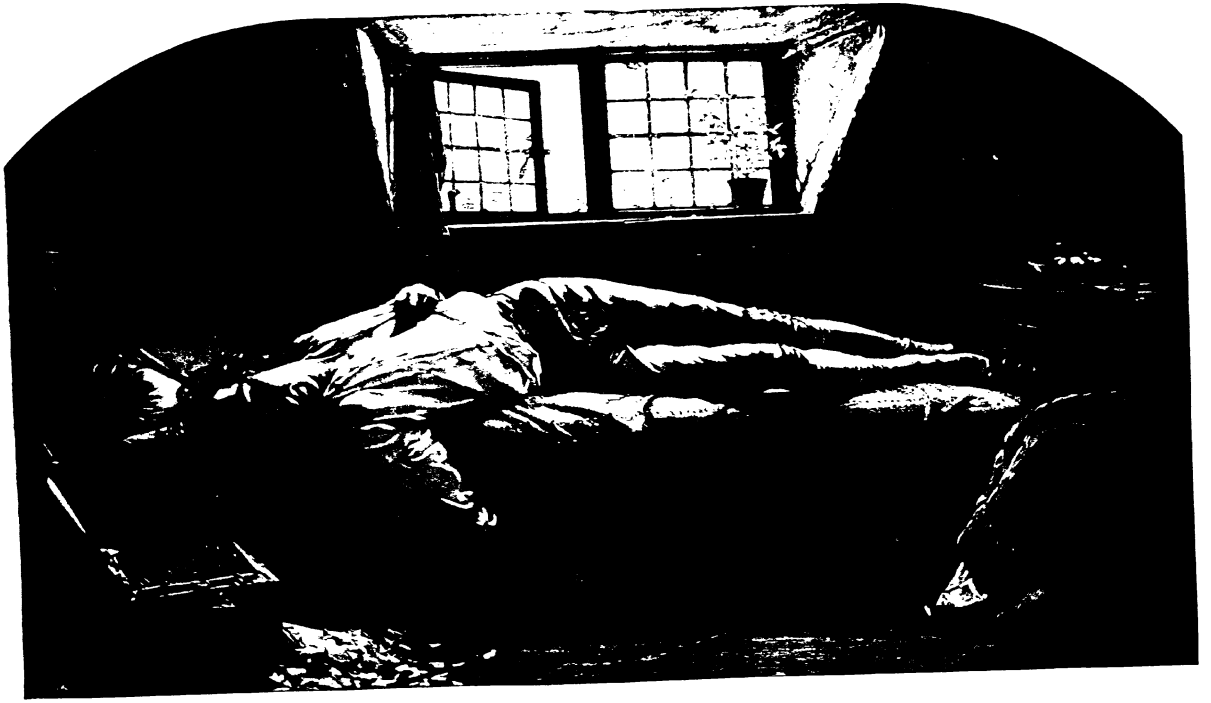
As a letter writer Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters were always scarce. It does not follow that, because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones. Johnson wrote letters in two styles. One was monumental — more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but, like the old Gothic architecture, it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow — of affection, wit, and fancy. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. One must suffice: —

"Queeney has been a good girl, and wrote me a letter. If Burney said she would write, she told you a fib. She writes nothing to me. She can write home fast enough. I have a good mind not to tell her that Dr. Bernard, to whom I had recommended her novel, speaks of it with great commendation, and that the copy which she lent me has been read by Dr. Lawrence three times over. And yet what a gypsy it is. She no more minds me than if I were a Branghton. Pray, speak to Queeney to write again. . . . Now you think yourself the first writer in the world for a letter about nothing. Can you write such a letter as this? So miscellaneous, with such noble disdain of regularity, like Shakspeare's works; such graceful negligence of transition, like the ancient enthusiasts. The pure voice of Nature and of Friendship. Now, of whom shall I proceed to speak? of whom but Mrs. Montague? Having mentioned Shakspeare and Nature, does not the name of Montague force itself upon me? Such were the transitions of the ancients, which now seem abrupt, because the intermediate idea is lost to modern understandings."

But the extract had better end, for there are (I fear) "modern understandings" who will not perceive the "intermediate idea" between Shakspeare and Mrs. Montague, and to whom even the name of Branghton will suggest no meaning.

Johnson's literary fame is, in our judgment, as secure as his character. Like the stone which he placed over his father's grave at Lichfield, and which, it is shameful to think, has been removed, it is "too massy and strong" to be ever much affected by the wind and weather of our literary atmosphere. "Never," so he wrote to Mrs. Thrale, "let criticisms operate upon your face or your mind; it is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out: but it often dies in the socket. From the author of "Fitzosborne's Letters" I cannot think myself in much danger. I met him only once, about thirty years ago, and in some small dispute soon reduced him to whistle." Dr. Johnson is in no danger from anybody. None but Gargantua could blow him out, and he still burns brightly in his socket.

How long this may continue who can say? It is a far cry to 1985. Science may by that time have squeezed out literature, and the author of the "Lives of the Poets" may be dimly remembered as an odd fellow who lived in the Dark Ages, and had a very creditable fancy for making chemical experiments.



THE DEATH OF THOMAS CHATTERTON

From a painting by Henry Wallis, R.W.S.

On the other hand, the Spiritualists may be in possession, in which case the Cock Lane Ghost will occupy more of public attention than Boswell's hero, who will, perhaps, be reprobated as the profane utterer of these idle words: "Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures that perhaps his nerves have by some unknown change all at once become effective? No, sir, it is clear how he got into a different room — he was *carried*."

We here part company with Johnson, bidding him a most affectionate farewell, and leaving him in undisturbed possession of both place and power. His character will bear investigation and some of his books perusal. The latter, indeed, may be submitted to his own test, and there is no truer one. A book, he wrote, should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it. His frequently do both.

POEMS AND WILL OF CHATTERTON.

[Thomas Chatterton, English poet, was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752, went to Colson's charity school in his native city, and for a time was a lawyer's clerk. He early displayed a taste for antiquities and poetry, which he indulged by fabricating the literary forgeries known as "Rowley's Poems." These he claimed to have discovered in the archives of St. Mary Redcliffe, and so cleverly was the work done that even Walpole was deceived. In 1769 Chatterton went to London and adopted the profession of author, but after a time he was reduced to a state of starvation, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide by taking arsenic, August 24, 1770. He was buried in the pauper's pit of the Shoe Lane Workhouse. "The Balade of Charitie," "The Tragedy of Ælla," "The Battle of Hastings," and "The Minstrel's Song" are his chief poems.]

An Excelente Balade of Charitie.

(As written by the good priest Thomas Rowley, 1464.)

In Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
The apple reddened from its paly green,
And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
The pied chelàndry sang the livelong day;
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was decked in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable, sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway side,
Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
Long brimful of the miseries of need.
Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
Haste to thy church glebe house, accursèd man!
Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashing dies.

List! now the thunder's rattling, noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then full swollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
Still on the frighted ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bede roll at the same;
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms craver near to the holm to bide.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,
His autremete was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
Full well it showèd he thought cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse milliner his head with roses dight.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"Oh! let me wait within your convent door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche."

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None touch my ring who not in honor live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shot upon the ground his glaring ray;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape were gray, and eke were clean;
A limitor he was of order seen;
And from the pathway side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
The Limitor then loosened his pouch thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take:
The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
"Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

"But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scarce any give a rent roll to their lord;
Here, take my semicope, thou'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!

Elegy on Thomas Phillips.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
  No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
  At her command the awful lyre I string!

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
  Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
  Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
  Thee would my soul-racked muse attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
  Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
  Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was locked with ice,
  Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
  The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green,
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,
  Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
  From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
  And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
  And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,
  Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
  Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
  And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
  So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar;
  You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming, flow'ry pride
Next claimed the honor of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale, rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright, ethereal blue.

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, though horridly deformed;
The polished lake, the silvered hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warmed.

The rough October has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend!
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honor, and thy soul divine;
With thee did every god of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends,
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;

The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill:
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sick'ning lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky gray;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapors write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darkened wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert the muse.

But, horror to reflection! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See! see! the pitchy vapor hides the lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest my muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie;
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep:
Phillips is dead — 'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace;
But melancholy robbed him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone!
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

Chatterton's Will.

1770.

All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N.B. — In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. —— argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works. I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect anything, endeavoring in the *foregoing Poems* to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
That Bristol has impressed her stamp on thee,

Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary? — A Crown.
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.
Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;
Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
Received to venerate as Gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee.
If ever obligated to thy purse,
Rowley discharges all — my first chief curse!
For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbeloved.
To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed
When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
When wildly squand'ring ev'rything I got,
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
Without security attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
He promised, I confess, and seemed sincere;
Few keep an honorary promise here.
I thank thee, Barrett — thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordained by fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,

I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
Harris erelong, when reeking from the press,
My numbers make his self-importance less,
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
And drag my body to the triple way —
Poor superstitious mortals! wreak your hate
Upon my cold remains ——

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savored of insanity.

Item. If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters: —

Vous qui par ici passez
Pur l'ame Guatcroine Chatterton priez
Le Cors di oi ici gist
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCX.

On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters: —

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Mireris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiet x die mensis Novemb. MCCCCXV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters: —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchanter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters: —

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian — believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power — to that Power alone is he now answerable.

On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other: —

Atchievements: viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars. — And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication: To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigor and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, — likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavored to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utter-

ance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself. Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If, in defiance of this terrible specter, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. — Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THOS. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death. — T. C.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

(In the *Public Advertiser*, London.)

To His Grace the Duke of Grafton.

July 8, 1769.

My Lord, — If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamors of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury.

The collective body of the people form that jury, and from *their* decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from *their* spirit and *their* resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the FAVORITE has some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for those gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource, of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr.

Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence of fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might, probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of

which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yes, I trust your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures, nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses, to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed but insulted.

With what force, my Lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for — another must be purchased; and to save a minister the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance, or, if *their* protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a con-

tention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and, as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

To the King.

(Indirectly, through the newspaper.)

December 19, 1769.

When the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned prince made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation — that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice but how to gratify the wishes and secure the

happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious SPECULATION to consider if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country, and that the great person whom he addresses has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understand enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

"SIR,—It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

"You ascended the throne with a declared and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant — that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties — from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

"When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection, nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their newborn zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion have supported it, upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

"To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of

their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the *natural enemies* of this country. On *your* part we are satisfied that everything was honorable and sincere, and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

"Hitherto, Sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

"A man, not very honorably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character as by your Majesty's favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed, and seemed to think that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal he suffered some unwarrantable

insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honor of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation collected upon him served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on 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 in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? the destruction of one man has been now for many years the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power and every ministerial artifice exerted, without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless *he* should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown, or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons *he* has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly, and in your Majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

"Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another, and as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties — to a situation so unhappy that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred

the question from the rights and interests of one man to the most important rights and interests of the people, and forced your subjects from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

"The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence, and without satisfying the people will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor will anything less be accepted. I can readily believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall the pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To *us* they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors—from those who gave them birth to the minister from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life, who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But, if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect, consider, Sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons, and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted; it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England by dissolving the parliament.

"Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any

views inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice, which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side you hazard the affections of all your English subjects—you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever, or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion, while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs—if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender—let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

"The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

"The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between *you* and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown; they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive, personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parlia-

ment on one side from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but, if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree — they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

"It is not then from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support — you have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, Sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors and are confirmed in by their education? whose numbers are so inconsiderable that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive — at last they betray.

"As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased from your earliest infancy in their favor, that nothing less than *your own* misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favor; so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted,

then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince of their native country against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your favorite concealed from you that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he too had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor as gentlemen for protection. They received him as they would your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood, and kept him until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, Sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable — a fawning treachery against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

"From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, Sir, will not make the guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the guards are treated, while those gallant troops by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those to whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The pretorian bands, enervated

and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome and gave away the empire.

"On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation—you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set your people at defiance. But be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind forever.

"On the other, how different is the prospect! How easy, how safe and honorable is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust which, they find, has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will your Majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons? They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges? They have often told your ancestors that the law of parliament is above them. What party then remains but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and, since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

"I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature; and, though perhaps not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after,

with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprised of Mr. Wilkes' incapacity, not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who, nevertheless, returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed as your Majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you that when they have trampled upon your equals, they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

"Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion, I confess not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government, without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

"You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long

directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it what it should have been long since — an act, not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station — a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

"Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government, that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

"These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and *may* be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

"The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was neces-

sary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational: fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another."

THE MAN OF FEELING.

By HENRY MACKENZIE.

[HENRY MACKENZIE, Scotch novelist and essayist, was born in Edinburgh, August, 1745; a lawyer by profession. He was one of the great literary circle which included Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and others. His first work, "The Man of Feeling" (1771), remains his literary monument. He also wrote: "The Man of the World" (1773), "Julia Roubigne" (1777), essays entitled "The Mirror" and "The Lounger," and several plays. He died January 14, 1831.]

HIS SKILL IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough therefore to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed, physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had often been rebuked by his aunt in the country, who used to tell him that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glisters; and it must be owned that his aunt was a

very sensible, harsh-looking maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, Sir," said he, "are so good that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence: with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose impudence or whose vice may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby: Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cider. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine: I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father

manages his taproom, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place."—"Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at a corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humor of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it." "Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with anybody.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve buttons——" Here he was interrupted by being told that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued, too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment: the

victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake in a short time amounted to no less a sum than £12. Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed therefore that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that, which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favor of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory, mingled with regret for having won too much; while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards and threw them into the fire.

The Man of Feeling in a Brothel.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet Street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset House, when one of them laid hold of his arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame; he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their luster left; her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she, interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavored to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighborhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge

in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found. — They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance; but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew: when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past." — He fixed his eyes on hers — every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him. — "Two days!" said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!" — He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." — He offered to call a chair, saying that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. — He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum." — She burst into tears: "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from

the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." "No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue."—He rung, and ordered a chair.—"Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor."—"My name is Harley."—"Could I ever have an opportunity."—"You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct—but I do not mean to reproach you—if, I say—it will be the noblest reward—I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again."—Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short by telling him that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and pulling out his watch delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something in which the word CULLY was honored with a particular emphasis.

He meets an Old Acquaintance.

When the stagecoach arrived at the place of its destination. Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately afoot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of traveling which he was accustomed to take: it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left

him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked; nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travelers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's backgrounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself, "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The

stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well, to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveler. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock: "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village; thither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. — I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honorable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I

have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger, "'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fireside round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighborhood, you remember me at South Hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a young brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country, and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not: there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain: the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavorable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession; I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and

saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South Hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house dog, I shall never forget it while I live: the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush, that, you may remember, stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on; I called to him, he wagged his tail, but did not stir; I called again, he lay down; I whistled and cried Trusty, he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too, but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make anything of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labor and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighboring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter, he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now, when one day, having sprung a covey in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun and went after his dog to bring him back; the gamekeeper, who had marked the birds, came up and, seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell, my son ran up to him; he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the gamekeeper wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the butt end of it felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home when a constable came with a

warrant and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the justice was not content with that punishment and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve and the birthday, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blindman's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded; we had continued some time in our game when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there when he was suddenly seized from behind: 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'"—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight,

the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot; he came up to me and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time that, if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labor for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand, and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I stayed, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.' 'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed while I sat idle at home; I am young and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.' 'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me, I will not be contradicted in this, stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you: it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the sergeant, who had seemed the softest before was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighborhood, and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some

others were; but my nature was never of that kind that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shriveled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me: 'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may He bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his

children; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood awhile looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honored veteran! let me endeavor to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

LENORE.[1]

BY GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER, a noted German lyric poet, was born at Molmerswende, in Prussian Saxony, in 1748, and studied theology at Halle and law at Göttingen. In the latter place he led a life of dissipation, and would have remained unknown if his intimacy with Voss, the two Stolbergs, and other poets had not inspired him with an earnest ambition to excel. In 1773 appeared his poem "Lenore," which at once attracted attention; and the ballads "The Song of the Brave Man," "The Emperor and the Abbot," and "The Wild Huntsman" (translated by Sir Walter Scott) were also well received. Bürger was thrice unhappily married, and died in poverty at Göttingen, June 8, 1794.]

LENORE she woke at morning red,
(O, but her dreams were eerie!)
"Love William, art thou untrue or dead?
For thy coming I grow weary."
He was with old King Frederick's powers
Through the fight at Prague in its bloody hours,
No message came to tell
What chance to him befell.

The Empress and the King at last
Decreed the strife surcease.
Their warlike thoughts away they cast,
And made the longed-for peace.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.

And either army did homeward come
With clang of trumpet and kettledrum,
With joyful sound of singing,
And green boughs round them clinging.

And far and wide, and wide and far,
Through every path and street,
Folk came to hail them from the war,
With shouts of joy to greet.
"Thank God!" the wives and children cried,
"Welcome!" from many a maiden bride.
Only Lenore did miss
Her lover's clasp and kiss.

In every face her love she sought,
Vain was her anxious tasking,
For there was none could tell her aught,
Useless was all her asking.
The soldiers passed and left her there,
And then she tore her raven hair,
Cast herself on the ground,
In passionate sorrow drowned.

The mother ran to clasp her child: —
"God shield us all from harms!
Dear one, what is this grief so wild?"
And clasped her in her arms.
"O mother! mother! unending woe!
This world and the next to rack may go.
The mercy of God is dead!
Woe, woe is me!" she said.

"Help, God, our Lord! Look down on us!
Child, say 'Thy will be done.'
His will is best, though it be thus, —
Pity us, Holy Son!"
"O mother, mother! Words and wind!
God robbed me. He is cruel and blind.
What use of all my praying?
Now, — no more need of saying."

"Have pity, Lord! Thy children know
Thy help in their distress;
The blessed Sacrament shall grow
A thing to heal and bless."

"O mother, I feel this grief of mine
Past help of blessèd bread and wine.
No sacrament will give
Dead men the power to live."

"My child, it may be thy false true love
In a far-off distant land,
Has cast off his faith like an easy glove,
And given another his hand.
Whistle him lightly down the wind,
His fault will he rue, his loss will he find.
The coward will regret his lie,
In the hour when he comes to die."

"O mother, mother, 'Lost' is 'lost.'
'Forlorn' is e'en 'forlorn.'
I have bought Death at a mighty cost,
O, had I ne'er been born!
The light of life is quenched, I know,
Like a torch blown out it is even so,
And God in heaven is dead.
Woe, woe upon my head."

"Enter not into judgment, Lord,
Her heart and brain are dazed,
Heavy on her is laid thy sword,
Through sorrow she is crazed.
Forget thine earthly love's distress;
Think upon Heaven's blessedness,
So that thou shalt not miss
The Heavenly Bridegroom's kiss."

"O mother! what is dreary heaven?
O mother, what is hell?
With him, with him is all my heaven,
Without him, *that* is hell.
To lights of heaven and earth am I blind;
They are quenched like torches in the wind.
Blessed? — Without my love,
Not here, nor in heaven above."

So raged the madness of despair,
Like fire in heart and brain.
At God's cruel will she hurled in air
Wild curses half-insane.

She beat her bosom, she wrung her hands,
Till the sunshine shone on other lands,
Till in the evening sky
Gold stars shone silently.

And hark! a sound of horse's feet
The eerie night wind bore.
The rider sprang from saddle seat
With spur clash at her door.
Hark, at the gate doth the stranger ring;
And the bell it clashes its kling-ling-ling.
Softly he called her name,
These were the words that came:—

"Rise up, rise up, mine own sweetheart!
Are you sleeping, my child, or waking?
Is it laughter or weeping that is thy part,
Is it holding or forsaking?"
"Thou, Wilhelm,—thou,—and night so late?
To wake and weep hath been my fate,
Such sorrow was betiding:
Whence com'st thou hither riding?"

"We saddled our horses at midnight deep,
From Bohmen rode I hither,
I come for my bride when the world's asleep,
But I shall be riding with her."
"Nay, Wilhelm, come within the house;
The wind in the hawthorn holds carouse,
The clasp of my snow-white arm
Shall keep my beloved warm."

"Let the wind set the hawthorn boughs aswing,
And the storm sprites rave and harry!
The stallion stamps, spur irons ring,
I may not longer tarry.
Come, kilt thy kirtle, behind me spring,
A hundred miles brook no faltering,
For far away is spread
My sweetheart's bridal bed."

"Is there a hundred miles between
Us and our bridal bed?
Eleven has struck on the clock, I ween,
And dawn will soon shine red."

"Nay, look, my love, at the full moon's face:
We and the dead folk ride apace,
Ere day with darkness meets
You shall press your bridal sheets."

"Now where, dear love, is the bride chambère,
And when may we hope to win it?"
"Six planks and two small boards are there,
It is cool and still within it."
"Is there room for me?" "Of a suretie.
Come, kilt thy kirtle and ride with me,
For we the guests are wronging,
And the bride bed faints with longing."

She kilted her kirtle and sprang behind
On the steed as black as night,
And round the rider's waist she twined
Her arms so soft and white.
Into the night away they go
Like a bolt that's launched from a steel crossbow.
At every horse hoof's dint
Fire flashes from the flint.

They ride — they ride — on either hand
Too fast to see or know them,
Fly hedges, wastes, and pasture land,
The bridges thunder below them.
"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright
Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
"Nay, yet let be the Dead!"

The black, black ravens are croaking there,
The mass they sing and say,
The dirge swells out on the midnight air,
"Let us carry the corpse to the clay."
The funeral chant the riders hear,
There are mourners bearing coffin and bier.
The dirge the echoes woke
Like the frogs in dreary croak.

"Ye may bury the corpse at midnight drear,
With dirge and sound of weeping:
I ride through the dark with my sweetheart dear,
To a night of happy sleeping.

Come hither, O sexton, O choir, come near
And sing the bride song sweet to hear,
Come priest, and speak the blessing
Ere we our couch are pressing."

The phantom show it melts like snows;
As if to grant his praying,
An eldritch sound of laughter rose,
But their course knew no delaying.
He never checks his horse's rein,
And through the night they ride amain;
The flashing fire flaught flies,
The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

How flew to right, how flew to left,
The hills, the trees, the sedges!
How flew to left, to right, to left,
Townlets and towns and hedges!
"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright!
Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
"Ah, let them rest, the Dead."

See there, see there, on the scaffold's height,
Around the ax and wheel,
A ghostly crew in the moon's gray light
Are dancing a ghastly reel.
"Ha, ha, ye foot it lustily,
Come hither, old friends, and follow me.
To dance shall be your lot
While I loose her girdle knot."

And the gallows' crew they rushed behind
On the black steed's fiery traces,
As the leaves that whirl in the eddying wind,
Or dust the hurricane chases.
He never checks his horse's rein,
And through the night they ride amain;
The flashing fire flaught flies,
The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

On, on, they race by the moon's pale light,
All things seem flying fast,
The heaven, the stars, the earth, the night,
In one wild dream flash past.

"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! The Dead ride fast by night. —
Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
"Alas, let be the Dead."

"Soon will the cock's shrill trumpet blare,
The sand will soon be run;
O steed! I scent the morning air;
Press on, brave steed, press on.
We have won to our goal through rain and mire.
The bride bed shivers with sweet desire,
And dead folk ride apace. —
We have reached the trysting place."

To a portal latticed with iron grate
He galloped with loosened rein,
And lightly he struck on that grewsome gate —
Burst bolt and bar in twain!
Its iron jaws are split in sunder,
Over the graves the horse hoofs thunder,
And shadowy gravestones loom
I' the moonlit churchyard gloom.

In a second's space came a wonder strange,
A hideous thing to tell.
The rider's face knew a ghastly change,
The flesh from the white bones fell.
A featureless skull glares out on her,
No hair to wave, and no lips to stir,
She is clasped by a skeleton!
Still the weird ride goes on.

The coal-black stallion snorts and rears,
Its hoofs dash sparks of fire,
Beneath the riders it disappears,
They have won to their desire.
Wild shrieks on the night wind come and go,
Wild laughs rise up from the graves below.
The maiden's heart at strife,
Struggled 'twixt death and life.

Ill spirits ring them in crazy dance,
And the dance grows ever dafter;
They point at her in the moon's gray glance,
And howl with eldritch laughter: —

"Though thy heart be broken beneath his rod,
Rebel not. God in heaven is God.
Thou art ours for eternity. —
His grace with thy poor soul be!"

THE DUEL.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From "The Rivals.")

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan: A British dramatist; born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama. His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure. It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775; the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775; "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775; "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777; and "The Critic," October 30, 1779. In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt.]

Present: Bob Acres. *Enter* Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Lucius — Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres — My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius — Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres — Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-o'-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. — In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. — I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius — Pray what is the case? — I ask no names.

Acres — Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. — This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir Lucius — Very ill, upon my conscience. — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres — Why, there's the matter; she has another lover,

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND WILLIAM J. FLORENCE
AS BOB ACRES AND SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. — Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius — A rival in the case, is there? — and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres — Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius — Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres — Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Lucius — We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres — What! fight him?

Sir Lucius — Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres — But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius — Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres — Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius — That's no argument at all — he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres — Gad, that's true — I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! — I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir Lucius — What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres — Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say. — Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius — Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! — For though the mansion house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres — Oh, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! — every

man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! — Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. — Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds!*

Sir Lucius — Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case — these things should always be done civilly.

Acres — I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage, — dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! — Indite, I say indite! — How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius — Pray compose yourself.

Acres — Come — now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now — *Sir* ——

Acres — That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius — *To prevent the confusion that might arise* ——

Acres — Well ——

Sir Lucius — *From our both addressing the same lady* ——

Acres — Ay, there's the reason — *same lady* — well ——

Sir Lucius — *I shall expect the honor of your company* ——

Acres — Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius — Pray be easy.

Acres — Well then, *honor of your company* ——

Sir Lucius — *To settle our pretensions* ——

Acres — Well.

Sir Lucius — Let me see, ay, King's-Mead-Field will do — *in King's-Mead-Fields.*

Acres — So, that's done. — Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius — You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres — Ay, we might be prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius — Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. — Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Sir Lucius — So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. — I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres — By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius — I shall be very proud of instructing you. — Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. — Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene: ACRES' *Lodgings.*

Enter DAVID.

David — Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing — ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres — Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! — Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valor.

David — Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarterstaff, or short staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off; but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres — But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David — Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honor couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres — Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David — I say then, it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman. — Look'ee, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtierlike servant. — Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well — my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. — So —

we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! — I kill him — (the more's my luck!) now, pray who gets the profit of it? — Why, my honor. But put the case that he kills me! — by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres — No, David — in that case! — Odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David — Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres — Zounds! David, you are a coward! — It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. — What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? — Think of that, David — think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David — Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres — But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey? — Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David — By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! — Oons! here to meet some iron-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barreled swords, and cut and thrust pistols! — Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! — Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em — from a child I never could fancy 'em! — I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres — Zounds! I won't be afraid! — Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid. — Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David — Ay, i' the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. — For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch! — Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres — Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valor of a grasshopper.

David — Well, I say no more — 'twill be sad news, to be

sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. — How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! — Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. [*Whimpering.*

Acres — It won't do, David — I am determined to fight — so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Servant — Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres — Oh! show him up. [*Exit* Servant

David — Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres — What's that? — don't provoke me, David!

David — Good-by, master. [*Whimpering.*

Acres — Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven! [*Exit* DAVID.

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Absolute — What's the matter, Bob?

Acres — A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valor of St. George and the dragon to boot ——

Absolute — But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres — Oh! — There —— [*Gives him the challenge.*

Absolute [*aside*] *To Ensign Beverley.* — So, what's going on now! [*Aloud*] Well, what's this?

Acres — A challenge!

Absolute — Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres — Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage — and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Absolute — But what have I to do with this?

Acres — Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Absolute — Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres — Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Absolute — Not in the least — I beg you won't mention it. — No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres — You are very kind. — What it is to have a friend! — You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Absolute — Why, no, Bob — not in this affair — it would not be quite so proper.

Acres — Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Absolute — Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Reënter Servant.

Servant — Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Absolute — I'll come instantly. — [*Exit* Servant.] Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

Acres — Stay — stay, Jack. — If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow — will you, Jack?

Absolute — To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog — hey, Bob!

Acres — Ay, do, do — and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Absolute — I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country Fighting Bob.

Acres — Right — right — 'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honor.

Absolute — No! — that's very kind of you.

Acres — Why, you don't wish me to kill him — do you, Jack?

Absolute — No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

Acres — True, true — but stay — stay, Jack — you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage!

Absolute — I will, I will.

Acres — Remember, Jack — a determined dog!

Absolute — Ay, ay, Fighting Bob! [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene: King's-Mead-Fields.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger *and* Acres, *with pistols.*

Acres — By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! — I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius — Is it for muskets or small fieldpieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. — Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres — Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius — Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres — No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards ——

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile!

Acres — Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius — Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. — But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius — but I don't understand ——

Sir Lucius — Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk — and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres — A quietus!

Sir Lucius — For instance, now — if that should be the case — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? — or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? — I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres — Pickled! — Snug lying in the Abbey! — Odds, tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius — I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres — No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius — Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. — Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres — Odds files! — I've practiced that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front,

hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius — Now — you're quite out — for if you stand so when I take my aim —— [*Leveling at him.*

Acres — Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius — Never fear.

Acres — But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius — Pho! be easy. — Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance — for if it misses a vital part of your right side — 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres — A vital part!

Sir Lucius — But, there — fix yourself so [*placing him*] — let him see the broadside of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres — Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius — Ay — may they — and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres — Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*] — Sure they don't mean to disappoint us. — Hah! — no, faith — I think I see them coming.

Acres — Hey! — what! — coming! —

Sir Lucius — Ay. — Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres — There are two of them indeed! — well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius — Run!

Acres — No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres — Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius — O fy! — consider your honor.

Acres — Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius — Well, here they're coming. [*Looking.*

Acres — Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. — If my valor should leave me! — Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius — Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres — Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! — I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius — Your honor — your honor. — Here they are.

Acres — O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius — Gentlemen, your most obedient. — Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! — So I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself — to do a kind office, first for your friend — then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres — What, Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

Absolute — Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius — Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. — [*To* FAULKLAND] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland — My weapons, sir!

Acres — Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius — What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland — Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius — Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute — O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland — Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

Acres — No, no, Mr. Faulkland; — I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius — Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, — and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to

represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres — Why no — Sir Lucius — I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! — If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute — Hold, Bob — let me set you right — there is no such man as Beverley in the case. — The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius — Well, this is lucky. — Now you have an opportunity — —

Acres — What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute? — not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural?

Sir Lucius — Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres — Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart — and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres — Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. — But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls — —.

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius — Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute — Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. — He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. — He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Acres — Ay — at home!

Sir Lucius — Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin — so come out, my little counselor [*draws his sword*] — and ask

the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute — Come on then, sir [*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, DAVID, MRS. MALAPROP, LYDIA, *and* JULIA.

David — Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

Sir Anthony — Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy — how came you in a duel, sir?

Absolute — Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony — Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! — Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute — Sir! I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius — Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir Anthony — Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop — Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies. — Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? — Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute — For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop — Nay, no delusions to the past — Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir Lucius — With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark ——

Lydia — What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Lucius — Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now — this is no time for trifling.

Lydia — 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute — O! my little angel, say you so! — Sir Lucius — I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury — you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency — I ask your pardon. — But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anthony — Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres — Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius — Captain, give me your hand: an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here ——

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Malaprop — Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! — Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate ——

Sir Lucius — Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. — Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lydia — Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[*Walks aside with* CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop — Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are — I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Lucius — You Delia — pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop — Why, thou barbarous Vandyke — those letters are mine. — When you are more sensible of my benignity — perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius — Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. — And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, Fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius — Hah! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune?

Acres — Odds wrinkles! No. — But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony — Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down — you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop — O Sir Anthony — men are all barbarians.

[*All retire but* JULIA *and* FAULKLAND.

Julia [*aside*] — He seems dejected and unhappy — not sullen; there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. — O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulkland — Julia! — how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume — yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Julia — Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulkland — Now I shall be blest indeed!

Sir Anthony [*coming forward*] — What's going on here? — So you have been quarreling too, I warrant! Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. —All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. — There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

[*The rest come forward.*

Sir Lucius — Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres — You are right, Sir Lucius. — So, Jack, I wish you joy. — Mr. Faulkland the same. — Ladies, — come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms — and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

A TOUR IN IRELAND.

By ARTHUR YOUNG.

[ARTHUR YOUNG: An English writer on agriculture; born in London, September 11, 1741; died there April 20, 1820. He left a mercantile business to give his attention to scientific agriculture, traveling through England, Ireland, and France to observe the methods of farming in those countries; managing a large farm at Stamford Hall, Essex, 1765–1770; establishing and editing the *Annals of Agriculture*, and holding the office of secretary to the Board of Agriculture from 1793 until his death. In 1807 he became totally blind, but continued in his work with undiminished vigor and interest. He published many works on agriculture and social economy, chiefly the former. These include the following: "A Farmer's Letters to the People of England" (1768), "A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Countries of England and Wales" (1768), "A Six Months' Tour through the North of England" (4 vols., 1770), "The Farmer's Guide" (2 vols., 1770), "Rural Economy" (1770), "A Course of Experimental Agriculture" (2 vols., 1770), "The Farmer's Tour through the East of England" (4 vols., 1771), "The Farmer's Calendar" (1771; 215th edition, 1862), "Political Arithmetic" (1774–1779), "A Tour in Ireland" (2 vols., 1780), "Travels in France" (2 vols., 1792–1794), and "The Progressive Value of Money" (1812).]

SOON entered the wildest and most romantic country I had anywhere seen, a region of steep rocks and mountains, which continued for nine or ten miles, till I came in view of Mucross. There is something magnificently wild in this stupendous scenery, formed to impress the mind with a certain species of terror. All this tract has a rude and savage air, but parts of it are strikingly interesting; the mountains are bare and rocky, and of a great magnitude; the vales are rocky glens, where a mountain stream tumbles along the roughest bed imaginable, and receives many torrents, pouring from clefts half-overhung with shrubby wood; some of these streams are seen, and the roar of others heard, but hid by vast masses of rock. Immense fragments, torn from the precipices by storms and torrents, are tumbled about in the wildest confusion, and seem to hang rather than rest upon projecting precipices. Upon some of these fragments of rock, perfectly detached from the soil, except by the side on which they lie, are beds of black turf, with luxuriant crops of heath, etc., which appeared very curious to me, having nowhere seen the like; and I observed, very high in the mountains, much higher than any cultivation is at present, on the right hand, flat and cleared spaces of good grass among the ridges of rock, which had probably been cultivated, and proved that these

mountains were not incapable from climate of being applied to useful purposes.

From one of these heights, I looked forward to the lake of Killarney at a considerable distance, and backward to the river Kenmare; came in view of a small part of the upper lake, spotted with several islands, and surrounded by the most tremendous mountains that can be imagined, of an aspect savage and dreadful. From this scene of wild magnificence, I broke at once upon all the glories of Killarney; from an elevated point of view I looked down on a considerable part of the lake, which gave me a specimen of what I might expect. The water you command (which, however, is only a part of the lake) appears a basin of two or three miles round; to the left it is inclosed by the mountains you have passed, particularly by the Turk, whose outline is uncommonly noble, and joins a range of others that form the most magnificent shore in the world: on the other side is a rising scenery of cultivated hills, and Lord Kenmare's park and woods; the end of the lake at your feet is formed by the root of Mangerton, on whose side the road leads. From hence I looked down on a pretty range of inclosures on the lake, and the woods and lawns of Mucross, forming a large promontory of thick wood, shooting far into the lake. The most active fancy can sketch nothing in addition. Islands of wood beyond seem to join it, and reaches of the lake, breaking partly between, give the most lively intermixture of water; six or seven isles and islets form an accompaniment, some are rocky, but with a slight vegetation, others contain groups of trees, and the whole thrown into forms which would furnish new ideas to a painter. Farther is a chain of wooded islands, which also appear to join the mainland, with an offspring of lesser ones scattered around.

September 27th, walked into Mr. Herbert's beautiful grounds, to Oroch's hill, in the lawn that he has cleared from that profusion of stones which lie under the wall; the scene which this point commands is truly delicious; the house is on the edge of the lawn, by a wood which covers the whole peninsula, fringes the slope at your feet, and forms a beautiful shore to the lake. Tomys and Glena are vast mountainous masses of incredible magnificence, the outline soft and easy in its swells, whereas those above the Eagle's Nest are of so broken and abrupt an outline that nothing can be imagined more savage, an aspect horrid and sublime, that gives all the impressions to

be wished to astonish, rather than please, the mind. The Turk exhibits noble features, and Mangerton's huge body rises above the whole. The cultivated tracts towards Killarney form a shore in contrast to the terrific scenes I have just mentioned; the distant boundary of the lake is a vast ridge of distant blue mountains towards Dingle. From hence entered the garden, and viewed Mucross Abbey, one of the most interesting scenes I ever saw; it is the ruin of a considerable abbey, built in Henry the VI.'s time, and so entire that if it were more so, tho' the *building* would be more perfect, the *ruin* would be less pleasing; it is half obscured in the shade of some venerable ash trees; ivy has given the picturesque circumstance which that plant alone can confer, while the broken walls and ruined turrets throw over it

The last mournful graces of decay,

heaps of skulls and bones scattered about, with nettles, briers, and weeds sprouting in tufts from the loose stones, all unite to raise those melancholy impressions which are the merit of such scenes, and which can scarcely anywhere be felt more completely. The cloisters form a dismal area, in the center of which grows the most prodigious yew tree I ever beheld, in one great stem, two feet diameter and fourteen feet high, from whence a vast herd of branches spreads on every side, so as to form a perfect canopy to the whole space; I look for its fit inhabitant — it is a spot where

The moping owl doth to the moon complain.

This ruin is in the true style in which all such buildings should appear; there is not an intruding circumstance, — the hand of dress has not touched it, — melancholy is the impression which such scenes should kindle, and it is here raised most powerfully.

From the abbey we passed to the terrace, a natural one of grass, on the very shore of the lake; it is irregular and winding; a wall of rocks broken into fantastic forms by the waves: on the other side a wood, consisting of all sorts of plants, which the climate can protect, and through which a variety of walks are traced. The view from this terrace consists of many parts of various characters, but in their different styles complete; the lake opens a spreading sheet of water, spotted by rocks and islands, all but one or two wooded; the outlines of them are

sharp and distinct; nothing can be more smiling than this scene, soft and mild, a perfect contrast of beauty to the sublimity of the mountains which form the shore: these rise in an outline so varied, and at the same time so magnificent, that nothing greater can be imagined; Tomys and Glená exhibit an immensity in point of magnitude, but from a large hanging wood on the slope, and from the smoothness of the general surface, it has nothing savage, whereas the mountains above and near the Eagle's Nest are of the most broken outlines; the declivities are bulging rocks, of immense size, which seem to impend in horrid forms over the lake, and where an opening among them is caught, others of the same rude character rear their threatening heads. From different parts of the terrace these scenes are viewed in numberless varieties.

Returned to breakfast, and pursued Mr. Herbert's new road, which he has traced through the peninsula to Dynis Island, three miles in length; and it is carried in so judicious a manner through a great variety of ground, rocky woods, lawns, etc., that nothing can be more pleasing; it passes through a remarkable scene of rocks, which are covered with woods, from thence to the marble quarry, which Mr. Herbert is working, and where he gains variety of marbles, green, red, white, and brown, prettily veined; the quarry is a shore of rocks, which surround a bay of the lake, and forms a scene, consisting of but few parts, but those strongly marked; the rocks are bold and broken, with slight caverns; they are fringed with scattered trees, and in many parts of them wood shoots in that romantic manner so common at Killarney. Full in front Turk Mountain rises with the proudest outline, in that abrupt magnificence which fills up the whole space before one, and closes the scene.

The road leads by a place where copper mines were worked; many shafts appear; as much ore was raised as sold for twenty-five thousand pounds, but the works were laid aside, more from ignorance in the workmen than any defects in the mine.

Came to an opening on the Great Lake, which appears to advantage here, the town of Killarney on the northeast shore. Look full on the mountain Glená, which rises in a very bold manner; the hanging woods spread halfway, and are of great extent, and uncommonly beautiful. Two very pleasing scenes succeed; that to the left is a small bay, hemmed in by a neck of land in front; the immediate shore rocks, which are in a

picturesque style, and crowned entirely with arbutus and other wood; a pretty retired scene, where a variety of objects give no fatigue to the eye. The other is an admirable mixture of the beautiful and sublime: a bare rock, of an almost regular figure, projects from a headland into the lake, which with much wood and high land forms one side of the scene, the other is wood from a rising ground only; the lake open between, in a sheet of no great extent, but in front is the hanging wood of Glena, which appears in full glory. . . .

Returned by the northern path through a thick wood for some distance, and caught a very agreeable view of Ash Island, seen through an opening, inclosed on both sides with wood. Pursued the way from these grounds to Keelbeg, and viewed the way of the Devil's Island, which is a beautiful one, inclosed by a shore, to the right of very noble rocks, in ledges and other forms, crowned in a striking manner with wood; a little rocky islet rises in front; to the left the water opens, and Turk Mountain rises with that proud superiority which attends him in all these scenes.

The view of the promontory of Dindog, near this place, closes this part of the lake, and is indeed singularly beautiful. It is a large rock, which shoots far into the water, of a height sufficient to be interesting, in full relief, fringed with a scanty vegetation; the shore on which you stand bending to the right, and then meet that rock, presents a circular shade of dark wood: Turk still the background, in a character of great sublimity, and Mangerton's loftier summit, but less interesting outline, a part of the scenery. These views, with others of less moment, are connected by a succession of lawns breaking among the wood, pleasing the eye with lively verdure, and relieving it from the fatigue of the stupendous mountain scenes.

September 28th, took boat on the lake from the promontory of Dindog before mentioned. I had been under a million of apprehensions that I should see no more of Killarney; for it blew a furious storm all night, and in the morning the bosom of the lake heaved with agitation, exhibiting few marks but those of anger. After breakfast, it cleared up, the clouds dispersed by degrees, the waves subsided, the sun shone out in all its splendour, everything was gay, and no ideas but pleasure possessed the breast. With these emotions sallied forth, nor did they disappoint us.

Rowed under the rocky shore of Dindog, which is romantic

to a great degree. The base, by the beating of the waves, is worn into caverns, so that the heads of the rocks project considerably beyond the base, and hang over in a manner which makes every part of it interesting. Following the coast, open marble quarry bay, the shore great fragments of rock tumbled about in the wildest manner.

The island of rocks against the copper-mine shore, a remarkable group. The shore near Casemilan is of a different nature; it is wood in some places, in unbroken masses down to the water's edge, in others divided from it by smaller tracts of rock. Come to a beautiful landlocked bay, surrounded by a woody shore, which opening in places shows other woods more retired. Tomys is here viewed in a unity of form, which gives it an air of great magnificence. Turk was obscured by the sun shining immediately above him, and casting a stream of burning light on the water, displayed an effect to describe which the pencil of a Claude alone would be equal. Turn out of the bay, and gain a full view of the Eagle's Nest, the mountains above it, and Glená, they form a perfect contrast; the first are rugged, but Glená mild. Here the shore is a continued wood. . . .

Passing the bridge, by a rapid stream, came presently to the Eagle's Nest; having viewed this rock from places where it appears only a part of an object much greater than itself, had conceived an idea that it did not deserve the applause given it, but upon coming near I was much surprised; the approach is wonderfully fine, the river leads directly to its foot, and does not give the turn till immediately under, by which means the view is much more grand than it could otherwise be, it is nearly perpendicular, and rises in such full majesty, with so bold an outline and such projecting masses in its center, that the magnificence of the object is complete. The lower part is covered with wood, and scattered trees climb almost to the top, which (if trees can be mine in Ireland) rather weaken the impression raised by this noble rock; this part is a hanging wood, or an object whose character is perfect beauty; but the upper scene, the broken outline, ragged sides, and bulging masses, all are sublime, and so powerful that sublimity is the general impression of the whole, by overpowering the idea of beauty raised by the wood. The immense height of the mountains of Killarney may be estimated by this rock, from any distant place that commands it; it appears the lowest crag of a

vast chain, and of no account; but on a close approach it is found to command a very different respect.

Pass between the mountains called the Great Range, towards the upper lake. Here Turk, which has so long appeared, with a figure perfectly interesting, is become, from a different position, an unmeaning lump. The rest of the mountains, as you pass, assume a varied appearance, and are of a prodigious magnitude. The scenery in this channel is great and wild in all its features; wood is very scarce: vast rocks seem tossed in confusion through the narrow vale, which is opened among the mountains for the river to pass. Its banks are rocks in a hundred forms; the mountain sides are everywhere scattered with them. There is not a circumstance but is in unison with the wild grandeur of the scene.

* * * * * * *

Took boat again towards Ross Isle, and as Mucross retires from us, nothing can be more beautiful than the spots of lawn in the terrace opening in the wood; above it, the green hills with clumps, and the whole finishing in the noble group of wood about the abbey, which here appears a deep shade, and so fine a finishing one that not a tree should be touched. Rowed to the east point of Ross, which is well wooded, turn to the south coast. Doubling the point, the most beautiful shore of that island appears; it is the well-wooded environs of a bay, except a small opening to the castle; the woods are in deep shades, and rise in the regular slopes of a high range of rocky coast. The part in front of Finlatly point rises in the middle, and sinks towards each end. The woods of Tomys here appear uncommonly fine. Open Innisfallen, which is composed at this distance of the most various shades, within a broken outline, entirely different from the other islands, groups of different masses rising in irregular tufts, and joined by lower trees. No pencil could mix a happier assemblage. Land near a miserable town, where travelers dine.

Of the isle of Innisfallen, it is paying no great compliment to say, it is the most beautiful in the king's dominions, and perhaps in Europe. It contains two hundred acres of land, and has every variety that the rarest of beauty, unmixed with the sublime, can give. The general feature is that of wood; the surface undulates into swelling hills, and sinks into little vales; the slopes are in every direction, the declivities die gently away, forming those slight inequalities which are the

greatest beauty of dressed grounds. The little valleys let in views of the surrounding lake between the hills, while the swells break the regular outline of the water, and give to the whole an agreeable confusion. The wood has all the variety into which nature has thrown the surface; in some parts it is so thick as to appear impenetrable, and secludes all farther view; in others, it breaks into tufts of tall timber, under which cattle feed. Here they open, as if to offer to the spectator the view of the naked lawn; in others close, as if purposely to forbid a more prying examination. Trees of large size, and commanding figure, form in some places natural arches; the ivy mixing with the branches, and hanging across in festoons of foliage, while on one side the lake glitters among the trees, and on the other a thick gloom dwells in the recesses of the wood. The figure of the island renders one part a beautiful object to another; for the coast being broken and indented, forms bays surrounded either by rock or wood: slight promontories shoot into the lake, whose rocky edges are crowned with wood. These are the great features of Innisfallen; the slighter touches are full of beauties easily imagined by the reader. Every circumstance of the wood, the water, the rocks, and lawn, are characteristic, and have a beauty in the assemblage from mere disposition. I must, however, observe that this delicious retreat is not [illegible] one could wish.

Scenes that are great and commanding from magnitude or wildness should never be dressed; the *rugged*, and even the *horrible*, may add to the effect upon the mind; but in such as Innisfallen a degree of dress, that is, cleanliness, is even necessary to beauty. I have spoken of lawn, but I should observe that expression indicates what it ought to be, rather than what it is. It is very rich grass, poached by oxen and cows, the only inhabitants of the island. No spectator of taste but will regret the open grounds not being drained with hollow cuts, the ruggedness of the surface leveled, and the grass kept close shaven by many sheep instead of beasts. The bushes and briers where they have encroached on what ought to be lawn, cleared away; some parts of the isle more opened: in a word, no ornaments given, for the scene wants them not, but obstructions cleared, ruggedness smoothed, and the whole cleaned. This is what ought to be done; as to what might be made of the island, if its noble proprietor (Lord Kenmare) had an inclination; it admits of being converted into a terrestrial

paradise, lawning with the intermixture of other shrubs and wood, and a *little* dress, would make it an example of what ornamented grounds might be, but which not one in a thousand is. Take the island, however, as it is, with its few imperfections, and where are we to find such another? What a delicious retreat! An emperor could not bestow such an one as Innisfallen with a cottage, a few cows, and a swarm of poultry, is it possible that happiness should refuse to be a guest here?

Row to Ross Castle, in order to coast that island; there is nothing peculiarly striking in it; return the same way around Innisfallen; in this little voyage the shore of Ross is one of the most beautiful of the wooded ones in the lake; it seems to unite with Innisfallen, and projects into the water in thick woods one beyond another. In the middle of the channel a large rock, and from the other shore a little promontory of a few scattered trees; the whole scene pleasing.

The shore of Innisfallen has much variety, but in general it is woody, and of the beautiful character which predominates in that island; one bay, at taking leave of it, is exceedingly pretty: it is a semicircular one, and in the center there is a projecting knoll of wood within a bay; this is uncommon, and has an agreeable effect.

The near approach to Tomys exhibits a sweep of wood, so great in extent, and so rich in foliage, that no person can see without admiring it. The mountainous part above is soon excluded by the approach; wood alone is seen, and that in such a noble range as to be greatly striking; it just hollows into a bay, and in the center of it is a chasm in the wood; this is the bed of a considerable stream, which forms O'Sullivan's cascade, to which all strangers are conducted, as one of the principal beauties of Killarney. I landed to the right of it, and walked under the thick shade of the wood, over a rocky declivity; close to the torrent stream which breaks impetuously from rock to rock, with a roar that kindles expectation. The picture in your fancy will not exceed the reality; a great stream bursts from the deep bosom of a wooded glen, hollowed into a retired recess of rocks and trees, itself a most pleasing and romantic spot, were there not a drop of water; the first fall is many feet perpendicularly over a rock, to the eye it immediately makes another, the basin into which it pours being concealed; from this basin it forces itself impetuously between two rocks; this

second fall is also of a considerable height, but the lower one, the third, is the most considerable, it issues in the same manner from a basin hid from the point of view. These basins being large, there appears a space of several yards between each fall, which adds much to the picturesque scenery; the whole is within an arch of wood that hangs over it; the quantity of water is so considerable as to make an almost deafening noise, and uniting with the torrent below, where the fragments of rock are large and numerous, throw an air of grandeur over the whole. It is about seventy feet high. Coast from hence the woody shores of Tomys and Glená, they are upon the whole much the most beautiful ones I have anywhere seen; Glená woods having more oak, and some arbutus, are the finer and deeper shades; Tomys has a great quantity of birch, whose foliage is not so luxuriant. The reader may figure to himself what these woods are, when he is informed that they fill an unbroken extent of six miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, all hanging on the sides of two vast mountains, and coming down with a full robe of rich luxuriance to the very water's edge. The acclivity of these hills is such, that every tree appears full to the eye. The variety of the ground is great; in some places great swells in the mountain side, with corresponding hollows, present concave and convex masses; in others, considerable ridges of land and rock rise from the sweep, and offer to the astonished eye yet other varieties of shade. Smaller mountains rise regularly from the immense bosom of the larger, and hold forth their sylvan heads, backed by yet higher woods. To give all the varieties of this immense scenery of forest is impossible. Above the whole is a prodigious mass of mountain, of a gently swelling outline and soft appearance, varying as the sun or clouds change their position, but never becoming rugged, or threatening to the eye.

The variations are best seen by rowing near the shore, when every stroke of the oar gives a new outline and fresh tints to please the eye; but for one great impression, row about two miles from the shore of Glená: at that distance the inequalities in the surface are no longer seen, but the eye is filled with so immense a range of wood, crowned with a mountain in perfect unison with itself, that objects whose character is that of beauty are here, from their magnitude, truly magnificent, and attended with a most forcible impression.

Upon the whole, Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival. The extent of water in Loch Eairne is much greater; the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of perhaps as great magnificence. The rocks at Keswick are more sublime, and other lakes may have circumstances in which they are superior; but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the uncommon beauty of the promontory of Mucross, and the isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the singular circumstance of the arbutus, and the uncommon echoes, it will appear, upon the whole, to be in reality superior to all comparison.

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

By ADAM SMITH.

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Of the Causes of Improvement in the Productive Powers of Labor, and of the Order according to which its Produce is naturally distributed among the different Ranks of the People.

OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

THE greatest improvement in the productive powers of labor, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is anywhere directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labor.

The effects of the division of labor, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried further in them than in others of more importance; but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every differ-

ent branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse, and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures, on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the work employs so great a number of workmen that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labor has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin maker: a workman not educated to this business (which the division of labor has rendered a distinct trade), nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it (to the invention of which the same division of labor has probably given occasion), could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straights it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another; it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each

person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins in a day. But if they had all wrought separately and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this peculiar business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundred and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labor are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though in many of them, the labor can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation. The division of labor, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labor. The separation of different trades and employments from one another seems to have taken place in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society, the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer nothing but a manufacturer. The labor too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woolen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labor, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely the business of the grazier from that of the corn farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the plowman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labor returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete and entire a separa-

tion of all the different branches of labor employed in agriculture is, perhaps, the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labor in this art does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbors in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labor and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labor and expense. In agriculture, the labor of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn in England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woolens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland, there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase in the quantity of work, which, in con-

sequence of the division of labor, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances: first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and, lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labor, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labor, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail: in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided, are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person whose whole life it has been the sole business to perform them is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another that is carried on in a different place, and with quite

different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the same workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work, he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily, acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half-hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, everybody must be sensible how much labor is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labor is so much facilitated and abridged seems to have been originally owing to the division of labor. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labor, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labor should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labor is most subdivided were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown

very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his playfellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labor.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do anything, but to observe everything; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment, too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own particular branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all the different arts, in consequence of the division of labor, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great

quantity, of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society. . . .

Of the Principle which gives Occasion to the Division of Labor.

This division of labor, from which so many advantages are derived, is not originally the effect of any human wisdom, which foresees and intends that general opulence to which it gives occasion. It is the necessary, though very slow and gradual, consequence of a certain propensity in human nature which has in view no such extensive utility; the propensity to truck, barter, and exchange one thing for another.

Whether this propensity be one of those original principles in human nature of which no further account can be given, or whether, as seems more probable, it be the necessary consequence of the faculties of reason and speech, it belongs not to our present subject to inquire. It is common to all men, and to be found in no other race of animals, which seem to know neither this nor any other species of contracts. Two greyhounds, in running down the same hare, have sometimes the appearance of acting in some sort of concert. Each turns her towards his companion, or endeavors to intercept her when his companion turns her towards himself. This, however, is not the effect of any contract, but of the accidental concurrence of their passions in the same object at that particular time. Nobody ever saw a dog make a fair and deliberate exchange of one bone for another with another dog. Nobody ever saw one animal by its gestures and natural cries signify to another, this is mine, that yours; I am willing to give this for that. When an animal wants to obtain something either of a man or of another animal, it has no other means of persuasion but to gain the favor of those whose service it requires. A puppy fawns upon its dam, and a spaniel endeavors by a thousand attractions to engage the attention of its master who is at dinner, when it wants to be fed by him. Man sometimes uses the same arts with his brethren, and when he has no other means of engaging them to act according to his inclinations, endeavors by every servile and fawning attention to obtain their good will. He has not time, however, to do this upon every occasion.

In civilized society he stands at all times in need of the cooperation and assistance of great multitudes, while his whole life is scarce sufficient to gain the friendship of a few persons. In almost every other race of animals, each individual, when it is grown up to maturity, is entirely independent, and in its natural state has occasion for the assistance of no other living creature. But man has almost constant occasion for the help of his brethren, and it is in vain for him to expect it from their benevolence only. He will be more likely to prevail if he can interest their self-love in his favor, and show them that it is for their own advantage to do for him what he requires of them. Whoever offers to another a bargain of any kind, proposes to do this: Give me that which I want, and you shall have this which you want, is the meaning of every such offer; and it is in this manner that we obtain from one another the far greater part of those good offices which we stand in need of. It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity, but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages. Nobody but a beggar chooses to depend chiefly upon the benevolence of his fellow-citizens. Even a beggar does not depend upon it entirely. The charity of well-disposed people, indeed, supplies him with the whole fund of his subsistence. But though this principle ultimately provides him with all the necessaries of life which he has occasion for, it neither does nor can provide him with them as he has occasion for them. The greater part of his occasional wants are supplied in the same manner as those of other people, by treaty, by barter, and by purchase. With the money which one man gives him he purchases food. The old clothes which another bestows upon him he exchanges for other old clothes which suit him better, or for lodging, or for food, or for money with which he can buy either food, clothes, or lodging, as he has occasion.

As it is by treaty, by barter, and by purchase that we obtain from one another the greater part of those mutual good offices which we stand in need of, so it is this same trucking disposition which originally gives occasion to the division of labor. In a tribe of hunters or shepherds a particular person makes bows and arrows, for example, with more readiness and dexterity than any other. He frequently exchanges them for cattle or for venison with his companions; and he finds at last that

he can in this manner get more cattle and venison than if he himself went to the field to catch them. From a regard to his own interest, therefore, the making of bows and arrows grows to be his chief business, and he becomes a sort of armorer. Another excels in making the frames and covers of their little huts or movable houses. He is acoustomed to be of use in this way to his neighbors, who reward him in the same manner with cattle and with venison, till at last he finds it his interest to dedicate himself entirely to this employment, and to become a sort of house carpenter. In the same manner a third becomes a smith or a brasier; a fourth a tanner or dresser of hides or skins, the principal part of the clothing of the savages. And thus the certainty of being able to exchange all that surplus part of the produce of his own labor which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he may have occasion for, encourages every man to apply himself to a particular occupation, and to cultivate and bring to perfection whatever talent or genius he may possess for that particular species of business.

The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, much less than we are aware of; and the very different genius which appears to distinguish men of different professions, when grown up to maturity, is not upon many occasions so much the cause as the effect of the division of labor. The difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter, for example, seems to arise not so much from nature, as from habit, custom, and education. When they came into the world, and for the first six or eight years of their existence, they were, perhaps, very much alike, and neither their parents nor playfellows could perceive any remarkable difference. About that age, or soon after, they come to be employed in very different occupations. The difference of talents comes then to be taken notice of, and widens by degrees, till at last the vanity of the philosopher is willing to acknowledge scarce any resemblance. But without the disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, every man must have procured to himself every necessary and conveniency of life which he wanted. All must have had the same duties to perform, and the same work to do, and there could have been no such difference of employment as could alone give occasion to any great difference of talents.

As it is this disposition which forms that difference of

talents, so remarkable among men of different professions, so it is this same disposition which renders that difference useful. Many tribes of animals, acknowledged to be all of the same species, derive from nature a much more remarkable distinction of genius than what, antecedent to custom and education, appears to take place among men. By nature a philosopher is not in genius and disposition half so different from a street porter as a mastiff is from a greyhound, or a greyhound from a spaniel, or this last from a shepherd's dog. These different tribes of animals, however, though all of the same species, are of scarce any use to one another. The strength of the mastiff is not in the least supported either by the swiftness of the greyhound, or by the sagacity of the spaniel, or by the docility of the shepherd's dog. The effects of those different geniuses and talents, for want of the power or disposition to barter and exchange, cannot be brought into a common stock, and do not in the least contribute to the better accommodation and conveniency of the species. Each animal is still obliged to support and defend itself, separately and independently, and derives no sort of advantage from that variety of talents with which nature has distinguished its fellows. Among men, on the contrary, the most dissimilar geniuses are of use to one another; the different produces of their respective talents, by the general disposition to truck, barter, and exchange, being brought, as it were, into a common stock, where every man may purchase whatever part of the produce of other men's talents he has occasion for.

Of the Origin and Use of Money.

When the division of labor has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which the produce of his own labor can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labor, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labor as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging, or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labor first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man, we shall

suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of this superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of, no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase a part of it. But they have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconveniency of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labor, must naturally have endeavored to manage his affairs in such a manner as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instrument of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them. The armor of Diomede, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost a hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of our West India colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or the alehouse.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals cannot only be kept with as little loss as any other

commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be reunited again: a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox, or a whole sheep, at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.

Those metals seem originally to have been made use of for this purpose in rude bars, without any stamp or coinage. Thus we are told by Pliny, upon the authority of Timæus, an ancient historian, that, till the time of Servius Tullius, the Romans had no coined money, but made use of unstamped bars of copper, to purchase whatever they had occasion for. These rude bars, therefore, performed at this time the function of money.

The use of metals in this rude state was attended with two very considerable inconveniences: first, with the trouble of weighing; and, secondly, with that of assaying them. In the precious metals, where a small difference in the quantity makes a great difference in the value, even the business of weighing, with proper exactness, requires at least very accurate weights and scales. The weighing of gold in particular is an operation of some nicety. In the coarser metals, indeed, where a small error would be of little consequence, less accuracy would, no doubt, be necessary. Yet we should find it excessively troublesome, if every time a poor man had occasion either to buy or

sell a farthing's worth of goods, he was obliged to weigh the farthing. The operation of assaying is still more difficult, still more tedious, and, unless a part of the metal is fairly melted in the crucible, with proper dissolvents, any conclusion that can be drawn from it is extremely uncertain. Before the institution of coined money, however, unless they went through this tedious and difficult operation, people must always have been liable to the grossest frauds and impositions, and instead of a pound weight of pure silver, or pure copper, might receive in exchange for their goods an adulterated composition of the coarsest and cheapest materials, which had, however, in their outward appearance, been made to resemble those metals. To prevent such abuses, to facilitate exchanges, and thereby to encourage all sorts of industry and commerce, it has been found necessary, in all countries that have made any considerable advances towards improvement, to affix a public stamp upon certain quantities of such particular metals as were in those countries commonly made use of to purchase goods. Hence the origin of coined money, and of those public offices called mints; institutions exactly of the same nature with those of the alnagers and stamp masters of woolen and linen cloth. All of them are equally meant to ascertain, by means of a public stamp, the quantity and uniform goodness of those different commodities when brought to market.

The first public stamps of this kind that were affixed to the current metals seem, in many cases, to have been intended to ascertain what it was both most difficult and most important to ascertain, the goodness or fineness of the metal, and to have resembled the sterling mark which is at present affixed to plate and bars of silver, or the Spanish mark which is sometimes affixed to ingots of gold, and which being struck only upon one side of the piece, and not covering the whole surface, ascertains the fineness, but not the weight of the metal. Abraham weighs to Ephron the four hundred shekels of silver which he had agreed to pay for the field of Machpelah. They are said, however, to be the current money of the merchant, and yet are received by weight and not by tale, in the same manner as ingots of gold and bars of silver are at present. The revenues of the ancient Saxon kings of England are said to have been paid, not in money, but in kind, that is, in victuals and provisions of all sorts. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying them in money. This money, however, was,

for a long time, received at the exchequer by weight and not by tale.

The inconveniency and difficulty of weighing those metals with exactness gave occasion to the institution of coins, of which the stamp covering entirely both sides of the piece and sometimes the edges too was supposed to ascertain, not only the fineness, but the weight of the metal. Such coins, therefore, were received by tale as at present, without the trouble of weighing.

The denominations of those coins seem originally to have expressed the weight or quantity of metal contained in them. In the time of Servius Tullius, who first coined money at Rome, the Roman As or Pondo contained a Roman pound of good copper. It was divided in the same manner as our Troyes pound, into twelve ounces, each of which contained a real ounce of good copper. The English pound sterling in the time of Edward I., contained a pound, Tower weight, of silver of a known fineness. The Tower pound seems to have been something more than the Roman pound, and something less than the Troyes pound. This last was not introduced into the mint of England till the 18th of Henry VIII. The French livre contained in the time of Charlemagne a pound, Troyes weight, of silver of a known fineness. The fair of Troyes in Champaign was at that time frequented by all the nations of Europe, and the weights and measures of so famous a market were generally known and esteemed. The Scots money pound contained, from the time of Alexander the First to that of Robert Bruce, a pound of silver of the same weight and fineness with the English pound sterling. English, French, and Scots pennies, too, contained all of them originally a real pennyweight of silver, the twentieth part of an ounce, and the two hundred and fortieth part of a pound. The shilling too seems originally to have been the denomination of a weight. *When wheat is at twelve shillings the quarter*, says an ancient statute of Henry III., *then wastel bread of a farthing shall weigh eleven shillings and fourpence*. The proportion, however, between the shilling and either the penny on the one hand, or the pound on the other, seems not to have been so constant and uniform as that between the penny and the pound. During the first race of the kings of France the French sou or shilling appears upon different occasions to have contained five, twelve, twenty, and forty pennies. Among the ancient Saxons a shilling appears at one

time to have contained only five pennies, and it is not improbable that it may have been as variable among them as among their neighbors, the ancient Franks. From the time of Charlemagne among the French, and from that of William the Conqueror among the English, the proportion between the pound, the shilling, and the penny seems to have been uniformly the same as at present, though the value of each has been very different. For in every country of the world, I believe, the avarice and injustice of princes and sovereign states, abusing the confidence of their subjects, have by degrees diminished the real quantity of metal, which had been originally contained in their coins. The Roman As, in the latter ages of the Republic, was reduced to the twenty-fourth part of its original value, and, instead of weighing a pound, came to weigh only half an ounce. The English pound and penny contain at present about a third only; the Scots pound and penny about a thirty-sixth; and the French pound and penny about a sixty-sixth part of their original value. By means of those operations the princes and sovereign states which performed them were enabled, in appearance, to pay their debts and fulfill their engagements with a smaller quantity of silver than would otherwise have been requisite. It was indeed in appearance only; for their creditors were really defrauded of a part of what was due to them. All other debtors in the state were allowed the same privilege, and might pay with the same nominal sum of the new and debased coin whatever they had borrowed in the old. Such operations, therefore, have always proved favorable to the debtor, and ruinous to the creditor, and have sometimes produced a greater and more universal revolution in the fortunes of private persons than could have been occasioned by a very great public calamity.

It is in this manner that money has become in all civilized nations the universal instrument of commerce, by the intervention of which goods of all kinds are bought and sold, or exchanged for one another.

Digression concerning Banks of Deposit, particularly concerning that of Amsterdam.

The currency of a great state, such as France or England, generally consists almost entirely of its own coin. Should this currency, therefore, be at any time worn, clipt, or otherwise

degraded below its standard value, the state by a reformation of its coin can effectually reëstablish its currency. But the currency of a small state, such as Genoa or Hamburgh, can seldom consist altogether in its own coin, but must be made up, in a great measure, of the coins of all the neighboring states with which its inhabitants have a continual intercourse. Such a state, therefore, by reforming its coin, will not always be able to reform its currency. If foreign bills of exchange are paid in this currency, the uncertain value of any sum, of what is in its own nature so uncertain, must render the exchange always *very much against such a state, its currency being, in all foreign states, necessarily* valued even below what it is worth.

In order to remedy the inconvenience to which this disadvantageous exchange must have subjected their merchants, such small states, when they began to attend to the interest of trade, have frequently enacted that foreign bills of exchange of a certain value should be paid, not in common currency, but by an order upon, or by a transfer in the books of a certain bank, established upon the credit and under the protection of the state; this bank being always obliged to pay, in good and true money, exactly according to the standard of the state. The banks of Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, Hamburgh, and Nuremberg seem to have been all originally established with this view, though some of them may have afterwards been made subservient to other purposes. The money of such banks being better than the common currency of the country, necessarily bore an agio, which was greater or smaller, according as the currency was supposed to be more or less degraded below the standard of the state. The agio of the bank of Hamburgh, for example, which is said to be commonly about fourteen per cent, is the supposed difference between the good standard money of the state, and the clipt, worn, and diminished currency poured into it from all the neighboring states.

Before 1609 the great quantity of clipt and worn foreign coin which the extensive trade of Amsterdam brought from all parts of Europe, reduced the value of its currency about nine per cent below that of good money fresh from the mint. Such money no sooner appeared than it was melted down or carried away, as it always is in such circumstances. The merchants, with plenty of currency, could not always find a sufficient quantity of good money to pay their bills of exchange; and the

value of those bills, in spite of several regulations which were made to prevent it, became in a great measure uncertain.

In order to remedy these inconveniences, a bank was established in 1609 under the guarantee of the city. This bank received both foreign coin, and the light and worn coin of the country at its real intrinsic value in the good standard money of the country, deducting only so much as was necessary for defraying the expense of coinage, and the other necessary expense of management. For the value which remained, after this small deduction was made, it gave a credit in its books. This credit was called bank money, which, as it represented money exactly according to the standard of the mint, was always of the same real value, and intrinsically worth more than current money. It was at the same time enacted that all bills drawn upon or negotiated at Amsterdam, of the value of six hundred guilders and upwards, should be paid in bank money, which at once took away all uncertainty in the value of those bills. Every merchant, in consequence of this regulation, was obliged to keep an account with the bank in order to pay his foreign bills of exchange, which necessarily occasioned a certain demand for bank money.

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

By WILLIAM COWPER.

[1731–1800.]

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise
We love the play place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet de
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot,
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat

The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee,
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life,
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to escape,
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all — till all his pranks are told.
[illegible] (his name
That patronates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway,
Resolves that where he played his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene[illegible] his own.
The [illegible] boy will soon be taught
To [illegible] as hold [illegible] as he ought,
The rude [illegible] through with ease enough,
Great [illegible] the sturdy and the rough.
Ah! [illegible] prudent choice,
The [illegible] expect it, and rejoice!
[illegible] your wish fulfilled in either child
[illegible] made perter, and the tame made wud.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

CAPTAIN COOK'S DEATH.

(From "Narrative of Cook's Voyages," by A. Kippis.)

THE circumstances which brought Captain Cook back to Karakakooa Bay, and the unhappy consequences that followed, I shall give from Mr. Samwell's narrative of his death This narrative was, in the most obliging manner, communicated to me in manuscript, by Mr. Samwell, with entire liberty to make such use of it as I should judge proper. Upon a perusal of it, its importance struck me in so strong a light that I wished to have it separately laid before the world. Accordingly, with Mr. Samwell's concurrence, I procured its publication, that, if any objections should be made to it, I might be able to notice them in my own work. As the narrative had continued for more than two years unimpeached and uncontradicted, I esteem myself fully authorized to insert it in this place, as containing the most complete and authentic account of the melancholy catastrophe which, at Owyhee, befell our illustrious navigator and commander.

"On the 6th [February, 1779] we were overtaken by a gale of wind, and the next night the 'Resolution' had the misfortune of springing the head of the foremast in such a dangerous manner that Captain Cook was obliged to return to Karakegooah in order to have it repaired; for we could find no other convenient harbor on the island. The same gale had occasioned much distress among some canoes that had paid us a visit from the shore. One of them, with two men and a child on board, was picked up by the 'Resolution,' and rescued from destruction: the men, having toiled hard all night in attempting to reach the land, were so much exhausted that they could hardly mount the ship's side. When they got upon the quarterdeck, they burst into tears, and seemed much affected with the dangerous situation from which they had escaped; but the little child appeared lively and cheerful. One of the 'Resolution's' boats was also so fortunate as to save a man and two women, whose canoe had been upset by the violence of the waves. They were brought on board and, with the others, partook of the kindness and humanity of Captain Cook.

"On the morning of Wednesday, the 10th, we were within a few miles of the harbor, and were soon joined by several

canoes, in which appeared many of our old acquaintance, who seemed to have come to welcome us back. Among them was Coo, aha, a priest; he had brought a small pig and some cocoa-nuts in his hand, which, after having chanted a few sentences, he presented to Captain Clerke. He then left us, and hastened on board the 'Resolution,' to perform the same friendly ceremony before Captain Cook. Having but light winds all that day, we could not gain the harbor. In the afternoon, a chief of the first rank, and nearly related to Kariopoo, paid us a visit on board the 'Discovery.' His name was Ka, mea, mea; he was dressed in a very rich feathered cloak, which he seemed to have brought for sale, but would part with it for nothing except iron daggers. These the chiefs, sometime before our departure, had preferred to every other article; for, having received a plentiful supply of hatchets and other tools, they began to collect a store of warlike instruments. Kameamea procured nine daggers for his cloak; and, being pleased with his reception, he and his attendants slept on board that night.

"In the morning of the 11th of February, the ships anchored again in Kerageegooah Bay, and preparation was immediately made for landing the 'Resolution's' foremast. We were visited but by few of the Indians, because there were but few in the bay. On our departure, those belonging to other parts had repaired to their several habitations, and were again to collect from various quarters before we could expect to be surrounded by such multitudes as we had once seen in that harbor. In the afternoon, I walked about a mile into the country to visit an Indian friend, who had, a few days before, come near twenty miles, in a small canoe, to see me, while the ship lay becalmed. As the [illegible] had not left us long before a gale of wind came on, I was alarmed for the consequences: however, I had the pleasure to find that my friend had escaped unhurt, though not without some difficulties. I take notice of this short excursion, more particularly because it afforded me an opportunity of observing that there appeared no change in the disposition or behavior of the inhabitants. I saw nothing that could induce me to think that they were displeased with our return, or jealous of the intention of our second visit. On the contrary, that abundant good nature, which had always characterized them, seemed still to glow in every bosom, and to animate every countenance."

"The next day, February the 12th, the ships were put under a taboo by the chiefs: a solemnity, it seems, that was requisite to be observed before Kariopoo, the king, paid his first visit to Captain Cook after his return. He waited upon him the same day, on board the 'Resolution,' attended by a large train, some of which bore the presents designed for Captain Cook, who received him in his usually friendly manner, and gave him several articles in return. This amicable ceremony being settled, the taboo was dissolved: matters went on in the usual train, and the next day, February the 13th, we were visited by the natives in great numbers; the 'Resolution's' mast was landed, and the astronomical observatories erected on their former situation. I landed, with another gentleman at the town of Kavaroah, where we found a great number of canoes, just arrived from different parts of the island, and the Indians busy in constructing temporary huts on the beach for their residence during the stay of the ships. On our return on board the 'Discovery,' we learned that an Indian had been detected in stealing the armorer's tongs from the forge, for which he received a pretty severe flogging, and was sent out of the ship. Notwithstanding the example made of this man, in the afternoon another had the audacity to snatch the tongs and chisel from the same place, with which he jumped overboard and swam for the shore. The master and a midshipman were instantly dispatched after him in the small cutter. The Indian, seeing himself pursued, made for a canoe; his countrymen took him on board, and paddled as swift as they could towards the shore; we fired several muskets at them, but to no effect, for they soon got out of reach of our shot. Already one of the chiefs, who was at that time on board the Discovery, understanding what had happened, immediately went ashore promising to bring back the stolen goods. Our boat was so far advanced in chasing the canoe which had taken the thief on board that he had time to make his escape into the country. Captain Cook, who was then ashore, endeavored to intercept his landing; but it seems that he was led out of the way by some of the natives, who had officiously intruded themselves as guides. As the master was approaching near the landing place, he was met by some of the Indians in a canoe; they had brought back the tongs and chisel, together with another article, that we had not missed, which happened to be the lid of the water cask. Having recovered these things, he was returning aboard when

he was met by the 'Resolution's' pinnace, with five men in her, who, without any orders, had come from the observatories to his assistance. Being thus unexpectedly reënforced, he thought himself strong enough to insist upon having the thief, or the canoe which took him in, delivered up as reprisals. With that view he turned back, and having found the canoe on the beach, he was preparing to launch it into the water, when Pareah made his appearance, and insisted upon his not taking it away, as it was his property. The officer not regarding him, the chief seized upon him, pinioned his arms behind, and held him by the hair of his head, on which one of the sailors struck him with an oar; Pareah instantly quitted the officer, snatched the oar out of the man's hand, and snapped it in two across his knee. At length the multitude began to attack our people with stones. They made some resistance, but were soon overpowered, and obliged to swim for safety to the small cutter, which lay farther out than the pinnace. The officers, not being expert swimmers, retreated to a small rock in the water, where they were closely pursued by the Indians. One man darted a broken oar at the master; but his foot slipping at the time, he missed him, which fortunately saved that officer's life. At last, Pareah interfered, and put an end to their violence. The gentlemen, knowing that his presence was their only defense against the fury of the natives, entreated him to stay with them, till they could get off in the boats; but that he refused, and left them. The master went to seek assistance from the party at the observatories; but the midshipman chose to remain in the pinnace. He was very rudely treated by the mob, who plundered the boat of everything that was loose on board, and then began to knock her to pieces, for the sake of the iron work; but Pareah fortunately returned in time to prevent her destruction. He had met the other gentleman on his way to the observatories, and, suspecting his errand, had forced him to return. He dispersed the crowd again, and desired the gentlemen to return on board; they represented that all the oars had been taken out of the boat, on which he brought some of them back, and the gentlemen were glad to get off without farther molestation. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by Pareah in a canoe; he delivered the midshipman's cap, which had been taken from him in the scuffle, joined hands with them, in token of reconciliation, and was anxious to know if Captain Cook would [illegible] him for what had happened. They assured

him of the contrary, and made signs of friendship to him in return. He then left them, and paddled over to the town of Kavaroah, and that was the last time we ever saw him. Captain Cook returned on board soon after, much displeased with the whole of this disagreeable business; and the same night sent a lieutenant on board the 'Discovery' to learn the particulars of it, as it had originated in that ship.

"It was remarkable that in the midst of the hurry and confusion attending this affair Kanynah (a chief who had always been on terms particularly friendly with us) came from the spot where it happened, with a hog to sell on board the 'Discovery'; it was of an extraordinary large size, and he demanded for it a pahowa, or dagger, of an unusual length. He pointed to us that it must be as long as his arm. Captain Clerke not having one of that length, told him he would get one made for him by the morning, with which being satisfied, he left the hog, and went ashore without making any stay with us. It will not be altogether foreign to the subject to mention a circumstance that happened to-day on board the 'Resolution.' An Indian chief asked Captain Cook, at his table, if he was a Tata Toa, which means a fighting man, or a soldier. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see his wounds. Captain Cook held out his right hand, which had a scar upon it, dividing the thumb from the finger, the whole length of the metacarpal bones. The Indian, being thus convinced of his being a Toa, put the same question to another gentleman present, but he happened to have none of those distinguishing marks: the chief then said that he himself was a Toa, and showed the scars of some wounds he had received in battle. Those who were on duty at the observatories were disturbed during the night, with shrill and melancholy sounds, issuing from the adjacent villages, which they took to be the lamentations of the women. Perhaps the quarrel between us might have filled their minds with apprehensions for the safety of their husbands; but be that as it may, their mournful cries struck the sentinels with unusual awe and terror.

"To widen the breach between us some of the Indians, in the night, took away the 'Discovery's' large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors; they had carried her off so quietly that we did not miss her till the morning, Sunday, February the 14th. Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook, to acquaint him with the accident;

he returned on board with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off the east point of the bay, in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out; and, if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time, the third lieutenant of the 'Resolution,' with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service to the opposite point of the bay, and the master was dispatched in the large cutter, in pursuit of a double canoe, already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbor. He soon came up with her, and, by firing a few muskets, drove her on shore, and the Indians left her; this happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He was on board himself, and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king. During this time, Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself, at the town of Kavaroah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo, before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island, out of our reach. This appeared the most effectual step that could be taken on the present occasion for the recovery of the boat. It was the measure he had invariably pursued, in similar cases, at other islands in these seas, and it had always been attended with the desired success: in fact, it would be difficult to point out any other mode of proceeding on these emergencies likely to attain the object in view; we had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when the alarm was first given; in that case it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven private men; the pinnace's crew were also armed and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice, for it clearly shows that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say that, from the appearance of things just at that time, there was not one, beside himself, who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite; so little did his conduct, on the occasion, bear the marks of rashness or a precipitate self-confidence! He landed,

with the marines, at the upper end of the town of Kavaroah: the Indians immediately flocked round, as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect by prostrating themselves before him — there were no signs of hostilities or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances; but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him that their father was asleep at a house not far from them, he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with them. As he passed along, the natives everywhere prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah, and his brother Koohowrooah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and, being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs or other provisions; he told them that he did not, and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and instead of returning any answers from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house; he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awakened from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favorable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying that, as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd. Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats which they use

as armor. This hostile appearance increased, and became more alarming on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, with the news of a chief called Kareemo having been killed by one of the 'Discovery's' boats. In their passage across they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information the women who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts, and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats, retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoanut in his hand, which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain; he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise: it seemed as if he meant to divert our attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous; he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore; the Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards; Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly; he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but just as he arrived at the water side, his wife threw her arms about his neck, and with the assistance of two chiefs forced him to sit down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose: they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kariopoo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head, and appeared much distressed.

"While the king was in this situation, a chief well known to us, of the name Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho, closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire.

Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket and endeavored to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to reëmbark when a man threw a stone at him, which he returned with a discharge of small shot (with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded). The man having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt; he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd upon their turbulent behavior. He had given up all thoughts of getting the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger: otherwise he would have detained the prince, which, no doubt, would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed behind a double canoe in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defense, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult, the sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did and killed him. By this time, the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed; they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered; but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment; he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones

that fell among the people; but ——, the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat farther off at the moment that everything seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account, he mistook the signal; but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace, which thereby became so much crowded that the crew were in a great measure prevented from using their firearms, or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done to Captain Cook; so that he seems at the most critical point of time to have wanted the assistance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For, notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the situation to which they had removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect that the prompt cooperation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety; for when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed; their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock; he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head, to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under the other arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity; for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he advanced upon him unawares, and with a large club or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook; he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee deep, where others crowded upon him, and endeavored to keep him under; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his

head up, and, casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet from the crowded and confused state of the crew it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water; he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavoring to support himself by it when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

"I need make no reflection on the great loss we suffered on this occasion, or attempt to describe what we felt. It is enough to say that no man was ever more beloved or admired; and it is truly painful to reflect that he seems to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported: a fate singularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous for his care of those under his command, and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation as to that of his own life.

"If anything could have added to the shame and indignation universally felt on this occasion, it was to find that his remains had been deserted, and left exposed on the beach, although they might have been brought off. It appears from the information of four or five midshipmen, who arrived on the spot at the conclusion of the fatal business, that the beach was then almost entirely deserted by the Indians, who at length had given way to the fire of the boats, and dispersed through the town; so that there seemed no great obstacle to prevent the recovery of Captain Cook's body; but [illegible] lieutenant returned on board without making the attempt. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this painful subject, and to relate the complaints and censures that fell on the conduct of the lieutenant. It will be sufficient to observe that they were so loud as to oblige Captain Clerke publicly to notice them, and to take the depositions of his accusers down in writing. The captain's bad state of health and approaching dissolution, it is supposed, induced him to destroy these papers a short time before his death.

"It is a painful task to be obliged to notice circumstances which seem to reflect upon the character of any man. A strict regard to truth, however, compelled me to the insertion of these facts, which I have offered merely as facts, without presuming to connect with them any comment of my own; esteeming it the part of a faithful historian 'to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice.'

"The fatal accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning, about an hour after Captain Cook landed. It did not seem that the king or his sons were witnesses to it; but it is supposed that they withdrew in the midst of the tumult. The principal actors were the other chiefs, many of them the king's relations and attendants; the man who stabbed him with the dagger was called Nooah. I happened to be the only one who recollected his person, from having on a former occasion mentioned his name in the journal I kept. I was induced to take particular notice of him, more from his personal appearance than any other consideration, though he was of high rank, and a near relation of the king: he was stout and tall, with a fierce look and demeanor, and one who united in his figure the two qualities of strength and agility, in a greater degree than ever I remembered to have seen before in any other man. His age might be about thirty, and by the white scurf on his skin, and his sore eyes, he appeared to be a hard drinker of kava. He was a constant companion of the king, with whom I first saw him, when he paid a visit to Captain Clerke. The chief who first struck Captain Cook with the club, was called Karimano, eraha, but I did not know him by his name. These circumstances I learned of honest Kaireckea, the priest, who added, that they were both held in great esteem on account of that action; neither of them came near us afterwards. When the boats left the shore, the Indians carried away the dead body of Captain Cook and those of the marines, to the rising ground, at the back of the town, where we could plainly see them with our glasses from the ships.

"This most melancholy accident appears to have been altogether unexpected and unforeseen, as well on the part of the natives as ourselves. I never saw sufficient reason to induce me to believe that there was anything of design, or a preconcerted plan on their side, or that they purposely sought to quarrel with us; thieving, which gave rise to the whole, they were equally guilty of in our first and second visits. It was the

cause of every misunderstanding that happened between us: their petty thefts were generally overlooked, but sometimes slightly punished; the boat which they at last ventured to take away was an object of no small magnitude to people in our situation, who could not possibly replace her, and therefore not slightly to be given up. We had no other chance of recovering her, but by getting the person of the king into our possession; on our attempting to do that, the natives became alarmed for his safety, and naturally opposed those whom they deemed his enemies. In the sudden conflict that ensued, we had the unspeakable misfortune of losing our excellent commander, in the manner already related. It is in this light the affair has always appeared to me as entirely accidental, and not in the least owing to any previous offense received, or jealousy of our second visit entertained by the natives.

"Pareah seems to have been the principal instrument in bringing about this fatal disaster. We learned afterwards that it was he who had employed some people to steal the boat; the king did not seem to be privy to it, or even apprised of what had happened, till Captain Cook landed.

"It was generally remarked that, at first, the Indians showed great resolution in facing our firearms; but [illegible] entirely owing to ignorance of their effect. They thought their thick mats would defend them from a ball as well as from a stone; but being soon convinced of their error, yet [illegible] loss to account how such execution was done among them, they had recourse to a stratagem, which, though it answered no other purpose, served to show their ingenuity and quickness of invention. Observing the flashes of the muskets, they naturally concluded that water would counteract their effect, and therefore, very sagaciously, dipped their mats, or armor, in the sea, just as they came on to face our people; but finding this last resource to fail them, they soon dispersed, and left the beach entirely clear. It was an object they never neglected, even at the greatest hazard, to carry off their slain: a custom probably owing to the barbarity with which they treat the dead body of an enemy, and the trophies they make of his bones."

THE MURDER OF ABEL.[1]

By VITTORIO ALFIERI.

(From "Abel")

[Count Vittorio Alfieri, one of the greatest of Italian dramatists, was born at Asti in Piedmont, January 17, 1749. Of good birth and independent means, he travelled extensively in Europe, and after the successful production of his first play, "Cleopatra" (1775), devoted himself to dramatic composition. While in Florence he met the Countess of Albany, wife of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and lived many years mainly in Alsace and Paris, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution returned to Italy and died at Florence, October 8, 1803. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce, between the tombs of Machiavelli and Michelangelo, where a beautiful monument by Canova covers his remains. Alfieri left twenty-one tragedies and six comedies, besides five odes on American Independence, various sonnets and a number of prose works. Included among his tragedies are "Saul," "Philip II," "Orestes," and "Mary Stuart."]

ENVY, CAIN, DEATH.

Envy —

Why tremble, O youth, why thus fixedly stare,
While fiercely is beating thy heart, on the wound
[illegible] made doubly sore by the chilling despair
[illegible] strikes which entwine it, like ivy, around?
If deign, if thou'rt fearless, and fain wouldst be there,
Where joy never ending is certainly found,
[illegible] to think
Which make those men happy supremely, who drink.

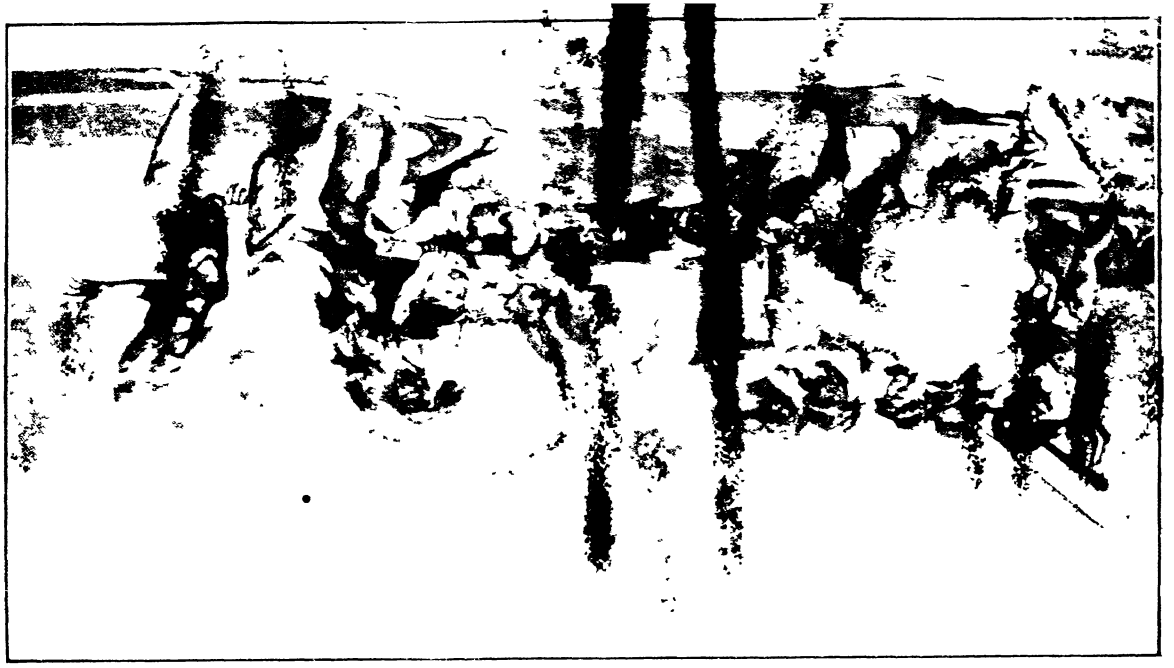
Cain —

[illegible] who art, [illegible] in these accents strange
Addressest me [illegible] there upon the earth
Men that we know [illegible] of? Remove my doubts,
I pray thee, [illegible] O thou art but use
A language [illegible] resemble mine,
That I [illegible] understand it

Envy —

Thou son of [illegible] by speech I know thee.
[illegible] is not different [illegible] such
To get himself expelled, with so much shame,
From that terrestrial [illegible] abise,
Where with multitudes of others dwell?
For him it was not enough [illegible] furthermore
Must keep his own son [illegible] ignorance
Of the great good thus lost, and take away
The [illegible] best chance of ever regaining it?

[1] From Alfieri's Tragedies. By permission of George Bell & Sons. Price 3s. 6d.



Cain—

What dost thou say? There was a Paradise
On earth? and from it Adam banished was?
And he from [redacted] son so vast a good
Conceals, and [redacted]?

Envy— [redacted] Harsh and unjust father,
He envies his own son that [redacted] ness,
Of which he was unworthy. There, beyond
The banks of the great ri[redacted] standing
With this my mother dear? a[redacted]
(For those who dwell there all [redacted]
Thee as a fugitive, thy father's dwelling
Leaving, and hither coming[redacted]

Cain— [redacted] How canst thou
This know of me, whilst I . . .

Envy— [redacted] We're not alike.
To us, the happy and perpetual dwellers
Upon that further shore, all things are easy.
There, matters distant or not understood,
Or things impossible, are words unknown.
Brothers and sisters numerous are we,
And sons and fa[redacted]here to every man
Is coupled one like me, as thou hast so[redacted]
Eve wit[redacted]
[redacted]pon thy ignorance; an[redacted]
As [redacted]
To cr[redacted]
Straightway like m[redacted]; and [redacted] if thou will it,
Possessor of my beauty thou mayst be;
As I may, if I plea[redacted] divide wi[redacted]
Each of the many things t[redacted] I possess
Collected in that happy place together.

Cain—

How is it possible that my [redacted]
Who loves us so, could c[redacted] pleasu[redacted]
So vast a good? Thou w[redacted]st wake
Within my h[redacted] one [redacted]
Thy beauty moves me mu[redacted] the flatt'ring hope
Of thee; thy [redacted] the like of which
I never heard before; yes, I am moved
By all in thee: [redacted] can I abandon
Ungratefully those [redacted] to the toil
Of ceaseless labor, whilst I pass myself,
An idle life at ease [redacted] delights?

Envy —
Thou thinkest well. Slave, then, and suffer thou,
Fatigue thyself, and sweat. Meanwhile another
Will occupy thy place before thee there.
Cain —
Another? who?
Envy — Thou'rt very blind.
Cain — Perchance,
Is there but room for one?
Envy — For one alone
Of Adam's sons a passage there is granted:
Concealed from thee, but not from all . . .
Cain — O what,
What chill again pervades me! horrible
The doubt I feel . . .
Envy — The thing is manifest,
Not doubtful: I perceive thy every thought:
Yes, Adam to his Abel all revealed,
But hid from thee . . .
Cain — What hear I!
Envy — And the place
For him reserves he.
Cain — Madness! That thick mist
Which so obscured my eyesight suddenly
It disappeared: I now behold the source
Of that unknown and indistinct fierce impulse,
Which, at the sight, and even at the name
Of Abel, thrilled me through, from time to time.
Envy —
Thou now dost know it all. Only take care
Lest Abel should anticipate thy steps.
As soon as thou hast reached the other shore,
I'll meet thee, and be thine: but I may not
Go with thee to the crossing: and meanwhile,
To strengthen thy design, observe
What I will do. Mother, just to give him
A little sample of our happy race,
When he will find beyond those waters, say,
Would it not fitting be to let him see
The maiden apparition of a fine
Well-chosen troop of them?
Death — Do as thou will'st,
Dear daughter.
Envy — Thou shalt see, Cain, presently
And harmonious dances

To dulcet notes danced nimbly, which thy heart
Will ravish. — Now, dear brothers, swiftly come;
Appear as rapidly as flies my thought.
[*Strikes her foot on the ground. The different Choruses of musicians and dancers immediately appear on every side.*

DEATH, ENVY, CAIN, CHORUS *of Male and Female Dancers;* CHORUS *of Male and Female Singers.*

Chorus.

His cheeks shall both be overflowed
With tears, with sweat his brow,
To whom it is not granted now
Into our joyous land to press.
But he who in our bright abode
His happy feet can plant,
Has written down in adamant
His full eternal happiness.

Right-hand Chorus.

In this drear place of misery,
How sad the fate of hapless man,
Condemned by cruel destiny
To earn his food as best he can!

Left-hand Chorus.

The man who here doth dwell, we know,
A man like one of us is not:
He has been struck a deadly blow,
Which utterly has changed his lot.

All.

He who the apple tasted never,
Shall he not all life's pleasure share?

A voice.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no. —
Thou, who of the rigid
Ignored prohibition
Nothing dost know;
O come to the frigid
Glad stream of fruition,
And drown there

Man shall not lose anew
The rights that are his due.

All.

He shall not lose them, no, no, no.

A woman's voice in the Chorus.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

Thou ne'er hast seen the sun's rays blend
So brilliantly as there;
Thou ne'er hast seen from Heaven descend
Such manna sweet and fair,
As in that place thou'lt see:

A man's voice.

There only doth the stream o'erflow
With milk of whitest hue;
There on each tree and hedge doth grow
The purest honey dew,
Man's nutriment to be.

The two voices.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in a feast eternal,
Which equaleth the life supernal
In its supreme felicity.

All.

Thou son of Adam, come where we
Are living in felicity.
Quick, quick! Make haste! Away!
If thou shouldst long delay,
Another, with a step less slow,
Before thee will arrive there soon.
If thou dost know how vast the boon,
Thou wilt not lose it, no, no, no.

DEATH, CAIN, ENVY.

Do thou awake from out thy stupor, Cain,
Thou hast both seen and heard: then naught remains
For me, but as a pledge of faith, to give thee

My hand. Come, take it.
[*As she touches his hand, she disappears with her mother.*

CAIN

Cain — Ah, I pray thee, stay . . .
— What frightful chill has pierced my heart! my blood
Appears to stagnate there, all frozen O,
What dreadful flame has now succeeded it!
I follow thee, for fear that villain Abel
Should first arrive there

CAIN *and* ABEL [*turning towards the river*]

Abel — Cain! what is't I see?
Cain [*running towards him with his picker*] —
Ah, traitor! dost thou come from there? I soon
Will punish thee.
Abel [*flying backwards*] — Help, mother, help me, help!
Cain [*following him, and disappearing from view*] —
Fly as thou mayst, I'll overtake thee soon

CAIN, ABEL.

Cain —
Come, villain, come! [*Dragging him by the hair.*
Abel — O my dear brother, pity . . .
What have I done? . . .
Cain — Come! far away indeed
From that much-longed for river shalt thou breathe
Thy final vital breath.
Abel — Ah, hear thou me!
My brother, do thou hearken.
Cain — No, that gift
Which was my due, but which I never had
Shall ne'er be thine. Perfidia is one, behold
Around thee look; this is the desert waste,
From which I fled, and where thou leftest me
Thy last looks never shall behold those waters
Which thou, in thy disloyal thoughts didst deem
As crossed already: here, upon this spot,
Thou soon shalt lie a corpse.
Abel — But, O my God!
What means all this? at least explain thy words:
I understand thee not: explain, and hear me:
Thou afterwards mayst slay me at thy will,
But hear me first, I pray.
Cain — Say on.
Abel — But tell me,
In what have I offended thee? . . . Alas!

How can I speak to thee, if fierce and stern
Thou standest o'er me? neck and nostrils swollen;
Looks full of fire and blood; thy lips, thy face
All livid; whilst thy knees, thine arms, thy head
Are moved convulsively by trembling strange!—
Pity, my brother: calm thyself: and loosen
Thy hold upon my hair a little, so
That I may breathe.

Cain — I never fancied, Abel,
That thou wouldst be a traitor.

Abel — I am not.
My father knows it; and thou too.

Cain — My father?
Ne'er name him! father of us both alike,
And just, I deemed him, and I was deceived.

Abel —
What sayest thou? Dost doubt his love? thou scarce
Hadst gone away from us this morning, when,
Anxious for thee, with mortal sorrow filled,
My father straightway sent me on thy track . . .

Cain —
Perfidious ones, I know it all, to me
This was a horrible, undoubted proof
Of my bad brother and my still worse father.
I know it all; the veil has fallen; the secret
Has been revealed to me: and I'm resolved
That thou shalt ne'er be happy at my cost.

Abel —
Cain, by that God who both of us created,
And who [illegible] I entreat of thee,
Explain thyself: what is my fault? what secret
Has been revealed to thee? upon my face,
And in my eyes, and words, and countenance,
Does not my innocence reveal itself?
I happy at [illegible]? O, how could Abel
Be happy if thou'rt not? Ah, hadst thou seen me,
When I awoke, and found thee not beside me
This morning! Ah, how sorely did I weep!
And how our parents wept! The livelong day
Have I since then consumed, but fruitlessly,
In seeking thee and sadly calling thee,
But never finding thee; although I heard
Thy voice in front of me from time to time,
In the far distance answering: and I
Went ever further on in search of thee.

Up to yon river; over whose broad waves
I feared that thou, who art a swimmer bold,
Hadst crossed . . .

Cain — And of that river darest thou,
Foolhardy one, a single word to speak?
I well believe thou fearedst, if I crossed it,
That thou wouldst have forever lost the hope
Of crossing it thyself. Thou darest, too,
To mingle truth and falsehood? and assert
That I replied to thee? But now the end
Of every wicked art has come: in vain
Thou soughtest to anticipate my steps:
Thou seest that I have caught thee just in time:
Nor river, nor the light of heaven shalt thou
E'er see again. I'll kill thee; fall thou down!

Abel —
Keep back thy ax! O do not strike me! See,
I fall before thee, and embrace thy knees.
Keep back thy ax, I pray thee! Hear thou me:
The sound of this my voice, in yonder fields,
Has soothed thee oftentimes, when much incensed,
Now with the stubborn clods, now with the lambs;
But thou wast ne'er so angry as thou'rt now.
Dear brother of my heart . . .

Cain — I'm so no more.

Abel —
But I shall ever be so: thou art too:
I pledge to thee my innocence: I swear it
By both our parents; I have never heard
One word about this river; nor can Cain
Thy accusations.

Cain — Can there be such malice,
Such craftiness, at such a tender age?
All this dissembling makes me madder still;
Vile liar . . .

Abel — What! thou callest thy Abel, liar?

Cain —
Die now.

Abel — Embrace me first.

Cain — I hate thee.

Abel — I
Still love thee. Strike, if thou wilt have it so;
I'll not resist; but I have not deserved it.

Cain —
—And yet, his weeping, and his juvenile

Candor, which true appears, the sweet accustomed
Sound of his voice, restrain me: and my arm
And anger fall. — But, shall a foolish pity
Rob me forever of my property? . . .
Alas! what to resolve? what do?

Abel — What say'st thou
Apart? Turn towards me: look at me: in vain
Thou hid'st from me thy face: amidst thy fierce
And dreadful ravings, from thy moistened eye
Gleamed there upon me just one passing ray
Of love fraternal and of pity. Take,
I pray thee, pity on my tender youth,
And on thyself. O! dost thou think that God
Can afterwards take pleasure in thy prayers,
Or gifts, if with the blood of thine own brother
He sees thee dyed? And then our excellent
Unhappy mother, wouldst thou rob her thus
Of both her sons? for, certainly, if thou
Shouldst slay me, thou wouldst never dare again
To show thyself before her. Ah, just think
How that unhappy one can live without us:
Think too . . .

Cain — Ah, brother! thou dost rend my heart:
Rise, then, arise: I pardon thee: in this
Embrace! . . . What do I? and what said I? Base one,
Thy tears are but a juggle: and not doubtful
Thy treason is; thou dost not merit pardon;
I will not pardon thee.

Abel — What see I? Fiercer
Dost thou become than ever?

Cain — I become
What I should be to thee. Come now what may;
The good denied me, none shall have instead. —
No more of pardon, no more pity; thou
Hast now no brother, father, mother more.
My eye is dimmed already with thick blood:
I see a monster at my feet. Now, die!
What holds me back? What seizes on my arm?
What voice is thundering?

Abel — God sees us.

Cain — God?
Methinks I hear Him: now methinks I see Him,
Pursuing me in fearful wise already
I see my own unsanctified ax fall down
On my guilty head with crashing sound!

Abel—
His senses he has lost. Sad sight! I tremble . . .
From head to foot . . .
Cain— Thou, Abel, do thou take
This ax; and strike with both thy hands, upon
My head. Why dost thou tarry? now behold,
I offer no defense: be quick, and slay me:
Slay me; for in no other way canst thou
Escape my fury, which is fast returning.
I pray thee then, make haste.
Abel— What do I hear?
That I should strike thee? Why, if I still love thee
As much as ever? Calm thyself: become
Thyself again: let's both our father seek:
He waits for thee . . .
Cain— My father? to my father
Go now with thee? I understand. thyself
Hast thou betrayed. The mention of his name
Fiercer than ever wakens all my rage . . .
Once more then, die thou, die. [*Strikes him.*
Abel— Alas! . . . I feel
My strength depart . . . O mother! . . .
Cain— What, O what
Have I now done? his blood spurts o'er my face!
He falls; he faints . . . Where hide myself? O Heaven
What have I done? Accursèd ax, begone
Forever from my hand, my eyes . . . What hear I?
Alas! already doth the thund'ring voice
Of God upon me call . . . O where to fly?
There, raves my father in [illegible] Here
My dying brother's sobs . . . Where hide myself?
I fly. [*Flies.*

ABEL [*dying*], *then* ADAM.

Abel—
Ah dreadful pain! . . . O, how my blood
Is running down! . . .
Adam— Already towards the west
The sun approaches fast, and I as yet
Have found them not! The lifelong day have I
And Eve consumed in searching for them both,
And all without success . . . But this is surely
The track of Abel: I will follow it. [
Abel—
Alas! help, help! . . . O mother!
Adam—

Sobs of a human being, like the wails
Of Abel! . . . Heavens! what see I there? a stream
Of blood? . . . Alas! a body further on? . . .
Abel! My son, thou here? . . . Upon thy body
Let me at least breathe forth my own last breath!

Abel —

My father's voice, methinks . . . O! is it thou? . . .
My eyes are dim, and ill I see . . . Ah, tell me,
Shall I again behold . . . my . . . darling mother? . . .

Adam —

My son! . . . sad day! . . . sad sight! . . . How deep
and large
The wound with which his guiltless head is cloven!
Alas! there is no remedy. My son,
Who gave thee such a blow? and what the weapon? . . .
O Heavens! Is't not Cain's pickax that I see
Lying all bloody there? . . . O grief! O madness!
And is it possible that Cain has slain thee?
A brother kill his brother? I myself
Will arm, with thy own arms; and find thee out,
And with my own hands slay thee. O thou just
Almighty God, didst Thou behold this crime,
And suffer it? breathes still the murderer?
Where is the villain? Didst not Thou, great God,
Beneath the feet of such a monster cause
The very earth to gape and swallow him
In its profound abyss? Then, 'tis Thy will,
Ah yes! that by my hand should punished be
Thy crime inexcusable: 'tis Thy will
[illegible] the bloody track
Of that base villain? here it is: from me,
Thou wicked Cain, shalt thou receive thy death . . .
O God! But leave my Abel breathing still . . .

Abel —

Father! . . . return, return! . . . I fain would tell thee . . .

Adam —

My son, but how could Cain . . .

Abel —

He was . . . indeed
Beside himself . . . it was not he . . . Moreover
He is thy son . . . O pardon him, . . . as I do.

Adam —

Thou only art my son. Devotion true!
O Abel! my own image! thou, my all! . . .
How could that fiend . . .

Abel —

Ah, father! . . . tell me . . . why;

Didst thou e'er plan . . to take away . . . from Cain, . . .
And give . . . to me . . some mighty good, . . . which lies
Beyond . . . the river?

Adam— What dost mean? or e son
Alone I deemed that I possessed in both.

Abel—
Deceived . . . was Cain then; . . . this he said to me . .
Oftimes, . . . inflamed with rage . . . The only cause .
Was this: . . . he had . . . a conflict fierce . . and long .
Within himself . . . at first; . . . but . . . then . . o'ercome,
He struck me . . . and then fled . . . — But now . my breath,
Father, . . . is failing . . . Kiss me . . .

Adam— He is dying . . .
O God! . . . He dies — Unhappy father! How
Has that last sob cut off at once his voice
And life as well! — Behold thee, then, at last,
Death terrible and cruel, who the daughter
Of my transgression art! O ruthless Death,
Is, then, the first to fall before thy blows
A guileless youth like this? 'Twas me the first,
And me alone, whom thou shouldst have struck . . . .
— What shall I do without my children now?
And this dear lifeless body, how can I
From Eve conceal it? Hide from her the truth?
In vain: but, how to tell her? And, then, where,
Where bury my dear Abel? O my God!
How tear myself from him? — But, what behold I?
Eve is approaching me with weary steps
From far! She promised . . . .
Beyond the wood for me . . . Alas! — But
Must meet her and detain her, such a sight
Might, in one moment, kill her . . . Now I tremble
Already she has seen me, and makes haste . . .

EVE, *and* ADAM [*running to meet her*]

Adam—
Why, woman, hast thou come? 'Tis not allowed
Farther to go: return, return at once
Unto our cottage; there will I rejoin
Rejoin thee.

Eve— Heavens! what see I? In thy face
What new and dreadful trouble do I see?
Hast thou not found them . . .

Adam— Nay, but, very soon .
Do thou meanwhile retrace thy steps, I pray

Eve —
And leave thee? . . . And my children, where are they?
But, what do I behold? thy vesture stained
With quite fresh blood? thy hands, too, dyed with blood?
Alas! what is't, my darling Adam, say!
Yet on thy body are no wounds . But, what,
What is the blood there on the ground? and near it
Is not the ax of Cain? . . . and that is also
All soiled with blood? . Ah, leave me, yes, I must,
I must approach, to see
Adam — I pray thee, no . .
Eve —
In vain . . .
Adam — O Eve, stop, stop! on no account
Shalt thou go farther
Eve [*pushing her way forward a little*] —
But, in spite of thee,
From out thine eyes a very stream of tears
Is pouring! . . . . I must see, at my cost,
The reason . . . Ah, I see it now! there lies
My darling Abel O unhappy I!
The ax . . . the blood I understand . .
Adam — Alas!
We have no sons
Eve — Abel, my life . . 'Tis vain
To hold me back . . Let me embrace thee, Abel.
Adam —
To hold her is impossible a slight
Relief to her immense maternal sorrow . . .
Eve
God the murderer not punished?
Adam
Impious Cain! in vain, thy flight; in vain
Wilt thou conceal thyself. Within thy ears
(However far away from me thou art)
Shall ring the fearful echo of my threats,
And make thy bosom tremble.
Abel, Abel!
Alas, he hears me not! . . . — I ever told thee,
That I discerned the traitor's mark, yes, traitor's,
Between Cain's brows.
Adam — Never on the earth
That traitor's race shall find security,
Or an asylum. — Cain, thou accursed
God, as thou art by thy father cursed.

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