CLASSICAL

ENGLISH READER.

Selections from Standard Authors.

WITH EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL FOOT-NOTES.

BY THE

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BOSTON:
GINN AND HEATH, PUBLISHERS.
1879.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON,
CAMBRIDGE.

PREFACE.

Of the pieces contained in this volume, much the larger number, as may readily be seen, are from standard English authors, — books that have already lived so long as to afford some fair guaranty that they will not soon die. Not one of the pieces has been taken for the author's sake: the selection has proceeded on the twofold ground of intrinsic merit and of fitness to the purposes of the volume; due care being had, withal, for a reasonable variety both in matter, style, and authorship.

It is not unlikely that some of the selections may be thought rather too severe in style, too weighty in matter, and of too high a pitch, for the use here intended. So it may be, for instance, with some of the pieces from Hooker, from Jeremy Taylor, from Milton's prose, from Sir Thomas Browne, from Dr. South, and several others. And such an objection may press, with something of special force, against Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, and a few other pieces of poetry. These are not indeed exactly "milk for babes." The *Hymn*, especially, is very severe, — of a severity decidedly sculpturesque: the thought, the imagery, the diction feel, to the touch, as if chiselled out of the finest and hardest marble; so that the piece stands a markworthy specimen of what Cicero calls "austere and solid sweetness."

Such workmanship is no doubt something beyond the reach and capacity of the average pupil in grammar-schools and academies. But, on the whole, it seems not unfitting nor undesirable that, among many pieces of a light and easy texture, a few should be put before young minds, of a quality to

apprise them of heights which they have not yet scaled, — something of a nature to invite them further onward, and to draw them further upward. And my own experience somewhat favours the belief, that compilers of books like the present are rather apt to undermark the receptiveness of the minds and tastes for which they are catering.

As a general rule, it is, I think, hardly right or expedient to draw much on living authors for the use here designed. To form the minds and tastes of the young, nothing should be served up or recommended, short of the best there is to be had. Surely, at all events, boys and girls ought not to be fed from authors who will have passed into oblivion by the time they shall have grown to be men and women.

So that some apology may well be judged due, for the number of pieces here gathered from authors still alive. Especially it may be deemed a wrong, or at least an error, that the selections of American poetry are confined to the three very eminent poets who are still with us, and whose labours in that kind, it is to be hoped, are not yet closed. But to pass by our American poetry altogether, rich as it now is, would surely have been a much graver fault. And I have to confess that the choice workmanship of Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier has well-nigh spoilt, for me, all the poetry previously written in this country. As for the living British poets, I had no difficulty in regard to them. In this matter, England's past is so immeasurably superior to her present, that one can hardly be tempted to deviate into the latter. Besides, to the best of my judgment, not one of her poets now alive equals either member of our own noble trio; albeit these have not yet had time enough to get fairly established in the rank of classics.

And the same may be said touching our historian, Mr. Bancroft. The volume has one piece, of considerable length, from him. But the character of WASHINGTON is one of our dearest national treasures, — it is among the most precious treasures of humanity itself; and it ought ever, both for moral and for political reasons, to be kept before the minds of our youth.

Of course so august and beautiful a theme must not here be left altogether unvoiced:

> Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
> A sight so touching in its majesty!

I dare not pronounce the piece from Mr. Bancroft fully equal to the theme; for, indeed, what can be that? but it was taken simply because I really did not know of any thing else so good.

It was deemed advisable to have a considerable number of pieces suitable for exercises in declamation. Most of these are from Burke and Webster, confessedly the two greatest of English-speaking orators. Both are consummate masters of rhetoric; yet the rhetoric of both is charged to the utmost with strength and solidity of thought: no hollowness whatsoever here; no "sweet smoke"; nothing of mere surface-splendour. Several of the pieces from Webster have indeed been used much and long; but this has only proved the more strongly that no frequency of reading or hearing can wear the freshness and verdure out of them. And in the line of parliamentary or senatorial eloquence, nearly every thing else produced in this country seems to me tame and flat beside Webster's; while, beside Burke's, pretty much all else in the language seems tame and flat, except Webster's. Doubtless many would like to have more of variety in this kind; but, as the volume was to be mainly occupied with other matter, it seemed best not to travel much in walks of less than first-rate workmanship.

It may be remarked with some surprise, that so little of Milton's poetry, and so much of his prose, is here to be met with. The reason is, because his poetry, or the more suitable portions of it are, as indeed they well may be, largely used in our schools already, and are easily accessible in various cheap and convenient forms. Much the same is to be said of Cowper's poetry, none of which is given in this volume; also of Goldsmith's poetry; also of Addison's prose. Gray's *Elegy* has won a sort of prescriptive right to be in every book of the kind. His *Eton College* is here added; which is

marked by the same exquisite finish as the *Elegy*, is equally happy in its train of allusion and imagery, and will probably be fresher to most readers. As for what is called the school of Dryden and Pope, no specimens whatever will be found in the volume. This is not because their workmanship is not held to be excellent in its way; but because specimens could not be given without excluding other pieces that seemed fitter for the particular use had in view.

It was deemed needful to have somewhat in the way of explanatory foot-notes. And, indeed, in a considerable portion of the pieces this was hardly less than indispensable. But just how much of such annotation it might be needful or desirable to have, is a hard matter to decide: probably no two judgments would strike together. I have but to say that as, in such cases, I always find it easier to make notes than to abstain from making them; so I have here been on my guard rather against making too many than too few.

As something very like an apology has been made for admitting a few of the authors now living, of course none can be offered for leaving out the rest. As already said, no literary workmanship, short of the best there is to be had, should be drawn upon for use in school. For the natural alliance of taste and morals is much closer than most people suppose. Now, for the due approval of excellence in literary art, a longer time than the individual life is commonly required. Of the popular writers now living, probably not one in five hundred will be heard of thirty years hence. I have myself outlived two generations of just such immortal writers, — whole regiments of them. Of course there are fashions in literature, as in other things. These are apt to be bad enough at the best, — bad enough anywhere; but the school is just the last place, except the church, where they ought to be encouraged. Be assured that, in the long run, it will not pay to have your children in school making acquaintance with the fashionable writers of the day. For, long before the pupils now in school reach maturity, another

set of writers will be in popular vogue; their tenure to be equally transient in turn.

Unquestionably the right way in this matter is, to start the young with such authors as have been tested and approved by a large collective judgment. For it is not what pleases at first, but what pleases permanently, that the human mind cares to keep alive. What has thus withstood the wear of time carries solid proof of having strength and virtue in it. For example, poetry that has no holiness in it may be, for it often has been, vastly popular in its day; but it has and can have no lasting hold on the heart of man. And that a new author seems to us good, may be in virtue of some superficial prepossession which a larger trial will utterly explode. We need better assurance than that.

It is indeed sometimes urged that, if the young be thus trained up with old authors, they will be in danger of falling behind the age. But surely it is not so. The surest way of coming at such a result is by pre-engaging them with the literary freaks and fashions and popularities of the day. To hold them aloof from such flitting popularities, to steep their minds in the efficacy of such books as have always been, and are likely to be, above the fashion of the day,—this is the true course for setting them *in advance* of the time; and, unless they be set in advance of it, they will certainly fail to keep abreast with it. For the wisdom that has had the long and strong approval of the past, is most likely to be the wisdom of the future; and the way to keep pace with the age is by dwelling with its wisdom, not with its folly. In fact, a taste for the shifting literary fashions and popularities of the hour springs from shallowness and leads to shallowness. And to knit your pupils up close with old standards, is the best thing you can do for them, both mentally and morally.

Besides, I confess I like to see the young growing enthusiastic over the treasured wisdom and eloquence of their forefathers. This is a natural and wholesome inspiration, and such as the soul can hardly drink in or catch without

being lifted and expanded by it. Worth much for the knowledge it furthers, it is worth far more for the manhood it quickens. I quote from our Mr. Dana: "So long as we suffer our minds to have their natural play, that which existed long before we came into being will call out something of filial respect. He who has been back into the past comes down again into the present, and is prepared to travel on into the future, laden with the experience of ages gone, and made wise by the observation of principles in their beginnings, their workings, and their remote results. He has found out just how short-lived and little worth are expedients and contrivings, and that, in the main, even temporary and particular ends are best reached through permanent and general principles." And all this is just what we now need; for our life is working quite too much for immediate results, and therefore working by arts which a larger outlook would forbid. In short, we need

> More of ennobling impulse from the past,
> If to the future aught of good must come,
> Sounder, and therefore holier, than the ends
> Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
> We covet as supreme.

To love worthy objects, and in a worthy manner, is indeed the top and crown of earthly good; ay, and of heavenly good also. And, surely, no greater blessing can be conferred on the young than by making them familiar with things that will still be sweet and noble to them as they grow old. But, in the present, the louder noises of its folly commonly drown the voice of its wisdom. So, let our youth breathe and listen an hour or two, now and then, in the old intellectual Fatherland, where the foul noises have long since died away, leaving the music to sound up full and clear.

Finally, no man having drunk the wine of old books straightway desireth the new; for he saith, the old is better. So, old wine, old books, old friends, old songs, "the precious music of the heart," are the wine, the books, the friends, the songs, for me!

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THE figures annexed to the authors' names, and placed at the end of the pieces, mark as follows: First, in case of authors deceased, the years of birth and death, — thus: "Francis Bacon: 1561-1626." Second, in case of authors still living, the year of birth, — thus: "George Bancroft: 1800- ." Third, the date of the particular piece in hand, — thus: "Daniel Webster: 1830."

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THE SCHOOLMASTER.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to their general rules.

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

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

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

naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. *Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also.* Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he assigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

THOMAS FULLER: 1608–1661.

ROGER ASCHAM AND LADY JANE GREY.[1]

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it: submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honour in a higher: it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas! alas!

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham? what is amiss? why do I tremble?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago: it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recol-

[1] Lady Jane Grey was the granddaughter of Mary Tudor, sister to King Henry the Eighth, and of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her parents were Frances Brandon and Henry Grey, Marquess of Dorset, who afterwards became Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane was born in 1537, and pursued her studies along with her cousin, King Edward the Sixth, Roger Ascham being one of their teachers. On account partly of her nearness to the throne by birth, and partly of her holding the Reformed Faith, her life was thought dangerous to the government of Queen Mary; and so, entirely without fault of her own, she was put to death on the 12th of February, 1554. The year before, she had been married to Guilford Dudley, son to the Duke of Northumberland; and her husband was executed the same day with herself. She was one of the most learned and accomplished ladies of the time, as she was also among the gentlest and the loveliest. Skilful alike with the needle and the pen, she also played well on several instruments. Froude says of her: "At fifteen she was learning Hebrew, and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers." Roger Ascham was born in 1515, and died in 1568. He was among the first scholars and wisest instructors of that age, and was also highly distinguished as an author. Queen Elizabeth was one of his pupils.

lectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses?

> Invisibly bright water! so like air,
> On looking down I fear'd thou couldst not bear
> My little bark, of all light barks most light,
> And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
> And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
> And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and, there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty upholdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not His creature.

Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors; for God is there too. We have rocks and quick-sands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as Ocean never heard of; and many (who knows how soon!) may be engulfed in the current under their garden-walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes indeed, I have read evil things of Courts; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because

Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: O, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Plutarch and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk: yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy sick-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous: but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me and with home.

Ascham. Ah Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening: I will open new worlds to him richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures, O, what treasures! on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if ever he

meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR: 1775-1864.

GEORGE HERBERT'S LOVE OF MUSIC.[2]

MR. HERBERT'S chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon Earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his Heaven upon Earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury he overtook a gentleman that is still living in that city; and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, "I do this the rather because, though you are not of my parish, yet

[2] George Herbert, one of the saintliest of English priests and poets, was born in 1593. After studying at Westminster School he went to Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship and took his degrees in arts; and in 1619 was chosen University Orator. As his connections were high and his prospects fair, and as, besides the Greek and Latin, he was also master of Italian, Spanish, and French, he had, for a while, thoughts of devoting himself to the service of the State; but his pure and gentle spirit soon diverted him to the more congenial work of the Sacred Ministry. Some time after entering into Holy Orders, he was, at the request of his kinsman, Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, made rector of Bemerton church in Wiltshire, a few miles from Salisbury; which office he held till his death, in February, 1632.

I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, Sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and, having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton; and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and, after, to load his horse. The poor man blest him for it; and he blest the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him that, "if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast."

Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And, when one of the company told him "He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment"; his answer was, that "the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place: for, if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion:—and now let 's tune our instruments."

Thus, as our blessed Saviour, after His resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleophas and that other disciple which He met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr. Herbert, in his path towards Heaven, did daily

take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts by showing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

ISAAC WALTON; 1593-1683.

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

UPON the late election of king's scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster School. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

This imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights which fill the soul with anguish and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite style, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-Latin, the lucubrations[3] of

[3] The word *lucubration* was formerly used, for the most part, in a bad, or at least equivocal, sense. The word properly means *any thing done by lamp-light;* but work done at night was commonly regarded as having more of revelry and dissipation in it than of earnest study and sober thought.

our paltry newsmongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called Beaus, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age after the relish of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves, in forwarding the intention of Nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights, which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connection, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the Church and State, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest geniuses that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and, as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once

rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. *There* a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. *There* the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is *thence* propagated by men who, having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the first genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

GEORGE BERKELEY: 1684-1752.

ELOQUENCE OF DEATH.

IF we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God, while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of His law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred: "I have considered," saith Solomon, "all the works that are under the Sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit"; but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre;[4] and King Francis

[4] Charles the Fifth, born in 1500, was, from the age of sixteen, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain; having inherited the former crown from his paternal grandfather, Maximilian, and the latter from his maternal grandparents, Ferdinand and Isabella. He also inherited the Netherlands from his paternal grandmother, Mary, the only child of Charles the Bold, the last prince of the House of Burgundy. The union of all these crowns rendered him, for the time, the greatest monarch in Christendom. In 1555, he resigned all his dignities, and retired to a monastery, where he died in 1558, "dissatisfied with the world,

the First of France,[5] to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*[6]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: 1552–1618.

A PASTORAL FESTIVAL.

SCENE, — *A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds[7] to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora

his son and himself." It thus appears that he was the grandnephew of Catharine, the first Queen of England's Henry the Eighth, and also the cousin of England's Queen Mary. The "son" here spoken of was Philip the Second, who inherited from him the kingdom of Spain, married the Mary aforesaid, and launched the famous *Armada* against England in 1588.— "Ferdinand, the grandfather of Charles, had," says Robertson, "under pretences no less frivolous than unjust, as well as by artifices the most shameful and treacherous, expelled John d'Albret, the lawful sovereign, from the throne of Navarre," and incorporated that kingdom with his own. Philip did not restore it.

[5] Francis the First, King of France, was born in 1494, succeeded to the throne in 1515, and died in 1547. During a large part of his reign he was at war with Charles the Emperor, suffered many ruinous defeats, was repeatedly brought to the verge of destruction, was in one instance taken prisoner, and had to pay an enormous ransom. He was regarded as the most chivalrous and high-souled ruler of his time; but, being suspected of a secret leaning to the Protestants, he had no way to assure the French people of his "orthodoxy" but by practising or permitting, in some cases, the most dreadful persecution.

[6] These words, meaning *here lies*, were commonly used at the beginning of inscriptions on tomb-stones.

[7] *Weeds* is an old word for *clothes* or *dress*.

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes[8] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them! your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land,[9] you have obscured
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom,[1] I should blush
To see you so attired, — more, I think,
To see myself i' the glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference[2] forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour.

[8] She means his *extravagance* in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

[9] The object of all men's notice and expectation.

[1] Take it as natural, or think nothing of it, because they are used to it.

[2] Meaning the *difference* between his rank and hers.

Per. O, but, Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Opposed, as it must be, by th' power o' the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter SHEPHERD, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised;* CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's[8] welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.

[8] That is, friends unknown to us.

Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[*To* CAMILLO.] You 're welcome,
Sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend Sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the Winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,[4]
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter,—the fair'st flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For[5] I 've heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so, even that art
Which you say adds to Nature is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art

[4] These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the Winter long."

[5] *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

Which does mend Nature, — change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble[6] in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well. — Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' th' Sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and I think they 're given
To men of middle age. Ye 're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the Spring that might
Become your time of day; — and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenhoods growing: — O Proserpina,
For th' flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon![7] golden daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips[8] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,

[6] *Dibble* was the name of an instrument for making holes in the ground to plant seeds or to set plants in.

[7] "From Dis's wagon" means *at the coming of* Dis's *chariot.*

[8] The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip,* but erects itself *boldly* in the face of the Sun.

To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick,[9] and in mine arms. — Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done.[1] When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function. Each your doing is
So singular in each particular,
Crowning what you have done i' the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself, —
Too noble for this place.

[9] *Quick* in its original sense of *living* or *alive*.
[1] *Surpasses* what is done.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:[2] good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—Come, strike up! [*Music.*

A Dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[3] I but have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the Moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SHAKESPEARE.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

In the last two Acts of *The Winter's Tale* we have a most artful interchange and blending of romantic beauty and comic drollery. The lost Princess and the heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the centre of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and shepherdesses amid their pastimes and pursuits, the

[2] That is, makes, her *blush*; which is caused by a flow of blood to the face.
[3] A good tract of *pasturage*, such as might be a worthy offset to Perdita's dower.

whole being enlivened by the tricks and humours of a merry pedler and pickpocket. For simple purity and sweetness, the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the Prince and Princess is not surpassed by any thing in Shakespeare. Whatsoever is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, and sacred in faith, is here concentrated; forming, all together, one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of Spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth for ever. So long as flowers bloom and hearts love, they will do it in the spirit of this scene.

It is a pastoral frolic, where free thoughts and guileless hearts rule the hour, all as true and as pure as the tints and fragrances with which field and forest and garden have beautified the occasion. The neighbouring swains and lasses have gathered in, to share and enhance the sport. The old Shepherd is present, but only as a looker-on, having for the nonce resigned the command to his reputed daughter. Under their mutual inspiration, the Prince and Princess are each in the finest rapture of fancy, while the surrounding influences of the rustic festival are just enough to enfranchise their inward music into modest and delicate utterance. He has tastefully decked her person with flowers, till no traces of the shepherdess can be seen, and she seems herself a multitudinous flower; having also attired himself "with a swain's wearing," so that the prince is equally obscured.

Perdita, notwithstanding she occupies so little room in the play, fills a large space in the reader's thoughts, almost disputing precedence with the Queen. And her mother's best native qualities reappear in her, sweetly modified by pastoral associations; her nature being really much the same, only it has been developed and seasoned in a different atmosphere; a nature too strong indeed to be displaced by any power of circumstances or supervenings of art, but at the same time too delicate and susceptive not to take a lively and lasting impress of them. So that, while she has thoroughly assimilated, she nevertheless clearly indicates, the food of place and climate, insomuch that the dignities of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her goodliest. We can hardly call her a poetical being; she is rather poetry itself, and every thing lends and borrows beauty at

her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see her with them, we are at a loss whether they take more inspiration from her or she from them; and while she is the sweetest of poets in making nosegays, the nosegays become in her hands the richest of crowns. If, as Schlegel remarks, the Poet is "particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired," he has surely nowhere done it with finer effect than in this unfledged angel.

There is much to suggest a comparison of Perdita and Miranda; yet how shall I compare them? Perfectly distinct indeed as individuals, still their characters are strikingly similar; only Perdita has perhaps a sweeter gracefulness, the freedom, simplicity, and playfulness of nature being in her case less checked by external restraints; while Miranda carries more of a magical and mysterious charm woven into her character from the supernatural influences of her whereabout. So like, yet so different, it is hard saying which is the better of the two; or rather, one can hardly help liking her best with whom he last conversed. It is an interesting fact also, for such it seems to be, that these two glorious delineations were produced very near together, perhaps both the same year; and this too when Shakespeare was in his highest maturity of poetry and wisdom; from which it has been not unjustly argued that his experience both in social and domestic life must have been favourable to exalted conceptions of womanhood. Be that as it may, with but one great exception, I think the world now finds its best ideas of moral beauty in Shakespeare's women.

Florizel's character is in exquisite harmony with that of the Princess. To be sure, it may be said that if he is worthy of her, it is mainly her influence that makes him so. But then it is to be observed, on the other hand, that as in such cases men find only what they bring the faculties for finding, so the meeting with her would not have elicited such music from him, had not his nature been originally responsive to hers. For he is manifestly drawn and held to her by a powerful instinct of congeniality. And none but a living abstract and sum-total of all that is manly could have so felt the perfections of such a woman. The difference between them is, that she was herself before she saw him, and would have been the same without him; whereas he was not and could not be himself, as we see him, till he caught inspiration from her. Neverthe-

less it is a clear instance of the pre-established harmony of souls: but that his spirit were akin to hers, he could not have recognized his peer through such a disguise of circumstances. For any one to be untouched and unsweetened by the heavenly purity of their courtship, were indeed a sin almost too great to be forgiven.

TWO KINDS OF PHILOSOPHY.

THE elder Daniel now stroked his forehead, and, looking mildly but seriously at the boy, addressed him thus:

"Daniel, there are two sorts of men in all ranks and ways of life, the wise and the foolish; and there are a great many degrees between them. That some foolish people have called themselves philosophers, and some wicked ones, and some who were out of their wits, is just as certain as that persons of all these descriptions are to be found among all conditions of men.

"Philosophy, Daniel, is of two kinds; that which relates to conduct, and that which relates to knowledge. The first teaches us to value all things at their real worth, to be contented with little, modest in prosperity, patient in trouble, equal-minded at all times. It teaches us our duty to our neighbours and ourselves. It is the wisdom of which King Solomon speaks in our rhyme-book.

"The philosophers of whom you have read in the Dictionary possessed this wisdom only in part, because they were heathens, and therefore could see no further than the light of mere reason sufficed to show the way. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they had not that to begin with. So the thoughts which ought to have made them humble produced pride; and so far their wisdom proved but folly. The humblest Christian who learns his duty, and performs it as well as he can, is wiser than they. He does nothing to be seen of men; and that was their motive for most of their actions.

"Now for the philosophy which relates to knowledge. Knowledge is a brave thing. I am a plain, ignorant, untaught man, and know my ignorance. But it is a brave thing, when we look around us in this wonderful world, to understand something of what we

see; to know something of the earth on which we move, the air which we breathe, and the elements whereof we are made; to comprehend the motions of the Moon and stars, and measure the distances between them, and compute times and seasons; to observe the laws which sustain the Universe by keeping all things in their courses; to search into the mysteries of Nature, and discover the hidden virtue of plants and stones, and read the signs and tokens which are shown us, and make out the meaning of hidden things, and apply all this to the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

"Wisdom and knowledge, Daniel, make the difference between man and man; and that between man and beast is hardly greater.

"These things do not always go together. There may be wisdom without knowledge, and there may be knowledge without wisdom. A man without knowledge, if he walk humbly with his God, and live in charity with his neighbours, may be wise unto salvation. A man without wisdom may not find his knowledge avail him quite so well. But it is he who possesses both that is the true philosopher. The more he knows, the more he is desirous of knowing; and yet, the further he advances in knowledge, the better he understands how little he can attain; and the more deeply he feels that God alone can satisfy the infinite desires of the immortal soul. To understand this is the height and perfection of philosophy."

Then, opening the Bible which lay before him, he read these verses from the *Proverbs:*

"My son, if thou wilt receive my words, — so that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest after her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly. He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of His Saints. Then shalt thou understand righteousness and judgment and equity; yea, every good path. When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul; discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee, to deliver thee from the way of the evil."

"Daniel, my son," after a pause he pursued, "thou art a diligent

good lad. God hath given thee a tender and a dutiful heart; keep it so, and it will be a wise one, for thou hast the beginning of wisdom. I wish thee to pursue knowledge, because in pursuing it happiness will be found by the way. If I have said any thing now which is above thy years, it will come to mind in after-time, when I am gone perhaps, but when thou mayst profit by it. God bless thee, my child!"

He stretched out his right hand at these words, and laid it gently upon the boy's head. What he said was not forgotten; and throughout life the son never thought of that blessing without feeling that it had taken effect.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

SINCE my father's death our family have resided in London. I am in practice as a surgeon there. My mother died two years after we left Widford.

I set out one morning to walk; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon; after a slight breakfast at my inn, — where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again, — I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold. I entered, unmolested, into the room that had been my bedchamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood; I felt like a child, I prayed like one; it seemed as though old times were to return again: I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. My little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the Sun when I awoke in a fine Summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited, by turns, every chamber; they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold: I touched the keys, — I played some old Scottish tunes which had delighted me when a child. Past associations revived with the music, blended with a sense of *unreality*, which at last became too powerful: I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered, scarce knowing where, into an old wood that stands at the back of the house; we called it the Wilderness. A well-known form was missing, that used to meet me in this place; — it was thine, Ben Moxam, — the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature! thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles, without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam, — that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees: I remember them sweeping the ground.

In this Wilderness I found myself, after a ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood: the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon; all was as I had left it. My heart softened at the sight; it seemed as though my character had been suffering a change since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof. The Lord had taken away my *friends*, and I knew not where He had laid them. I paced round the Wilderness, seeking a comforter. I prayed that I might be restored to that state of innocence in which I had wandered in those shades.

Methought my request was heard, for it seemed as though the stains of manhood were passing from me, and I were relapsing into the purity and simplicity of childhood. I was content to have been moulded into a perfect child. I stood still, as in a trance. I dreamed that I was enjoying a personal intercourse with my heavenly Father, and, extravagantly, put off the shoes from my feet, for the place where I stood, I thought, was holy ground.

This state of mind could not last long, and I returned with languid feelings to my inn. I ordered my dinner, — green peas and a sweetbread: it had been a favourite dish with me in my childhood; I was allowed to have it on my birthdays. I was impatient to see it come upon the table; but, when it came, I could scarce eat a mouthful, — my tears choked me. I called for wine, I drank a pint and a half of red wine; and not till then had I dared to visit the churchyard where my parents were interred.

I had been present at my father's burial, and knew the spot

again; my mother's funeral I was prevented by illness from attending: a plain stone was placed over the grave, with their initials carved upon it; for they both occupied one grave.

I prostrated myself before the spot; I kissed the earth that covered them; I contemplated with gloomy delight the time when I should mingle my dust with theirs; and kneeled, with my arms incumbent on the grave-stone, in a kind of mental prayer, for I could not speak.

Having performed these duties, I arose with quieter feelings, and felt leisure to attend to indifferent objects. Still I continued in the churchyard, reading the various inscriptions, and moralizing on them with that kind of levity which will not unfrequently spring up in the mind, in the midst of deep melancholy.

I read of nothing but careful parents, loving husbands, and dutiful children. I said jestingly, where be all the *bad* people buried? Bad parents, bad husbands, bad children, what cemeteries are appointed for these? do they not sleep in consecrated ground? or is it but a pious fiction, a generous oversight, in the survivors, which thus tricks out men's epitaphs when dead, who, in their lifetime, discharged the offices of life, perhaps, but lamely? Their failings, with their reproaches, now sleep with them in the grave. *Man wars not with the dead.* It is a *trait* of human nature, for which I love it.

I had not observed, till now, a little group assembled at the other end of the churchyard: it was a company of children, who were gathered round a young man, dressed in black, sitting on a grave-stone.

He seemed to be asking them questions, probably about their learning; and one little dirty ragged-headed fellow was clambering up his knees to kiss him. As I drew near them, I thought I discerned in the stranger a mild benignity of countenance which I had somewhere seen before: I gazed at him more attentively.

It was Allan Clare! sitting on the grave of his sister.

I threw my arms about his neck. I exclaimed, "Allan!" He turned his eyes upon me; he knew me: we both wept aloud. It seemed as though the interval since we parted had been as nothing; I cried out, "Come, and tell me all about these things."

I drew him away from his little friends, took him to my inn, secured a room where we might be private, ordered some fresh

wine; scarce knowing what I did, I danced for joy. Allan was quite overcome, and, taking me by the hand, he said, "This repays me for all."

It was a proud day for me: I had found the friend I thought dead: Earth seemed to me no longer valuable than as it contained *him;* and existence a blessing no longer than while I should live to be his comforter.

I began, at leisure, to survey him with more attention. Time and grief had left few traces of that fine enthusiasm which once burned in his countenance: his eyes had lost their original fire; but they retained an uncommon sweetness, and, whenever they were turned upon me, their smile pierced to my heart.

"Allan, I fear you have been a sufferer?" He replied not, and I could not press him further. I could not call the dead to life again.

So we drank, and told old stories, and repeated old poetry, and sang old songs, as if nothing had happened. We sat till very late. I forgot that I had purposed returning to town that evening: to Allan all places were alike: I grew noisy, he grew cheerful: Allan's old manners, old enthusiasm, were returning upon him: we laughed, we wept, we mingled our tears, and talked extravagantly.

Allan was my chamber-fellow that night; and we lay awake planning schemes of living together under the same roof, entering upon similar pursuits; and praising God that we had met.

CHARLES LAMB: 1775–1834.

THE POET AND HIS BOAT.

1 THERE 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I 'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
For shape just like the crescent Moon.

2 And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent Moon:
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But, if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up, and you shall see me soon!

3 The woods, my Friends, are round you roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger 's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me.

4 Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I 'd laugh at you!

5 Away we go, my Boat and I, —
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

6 Away we go; and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent Moon so bright
Among the scatter'd stars.

7 Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath her:
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

8 The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull,[4] —
We pry among them all; have shot
High o'er the red-hair'd race of Mars,
Cover'd from top to toe with scars:[5]
Such company I like it not!

[4] *Crab, Scorpion,* and *Bull,* as here used, are names of constellations, or clusters of stars; though the corresponding Latin words *Cancer* and *Taurus* are commonly used instead of *Crab* and *Bull.* There are twelve of these clusters which, in old astronomical language, are called "The twelve Signs of the Zodiac," because the Sun *appears* to pass through them, as in a circle, every year.

[5] Alluding to the planet Mars, as representing the ancient god of War. Here called *red-hair'd,* because its light appears tinged with red, and because *hairs* is an old simile for *beams of* light. Mars is aptly figured as bearing the marks of many hard-fought battles.

9 The towns of Saturn are decay'd,
And melancholy Spectres throng them :[6]
The Pleiads,[7] that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them,

10 Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,[8]
Great Jove is full of stately bowers ;[9]
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours ?

11 Then back to Earth, the dear green Earth :
Whole ages if I here should roam,
The world for my remarks and me
Would not a whit the better be ;
I 've left my heart at home.

12 See ! there she is, the matchless Earth !
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean !
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the gray clouds ; the Alps are here,
Like waters in commotion !

13 Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands ;
That silver thread the river Dnieper ;
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet Isle, of isles the Queen ;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her !

14 And see the town where I was born !
Around those happy fields we span

[6] Saturn was the oldest of the ancient gods, as old indeed as time itself, which he personified. Having been dethroned by his son Jupiter, he thenceforth lived melancholy and desolate, and went about moping in decay, as if haunted by spectres or ghosts. Of course the planet is here identified with the god.

[7] The Pleiads are a group of seven small stars, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus.

[8] Here, again, the planet Mercury is identified with the ancient god so named. He was the messenger and herald of the gods ; and, as such, distinguished for swiftness of foot and jollity of temper.

[9] Jupiter, as the ancient "King of Gods and Men," is aptly figured as dwelling amid regal glories and splendours. So the brightness and beauty of the planet are classically imaged.

In boyish gambols;—I was lost
Where I have been, but on this coast
I feel I am a man.

15 Never did fifty things at once
Appear so lovely, never, never;—
How tunefully the forests ring!
To hear the Earth's soft murmuring
Thus could I hang for ever!

16 "Shame on you!" cried my little Boat,
"Was ever such a homesick loon,
Within a living Boat to sit,
And make no better use of it;
A Boat twin-sister of the crescent Moon?

17 Ne'er in the breast of full-grown poet
Flutter'd so faint a heart before;—
Was it the music of the spheres
That overpower'd your mortal ears?—
Such din shall trouble them no more.

18 These nether precincts do not lack
Charms of their own: then come with me;
I want a comrade, and for you
There 's nothing that I would not do;
Nought is there that you shall not see.

19 Haste! and above Siberian snows
We 'll sport amid the boreal morning;
Will mingle with her lustres gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.

20 I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray:
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

21 Or we 'll into the realm of Fairy,
Among the lovely shades of things;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings.

22 Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How Earth and Heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore!"

23 "My little vagrant form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you play'd your friendly part;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces, — then adieu!

24 Temptation lurks among your words;
But, while these pleasures you 're pursuing
Without impediment or let,
No wonder if you quite forget
What on the Earth is doing.

25 There was a time when all mankind
Did listen with a faith sincere
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;
Then poets fearlessly rehearsed
The wonders of a wild career.

26 Go, (but the world 's a sleepy world,
And 't is, I fear, an age too late,)
Take with you some ambitious Youth;
For, restless Wanderer, I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

27 Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother Earth

Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

28 The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

29 These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

30 A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear?
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on Earth have heavenly might,
'T is lodged within her silent tear.

31 But grant my wishes, — let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,[1]
And be thy own delight!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770–1850.

VISIONS OF THE HEART.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;

[1] *Hippogriff* is a flying or winged horse; or rather an imaginary monster made up of horse, lion, and eagle, that figured a good deal in ancient fable.

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

WORDSWORTH.

NATURE'S OWN LADY.

1 THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On Earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

2 Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

3 She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

4 The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

5 The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

6 And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell:
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

7 Thus Nature spake.—The work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.[2]

WORDSWORTH.

[2] The whole world of poetry may be safely challenged to show a lovelier poem than this. Mr. Ruskin justly praises it for its "exquisite rightness." Observe, it is Nature that speaks, and not any human lover.

TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WORDSWORTH.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve!
In Beauty's light you glide along;
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as Seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a Voice there lives,
It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
When sinking low the Sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
Fair, as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I 've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

1 ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

2 Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

3 The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

4 She lean'd against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

5 Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

6 I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story, —
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

7 She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

8 I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

9 I told her how he pined; and, ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

10 She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;

And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

11 But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

12 That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade, —

13 There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight;

14 And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land; —

15 And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;
And how she tended him in vain, —
And ever strove to expiate
That scorn that crazed his brain; —

16 And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay; —

17 His dying words, — But when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

18 All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

19 And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

20 She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

21 Her bosom heaved, — she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd, —
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

22 She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

23 'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

24 I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE: 1772-1834.

LADY UNA[3] AND THE LION.

1 NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide hallowness
That moves more dear compassiön[4] of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness

[3] Una is the heroine of the first Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. She appears to have been intended, at least in part, as a poetical impersonation of Truth. At all events, she is one of the sweetest and loveliest visions that ever issued from a poet's brain.

[4] In Spenser's time, the endings *sion*, *tion*, as also *cian*, and various others, were often used as two syllables.

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast feälty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

2 And now it is empassionèd so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handëling,[5]
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorcèd in despair,
And her due loves derived to that vile Witch's[6] share.

3 Yet she, most faithful Lady all this while,
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd
To seek her Knight; who, subtilly betray'd
Through that late vision which th' Enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of nought affray'd,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place:
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

[5] That is, *handling*, in the sense of *treatment*. Here, again, we have a relic of ancient usage. So, too, in *commandement*, in the last stanza of this piece. And in many other like words, the old poets often make two syllables where we now make but one.

[6] A foul and ugly old hag named Duessa, but painted and pranked up into a false show of beauty, and dealing in magic arts. She had lied and cheated the red-cross Knight, the hero of the story, out of his faith in Una, and beguiled him with her mighty spells.

5 It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal Virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
But to the prey whenas he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgat his furious force.

6 Instead thereof, he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
O, how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submissiön,
Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassiön;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affectiön.

7 "The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd?"

8 Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echo'd from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the Virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayèd Champion if she might attain.

9 The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

EDMUND SPENSER: 1553 – 1598.

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

1 GREAT friend and servant of the good,
Let cool awhile thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease:
Lie down, lie down,
And give thy troubled spirit peace;
Whilst Virtue, for whose sake
Thou dost this godlike travail take,
May of the choicest herbage make,
Here on this mountain bred,
A crown, a crown
For thy immortal head.

2 Go choose among, — but with a mind
As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers;
And so let all your actions smile,
As if they meant not to beguile
The ladies, but the hours.

3 Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less;
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolved in wantonness.

4 Will you that I give the law
To all your sport, and sum it?
It should be such should envy draw,
But — overcome it.

5 An eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
And went
To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.

6 These, these are hours by Virtue shared,
Herself, she being her own reward:
But she will have you know
That, though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

7 You must return unto the hill,
And there advance
With labour, and inhabit still
That height and crown,
From whence you ever may look down
Upon triumphèd chance.

8 She, she it is in darkness shines,
'T is she that still herself refines
By her own light to every eye;
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by;
And, though a stranger here on Earth,
In Heaven she hath her right of birth.

9 There, there is Virtue's seat:
Strive to keep her your own;
'T is only she can make you great,
Though place here make you known.

BEN JONSON: 1574–1637.

VIRTUE.

1 SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the Earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

2 Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

3 Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

4 Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT: 1593–1632.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

1 A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

2 But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

3 The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

4 One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on Earth no more, —
One warning word from a voice once dear, —
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

5 Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,

The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

6 There lie the chambers of guilty delight;
There walk the spectres of guilty fear;
And soft low voices, that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

7 Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce wean'd from thy love of childish play!
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the blooms of early May!

8 Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams;
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

9 Light-hearted maiden, O, heed thy feet!
O, keep where the beam of Paradise falls!
And only wander where thou mayst meet
The blessèd ones from its shining walls.

10 So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light which over that border streams
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

W. C. BRYANT: 1794-

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS MEMOIRS.

1 DEAR friends, who read the world aright,
And in its common forms discern
A beauty and a harmony
The many never learn, —

2 Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone

The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known, —

3 Accept this record of a life
As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

4 How welcome to our ears, long pain'd
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of Nature's simple joys!

5 The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
Immortal life through him.

6 The sunrise on his breezy lake,
The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
And mountain-peaks of thought.

7 Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With Him surviveth all.

JOHN G. WHITTIER: 1808-

TO MY SISTER.

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND."

1 DEAR SISTER! while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripen'd age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all which makes the heart more light,

Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy.

2 Away with weary cares and themes!
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly-masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

3 Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewash'd wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of fairy-folks and witches.

4 Dear heart! the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And, calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

5 And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-will'd men,
Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

1 We sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

2 Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashion'd, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

3 We sat and talk'd until the night,
Descending, fill'd the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

4 We spake of many a vanish'd scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

5 And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

6 The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

7 The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seem'd to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

8 Oft died the words upon our lips,
And suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

9 And, as their splendour flash'd and fail'd,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hail'd
And sent no answer back again.

10 The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

11 Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

12 O flames that glow'd! O hearts that yearn'd!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burn'd,
The thoughts that burn'd and glow'd within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW: 1807

THE BUILDERS.

1 ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

2 Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

3 For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

4 Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;

Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

5 In the elder days of Art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

6 Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

7 Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

8 Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

9 Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And the boundless reach of sky.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

AT eleven years old, left an orphan to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, he grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practise measuring land; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was in the strictest sense a self-made man; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where

the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and largeness of mind; and Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws.

In his intervals from toil, he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them. Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand, he applied himself to with care; and his papers, which have been preserved, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

Courage was so natural to him, that it was hardly spoken of to his praise: no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking from danger; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

He was as cheerful as he was spirited; frank and communicative in the society of friends; fond of the fox-chase and the dance; often sportive in his letters; and liked a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition remained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gayety and openness.

His hand was liberal; giving quietly and without observation, as though he were ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others: so that, if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others; ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

His faculties were so well balanced and combined, that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth: his passions, which had the intensest vigour, owned allegiance to reason; and, with all the fiery quickness of his spirit, his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him, in moments of highest excitement, the power of self-control, and ena-

bled him to excel in patience, even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent but his own influence, and authority was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely-discernible threads; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardour, that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

His understanding was lucid, and his judgment accurate; so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision; and at the same time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention; and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

In this way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality in excess; never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable; never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception, but beyond his means of execution. It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man, that, placed upon the largest theatre of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to bound his aspirations by that which was possible.

Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosopher of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion; none more tolerant, or more remote from bigotry; but belief in God, and trust in His overruling power, formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words: his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and only at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country, when Earth and Heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too intense for suppression; but his whole being was one

continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the Universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature, that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere, than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant, that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

They say of Giotto, that he introduced goodness into the art of painting: Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and, as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just; free from illusions; never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him; and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause. Hence he was persevering, leaving nothing unfinished; free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness; seeking and gladly receiving advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty: he took the foremost place, for he knew, from inborn magnanimity, that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him: so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time; and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes: but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

This also is the praise of Washington, that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men, and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighbourhood, his county, his native State, the continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the common people, in foreign Courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages, he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

GEORGE BANCROFT: 1800–

ON RISING WITH THE LARK.

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night-gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But, for a mere human gentleman, — that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises, — we take ten or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice) to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration.

Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gauds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the Sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the Sun, (as 't is called,) to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller.

We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us; and we pay usually, in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale, we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images which night in a confused mass presented; to snatch them from forgetfulness; to shape and mould them.

Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders,

they gulp them too grossly to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid or so careless as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world whither we are hastening.

We have shaken hands with the world's business; we have done with it; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up? we have neither suit to solicit nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth Act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick-bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half-acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPERANNUATED.

In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at Court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world; and think we know already how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have

given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The Sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

CHARLES LAMB: 1775-1834.

BOOKS AND READING.

READER, my compliments to you!

This is a form of courtesy which the Turks use in their compositions; and, being so courteous a form, I have here adopted it. Why not? Turks though they are, we learnt inoculation from them, and the use of coffee; and hitherto we have taught them nothing but the use of tobacco in return.

Reader, my compliments to you!

Why is it that we hear no more of Gentle Readers? Is it that, having become critical in this age of Magazines and Reviews, they have ceased to be gentle?

All Readers however, — thank Heaven, and what is left among us of that best and rarest of all senses called Common Sense, — all Readers however are not critical. There are still some who are willing to be pleased, and thankful for being pleased; and who do not think it necessary that they should be able to *parse* their pleasure, like a lesson, and give a rule or a reason why they are pleased, or why they ought not to be pleased. There are still readers who have never read an Essay upon Taste; — and if they take my advice they never will; for they can no more improve their taste by so doing, than they could improve their appetite or their digestion by studying a cookery-book.

I have something to say to all classes of Readers; and therefore, having thus begun to speak of one, with that class I will proceed. It is to the youthful part of my lectors, (why not lectors as well as auditors?) that I now address myself. Young Readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor incrusted by the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or

evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others; and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, — and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, — if you are conscious of all or any of these effects, — or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page! Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend! — young lady, away with the whole set, though it should be the prominent furniture of a rosewood bookcase!

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843.

OF STUDIES.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar: they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies, simple[7] men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously;[8] and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would[9] be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man, conference[1] a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit;[2] and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores:*[3] nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises, — bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head and the like.

So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *Cymini sectores:*[4]

7 *Simple*, in old language, often means *ignorant* or *foolish*.

8 *Curiously* in the sense of *attentively* or *inquisitively*.

9 In Bacon's time, the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* were often used indiscriminately. Here we should use *should*.

1 *Conference* for *conversation*. So, a little further on, *confer* for *converse*.

2 In our old writers, *wit* is very often put for *mind*, *judgment*, *understanding*. Here, and throughout this piece, it is *mind*.

3 "*Studies* pass up into manners and habits."

4 "*Splitters* of cummin," or, as we now say, "hair-splitters." "The schoolmen" are the scholars of the Middle Ages, who spent their force very much in drawing nice and frivolous distinctions; or in *splitting hairs*.

if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.[5]

FRANCIS BACON: 1561-1626.

WISDOM DEARLY PURCHASED.

THE British Parliament, in a former session, frightened into a limited concession by the menaces of Ireland, frightened out of it by the menaces of England, was now frightened back again, and made an universal surrender of all that had been thought the peculiar, reserved, uncommunicable rights of England. No reserve, no exception; no debate, no discussion. A sudden light broke in upon us all. It broke in, not through well-contrived and well-disposed windows, but through flaws and breaches,—through the yawning chasms of our ruin. We were taught wisdom by humiliation. No town in England presumed to have a prejudice, or dared to mutter a petition. What was worse, the whole Parliament of England, which retained authority for nothing but surrenders, was despoiled of every shadow of its superintendence. It was, without any qualification, denied in theory, as it had been trampled upon in practice.

What! Gentlemen, was I not to foresee, or, foreseeing, was I not to endeavour to save you from all these multiplied mischiefs and disgraces? Would the little, silly canvass-prattle of obeying instructions, and having no opinions but yours, and such idle, senseless tales, which amuse the vacant ears of unthinking men, have saved you from "the pelting of that pitiless storm" to which the loose improvidence, the cowardly rashness, of those who dare not look danger in the face so as to provide against it in time, and therefore throw themselves headlong into the midst of it, have exposed this degraded nation, beat down and prostrate on the earth, unsheltered, unarmed, unresisting? Was I an Irishman on that day that I boldly withstood our pride? or on the day that I hung down my head, and wept in shame and silence over the humiliation of Great Britain? I became unpopular in England

[5] This is considered by some the best of Bacon's Essays. I cannot point to another piece of writing anywhere that conveys so much thought in so few words. And it is as wise as it is thoughtful.

for the one, and in Ireland for the other. What then? What obligation lay on me to be popular? I was bound to serve both kingdoms. To be pleased with my service was their affair, not mine.

I was an Irishman in the Irish business, just as much as I was an American, when, on the same principles, I wished you to concede to America at a time when she prayed concession at our feet. Just as much was I an American, when I wished Parliament to offer terms in victory, and not to wait the ill-chosen hour of defeat, for making good by weakness and by supplication a claim of prerogative, preëminence, and authority.

Instead of requiring it from me, as a point of duty, to kindle with your passions, had you all been as cool as I was, you would have been saved disgraces and distresses that are unutterable. Do you remember our commission? We sent out a solemn embassy across the Atlantic Ocean, to lay the crown, the peerage, the commons of Great Britain at the feet of the American Congress. That our disgrace might want no sort of brightening and burnishing, observe who they were that composed this famous embassy. My Lord Carlisle is among the first ranks of our nobility. He is the identical man who, but two years before, had been put forward, at the opening of a session, in the House of Lords, as the mover of an haughty and rigorous address against America. He was put in the front of the embassy of submission. Mr. Eden was taken from the office of Lord Suffolk, to whom he was then Under-Secretary of State, — from the office of that Lord Suffolk who but a few weeks before, in his place in Parliament, did not deign to inquire where a congress of vagrants was to be found.

They enter the capital of America only to abandon it; and these asserters and representatives of the dignity of England, at the tail of a flying army, let fly their Parthian shafts of memorials and remonstrances at random behind them. Their promises and their offers, their flatteries and their menaces, were all despised; and we were saved the disgrace of their formal reception only because the Congress scorned to receive them; whilst the State-house of independent Philadelphia opened her doors to the public entry of the ambassador of France. From war and blood we went to submission, and from submission plunged back again to war and blood, to desolate and be desolated, without measure, hope, or end. I am

a Royalist: I blushed for this degradation of the Crown. I am a Whig: I blushed for the dishonour of Parliament. I am a true Englishman: I felt to the quick for the disgrace of England. I am a man: I felt for the melancholy reverse of human affairs in the fall of the first power in the world.

To read what was approaching in Ireland, in the black and bloody characters of the American war, was a painful, but it was a necessary part of my public duty. For, Gentlemen, it is not your fond desires or mine that can alter the nature of things; by contending against which, what have we got, or shall ever get, but defeat and shame? I did not obey your instructions. No! I conformed to the instructions of truth and Nature, and maintained your interest, against your opinions, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions,—but to such opinions as you and I *must* have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the State, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale. Would to God the value of my sentiments on Ireland and on America had been at this day a subject of doubt and discussion! No matter what my sufferings had been, so that this kingdom had kept the authority I wished it to maintain, by a grave foresight, and by an equitable temperance in the use of its power.

EDMUND BURKE: 1728-1797.

THE REVOLUTION IN POLAND.

THE state of Poland was such, that there could scarcely exist two opinions, but that a reformation of its Constitution, even at some expense of blood, might be seen without much disapprobation. No confusion could be feared in such an enterprise, because the establishment to be reformed was itself a state of confusion. A king without authority; nobles without union or subordination; a people without arts, industry, commerce, or liberty; no order within, no defence without; no effective public force, but a foreign force, which entered a naked country at will, and disposed of every thing at pleasure.

Here was a state of things which seemed to invite, and might perhaps justify, bold enterprise and desperate experiment. But in what manner was this chaos brought into order? The means were as striking to the imagination as satisfactory to the reason and soothing to the moral sentiments. In contemplating that change, humanity has every thing to rejoice and to glory in; nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to suffer. So far as it has gone, it probably is the most pure and defecated public good which ever has been conferred on mankind.

We have seen anarchy and servitude at once removed; a throne strengthened for the protection of the people, without trenching on their liberties; all foreign cabal banished, by changing the Crown from elective to hereditary; and, what was a matter of pleasing wonder, we have seen a reigning king, from an heroic love to his country, exerting himself with all the toil, the dexterity, the management, the intrigue, in favour of a family of strangers, with which ambitious men labour for the aggrandizement of their own. Ten millions of men in a way of being freed gradually, and therefore safely to themselves and the State, not from civil or political chains, which, bad as they are, only fetter the mind, but from substantial personal bondage. Inhabitants of cities, before without privileges, placed in the consideration which belongs to that improved and connecting situation of social life. One of the most proud, numerous, and fierce bodies of nobility and gentry ever known in the world, arranged only in the foremost rank of free and generous citizens. Not one man incurred loss, or suffered degradation. All, from the King to the day-labourer, were improved in their condition. Every thing was kept in its place and order; but in that place and order every thing was bettered.

To add to this happy wonder, (this unheard-of conjunction of wisdom and fortune,) not one drop of blood was spilt; no treachery; no outrage; no system of slander more cruel than the sword; no studied insults on religion, morals, or manners; no spoil; no confiscation; no citizen beggared; none imprisoned; none exiled: the whole was effected with a policy, a discretion, an unanimity and secrecy, such as have never been before known on any occasion. But such wonderful conduct was reserved for this glorious conspiracy in favour of the true and genuine rights and interests of men. Happy people, if they know how to proceed as they have begun!

Happy prince, worthy to begin with splendour, or to close with glory, a race of patriots and kings; and to leave

> A name, which every wind to Heaven would bear,
> Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.

EDMUND BURKE.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN WHITE.

GENTLEMEN, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly-excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting-out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clear in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep

was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the Moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the Moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike.

The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendour of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labours under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or Earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1782-1852.

"MATCHES AND OVERMATCHES."

BUT the gentleman inquires why *he* was made the object of such a reply. Why was *he* singled out? If an attack has been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it: it was made by the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible indorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay. But, Sir, this interrogatory of the honourable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch, if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri.

If, Sir, the honourable member, *modestiæ gratia*, had chosen thus

to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, Sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, something of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, Sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honour and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, Sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, Sir, since the honourable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate.

Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honourable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing more

likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, Sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any, or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honourable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn.

Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper: but, if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honourable member may perhaps find that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1830.

ARBITRARY PUNISHMENTS.

WHERE has this species of guilt lain so long concealed? where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxim of cautious prudence, to conform ourselves, the best we can, to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and find at last that this law shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution. If I sail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damages; but, if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? where the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water; and no

human prudence, no human innocence, could save me from the destruction with which I am threatened.

It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined; and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my Lords, happily to ourselves at home; we have lived gloriously abroad to the world: let us be content with what our fathers have left us; let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for your posterities, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you into the fire these bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treasons, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out to you the path by which you may avoid it.

Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions, by rattling up a company of old records which have lain so many ages, by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions, add not this, my Lords, the most severe of any, — that I for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country.

However, these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the Commonwealth, and they believe so; yet, under favour, it is I who, in this particular, speak for the Commonwealth. Precedents, like those which are endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries, that, in a few years, the kingdom will be in the condition expressed in the statute of Henry the Fourth,[6] and no man will know by what rule to govern his words and actions.

Impose not, my Lords, difficulties insurmountable upon Ministers of State, nor disable them from serving with cheerfulness their King and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable. The public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste; and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

[6] King Henry the Fourth, surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth, died in 1413, having reigned about fourteen years.

My Lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges, which a saint in Heaven left me, I should be loth—[*Here he pointed to his children, and was stopped by his weeping.*] What I forfeit for myself, it is nothing; but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity: something I should have said; but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I shall leave it.

And now, my Lords, I thank God, I have been, by His blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporal enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my Lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgment: and, whether that righteous doom shall be life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence.[7]

EARL OF STRAFFORD: 1593-1641.

NOODLE'S ORATION.

WHAT would our ancestors say to this, Sir? How does this measure tally with their institutions? How does it agree with their experience? Are we to put the wisdom of yesterday in competition with the wisdom of centuries? Is beardless youth to show no respect for the decisions of mature age? If this measure is right, would it have escaped the wisdom of those Saxon progenitors to whom we are indebted for so many of our best political institutions? Would the Dane have passed it over? Would the Norman have rejected it? Would such a notable discovery have been reserved for these modern and degenerate times? Besides, Sir, if the measure itself is good, I ask the honourable gentleman if this is the time for carrying it into execution,—whether, in fact, a more unfortunate period could have been selected than that which he has

[7] Whitelocke, a bitter enemy of Strafford, and chairman of the committee for drawing up charges against him, speaks with admirable candour of his behaviour at the trial, as follows: "Certainly never any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity."—The Earl's name was Thomas Wentworth.

chosen. If this were an ordinary measure, I should not oppose it with so much vehemence; but, Sir, it calls in question the wisdom of an irrevocable law,—of a law passed at the memorable period of the Revolution.[8] What right have we, Sir, to break down this firm column, on which the great men of that day stamped a character of eternity? Are not all authorities against this measure,—Pitt, Fox, Cicero, and the Attorney and Solicitor General? The proposition is new, Sir; it is the first time it was ever heard in this House. I am not prepared, Sir,—this House is not prepared, to receive it.

The measure implies a distrust of his Majesty's government: their disapproval is sufficient to warrant opposition. Precaution only is requisite where danger is apprehended. Here the high character of the individuals in question is a sufficient guarantee against any ground of alarm. Give not, then, your sanction to this measure; for, whatever be its character, if you do give your sanction to it, the same man by whom this is proposed will propose to you others to which it will be impossible to give your consent. I care very little, Sir, for the ostensible measure; but what is there behind? What are the honourable gentleman's future schemes? If we pass this bill, what fresh concessions may he not require? What further degradation is he planning for his country? Talk of evil and inconvenience, Sir! look to other countries, study other aggregations and societies of men, and then see whether the laws of this country demand a remedy or deserve a panegyric. Was the honourable gentleman (let me ask him) always of this way of thinking? Do I not remember when he was the advocate in this House of very opposite opinions? I not only quarrel with his present sentiments, Sir, but I declare very frankly I do not like the party with which he acts. If his own motives were as pure as possible, they cannot but suffer contamination from those with whom he is politically associated. This measure may be a boon to the Constitution, but I will accept no favour to the Constitution from such hands.

I profess myself, Sir, an honest and upright member of the British Parliament, and I am not afraid to profess myself an enemy to all change and all innovation. I am satisfied with things as they

[8] Referring to the Revolution of 1688, when King James the Second ran away, and the crown was made over to William and Mary, and British freedom made a successful stand against prerogative.

are; and it will be my pride and pleasure to hand down this country to my children as I received it from those who preceded me. The honourable gentleman pretends to justify the severity with which he has attacked the Noble Lord who presides in the Court of Chancery. But I say such attacks are pregnant with mischief to Government itself. Oppose Ministers, you oppose Government: disgrace Ministers, you disgrace Government: bring Ministers into contempt, you bring Government into contempt; and anarchy and civil war are the consequences. Besides, Sir, the measure is unnecessary. Nobody complains of disorder in that shape in which it is the aim of your measure to propose a remedy to it. The business is one of the greatest importance; there is need of the greatest caution and circumspection. Do not let us be precipitate, Sir; it is impossible to foresee all consequences. Every thing should be gradual; the example of a neighbouring nation should fill us with alarm! The honourable gentleman has taxed me with illiberality, Sir. I deny the charge. I hate innovation, but I love improvement. I am an enemy to the corruption of Government, but I defend its influence. I dread reform, but I dread it only when it is intemperate. I consider the liberty of the press as the great Palladium of the Constitution; but, at the same time, I hold the licentiousness of the press in the greatest abhorrence.

Nobody is more conscious than I am of the splendid abilities of the honourable mover, but I tell him at once, his scheme is too good to be practicable. It savours of Utopia.[9] It looks well in theory, but it won't do in practice. It will not do, I repeat, Sir, in practice; and so the advocates of the measure will find, if, unfortunately, it should find its way through Parliament. The source of that corruption to which the honourable member alludes is in the minds of the people: so rank and extensive is that corruption, that no political reform can have any effect in removing it. Instead of reforming others, — instead of reforming the State, the Constitution, and every thing that is most excellent, let each man reform himself! let him look at home; he will find there enough to do, without looking abroad, and aiming at what is out of his power. And now, Sir, as it is frequently the custom in this House to end

[9] *Utopia* is a proverbial name for an imaginary commonwealth, where the people are supposed to be so wise and good and happy as to have no need of laws.

with a quotation, and as the gentleman who preceded me in the debate has anticipated me in my favourite quotation of the "Strong pull and the long pull," I shall end with the memorable words of the assembled Barons: *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*[1]

SYDNEY SMITH: 1771–1845.

MURDER AS A FINE ART.

GENTLEMEN: I have had the honour to be appointed by your committee to the trying task of reading the Williams' Lecture on Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts; a task which might be easy enough three or four centuries ago, when the art was little understood, and few great models had been exhibited; but in this age, when masterpieces of excellence have been executed by professional men, it must be evident that, in the style of criticism applied to them, the public will look for something of a corresponding improvement. Practice and theory must advance *pari passu.*[2] People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed,—a knife—a purse—and a dark lane. Design, Gentlemen, grouping, light and shade, poetry, sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature.

Before I begin, let me say a word or two to certain prigs who affect to speak of our society as if it were in some degree immoral in its tendency. Immoral! Jupiter protect me, Gentlemen, what is it that people mean? I am for morality, and always shall be, and for virtue, and all that; and I do affirm, and always shall, (let what will come of it,) that murder is an improper line of conduct, highly improper: and I do not stick to assert that any man who deals in murder must have very incorrect ways of thinking, and truly inaccurate principles; and, so far from aiding and abetting him by pointing out his victim's hiding-place, as a great moralist of Germany declared it to be every good man's duty to do, I would subscribe one shilling and sixpence to have him apprehended; which is more by eighteenpence than the most eminent moralists have hitherto subscribed for that purpose. But what then? Every thing in this world has two handles. Murder, for instance, may

[1] "We will not have the laws of England changed."
[2] "With equal speed," or "at the same rate."

be laid hold of by its moral handle, (as it generally is in the pulpit, and at the Old Bailey;) and *that*, I confess, is its weak side; or it may also be treated *æsthetically*, as the Germans call it, — that is, in relation to good taste.

In these assassinations of princes and statesmen, there is nothing to excite our wonder: important changes often depend on their deaths; and, from the eminence on which they stand, they are peculiarly exposed to the aim of every artist who happens to be possessed by the craving for scenical effect. But there is another class of assassinations, which has prevailed from an early period of the seventeenth century, that really *does* surprise me; I mean the assassination of philosophers. For, Gentlemen, it is a fact, that every philosopher of eminence for the two last centuries has either been murdered, or, at the least, been very near it; insomuch that, if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him; and against Locke's philosophy in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection (if we needed any) that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it.

Hobbes — but why, or on what principle, I never could understand — was not murdered. This was a capital oversight of the professional men in the seventeenth century; because in every light he was a fine subject for murder, except, indeed, that he was lean and skinny; for I can prove that he had money, and (what is very funny) he had no right to make the least resistance; since, according to himself, irresistible power creates the very highest species of right; so that it is rebellion of the blackest dye to refuse to be murdered, when a competent force appears, to murder you. However, Gentlemen, though he was not murdered, I am happy to assure you that (by his own account) he was three times very near being murdered; which is consolatory.

It is now time that I should say a few words about the principles of murder, not with a view to regulate your practice, but your judgment: as to old women, and the mob of newspaper-readers, they are pleased with anything, provided it is bloody enough. But the mind of sensibility requires something more. *First*, then, let us speak of the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer; *secondly*, of the place where; *thirdly*, of the time when, and other little circumstances.

As to the person, I suppose it is evident that he ought to be a good man; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time; and such "diamond-cut-diamond" tussles, though pleasant enough where nothing better is stirring, are really not what a critic can allow himself to call murders.

The subject chosen ought to be in good health: for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent on his exertions, by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on such a condition. Severe good taste unquestionably suggests it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction, which might have the effect of narrowing the artist's sphere.

So much for the person. As to the time, the place, and the tools, I have many things to say, which at present I have no room for. The good sense of the practitioner has usually directed him to night and privacy. Yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect. But first, confidentially, allow me to say what my real principles are upon the matter in question.

As to murder, I never committed one in my life. It 's a well-known thing amongst all my friends. I can get a paper to certify as much, signed by lots of people. Indeed, if you come to that, I doubt whether many people could produce as strong a certificate. Mine would be as big as a breakfast tablecloth. "But," say you, "if no murderer, you may have encouraged, or even have bespoken a murder." No, upon my honour, no. And that was the very point I wished to argue for your satisfaction. The truth is, I am a very particular man in every thing relating to murder; and perhaps I carry my delicacy too far. Genius may do much, but long study of the art must always entitle a man to offer advice. So far I will go, — general principles I will suggest. But as to any particular case, once for all, I will have nothing to do with it. Never tell me of any special work of art you are meditating, — I set my

face against it *in toto.* For, if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time. *Principiis obsta,*[8] — that 's my rule. Such was my speech, and I have always acted up to it; so, if that is not being virtuous, I should be glad to know what is.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY: 1785-1859.

THE POT-SHOP: A FABLE.

In a pot-shop, well stocked with wares of all sorts, a discontented, ill-formed pitcher unluckily bore the sway. One day, after the mortifying neglect of several customers, "Gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to his brown brethren in general, "Gentlemen, with your permission, we are a set of tame fools, without ambition, without courage, condemned to the vilest uses; we suffer all without murmuring: let us dare to declare ourselves, and we shall soon see the difference. That superb ewer, which, like us, is but earth, — these gilded jars, vases, china, and, in short, all those elegant nonsenses whose colour and beauty have neither weight nor solidity, — must yield to our strength and give place to our superior merit."

This civic harangue was received with applause, and the pitcher, chosen president, became the organ of the assembly. Some, however, more moderate than the rest, attempted to calm the minds of the multitude; but all the vulgar utensils, which shall be nameless, were become intractable. Eager to vie with the bowls and the cups, they were impatient, almost to madness, to quit their obscure abodes to shine upon the table, kiss the lip, and ornament the cupboard.

In vain did a wise water-jug — some say it was a platter — make them a long and serious discourse upon the utility of their vocation. "Those," said he, "who are destined to great employments are rarely the most happy. We are all of the same clay, 't is true, but

[8] "Resist the first beginnings."

he who made us formed us for different functions; one is for ornament, another for use. The posts the least important are often the most necessary. Our employments are extremely different, and so are our talents."

This had a most wonderful effect; the most stupid began to open their ears; perhaps it would have succeeded, if a grease-pot had not cried out in a decisive tone: "You reason like an ass, — to the Devil with you and your silly lessons!" Now the scale was turned again; all the horde of pans and pitchers applauded the superior eloquence and reasoning of the grease-pot. In short, they determined on an enterprise; but a dispute arose, who should be the chief. Every one would command, but no one obey. It was then you might have heard a clatter; all put themselves in motion at once, and so wisely and with so much vigour were their operations conducted, that the whole was soon changed, — not into china, but into rubbish.

WILLIAM COBBETT: 1762-1835.

OF APPAREL.

CLOTHES are for necessity; warm clothes, for health; cleanly, for decency; lasting, for thrift; and rich, for magnificence. Now there may be a fault in their — number, if too various — making, if too vain — matter, if too costly — and mind of the wearer, if he takes pride therein. We come therefore to some general directions.

1. *It is a chargeable vanity to be constantly clothed above one's purse or place.* — I say *constantly;* for, perchance, sometimes it may be dispensed with. A great man, who himself was very plain in apparel, checked a gentleman for being over-fine; who modestly answered, "Your lordship hath better clothes at home, and I have worse." But, sure, no plea can be made when this luxury is grown to be ordinary. It was an arrogant act of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when King John had given his courtiers rich liveries, to ape the lion, gave his servants the like; wherewith the King was not a little offended. But what shall we say to the riot of our age? wherein (as peacocks are more gay than the eagle himself) subjects are grown braver than their sovereign.

2. *It is beneath a wise man, always to wear clothes beneath men*

of his rank. — True, there is a state sometimes in decent plainness. When a wealthy lord, at a great solemnity, had the plainest apparel, "O!" said one, "if you had marked it well, his suit had the richest pockets." Yet it argues no wisdom, in clothes always to stoop beneath his condition. When Antisthenes saw Socrates in a torn coat, he showed a hole thereof to the people; "And, lo!" quoth he, "through this I see Socrates's pride!"

3. *He shows a light gravity who loves to be an exception from a general fashion.* — For the received custom in the place where we live is the most competent judge of decency; from which we must not appeal to our own opinion. When the French courtiers, mourning for their King Henry the Second, had worn cloth a whole year, all silks became so vile in every man's eyes, that, if any were seen to wear them, he was presently accounted a mechanic or country-fellow.

4. *It is a folly for one, Proteus-like,*[4] *never to appear twice in one shape.* — Had some of our gallants been with the Israelites in the wilderness, when for forty years their clothes waxed not old, they would have been vexed, though their clothes were whole, to have been so long in one fashion. Yet here I must confess, I understand not what is reported of Fulgentius, that he used the same garment Winter and Summer, and never altered his clothes, *etiam in sacris peragendis.*[5]

5. *He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters.* — For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency. Besides, why should any brag of what is but borrowed? Should the ostrich snatch off the gallant's feather, the beaver, his hat, the goat, his gloves, the sheep, his suit, the silk-worm, his stockings, and neat, his shoes, (to strip him no farther than modesty will give leave,) he would be left in a cold condition. And yet it is more pardonable to be proud, even of cleanly rags, than, as many are, of affected slovenliness. The one is proud of a molehill, the other of a dunghill.

To conclude: Sumptuary laws in this land to reduce apparel to a set standard of price and fashion, according to the several states of men, have long been wished, but are little to be hoped-for.

[4] Proteus was the old shepherd of the seas, who tended Neptune's flocks, the seals. He had an odd habit of changing his shape so fast, that he could hardly be identified for two seconds together.

[5] "Even to perform sacred rites," or "to minister in Divine worship."

Some think, private men's superfluity is a necessary evil in a State, the floating of fashions affording a standing maintenance to many thousands who otherwise would be at a loss for a livelihood, — men maintaining more by their pride than by their charity.

THOMAS FULLER: 1608–1661.

BENEFICENCE OF LAW.

THIS world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that, after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, Heaven and Earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do his will: He "made a law for the rain"; He gave His "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass His commandment." Now if Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the Moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of Nature is the stay of the whole world?

Wherefore of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in Heaven and Earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both Angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.[6]

RICHARD HOOKER: 1553-1600.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

I DENY not, but that it is of great concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed,

[6] This last paragraph has been cited by good judges as the most eloquent sentence in English prose. It is indeed hard to beat. It closes the first book of the author's great work entitled "Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity."

sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON: 1608–1674.

MUSIC AT NIGHT.

SCENE, — *Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The Moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, — in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jess. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,[7]
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow[8] in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jess. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an únthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jess. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

[7] That is, ere she saw the lion himself.
[8] Spenser in like sort makes the willow a symbol of forsaken love.

Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
Jess. I would out-night you, did nobody come:
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.[9]
Lor. Who comes with her?
Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?
Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola![1]
Lor. Who calls?
Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? — sola, sola!
Lor. Leave hollaing, man; — here.
Laun. Sola! where? where?
Lor. Here.
Laun. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.
Lor. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in? —
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

[9] In old times crosses were set up at the intersection of roads, and in other places specially associated with saintly or heroic names, to invite the passers-by to devotion.

[1] The postman used to carry a horn, and blow it to give notice of his coming, on approaching a place where he had something to deliver. Launcelot is here imitating the notes of the horn.

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air. — [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[2] of bright gold:
There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn!
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jess. I 'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

[2] A small plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt.

And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
Ner. It is your music, Madam, of the house.
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:[3]
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are[4]
To their right praise and true perfection! —
Peace, ho! the Moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked![5] [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

[3] Unless it be *heeded*, or *attended to*. Hence music sounds better when there is nothing to divert the attention.

[4] The meaning is, that things acquire a *relish* by being used at the right time and in the right way. *Seasoned* is *flavoured*.

[5] Endymion was a very beautiful youth: Juno took a fancy to him, whereupon Jupiter grew jealous of him, and cast him into a perpetual sleep on Mount Latmos. While he was there asleep, Madam Luna got so smitten with his beauty, that she used to come down and kiss him, and lie by his side.

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [*A Tucket sounds.*[6]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, Madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,
Such as a day is when the Sun is hid.

SHAKESPEARE.

MUSICAL HARMONY.

TOUCHING musical harmony whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and beseemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action.

The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean,[7] the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are or a clean[8] contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed than changed and led away by the other.

In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and

[6] A *tucket* is a *flourish of trumpets.*
[7] So the old usage. We should say *means.*
[8] That is, *entirely*, or *quite.*

brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some, more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity,[9] there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy and for the time in a manner severing it from the body.

So that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty[1] or matter, the very harmony of sounds, being framed in due sort and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections.

RICHARD HOOKER: 1553-1600.

THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

I WAS never once married,[2] and commend their resolutions who never marry twice. I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from the sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful. I can look a whole day with delight upon a handsome picture, though it be but of an horse. It is my temper, — and I like it the better, — to affect[3] all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.

For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion: and thus far we may maintain "the music of the

[9] *Moderation, temperance, tranquillity,* are among the old senses of *mediocrity.*

[1] That is, *words. Ditty,* in old language, is a little poem or ballad.

[2] So at the time this was written. He was afterwards married, and brought up a goodly family of children.

[3] To *aim at,* to *desire,* to *have an inclination to,* are old meanings of to *affect.*

spheres"; for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music.[4] For myself, not only from my obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first Composer.

There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers: it is an hieroglyphical[5] and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God,—such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit[6] of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ear of God. I will not say, with Plato, the soul is an harmony, but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their souls, are born poets; though indeed all are naturally inclined unto rhythm.[7]

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: 1605–1682.

TO THE EARL OF CARBERRY.

MY LORD: I am not ashamed to profess that I pay this part of service to your lordship most unwillingly; for it is a sad office to be the chief minister in a house of mourning, and to present an interested person with a branch of cypress and a bottle of tears. And indeed, my Lord, it were more proportionable to your needs to bring something that might alleviate or divert your sorrow, than to dress the hearse of your dear lady, and to furnish it with such circumstances, that it may dwell with you, and lie in your closet, and make your prayers and your retirements more sad and full of weepings.

But, because the Divine providence hath taken from you a person

[4] There was at that time a class of people who thought it very wrong to use any music in Divine worship.

[5] Having a hidden, secret, or mysterious meaning.

[6] *Fit* sometimes meant a *song*, or *part* of a song; a *strain*.

[7] *Rhythm* is *measured motion*, like the steps in a dance, or the beatings of time in music.

so excellent, a woman fit to converse with Angels and Apostles, with saints and martyrs, give me leave to present you with her picture, drawn in little and in water-colours, sullied indeed with tears and the abrupt accents of a real and consonant[8] sorrow; but drawn with a faithful hand, and taken from the life: and indeed it were too great a loss to be deprived of her example and of her rule, of the original and of the copy too. The age is very evil, and deserved her not; but, because it is so evil, it hath the more need to have such lives preserved in memory, to instruct our piety or upbraid our wickedness. For, now that God hath cut this tree of Paradise down from its seat of Earth, yet so the dead trunk may support a part of the declining temple, or at least serve to kindle the fire on the altar.

My Lord, I pray God this heap of sorrow may swell your piety till it breaks into the greatest joys of God and of religion. And remember, when you pay a tear upon the grave or to the memory of your lady, that you pay two more;—one of repentance for those things that may have caused this breach; and another of joy for the mercies of God to your dear departed saint, that He hath taken her into a place where she can weep no more. My Lord, I think I shall, so long as I live; that is, so long as I am

Your lordship's most humble servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

Character of Lady Carberry.

I HAVE seen a female religion that wholly dwelt upon the face and tongue; that like a wanton and undressed tree spends all its juice in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum, and, after all such goodly outsides, you should never eat an apple, or be delighted with the beauties or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution: it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a Christian; in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society. She had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was hugely careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts; such which would make her be, not seem to be, religious.

[8] *Consonant*, literally *sounding together*, is here used in the sense of *accordant, fitting*, or *suitable*.

In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal[9] and neighbour bottom; and, after all its talking and bragging motion, it paid to its common audit[1] no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel.

So have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety: it dwelt upon her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical[2] work of every day; she did not believe that religion was intended to minister to fame and reputation, but to pardon of sins, to the pleasure of God, and the salvation of souls. For religion is like the breath of heaven: if it goes abroad into the open air, it scatters and dissolves like camphor; but if it enters into a secret hollowness, into a close conveyance, it is strong and mighty, and comes forth with vigour and great effect at the other end, at the other side of this life, in the days of death and judgment.

The other appendage of her religion, which was also a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despising and undervaluing of herself. For though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons, that I ever knew in a person of her youth and sex and circumstances; yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself; and like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself. But the perfectness of her prudence and excellent parts could not be hid; and all her humility and arts of concealment made the virtues more amiable and illustrious. For, as pride sullies the beauty of the fairest virtues, and makes our understanding but like the craft and learning of a devil; so humility is the greatest eminency and art of publication in the whole world: and she, in all

[9] *Unequal* is *uneven* or *rough*.

[1] *Audit* properly means a *final account;* but is here put for *receptacle*, or the place where accounts are settled.

[2] *Periodical* in its original sense of *regular*, or *recurring at stated times; routine.*

her arts of secrecy and hiding her worthy things, was but "like one that hideth the wind, and covers the ointment of her right hand."

If we consider her person, she was in the flower of her age; of a temperate, plain, and natural diet, without curiosity or an intemperate palate; she spent less time in dressing than many servants; her recreations were little and seldom, her prayers often, her reading much. She was of a most noble and charitable soul; a great lover of honourable actions, and as great a despiser of base things; hugely loving to oblige others, and very unwilling to be in arrear to any upon the stock of courtesies and liberality; so free in all acts of favour, that she would not stay to hear herself thanked, as being unwilling that what good went from her to a needy or an obliged person should ever return to her again. She was an excellent friend, and hugely dear to very many, especially to the best and most discerning persons; to all that conversed with her, and could understand her great worth and sweetness. She was of an honourable, a nice, and tender reputation; and of the pleasures of this world, which were laid before her in heaps, she took a very small and inconsiderable share, as not loving to glut herself with vanity, or take her portion of the good things here below.

If we look to her as a wife, she was loving and discreet, humble and pleasant, witty and compliant, rich and fair; and wanted nothing to the making her a principal and precedent[8] to the best wives of the world, but a long life and a full age.

If we remember her as a mother, she was kind and severe, careful and prudent, very tender, not at all fond, a greater lover of her children's souls than of their bodies, and one that would value them more by the strict rules of honour and proper worth than by their relation to herself.

Her servants found her prudent, and fit to govern, and yet open-handed, and apt to reward; a just exactor of their duty, and a great rewarder of their diligence.

She lived as we all should live, and she died as I would fain die. I pray God I may feel those mercies on my death-bed that she felt, and that I may feel the same effect of my repentance which she feels of the many degrees of her innocence. Such was her death,

[8] *Principal* and *precedent* for *pattern* and *example*. Old usage.

that she did not die too soon; and her life was so useful and so excellent, that she could not have lived too long. And as now in the grave it shall not be inquired concerning her how long she lived, but how well; so to us who live after her, to suffer a longer calamity, it may be some ease to our sorrows, and some guide to our lives, and some security to our conditions, to consider that God hath brought the piety of a young lady to the early rewards of a never-ceasing and never-dying eternity of glory.

JEREMY TAYLOR: 1613-1667.

ASPIRATIONS OF GREECE.

1 THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung:
Eternal Summer gilds them yet,
But all except their Sun is set.

2 The Scian and the Teian Muse,[4]
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."[5]

3 The mountains look on Marathon,[6]
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

[4] The *Scian* is Homer, who is often designated as "the Bard of *Scio's* rocky isle." — The *Teian* is Anacreon, so called because born at *Teos*. His lyrics were indeed steeped in jollity, but had nothing effeminate or slavish in them.

[5] These are supposed to have been the Cape-de-Verd Islands or the Canaries. They are much celebrated in Greek poetry.

[6] Marathon is the famous battle-ground where the Greeks, under Miltiades, gained their great victory over the huge army of Darius the Persian. This victory saved Greece from Asiatic slavery and barbarism. It was 490 years before Christ.

4 A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;[7]
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men and nations: all were his!
He counted them at break of day, —
And when the Sun set where were they?

5 And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
Th' heroic lay is tuneless now, —
  Th' heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

6 'T is something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face:
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks, a blush, — for Greece, a tear!

7 Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled!
Earth, render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ![8]

8 What, silent still? and silent all?
  Ah, no! — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise, — we come, we come!"
'T is but the living who are dumb.

[7] Salamis was the name of an island separated by a narrow channel from the mainland of Greece. Memorable for the great naval battle fought near it, in which the huge fleet of Xerxes was defeated by the Greeks under Themistocles; 480, ten years after the battle of Marathon.

[8] Thermopylæ was a narrow and difficult pass on the eastern coast of Thessaly, through which the Persians under Xerxes had to march in their invasion of Greece. Leonidas, King of Sparta, occupied the pass, with 300 Spartans. Nearly all of them fell, together with their leader; but the delay thence caused was, indirectly, the saving of Greece. This also was B. C. 480.

9 In vain, in vain! — strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! — rising to th' ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal![9]

10 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx[1] gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

11 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served, — but served Polycrates,[2] —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

12 The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend:
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

13 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers[3] bore;

[9] *Bacchanal* was an epithet for a boisterous revelling toper; from *Bacchus*, the name of the old god of wine.

[1] So called from Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and one of the greatest generals of antiquity. A *phalanx* was a peculiar arrangement of troops introduced by him. He was born in the year B. C. 318. *Pyrrhic* was also the name of a military dance, the step being very light and quick.

[2] Polycrates was one of the most ambitious and most fortunate of the Greek tyrants. He lived in great pomp and luxury, but was a liberal patron of literature and the arts. His friendship for Anacreon was particularly celebrated. He died B. C. 522.

[3] Doris was a small and mountainous country in Greece. The people were distinguished for strictness of manners, and for simplicity and strength of character.

And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood[4] might own.

14 Trust not for freedom to the Franks, —
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

15 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own[5] the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

16 Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine;
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON: 1788–1824.

THE DEATH OF HOTSPUR.

SCENE, — *A Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Enter, severally, Prince HENRY *and* HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.[6]
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

[4] That is, the *race* sprung from *Hercules*, or resembling him in heroic valour and hardiness.

[5] "My own *eyes*" is the meaning. To *lave* is to *wash* or to *wet*. — This is, to me, one of his Lordship's very noblest strains, and is enough of itself to immortalize the author.

[6] The Prince was surnamed Monmouth, from the place of his birth, in Wales.

To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said,[7] Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS: *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought, the slave of life, and life, Time's fool,
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;[8]

[7] The phrase *well said* was often used in the sense of *well done.*
[8] *Favours* refers to the scarf with which he covers Percy's face.

And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!
Thy ignomy[9] sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —

[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the Ground.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd[1] will I see thee by-and-by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me,[2] and eat me too, to-morrow. — 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is — discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. — 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his Back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY *with Prince* JOHN.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

John. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

[9] *Ignomy* was a common contraction of *ignominy.*
[1] To *imbowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body.
[2] To *powder* was the old word for to *salt.*

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding
On the ground. —
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.[8] There is Percy! [*Throwing the Body down:*] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd, myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou! — Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIVING BY THE WITS.

Present RHODERIQUE *and* MUGERON.

Enter, to them, MONSIEUR D'OLIVE.

Rhoderique. What, Monsieur D'Olive! the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'Olive. Morrow, wits, morrow, good wits: my little parcels of wit, I have rods in pickle for you. How dost, Jack? may I call thee Sir Jack yet?

[8] *Jack* was used as a term of contempt, like our *jackanapes.*

Mugeron. You may, Sir; Sir 's as commendable an addition as Jack, for aught I know.

D'Ol. I know it, Jack, and as common too.

Rhod. Go to; you may cover; we have taken notice of your embroidered beaver.

D'Ol. Look you: by Heaven thou 'rt one of the maddest bitter slaves in Europe: I do but wonder how I made shift to love thee all this while.

Rhod. Go to; what might such a parcel-gilt cover be worth?

Mug. Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'Ol. Good, i' faith, but bitter. O, you mad slaves! I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you, I must take pleasure in you; and, i' faith, tell me, how is 't? live I see you do, but how? but how, wits?

Rhod. 'Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

D'Ol. By your wits?

Mug. Nay, not turned poets, neither.

D'Ol. Good, in sooth! But indeed, to say truth, time was when the sons of the Muses had the privilege to live only by their wits, but times are altered; monopolies are now called in, and wit 's become a free trade for all sorts to live by: lawyers live by wit, and they live worshipfully; soldiers live by wit, and they live honourably; panders live by wit, and they live honestly: in a word, there are but few live by labour, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth, pages and parasites by making legs, painters and players by making mouths and faces: ha, does 't well, wits?

Rhod. 'Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests, as country gentlemen follow fashions, when they be worn threadbare.

D'Ol. Well, well, let 's leave these wit-skirmishes, and, say, when shall we meet?

Mug. How think you? are we not met now?

D'Ol. Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may make free use of ourselves; that is, drink sack, and talk satire, and let our wits run the wild-goose chase over Court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i' the day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duel-

ism, criticism, and poetry, shall be disputed: and how, wits? do ye follow the Court still?

Rhod. Close at heels, Sir; and, I can tell you, you have much to answer to your stars, that you do not so too.

D'Ol. As why, wits? as why?

Rhod. Why, sir, the Court 's as 't were the stage; and they that have a good suit of parts and qualities ought to press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit.

D'Ol. Tush, let the Court follow me: he that soars too near the Sun melts his wings many times: as I am, I possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit: as for wealth and honour, let 'em go; I 'll not lose my learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman.

Mug. Admirable D'Olive!

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at this comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I; I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco, think you?

D'Ol. She does, she does: others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turns, first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece the Countess's sister? here were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No! what exceptions lie against the choice?

D'Ol. Tush, tell me not of choice: if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing; for take this of me, there 's ten times more deceit in women than in horse flesh; and I say still, that a pretty well-paced chamber-maid is the only fashion: if she grows full, give her but sixpence to buy her a hand-basket, and send her the way of all flesh; there 's no more but so.

Mug. Indeed, that 's the savingest way.

D'Ol. O me! what a hell 't is for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach, with the appurtenances, horses, men, and

so forth! and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, waiting maids, etc. I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me; shrewish if she be honest; intolerable if she be wise; imperious as an empress; all she does must be law, all she says gospel: O, what a penance 't is to endure her! Fie on 't! the very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Rhod. Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt coney's wool, we shall have you change your copy ere a twelvemonth's day.

Mug. We must have you dubb'd o' the order; there 's no remedy: you that have, unmarried, done such honourable service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honour due to 't in marriage.

Rhod. That he may do, and never marry.

D'Ol. Why, this is right: I must love you, wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits: you know my lodging, make an errand thither now and then, and save your ordinary; do, wits, do.

Mug. We shall be troublesome to ye.

D'Ol. O God, Sir! you wrong me, to think I can be troubled with wit: I love a good wit as I love myself: if you need a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times: I carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your call. Farewell, wits; farewell, good wits. [*Exit.*

Rhod. Farewell, the true map of a gull: by Heaven he shall to the Court! 't is the perfect model of an impudent upstart; the compound of a poet and a lawyer: he shall sure to the Court.

Mug. Nay, for God's sake, let 's have no fools at Court.

Rhod. He shall to 't, that 's certain. The Duke had a purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the melancholy Earl of St. Anne, her husband, hath kept so long unburied, as meaning one grave should entomb himself and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subject for an embassage, as D'Olive is for an ambassador agent; and 't is as suitable to his brain, as his parcel-gilt beaver to his fool's head.

Rhod. Well, it shall go hard but he shall be employed. O, 't is a most accomplished ass; the mongrel of a gull and a villain: the very essence of his soul is pure villany; the substance of his brain,

foolery; one that believes nothing from the stars upward; a pagan in belief, an epicure beyond belief; prodigal in wasteful expense; in necessary, most penurious. His wit is to admire and imitate; his grace is to censure and detract: he shall to the Court; i' faith he shall thither: I will shape such employment for him, as that he himself shall have no less contentment in making mirth to the whole Court, than the Duke and the whole Court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence. A knave, if he be rich, is fit to make an officer, as a fool, if he be a knave, is fit to make an intelligencer.

GEORGE CHAPMAN: 1558–1634.

THE HIGHLAND BROTHERS.

SCENE, — *The Banks of Loch Leven.*

Enter HENRY MACDONALD.

Hen. First at the place! The morning 's chill: I wish
The quarrel were with other than the man
I wait for; but, of all the useless things
Which form the business of the world, regret
Is the most idle. Yet I wish 't were past. —
He 's here. —

Enter HALBERT MACDONALD.

I have but little time to spend,
And the air freezes. Let 's to work at once.
Select your ground, Sir.

Hal. Do you mock me, Henry,
With this vain show of courage?

Hen. I came hither
Upon your summons, as I thought, to end
A soldier's quarrel with a soldier's sword;
But, if you can restrain the bitter speech
To which I must not listen, I prefer
To take your hand in kindness. As you will.

Hal. Did I not feel that I have power to pierce
Through that cold bravery to the heart within it,
I might relieve you of some frolic blood
Which makes the front of your rebellion proud.

Hen. Rebellion!

Hal. Have you not rebell'd at once
Against your clan, your country, and the tomb
Of a brave father who embraced in you
The darling of his age? Behold, his sword
You now defy, — your plaything while he talk'd
Of noble daring, till you paused in sport
To hear and weep. Its sight should wound you now
More than its edge could. What would be his grief
Could he behold you in that hated dress,
Link'd to the foes of Scotland! O, my brother,
Why did you this?

Hen. If you intend to ask
What urged me to take service with Argyle,
I answer you at once: My eagle spirit,
Which wanted air to soar in; frank disdain
Of dull existence, which had faintly gleam'd,
Like yonder Serpent-river, through dark rocks
Which bury it; ambition for a lot
Which places life and death upon a cast,
And makes the loser glorious. Not for me
The sullen pride of mouldering battlements,
Or rites of tottering chapel.

Hal. Is it so?
Is ancient sanctity, which sheds its grace
Upon the infant's sportiveness, and cleaves
To the old warrior when he falls, a thing
To mock at? But I wrong you there: I know
Your heart then spoke not. I could cherish pride
In your gay valour, if a generous cause
Had won its aid; — nay, deeming Scotland lost,
If you had sought your fortune at the Court
Of England, I had borne it: but to join
With these domestic traitors, — men who know
The rights they sell; who understand the ties
Which, through the wastes of centuries, cement
Our clans, and give the sacred cord one life
Of reverential love; for whom these hills
On the clear mirror of their childhood cast

Great shadows; who have caught their martial rage
From deeds of Wallace and of Bruce, and learn'd
To temper and enrage it with the sense
Of suffering beauty, which from Mary's fate
Gleams through dim years; and who conspire to crush
These memories in men's souls, and call the void
They make there, *freedom*, — is a deed to weep for!

Hen. I may not hear the comrades whom I love
Thus slander'd.

Hal. You *shall* hear me while I speak
Of that which nearly touches you, as one
Of a small, branded, poor, illustrious race;
Who boast no fertile pastures; no broad lake
Studded with island woods, which make the soul
Effeminate with richness, like the scenes
In which the baffled Campbells hid their shame,
And scorn'd their distant foes. Our boasts are few,
Yet great: A stream which thunders from its throne,
As when its roar was mingled with the voice
Of eldest song, from age to age retain'd
In human hearts; wild myrtles which preserve
Their hoard of perfume for the dying hour
When rudeness crushes them; rocks which no flowers
Of earth adorn, but, in themselves austere,
Receive the Beautiful direct from Heaven,
Which forces them to wear it, shows their tops
Refined with air, compels their darkest steeps,
Reluctant, to reflect the noontide Sun
In sheeted splendour, wreathes around them clouds
In glorious retinue, which, while they float
Slowly, or rest beneath the sable heights,
In their brief fleecy loveliness grow proud
To wait upon the Lasting. And the right
To walk this glen with head erect, you sold
For bounties which Argyle could offer!

Hen. No,
Not for base lucre! — for a soldier's life,
Whose virtue 's careless valour, unperplex'd
With aught beyond the watchword. If your cause

Were vital, I would freely draw my sword
To serve it; but where lives it?

Hal. In the soul
Which, ruffled by no hope to see it tower.
Again in this world, cherishes it still
In its own deathless and unsullied home;
That soul which, swelling from the mould of one
Obscure as I, can grasp the stubborn forms
Of this great vale, and bend them to its use,
Until their stateliest attributes invest
With pillar'd majesty the freeborn thoughts
Which shall survive them. Even these rocks confess
Change and decay; show where the ancient storm
Rent their gray sides, and, from their iron hearts,
Unriveted huge masses for its sport,
And left their splinters to attest a power
Greater than they. But mighty truths, like those
On which our slighted cause was based, shall hold
Their seat in the clear spirit which disdains
To sully or resign them, undisturb'd
By change or death: they are eternal, Henry!

Hen. If we were now the lords of this domain
You love so well, I might have own'd a tie
To bind me to your wishes; you resign'd them:
What can these mountains yield to one who owns
Mac Ian as their lord?

Hal. The power to bear
That bitter taunt which yet I feel! — O Henry!
Was that well said?

Hen. You should not have provoked it
By slanders on my officers and friends.

Hal. Your friends! Poor youth! companionship in mirth,
Ungraced by thought, makes shallow friends; and yours
Are worse than shallow, — they are false.

Hen. Nay, this
I will not bear: draw, Sir!

[*Draws his sword, and rushes on* HALBERT, *who dashes it from his hand.*

Hal. Take up your sword;

See how a bad cause makes a brave arm weak!
Blush not; 't was but in pastime.

Hen. Kill me now,
And walk the hills in pride!

Hal. Too plain I see
Our paths diverge; but let us not forget
That we have trod life's early way together,
Hand clasp'd in hand. How proud was I to watch
Your youngest darings, when I saw you dive
To the deep bottom of the lake beneath us,
Nor draw one breath till in delight you rose
To laugh above it; when I traced the crags
By which with lightest footstep you approach'd
The eaglets' bed; and when you slipp'd, yet knew
No paleness, bore you in my trembling arms
To yon black ridge, from which in the cold thaw
The snow wreath melts, as infancy's pure thoughts
Have vanish'd from your soul.

Hen. No, Halbert, no!
Graceless I shook them from it, but they crowd
Here at your voice.

Hal. And you will not forget us?
Go, then, where fortune calls you, loved and praised:
Let not the ribald license of a camp
Insult the griefs of Scotland. 'Mid the brave
Be bravest; and, when honours wait your grasp,
Allow a moment's absence to your heart
While it recalls one lonely tower, whose doors
Would open to you were you beggar'd, shamed,
Forsaken; and beside whose once-loved hearth
Your praises shall awaken joy more fervent
Than nobler friends can guess at. Ah! you weep;
My own true brother still!

Hen. I am! I am! [*They embrace.*

Enter HELEN CAMPBELL.

Hel. Forgive me that I follow'd you. I saw
Both ruffled at your parting; but my fears
Never suggested an event so sad,

As that two brothers, from whose swords alone
We hope protection, should direct their points
Against each other's lives.

Hen. You must not leave
This spot with the belief that Halbert shares
The blame of this encounter; mine the fault,
Be mine the shame.

Hal. I will not let you pour
On Helen's ear one word of self-reproach:—
You 'll not believe him shamed?

Hel. Indeed I will not;
I feel that shame and Henry are disjoin'd
As yonder summits.—[*To* HENRY.] I must teach your steps
The pleasant pathways which we used to tread
In old sweet times. [*Takes his hand.*

Hal. [*Apart.*] It cannot be she means
Other than sisterly regard in this;
'T is but the frankness of a courteous heart,—
No more, no more.

Hel. [*To* HALBERT.] Will you not walk with us?
I have a hand for you too.

Hal. Nothing else?

Hel. Yes; and a heart, a grateful one. So solemn!
Nay, you must smile; this is a day of joy,
And shall be cloudless. Hark! the music calls us.
[*Martial music at a distance.*

Hal. Those strains again! Forgive me. Let us home.

SIR T. N. TALFOURD: 1795-1854.

EXPERIENCE AND ENTHUSIASM.

SCENE,—*A Room in the Council-house at Pilsen.*

Present OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *and* QUESTENBERG.

Enter, to them, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Ha! there he is himself.—Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his Father. As he turns round, he observes* QUESTENBERG, *and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*
You are engaged, I see. I 'll not disturb you.

Oct. How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.
Attention, Max. an old friend merits; reverence
Belongs of right to th' envoy of your sovereign.
Max. Von Questenberg! Welcome! if you bring with you
Aught good to our head-quarters.

Ques. [*Seizing his hand.*] Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
Octavio, — Max. Piccolomini! [*Taking the hands of both.*
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessèd influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.
Max. Heh, noble Minister! you miss your part:
You came not here to act a panegyric:
You 're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us:
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.
Oct. He comes from Court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the Duke, as here.
Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand!
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He 'll not dance
To every tune of every Minister:
It goes against his nature, — he can't do it:
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his, too, is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently. Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
The pause, the central point, to thousand thousands, —
Stands fix'd and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.

Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the Court, no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!

Oct. [*Aside to* QUES.] Hush! suppress it, friend!
Unless *some* end were answer'd by the utterance.
Of *him* there you 'll make nothing.

Max. In their distress
They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they call'd him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day. But in the field,
Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt;
The personal must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondences of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question, not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Oct. My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors:
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious path. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
O' the cannon ball: direct it flies, and rapid;
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which BLESSING comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property;
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques. O, hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.
Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee.
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence:
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect,
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momently,
With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel;
The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries:
But, on some morrow morn, all suddenly
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march:
Dreary, and solitary as a churchyard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.
Max. O, let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stain'd laurel
For the first violet of the leafless Spring,
Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd.
Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?
Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld? I *have* beheld it.
From thence am I come hither: O, that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance, — some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father,
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,

House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
Where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, O, nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage!

Oct. And so your journey has reveal'd this to you?

Max. 'T was the first leisure of my life. O, tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented!
For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless 'larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
Th' unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms, —
There 's nothing here, there 's nothing in all this,
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not.
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures.

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max. O day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colours are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and, hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, *Home, brothers, home!*
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields:
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them:
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures:
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom

The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Ques. O, that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day!
Max. Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I 'll own it to you freely,) indignation
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.
'T is ye that hinder peace, *ye!* and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
Which yet 's the only way to peace: for, if
War intermit not during war, *how* then
And *whence* can peace come? Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what 's virtuous, hate I you;
And here I make this vow, here pledge myself,
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

SCHILLER: COLERIDGE'S *translation*: 1799–1805.

TO THE DAISY.

1 In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make,
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of thee, sweet Daisy!

2 Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few grey hairs;

Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

3 In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane,
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

4 Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling:
Thou livest with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The poet's darling.

5 If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art, a friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

6 A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;

Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

7 If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

8 Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower, my spirits play
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews oppress
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

9 And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, whenever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how nor whence,
Nor whither going.

10 Child of the Year, that round dost run
Thy pleasant course, — when day 's begun
As ready to salute the Sun
As lark or leveret, —
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time; — thou not in vain
Art Nature's favourite.

WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

1 How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

4 Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

5 Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend,
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—

6 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON: 1568-1640.

OLD-FASHIONED GALLANTRY.

JOSEPH PAICE, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea Company, was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. Though brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and another

in the shop or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded — smile if you please — to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street; in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it.

He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women; but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womankood.* I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore or Sir Tristan to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses that had long faded thence still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, — old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton, — who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches, — the common gallantries; — to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance; but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness.

When he ventured, on the following day, finding her a little better-humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity,

with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time; and she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, — I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me: but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one," (naming the milliner,) "and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour, — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them, — what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought that, if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man a pattern of true politeness to a wife, of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister; the idolater of his female mistress, the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate — still female — maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed, — her handmaid, or dependant, — she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth and beauty, and advantages not inseparable from sex, shall lose their attraction.

What a woman should demand of a man, in courtship, or after it, is, first, respect for her as she is a woman; and, next to that, to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the atten-

tions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments — as many, and as fanciful, as you please — to that main structure. Let her first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to *reverence her sex.*

CHARLES LAMB: 1775–1834.

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

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

There was not that indefinite deferment of hope in this case at which the heart sickens. Leonard had been bred up in poverty from his childhood: a parsimonious allowance, grudgingly bestowed, had contributed to keep him frugal at college, by calling forth a pardonable if not commendable sense of pride in aid of a worthier principle. He knew that he could rely upon himself for frugality, industry, and a cheerful as well as contented mind. He had seen the miserable state of bondage in which Margaret existed with her aunt; and his resolution was made, to deliver her from that bondage as soon as he could obtain the smallest benefice on which it was possible for them to subsist.

They agreed to live rigorously within their means, however poor, and put their trust in Providence. They could not be deceived in each other, for they had grown up together; and they knew that they were not deceived in themselves. Their love had the freshness of youth, but prudence and forethought were not wanting: the resolution which they had taken brought with it peace of mind, and no misgiving was felt in either heart when they prayed for a blessing upon their purpose. In reality it had already brought a blessing with it; and this they felt: for love, when it deserves the name, produces in us what may be called a regeneration of its own, — a second birth, — dimly, but yet in some degree resembling

that which is effected by Divine Love, when its redeeming work is accomplished in the soul.

Leonard returned to Oxford happier than all this world's wealth or this world's honours could have made him. He had now a definite and attainable hope, — an object in life which gave to life itself a value. For Margaret, the world no longer seemed to her like the same Earth which she had till then inhabited. Hitherto she had felt herself a forlorn and solitary creature, without a friend; and the sweet and pleasant objects of Nature had imparted as little cheerfulness to her as to the debtor who sees green fields in sunshine from his prison, and hears the lark singing at liberty. Her heart was now open to all the exhilarating and all the softening influences of birds, fields, flowers, vernal suns, and melodious streams. She was subject to the same daily and hourly exercise of meekness, patience, and humility; but the trial was no longer painful: with love in her heart, and hope and sunshine in her prospect, she found even a pleasure in contrasting her present condition with what was in store for her.

In these our days every young lady holds the pen of a ready writer, and words flow from it as fast as it can indent its zigzag lines, according to the reformed system of writing; which said system improves hand-writings by making them all alike and all illegible. At that time women wrote better and spelt worse: but letter-writing was not one of their accomplishments. It had not yet become one of the general pleasures and luxuries of life, — perhaps the greatest gratification which the progress of civilisation has given us.

There was then no mail-coach to waft a sigh across the country at the rate of eight miles an hour. Letters came slowly and with long intervals between; but, when they came, the happiness which they imparted to Leonard and Margaret lasted during the interval, however long. To Leonard it was an exhilarant and a cordial which rejoiced and strengthened him. He trod the earth with a lighter and more elevated movement on the day when he received a letter from Margaret, as if he felt himself invested with an importance which he had never possessed till the happiness of another human being was inseparably associated with his own:

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

Happy, indeed, if there be happiness on Earth, as the same sweet poet says, is he

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

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

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

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843.

THE BEST USE OF SPEECH.

OUR conversation must be "apt to comfort" the disconsolate; and than this men in present can feel no greater charity. For, since half the duty of a Christian in this life consists in the exercise of passive graces; and the infinite variety of providence, and the perpetual adversity of chances, and the dissatisfaction and emptiness that is in things themselves, and the weariness and anguish of our spirit, call us to the trial and exercise of patience even in the days of sunshine, and much more in the violent storms that shake our dwellings and make our hearts tremble; God hath sent some angels into the world, whose office it is to refresh the sorrows of the poor, and to lighten the eyes of the disconsolate: He hath made some creatures whose powers are chiefly ordained to comfort, — wine, and oil, and society, cordials, and variety; and time itself is checkered with black and white: stay but till to-

morrow, and your present sorrow will be weary, and will lie down to rest.

But this is not all: God glories in the appellative that He is "the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort"; and therefore to minister in the office is to become like God, and to imitate the charities of Heaven. And God hath fitted mankind for it: man most needs it, and he feels his brother's wants by his own experience; and God hath given us speech, and the endearments of society, and pleasantness of conversation, and powers of seasonable discourse, arguments to allay the sorrow by abating our apprehensions, and taking out the sting, or telling the periods of comfort, or exciting hope, or urging a precept, and reconciling our affections, and reciting promises, or telling stories of the Divine mercy, or changing it into duty, or making the burden less by comparing it with greater, or by proving it to be less than we deserve, and that it is so intended, and may become the instrument of virtue.

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

But so have I seen the Sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death and the colder breath of the North: and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of refreshments, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter: he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God,

and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, and nothing is life but to be comforted: and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons. This part of communication does the work of God and of our neighbours, and bears us to Heaven in streams of joy made by the overflowings of our brother's comfort.

It is a fearful thing to see a man despairing: none knows the sorrow and the intolerable anguish but themselves, and they that are damned; and so are all the loads of a wounded spirit, when the staff of a man's broken fortune bows his head to the ground, and sinks like an osier under the violence of a mighty tempest. But therefore, in proportion to this, I may tell the excellency of the employment, and the duty of that charity which bears the dying and languishing soul from the fringes of Hell to the seat of the brightest stars, where God's face shines and reflects comforts for ever and ever.

And though God hath for this especially intrusted His ministers and servants of the Church, and hath put into their hearts and notices great magazines of promises, and arguments of hope, and arts of the Spirit, yet God does not always send Angels on these embassies, but sends a man, that every good man in his season may be to his brother in the place of God, to comfort and restore him. And, that it may appear how much it is the duty of us all to minister comfort to our brother, we may remember that the same words and the same arguments do oftentimes much more prevail upon our spirits when they are applied by the hand of another, than when they dwell in us and come from our own discoursings. This is indeed the greatest and most holy charity.

JEREMY TAYLOR: 1613–1667.

POETRY.

ARISTOTLE has said that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. It is so: its object is truth, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony, but carried alive into the heart by passion,—truth which is its own testimony, which gives competence and confidence to the tribunal

to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. Poetry is the image of Man and Nature. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the Universe, — an acknowledgment the more sincere, because not formal, but indirect: it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is an homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure. I would not be misunderstood: wherever we sympathise with pain, it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtile combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge.

And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure, which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general Nature, with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those particular parts of Nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure: but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which

all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakespeare hath said of man, that "he looks before and after." He is the rock of defence for human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs; in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed; the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole Earth and over all time.

The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere: though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge, — it is as immortal as the heart of Man. — If the time should ever come when what is now called science shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770-1850.

MEMORY AND THE MUSES.

TIME and education beget experience; experience begets memory; memory begets judgment and fancy; judgment begets the strength and structure, and fancy begets the ornaments, of a poem. The ancients therefore fabled not absurdly in making Memory the mother of the Muses. For memory is the world, though not really, yet so as in a looking-glass, in which the judgment, the severer sister, busieth herself in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registering by letters their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; whereby the fancy, when any work of art is to be performed, finds her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants,

and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to fly from one Indies to the other, and from heaven to earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter and obscurest places, into the future, and into herself, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, herself being all she seeks. And her wonderful celerity consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious imagery discreetly ordered, and perfectly registered in the memory; which most men under the name of philosophy have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that, grossly mistaking her, embrace contention in her place.

But so far forth as the fancy of man has traced the ways of true philosophy, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautiful or defensive in building, or marvellous in engines and instruments of motion; whatsoever commodity men receive from the observations of the heavens, from the description of the earth, from the account of time, from walking on the seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the civility of Europe from the barbarity of the American savages; is the workmanship of fancy, but guided by the precepts of true philosophy. But where these precepts fail, there the architect Fancy must take the philosopher's part upon herself. He, therefore, who undertakes an heroic poem, which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable image of heroic virtue, must not only be the poet, to place and connect, but also the philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both body and soul, colour and shadow, of his poem out of his own store.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not only to exceed the *work*, but also the *possibility* of Nature: they would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you, without assenting to those that condemn either Homer or Virgil; by dissenting only from those that think the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time, amongst the heathen, such strange fictions and metamorphoses were not so remote from the articles of their faith as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works

of Nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of Nature, never. I can allow a geographer to make, in the sea, a fish or a ship, which by the scale of his map would be two or three hundred miles long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an elephant so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of *terra incognita*.[4]

That which giveth a poem the true and natural colour consisteth in two things; which are, *to know well*, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory distinct and clear; and *to know much*. A sign of the first is perspicuity, propriety, and decency; which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the mind; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

THOMAS HOBBES: 1588–1679.

ENGLAND TO AN AMERICAN.

ENGLAND is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages to blunt the intense interest with which I first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement,—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay.

I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world,

[1] *Terra incognita* is an unknown country, or a strange land.

as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow, yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of Art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of Nature.

But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter. The footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of a life for every habitation that I saw; from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine.

I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry, in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that had received a supernatural value from the Muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of the notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

WASHINGTON IRVING: 1783–1859.

MODES OF WIT.

But first it may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man, *It is that which we all see and know:* any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously appre-

hended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus,[5] or to define the figure of the fleeting air.

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

It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way, (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by,) which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of wit more than vulgar:[6] it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination.

It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness

[5] Proteus is the ancient Shepherd of the Seas, who had a habit of changing his shape so fast, that nobody could tell how he looked. See page 73, note 4.

[6] *Vulgar* in its proper Latin sense of *common*. Often so.

or semblance of difficulty; (as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure;) by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual, and thence grateful tang.[7]

ISAAC BARROW: 1630–1677.

AGRICULTURE.

As for the necessity of this art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like speech, without which the society of men cannot be preserved; the others, like figures and tropes of speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many nations have lived, and some do still, without any art but this: not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live; and almost all the other arts, which are here practised, are beholden to this for the most of their materials.

The innocence of this life is the next thing for which I commend it; and if husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no men are so free from the temptations of iniquity. They live by what they can get by industry from the earth; and others, by what they can catch by craft from men. They live upon an estate given them by their mother; and others, upon an estate cheated from their brethren. They live, like sheep and kine, by the allowances of Nature; and others, like wolves and foxes, by the acquisitions of rapine. And I hope I may affirm (without any offence to the great) that sheep and kine are very useful, and that wolves and foxes are pernicious creatures. They are, without dispute, of all men, the most quiet and least apt to be inflamed to the disturbance of the commonwealth; their manner of life inclines them, and interest binds them, to love peace: in our late mad and miserable civil wars, all other trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole troops, and raised up some great commanders, who became

[7] This account of wit is one of the happiest, as it is also one of the most famous passages in English. Dr. Barrow was a great mathematician, and Sir Isaac Newton was one of his pupils.

famous and mighty for the mischiefs they had done: but I do not remember the name of any one husbandman, who had so considerable a share in the twenty years' ruin of his country as to deserve the curses of his countrymen.

And, if great delights be joined with so much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here, where they are so tame and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and cities, where they are so wild, and the chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful shifts of policy: we walk here in the light and open ways of the Divine bounty; we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice: our senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here, pleasure looks, methinks, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot. Here, is harmless and cheap plenty; there, guilty and expenseful luxury.

I shall only instance in one delight more, the most natural and best-natured of all others, a perpetual companion of the husbandman; and that is, the satisfaction of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own art and diligence; to be always gathering some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to see all his fields and gardens covered with the beauteous creatures of his own industry; and to see, like God, that all his works are good.

The antiquity of his art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The first three men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession, and turned builder. It is for this reason, I suppose, that Ecclesiasticus forbids us to hate husbandry; "because," says he, "the Most High has created it." We were all born to this art, and taught by Nature to nourish our bodies by the same earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their sustenance.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: 1618-1667.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE HERBERT.

About three weeks before his death, his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath; and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the cathedral church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces, — then a part of his family, — and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose:

"I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see, the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not; and are now all become dead to me, or I to them: and I see that, as my father and generation have done before me, so I also shall now suddenly, with Job, *make my bed also in the dark;* and I praise God I am prepared for it, and that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain: and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it. And, this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour; and, with Him, see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past."

These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of Heaven before he enjoyed it. — The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it in his hand, and said, —

My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee;
And every string
Shall have its attribute to sing.

And, having tuned it, he played and sung, —

> The Sundays of man's life,
> Threaded together on time's string,
> Make bracelets, to adorn the Wife
> Of the eternal, glorious King:
> On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope;
> Blessings are plentiful and rife,
> More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sung on Earth such hymns and anthems as the Angels and he and Mr. Farrer now sing in Heaven. Thus he continued, meditating and praying and rejoicing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery: but the first is pardoned; and a few hours will now put a period to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen." Upon which expression, Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton church, and his many acts of mercy; to which he made answer, saying, "They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer.

As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble; and observed him to fall into a sudden agony; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did; to which his answer was, that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him, by the merits of his Master Jesus. After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply: but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving with him only Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock.

Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, Sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand": which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And, having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die": after which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus: and now, Lord, Lord, now receive my soul." And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance; Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted from the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life.

ISAAC WALTON: 1593–1683.

Walton's Book of Lives.

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropp'd from an Angel's wing. With moisten'd eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
O, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart, like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

WORDSWORTH.

TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

1 He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
That neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce, to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;—
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

2 And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly[8] beat
On flesh and blood; where honour, power, renown
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

3 He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right, — the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, as if seducèd, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

4 He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold:
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires,
Still the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smote of wit.

[8] *Mainly* in its old sense of *greatly* or *strongly*; as in the phrase, "With all his might and *main*."

5 Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks:
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

6 Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexèd state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet, seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fordone.[9]

7 And whilst distraught[1] ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whileas craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

8 Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings;
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

9 Which, Madam, are so soundly fashionèd
By that clear judgment that hath carried you

[9] *Fordo* was often used nearly in the sense of *undo*. Here, as sometimes in Shakespeare, it may mean overcome

[1] *Distraught* is an old form of *distracted*.

Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
That they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast thy mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of Earth can be.

10 Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspécts of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that, unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

11 This concord, Madam, of a well-tuned mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.[2]

SAMUEL DANIEL: 1562-1629.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

1 O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

[2] "The *well-languaged* Daniel" has become proverbial in reference to this clear-headed and right-hearted old author. He was a favourite with Wordsworth and Coleridge.

2 O Nancy! when thou 'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

3 O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go,
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

4 And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret those scenes so gay
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?[3]

THOMAS PERCY: 1728–1811.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

1 THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn. —
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

[3] Burns set this down as "perhaps the most beautiful ballad in the English language." Bishop Percy is chiefly known as the editor of *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.

2 That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past, —
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

3 Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing West
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

4 Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS: 1759–1796.

THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

1 KNOW, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

2 They Scotia's race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;

Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

3 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the hand.

4 And when the bard or hoary sage
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

5 Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspirèd tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His "Minstrel Lays";
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

6 To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,—
The rustic bard, the labouring hind,
The artisan:
All choose, as various they 're inclined,
The various man.

7 When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd-train,
Blithe o'er the hill.

8 Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the labourer's weary toil,
For humbler gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

9 Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

10 Of these am I, — Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame
Thy natal hour.

11 With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

12 I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

13 Or, when the deep-green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

14 When ripen'd fields and azure skies
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

15 When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd name
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

ROBERT BURNS: 1759-1796.

DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

1 Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;[4]
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way;

2 Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,

[4] King Henry the Sixth, the founder of Eton College. He was regarded as a saint by his friends, but came nearer being an *innocent*. Born in 1421, and murdered in the Tower in 1471.

And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

3 Say, father Thames, — for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace, —
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet who enthral?
What idle progeny succeed,
To chase the rolling circle's speed
Or urge the flying ball?

4 While some, on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

5 Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs, buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
That fly th' approach of morn.

6 Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;

Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

7 These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind, —
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind:
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged, comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

8 Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy:
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

9 Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age!

10 To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their Paradise.
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY: 1716–1771.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose. —
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

TO MAY.

1 THOUGH many suns have risen and set
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hail'd thee, may forget
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

2 Delicious odours! music sweet,
  Too sweet to pass away!
O, for a deathless song to meet
  The soul's desire, — a lay
That, when a thousand years are told,
  Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold,
  And Winter's dreariest hour.

3 Earth, sea, thy presence feel; nor less,
  If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
  The heavens have felt it too.
The inmost heart of man if glad
  Partakes a livelier cheer;
And eyes that cannot but be sad
  Let fall a brighten'd tear.

4 Since thy return, through days and weeks
  Of hope that grew by stealth,
How many wan and faded cheeks
  Have kindled into health!
The Old, by thee revived, have said,
  "Another year is ours";
And wayworn wanderers, poorly fed,
  Have smiled upon thy flowers.

5 Who tripping lisps a merry song
  Amid his playful peers?
The tender infant who was long
  A prisoner of fond fears;
But now, when every sharp-edged blast
  Is quiet in its sheath,
His mother leaves him free to taste
  Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

6 Thy help is with the weed that creeps
  Along the humblest ground;
No cliff so bare but on its steeps
  Thy favours may be found;

But most on some peculiar nook
That our own hands have drest,
Thou and thy train are proud to look,
And seem to love it best.

7 And yet how pleased we wander forth
When May is whispering, "Come!
Choose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread
From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
Drops on the mouldering turret's head,
And on your turf-clad graves!"

8 Such greeting heard, away with sighs
For lilies that must fade,
Or "the rathe primrose as it dies
Forsaken" in the shade!
Vernal fruitions and desires
Are link'd in endless chase;
While, as one kindly growth retires,
Another takes its place.

9 And what if thou, sweet May, hast known
Mishap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perish'd in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare:
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

10 Lo! streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirm'd intent
On that green mountain's side.

11 How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams 'mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

12 Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—ST. MATTHEW, vi. 28.

1 SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view!
In childhood's sports, companions gay;
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

2 Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all besides,—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

3 But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And, as we gaze, we know.

4 Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

5 Ye fearless in your nests abide;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

6 Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused and own'd you good;
His blessing on Earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if Winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

7 Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!

"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

JOHN KEBLE: 1792-1866.

ON LEAVING A DEAR OLD HOME.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion. Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused, and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said it was a blessèd Place.
And we *were* blessèd. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note,
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings,) in whisper'd tones
I 've said to my belovèd, "Such, sweet girl,
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens."
But the time when first
From that low dell steep up the stony mount
I climb'd with perilous toil, and reach'd the top,

O, what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless Ocean, —
It seem'd like Omnipresence. God, methought,
Had built Him there a temple: the whole world
Seem'd imaged in its vast circumference.
No *wish* profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! It was a luxury — to be!
  Ah, quiet dell, dear cot, and mount sublime!
I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,
While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,
That I should dream away th' intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
And he that works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids,
My benefactor, not my brother man.
Yet even this, this cold beneficence,
Praise, praise it, O my Soul! oft as thou scann'st
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe,
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies.
I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.
  Yet oft, when after honourable toil
Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot,
Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.

And I shall sigh fond wishes, — sweet abode!
Ah, had none greater! And that all had such!
It might be so, — but the time is not yet.
Speed it, O Father! let Thy kingdom come!

S. T. COLERIDGE: 1772–1834.

MILTON AND JEREMY TAYLOR.

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was against the Prelacy and the then-existing Church-government; Taylor's in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was *called* republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern Jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy.

From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to *all* forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual Church-communion of his own spirit with the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Taylor, with a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches to Catholicism as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture.

Milton would be and would utter the same to all, on all occasions: he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his *pop-*

ular writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears indeed, not *too severely* to have blamed that *management* of truth authorized and exemplified by almost all the Fathers.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) *agglomerative;* still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtilty, agility, and logic-wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the Fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still interfused, here and there, we see a tongue or isle of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Piety, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the moral and temporal improvement of their fellow creatures! Both of them wrote a Latin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Liberty both of the Pulpit and the Press!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

LET the calumniators of the Divine goodness cease to revile, or to make me the object of their superstitious imaginations. Let them consider that my situation, such as it is, is neither an object of my shame nor my regret, that my resolutions are too firm to be shaken, that I am not depressed by any sense of the Divine displeasure: that, on the other hand, in the most momentous periods I have had full experience of the Divine favour and protection; and that, in the solace and the strength which have been infused into me from above, I have been enabled to do the will of God; that I may oftener think on what He has bestowed than on what He has withheld: that, in short, I am unwilling to exchange my consciousness of rectitude with that of any other person; and that I feel the recollection a treasured store of tranquillity and delight.

But, if the choice were necessary, I would, Sir, prefer my blindness to yours. Yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience: mine keeps from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there, besides, which I would not willingly see! how many which I must see, against my will! and how few which I feel any anxiety to see! There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me, then, be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines: then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see.

O, that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And, indeed, in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but Himself. Alas, for him who insults me,—who maligns, and merits public execration! For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as

from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seems to have occasioned this obscurity; which, when occasioned, the Deity is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure. To this I ascribe the more tender assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, their reverential observances. This extraordinary kindness which I experience cannot be any fortuitous combination; and friends, such as mine, do not suppose that all the virtues of a man are contained in his eyes.

FREEDOM THE ELEMENT OF VIRTUE.

How great a virtue is temperance, how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing of so great a trust, without particular law or prescription, wholly to the demeanour of every grown man. For those actions which enter into a man, rather than issue out of him, and therefore defile not, God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription, but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser: there were but little work left for preaching, if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation.

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour, to cull out and sort asunder,[5] were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

[5] Psyche is the classical representative of the human soul as purified by suffering, and thus made capable of true felicity. Her surpassing beauty caused Cupid to fall in love with her; and this drew upon her the jealousy and hatred of Venus, who, having reduced her to slavery, imposed upon her the painful drudgery here spoken of. At length, by a perpetual union with Cupid, that is, with love, Psyche became immortal. In art she was represented as a maiden with the wings of a butterfly.

As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, — whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas,[6] — describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer[7] through the Cave of Mammon, and the Bower of earthly Bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in the world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates,[8] and hearing all manner of reason?

JOHN MILTON: 1608-1674.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, th' heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

[6] Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas were the two most famous Schoolmen of their day, and flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century. The former was surnamed *The Subtile Doctor*; the latter, *The Angelic Doctor*.

[7] Sir Guyon is the hero of the second book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. *Palmer* is, properly, a *pilgrim*; so called because pilgrims were wont to carry a stick or branch of *palm* as a badge.

[8] *Tractate* is the old word for *treatise* or *tract*.

O, raise us up, return to us again!
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

MAN'S PROPER GOOD.

God hath suited every creature He hath made with a convenient good, to which it tends, and in the obtainment of which it rests and is satisfied. Natural bodies have all their own natural place, whither, if not hindered, they move incessantly till they be in it; and they declare, by resting there, that they are, as I may say, where they would be. Sensitive creatures are carried to seek a sensitive good, as agreeable to their rank in being, and, attaining that, aim no further. Now, in this is the excellency of man, that he is made capable of a communion with his Maker, and, because capable of it, is unsatisfied without it: the soul, being cut out (so to speak) to that largeness, cannot be filled with less. Though he is fallen from his right to that good, and from all right desire of it, yet not from a capacity of it, no, nor from a necessity of it for the answering and filling of his capacity.

Though the heart, once gone from God, turns continually further away from Him, and moves not towards Him till it be renewed, yet even in that wandering it retains that natural relation to God as its centre, that it hath no true rest elsewhere, nor can by any means find it. It is made for Him, and is therefore still restless till it meet with Him.

It is true, the natural man takes much pains to quiet his heart by other things, and digests many vexations with hopes of contentment in the end, and accomplishment of some design he hath; but still the heart misgives. Many times he attains not the thing he seeks; but, if he do, yet he never attains the satisfaction he seeks and expects in it; but only learns from that to desire some-

thing further, and still hunts on after a fancy, drives his own shadow before him, and never overtakes it; and if he did, yet it is but a shadow. And so in running from God, besides the sad end, he carries an interwoven punishment with his sin, the natural disquiet and vexation of his spirit, fluttering to and fro, and "finding no rest for the sole of his foot."

We study to debase our souls, and make them content with less than they are made for; yea, we strive to make them carnal, that they may be pleased with sensible things. And in this men attain a brutish content for a time, forgetting their higher good. But, certainly, we cannot think it sufficient, and that no more were to be desired beyond ease and plenty, and pleasures of sense; for then a beast, in good case and a good pasture, might contest with us in point of happiness, and carry it away; for that sensitive good he enjoys without sin, and without the vexation that is mixed with us in all.

These things are too gross and heavy. The soul, the immortal soul, descended from Heaven, must either be more happy or remain miserable. The highest, the increated Spirit, is the proper good, "the Father of spirits," that pure and full good which raises the soul above itself; whereas all other things draw it down below itself. So, then, it is never well with the soul but when it is near unto God, yea, in its union with Him, married to Him: mismatching itself elsewhere, it hath never any thing but shame and sorrow.

ROBERT LEIGHTON: 1611–1684.

THE SOUL'S PROPER HOME.

THE happiness of the soul consists in the exercise of the affections; not in sensual pleasures, not in activity, not in excitement, not in self-esteem, not in the consciousness of power, not in knowledge: in none of these things lies our happiness, but in our affections being elicited, employed, supplied. As hunger and thirst, as taste, sound, and smell, are the channels through which this bodily frame receives pleasure; so the affections are the instruments by which the soul has pleasure. When they are exercised duly, it is happy; when they are undeveloped, restrained, or thwarted, it is not happy. This is our real and true bliss, not to know, or to

affect, or to pursue; but to love, to hope, to joy, to admire, to revere, to adore. Our real and true bliss lies in the possession of those objects on which our hearts may rest and be satisfied.

Now, if this be so, here is at once a reason for saying that the thought of God, and nothing short of it, is the happiness of man: for though there is much besides to serve as subject of knowledge, or motive for action, or instrument of excitement, yet the affections require something more vast and more enduring than any thing created. What is novel and sudden excites, but does not influence; what is pleasurable or useful raises no awe; self moves no reverence, and mere knowledge kindles no love. He alone is sufficient for the heart who made it.

I do not say, of course, that nothing short of the Almighty Creator can awaken and answer to our love, reverence, and trust: man can do this for man. Man doubtless is an object to rouse his brother's love, and repays it in his measure. Nay, it is a great duty, one of the two chief duties of religion, thus to be minded towards our neighbour. But I am not speaking here of what we can do, or ought to do, but what it is our happiness to do; and surely it may be said that, though the love of the brethren, the love of all men, be one half of our obedience, yet, exercised by itself, were that possible, which it is not, it were no part of our reward. And for this reason, if for no other, that our hearts require something more permanent and uniform than man can be.

We gain much for a time from fellowship with each other. It is a relief to us, as fresh air to the fainting, or meat and drink to the hungry, or a flood of tears to the heavy in mind. It is a soothing comfort to have those whom we may make our confidants; a comfort to have those to whom we may confess our faults; a comfort to have those to whom we may look for sympathy. Love of home and family in these and other ways is sufficient to make this life tolerable to the multitude of men, which otherwise it would not be; but still, after all, our affections exceed such exercise of them, and demand what is more stable.

Do not all men die? are they not taken from us? are they not as uncertain as the grass of the field? We do not give our hearts to things inanimate, because these have no permanence in them. We do not place our affections on Sun, Moon, and stars, or this rich and fair Earth, because all things material come to nought, and

vanish like day and night. Man, too, though he has an intelligence within him, yet in his best estate is altogether vanity. If our happiness consists in our affections being employed and recompensed, "man that is born of a woman" cannot be our happiness: for how can he be the stay of another, who "continueth not in one stay" himself?

But there is another reason why God alone is the happiness of our souls: The contemplation of Him, and nothing but it, is able fully to open and relieve the mind, to unlock, occupy, and fix our affections. We may indeed love things created with great intenseness; but such affection, when disjoined from the love of the Creator, is like a stream running in a narrow channel, impetuous, vehement, turbid. The heart runs out, as it were, only at one door; it is not an expanding of the whole man. Created natures cannot open us, or elicit the ten thousand mental senses which belong to us, and through which we really live. None but the presence of our Maker can enter us; for to none besides can the whole heart in all its thoughts and feelings be unlocked and subjected.

We know that even our nearest friends enter into us but partially, and hold intercourse with us only at times; whereas the consciousness of a perfect and enduring Presence, and it alone, keeps the heart open. Withdraw the Object on which it rests, and it will relapse again into its state of confinement and constraint; and in proportion as it is limited, either to certain seasons or to certain affections, the heart is straightened and distressed. If it be not overbold to say it, He who is Infinite can alone be its measure; He alone can answer to the mysterious assemblage of feelings and thoughts which it has within.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN: 1801–

THE BLESSINGS OF HOME.

OUR safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad are in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly-assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence

of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seem to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him, like a soft, bright day.

As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment in a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God, in His goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that, wherever a vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in its stead. But a man of a character rightly cast has his pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food; and he moves about his house under a continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

Women have been called angels, in love-tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of Angels as little better than women. Yet a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly,—and there are women who may be so known and loved,—will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares. He has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward and romantic of our nature, and which keeps much of its character amidst the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence: he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of this world's frailties, is

> Yet a Spirit still, and bright
> With something of angelic light.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sorrows, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being; and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to Angels, and in his exalted moments he feels himself held by the same tie.

Men who feel deeply show little of their deepest feelings to each other. But, aside from the close union and common interests and concerns between husband and wife, a woman seems to be a crea-

ture peculiarly ordained for a man to open his heart to and share its joys with, and to be a comforter to his griefs. Her voice soothes us like music; she is our light in gloom and our Sun in a cold world. In time of affliction she does not come to us like a man, who lays by, for the hour, his proper nature to give us relief. She ministers to us with a hand so gentle, and speaks in a voice so calm and kind, and her very being is so much in all she does, that she seems at the moment as one born only for the healing of our sorrows, and for a rest to our cares. The man to whom such a being is sent for comfort and support must be sadly hard and depraved, if he does not feel his inward disturbance sinking away, and a quietude stealing through his frame.

We have heard of the sameness of domestic life. He must have a dull head and a dry heart who grows weary of it. A man who moralizes feelingly, and has a proneness to see a beauty and fitness in all God's works, may find daily food for his mind even in an infant. In its innocent sleep, when it seems like some blessed thing dropped from the clouds, with tints so delicate, and with its peaceful breathings, we can hardly think of it as of mortal mould, it looks so like a pure spirit made visible for our delight.

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy,

says Wordsworth. And who of us, that is not so over-good as to be unconscious of vice, has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child? — who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him, in a way which all he has read or heard never could, how paltry is the mere intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself, and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of; their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances, and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form

matured thought; are study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without noise.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course; yet, if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to work upon, — something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one, in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself a plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and I have felt as much of sympathy and kindness towards him, as I have of dislike and misgiving towards another who has gone through life with all due propriety, but with that cold and supercilious bearing towards children which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one of the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

When my heart has been full of gladness and good-will at the thought of the blessings of home, and at the remembrance that the little which is right within me was learned there; when I have reflected upon the nature of my enjoyments abroad, and cast them up, and found them so few, and have then turned home again, and have seen that its pleasures were my best lessons of virtue, as countless as good; I have thought I could talk of it for ever. It is not so. Though the feeling of home never wearies, because kind offices and the thousand little ways in which home attachments are always uttering themselves keep it fresh and full in its course, yet the feeling itself, and that which feeds it, have a simplicity and unity of character of which little is to be told, though they are always with us.

RICHARD HENRY DANA: 1787-

A VIRTUOUS WIFE A GREAT TREASURE.

SUCH a treasure had the celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school, and instructed the people. During his absence from his house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing?" "They are gone to the school," was the answer. "I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached to him a goblet, he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and, when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love!" he replied. "A few days ago, a person intrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again: should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What, wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own!" "No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.—"Ah, my sons, my sons," thus loudly lamented the father, "my sons, the light of mine eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed

Rabbi Meir, "and blessed be His name for thy sake too! for well is it written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: 1772–1834.

COMMON-SENSE MORALITY.

A MAN of thorough good-breeding, whatever else he be, is incapable of doing a rude or brutal action. He never deliberates in this case, or considers of the matter by prudential rules of self-interest and advantage. He acts from his nature, in a manner necessarily, and without reflection: and if he did not, it were impossible for him to answer his character, or be found that truly well-bred man, on every occasion. It is the same with the honest man. He cannot deliberate in the case of a plain villainy. A plum is no temptation to him. He likes and loves himself too well to change hearts with one of those corrupt miscreants who amongst them gave that name to a round sum of money gained by rapine and plunder of the commonwealth. He who would enjoy a freedom of mind, and be truly possessor of himself, must be above the thought of stooping to what is villainous or base. He, on the other side, who has a heart to stoop, must necessarily quit the thought of manliness, resolution, friendship, merit, and a character with himself and others. But to affect these enjoyments and advantages, together with the privileges of a licentious principle; to pretend to enjoy society, and a free mind, in company with a knavish heart, is as ridiculous as the way of children, who eat their cake, and afterwards cry for it. When men begin to deliberate about dishonesty, and, finding it go less against their stomach, ask slyly, "Why they should stick at a good piece of knavery, for a good sum?" they should be told, as children, that they cannot eat their cake, and have it.

When men, indeed, are become accomplished knaves, they are past crying for their cake. They know themselves, and are known by mankind. It is not these who are so much envied or admired. The moderate kind are the more taking with us. Yet, had we

sense, we should consider, it is in reality the thorough profligate knave, the very complete unnatural villain alone, who can any way bid for happiness with the honest man. True interest is wholly on one side or the other. All between is inconsistency, irresolution, remorse, vexation, and an ague-fit; from hot to cold; from one passion to another quite contrary; a perpetual discord of life; and an alternate disquiet and self-dislike. The only rest or repose must be through one determined, considerate resolution: which, when once taken, must be courageously kept, and the passions and affections brought under obedience to it; the temper steeled and hardened to the mind; the disposition to the judgment. Both must agree; else all must be disturbance and confusion. So that to think with one's self, in good earnest, "Why may not one do this little villainy, or commit this one treachery, and but for once?" is the most ridiculous imagination in the world, and contrary to common sense. For a common honest man whilst left to himself, and undisturbed by philosophy, and subtile reasonings about his interest, gives no other answer to the thought of villainy, than that he cannot possibly find in his heart to set about it, or conquer the natural aversion he has to it. And this is natural and just.

The truth is, as notions stand now in the world with respect to morals, honesty is like to gain little by philosophy or deep speculations of any kind. In the main, it is best to stick to common sense, and go no further. Men's first thoughts, in this matter, are generally better than their second; their natural notions better than those refined by study, or consultation with casuists. According to common speech, as well as common sense, "Honesty is the best policy": but, according to refined sense, the only well-advised persons, as to this world, are arrant knaves; and they alone are thought to serve themselves, who serve their passions, and indulge their loosest appetites and desires. Such, it seems, are the wise, and such the wisdom of this world!

An ordinary man talking of a vile action, in a way of common sense, says naturally and heartily, "He would not be guilty of such a thing for the whole world." But speculative men find great modifications in the case; many ways of evasion; many remedies; many alleviations. A good gift rightly applied; a right method of suing out a pardon; good almshouses, and charitable foundations erected for right worshippers; and a good zeal shown for the right

belief, may sufficiently atone for one wrong practice; especially when it is such as raises a man to a considerable power (as they say) of doing good, and serving the true cause.

Many a good estate, many a high station has been gained upon such a bottom as this. Some crowns too may have been purchased on these terms; and some great emperors (if I mistake not) there have been of old, who were much assisted by these or the like principles; and in return were not ungrateful to the cause and party which had assisted them. The forgers of such morals have been amply endowed; and the world has paid roundly for its philosophy; since the original plain principles of humanity, and the simple honest precepts of peace and mutual love, have, by a sort of spiritual chemists, been so sublimated as to become the highest corrosives; and, passing through their limbecs, have yielded the strongest spirit of mutual hatred and malignant persecution.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY: 1671-1713.

OTHELLO BEFORE THE SENATE.

SCENE, — *Venice. A Council-Chamber.*

The DUKE *and* Senators *sitting at a Table.*

Enter, to them, BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman. —
[*To* BRAB.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me:
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me:

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law[9]
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Senators. We're very sorry for 't.

Duke. [*To* OTHEL.] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round[1] unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic —
For such proceeding I am charged withal —
I won his daughter with.

[9] By the Venetian law the giving love-potions was highly criminal.
[1] *Round* was often used in the sense of *plain* or *plain-spoken*.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself;[2] and she — in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing —
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning Hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof:
Without more certain and more overt test,
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming,[3] you prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. —
[*Exeunt* Iago *and* Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

[2] *Herself* for *itself*, referring to *motion*.

[3] *Modern* is here used in the sense of *common* or *vulgar*; as in the phrase, "full of wise saws and *modern* instances." — *Habits* seems to be used here much as we now use *colour*, as in "some colour of truth;" that is, *semblance*.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, — the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance[4] in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres[5] vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively:[6] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,[7] *In faith 't was strange, 't was passing strange;*
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd

[4] *Portance* is *carriage* or *deportment.*
[5] Caverns; from *antrum*, Latin.
[6] *Intention* and *attention* were once synonymous.
[7] To *aver upon faith* or *honour* was considered swearing.

That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA *with* IAGO *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I 'm bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you 're the lord of duty,—
I 'm hitherto your daughter: but here 's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God b' wi' you! I have done.—
Please it your Grace, on to the State-affairs.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For my own sake, jewel,
I 'm glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. — Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber[8] the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[9]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation and besort[1]
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I 'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous[2] ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality[3] of my lord:

[8] To *slubber* is, properly, to *neglect* or to *slight;* here it seems to have the sense of *obscuring* by negligence.

[9] A *driven* bed is a bed for which the feathers have been selected by *driving* with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. — To *agnize* is to *acknowledge, confess,* or *avow.*

[1] *Besort* is *attendance.* — *Exhibition* is *allowance* or *provision.*

[2] *Prosperous* is here used in an active sense, the same as *propitious.* — *Charter,* in the next line, appears to mean about the same as *pledge* or *guarantee.*

[3] Here, as often in Shakespeare, *quality* is *profession* or *vocation.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. —
Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,[4]
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply wi' th' heat of young affects,[5] —
In me defunct; — but for her satisfaction,
And to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For[6] she is with me: no; when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel[7] with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE.

I THINK the best judgment not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, that Shakespeare is the chief of all poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our

[4] "I do not beg it *for this cause.*"

[5] That is, the heat of *youthful passions.*

[6] "*Because* she is with me." *For* was often used thus — "Heaven defend your good souls, for that you think," is old language for "Heaven defend your good souls *from thinking.*"

[7] *Seel* is an old term in falconry for *closing up* the eyes of a hawk.

recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of Literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil, unfathomable sea!

It has been said that in the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas there is, apart from all other "faculties," as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakespeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit, — every way as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things, — we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if Nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakespeare in this, — he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force, and its relation to them, is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice: it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly-*seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short.

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I call portrait-painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakespeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakespeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart, and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakespeare's *morality*, his valour, candour, tolerance, truthfulness, — his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstacles, visible there too? Great as the world! It is truly a lordly spectacle, how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness. *Novum Organum*,

and all the intellect you will find in Bacon, is of quite a secondary order; earthy, material, poor in comparison with this.

Withal, the joyous tranquillity of this man is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is a battle without victory; but a true battle,—the first indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakespeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly, and did conquer. Doubt it not, he had his own sorrows: those Sonnets of his will even testify expressly in what deep waters he had waded, and swum struggling for life;—as what man like him ever failed to have to do? It seems to me a heedless notion, our common one, that he sat like a bird on the bough, and sang forth, free and offhand, never knowing the troubles of other men. Not so: with no man is it so. How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing, and not fall in with sorrows by the way? Or, still better, how could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered?

And now, in contrast with all this, observe his mirthfulness, his genuine overflowing love of laughter. You would say, in no point does he *exaggerate* but only in laughter. Fiery objurgations, words that pierce and burn, are to be found in Shakespeare: yet he is always in measure here; never what Johnson would remark as a specially "good hater." But his laughter seems to pour from him in floods: he heaps all manner of ridiculous nicknames on the butt he is bantering, tumbles and tosses him in all sorts of horse-play; you would say, roars and laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not a mere weakness at misery or poverty; never. No man who *can* laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only *desiring* to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy: good laughter is not "the crackling of thorns under the pot." Even at stupidity and pretension this Shakespeare does not laugh otherwise than genially. Dogberry and Verges tickle our very hearts; and we dismiss them covered with explosions of laughter: but we like the poor fellows only the better for our laughing; and hope they will get on well there, and continue Presidents of the City-watch. Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

THOMAS CARLYLE: 1795–

MODES OF CHARITY.

I HOLD not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality comprehends the whole of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us, in this narrow way, many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways may we be charitable. There are infirmities not only of body, but of soul and fortune, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the Sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself.

To be reserved and stingy in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this — as calling myself a scholar — I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs who study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his. And, in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends.

I cannot fall out with or condemn a man for error, or conceive why a difference of opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much is there of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends[8] upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controver-

[8] That is, spends *his mouth*; which is an old phrase for to *bark*.

sies are never determined; for, though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled; they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis upon the party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject.

The foundations of religion are already established, and the principles of salvation subscribed unto by all. There remain not many controversies worth a passion; yet never any dispute without it, not only in divinity, but inferior arts. How do grammarians hack and slash for the genitive case in *Jupiter!*[9] Yea, even among wiser militants, how many wounds have been given and credits slain, for the poor victory of an opinion, or the beggarly conquest of a distinction! Scholars are men of peace, they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor, with which he is said to have cut through a whetstone: their pens carry further and give a louder report than thunder.

I was not born unto riches, neither is it, I think, my star to be wealthy; or, if it were, the freedom of my mind and frankness of my disposition were able to contradict and cross my fates: for to me avarice seems not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness: to conceive ourselves pill-boxes, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore, as this. To that subterraneous idol, and god of the earth, I do confess I am an atheist. I cannot persuade myself to honour that which the world adores. I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain,[1] for the Indies: and for this only do I love and honour my own soul, and have, methinks, two arms too few to embrace myself.

Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth and the bountiful hand of fortune: if this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions and bountiful well-wishes. But if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not: I borrow occasion of charity from my own necessities, and supply the wants of others when I am in most need myself; for it is an honest

[9] The actual genitive of *Jupiter* is *Jovis*. If regularly formed, it would be *Jupitri* or *Jupitris*. The genitive in use comes from an older form of the nominative, *Jovis*.

[1] A thing is often said to do that which it any way *causes to be done*. So, here, *call* is used as a *causative* verb.

stratagem to take advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that, where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodness in another.

I have not a Peru in my desires, but a competence and ability to perform those good works to which the Almighty hath inclined my nature. He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord": there is more rhetoric in that one sentence than in a library of sermons. And indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those voluminous instructions, but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers. These scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both: there is, under those patched garments and miserable outsides, those mutilate[2] and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: 1605-1682.

DREAMS.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time. I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense

[2] *Mutilate* is an old form of the preterite, for *mutilated*. Shakespeare and all the old writers have many such.

want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*,[3] in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself, in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpio:[4] I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn,[5] and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no ways facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and

[3] *Religio Medici*, which means *a physician's religion*, is the title of one of Sir Thomas Browne's principal works. The preceding piece is taken from it.

[4] The Sun was said to be in the constellation Scorpion from the 20th of October to the 20th of November. This is especially the season of chill rains, low spirits, and dull wits. The language in the text is astrological; and astrology taught that a man's fortune and character were determined by the star or stars that were in the ascendant at the time of his birth. See page 25, note 4. — *Ligation*, a little before, is a *binding*, or *bondage*.

[5] That is, when the planet Saturn was predominant. See page 26, note 6.

galliardize[6] of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions: but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings,[7] that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves: for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions.

There is another circumstance, which, methinks, gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand

[6] *Gallard* was the name of a sprightly, frolicsome dance.

[7] *Abstracted* is *drawn away*, or *isolated*, and hence *pure, clear, unworldly*, as opposed to *gross, earthly, worldly*.

scenes of her own raising. She is herself the th
and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a say
infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribe
"That all men, whilst they are awake, are in one
but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in
own." The waking man is conversant in the w
when he sleeps he retires to a private world that
himself. There seems something in this conside
mates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in
is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excell
which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, nam
divining in dreams. That several such divinations
none can question who believes the Holy Writings
the least degree of a common historical faith; t
merable instances of this nature in several autho
and modern, sacred and profane. Whether suc
such visions of the night, proceed from any late
soul during this her state of abstraction, or fro
cation with the Supreme Being, or from any op
dinate spirits, has been a great dispute among t
matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has
as such by the greatest writers, who have neve
either of superstition or enthusiasm.

The speculations I have here made, if they ar
are at least strong intimations not only of the
human soul, but of its independence on the bo
do not prove, do at least confirm those two gre
are established by many other reasons that are
swerable.

JOSEPH

IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS FINI

MY LORDS, I have done; the part of the Commo
With a trembling solicitude we consign this produ
long labours to your charge. Take it! — take it!
trust. Never before was a cause of such magnitud
any human tribunal.

My Lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labour, that we have been guilty of no prevarication, that we have made no compromise with crime, that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes, with the vices, with the exorbitant wealth, with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought at your Lordships' bar for the last seven years. My Lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation.

A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of Nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My Lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less become the concern of posterity, — if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity: but this is in the hands of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be.

My Lords, your House yet stands, — it stands as a great edifice; but let me say that it stands in the midst of ruins, — in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed and shattered this globe of ours. My Lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, — that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself: I mean justice, — that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or accuser before the great Judge.

My Lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your

Lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not be involved. And if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen; if it should happen that your Lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates who supported their thrones, may you, in those moments, feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My Lords, there is a consolation, — and a great consolation it is! — which often happens to oppressed virtue and fallen dignity. It often happens that the very oppressors and persecutors themselves are forced to bear testimony in its favour. I do not like to go for instances a great way back into antiquity. I know very well that length of time operates so as to give an air of the fabulous to remote events, which lessens the interest and weakens the application of examples. I wish to come nearer the present time.

Your Lordships know and have heard (for which of us has not known and heard?) of the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament of Paris had an origin very, very similar to that of the great Court before which I stand; the Parliament of Paris continued to have a great resemblance to it in its constitution, even to its fall. The Parliament of Paris, my Lords, WAS; it is gone! It has passed away; it has vanished like a dream! It fell, pierced by the sword of the Comte de Mirabeau. And yet I will say that that man, at the time of his inflicting the death-wound of that Parliament, produced at once the shortest and the grandest funeral oration that ever was or could be made upon the departure of a great court of magistracy. Though he had himself smarted under its lash, as every one knows who knows his history, (and he was elevated to dreadful notoriety in history,) yet, when he pronounced the death-sentence upon that Parliament, and inflicted the mortal wound, he declared that his motives for doing it were merely political, and that their hands were as pure as those of justice itself, which they administered.

A great and glorious exit, my Lords, of a great and glorious body! And never was an eulogy pronounced upon a body more

deserved. They were persons, in nobility of rank, in amplitude of fortune, in weight of authority, in depth of learning, inferior to few of those that hear me. My Lords, it was but the other day that they submitted their necks to the axe; but their honour was unwounded. Their enemies, the persons who sentenced them to death, were lawyers full of subtlety, they were enemies full of malice; yet, lawyers full of subtlety, and enemies full of malice, as they were, they did not dare to reproach them with having supported the wealthy, the great, and powerful, and of having oppressed the weak and feeble, in any of their judgments, or of having perverted justice, in any one instance whatever, through favour, through interest, or cabal.

My Lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! But if you stand, — and stand I trust you will, together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy, together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and illustrious kingdom, — may you stand as unimpeached in honour as in power! May you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue! May you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants! May you stand the refuge of afflicted nations! May you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice!

EDMUND BURKE: 1794.

BURKE ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

HAD it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family: I should have left a son who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. HE would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry.

He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours, I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But, whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men.

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

LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD: 1796.

AN APPEAL TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SHALL I, my Lords, be deprived of all that is valuable to an Englishman (for in the circumstances to which I am to be reduced life itself is scarce valuable) by such an evidence as this? such an evidence as would not be admitted in any other cause, in any other court; nor allowed, I verily believe, to condemn a Jew in the Inquisitions of Spain or Portugal: shall it be received against me, a member of this House, in a charge of high treason brought in the High Court of Parliament? God forbid!

Doubtless the Legislature is without bounds. It may do what it pleases; and whatever it does is binding. Nay, in some respects it has greater power (with reverence be it spoken) than the Sovereign Legislator of the Universe; for He can do nothing unjustly! But though no limits can be set to Parliaments, yet they have generally thought fit to prescribe limits to themselves; and so to guide even their proceedings by bill in criminal cases, as to depart as little as possible from the known laws and usages of the realm. The Parliament may, if it pleases, by a particular Act, order a criminal to be tortured who will not confess; for who shall gainsay them? But they never did it; nor, I presume, ever will; because torture, though practised in other countries, is unknown in ours, and repugnant to the temper and genius of our mild and free government. And yet, my Lords, it looks, methinks, somewhat like torture, to inflict grievous pains and penalties on a person only suspected of guilt, but not legally proved guilty, in order to extort some confession or discovery from him. This, in other countries, is called putting to the question; and it matters not much by what engines or method such an experiment is made.

The Parliament may, if it pleases, by an express law adjudge a man to absolute perpetual imprisonment, as well as to perpetual exile; without reserving to the Crown any power of terminating such imprisonment. They have enacted the one; I find not they ever enacted the other. And the reason seems to have been, because our law, which above all others provides for the liberty of the subject's person, knows nothing of such absolute perpetual imprisonment.

The Parliament may in like manner condemn a man upon a charge of accumulative and constructive treason. They did so once,

in the case of the Earl of Strafford; but they repented of it afterwards, and ordered "all the records and proceedings of Parliament relating thereto to be wholly cancelled, defaced, and obliterated, to the intent the same might not be visible in after-ages, or brought into example to the prejudice of any person whatsoever." My Lords, it was the fate of that great person thus to fall by accumulative and constructive treason. A much less now stands before you, who is attacked by accumulative and constructive proofs of his guilt; that is, by such proofs as, in themselves, and when taken single and apart, are allowed to prove nothing; but, when taken together, and well interpreted and explained, are said to give mutual light and strength to each other, and by the help of certain inferences and deduction to have the force, though not the formality, of legal evidence. Will such proofs be ever admitted by your Lordships, in order to deprive a fellow-subject of his fortunes, his fame, his friends, and his country, and send him in his old age, without language, without limbs, without health, and without a provision for the necessaries of life, to live, or rather starve, amongst foreigners? I say again, God forbid!

My ruin is not of that moment to any man, or any number of men, as to make it worth their while to violate, or even *seem* to violate, the Constitution in any degree, to procure it. In preserving and guarding *that* against all attempts, the safety and the happiness of every Englishman lies. But when once, by such extraordinary steps as these, we depart from the fixed rules and forms of justice, and try untrodden paths, no man knows whither they will lead him, or where he shall be able to stop, when pressed by the crowd that follow him.

Though I am worthy of no regard; though whatever is done to me may be looked upon as just; yet your Lordships will have some regard to your own lasting interests, and those of the State; and not introduce into criminal cases a sort of evidence with which our Constitution is not acquainted, and which, under the appearance of supporting it at first, may be afterwards made use of (I speak my honest fears) gradually to undermine and destroy it.

For God's sake, my Lords, lay aside these extraordinary proceedings! set not these new and dangerous precedents! And I for my part will voluntarily and cheerfully go into perpetual exile, and please myself with the thought that I have in some measure pre-

served the Constitution by quitting my country; and I will live, wherever I am, praying for its prosperity, and die with the words of Father Paul in my mouth, which he used of the Republic of Venice, *Esto perpetua!*[8] The way to perpetuate it is, not to depart from it. Let *me* depart; but let *that* continue fixed on the immovable foundations of Law and Justice, and stand for ever.

Had indeed the charge been as fully proved as it is strongly asserted, it had been in vain to think of encountering well-attested facts by protestation to the contrary, though never so solemnly made. But, as that charge is enforced by flights and probabilities, and cannot be disproved in many circumstances without proving a negative, your Lordships will, in such a case, allow the solemn asseverations of a man in behalf of his own innocence to have their due weight. And I ask no more of God than to grant them as much influence with you as they have truth in themselves.

If, after all, it shall be still thought by your Lordships that there is any seeming strength in any of the proofs produced against me; if by private persuasions of my guilt, founded on unseen, unknown motives, which ought not certainly to influence public judgments; if, by any reasons and necessities of State, (of the expedience, wisdom, and justice of which I am no competent judge,) your Lordships shall be induced to proceed on this bill, and to pass it in any shape; I shall dispose myself quietly and patiently to submit to what is determined. God's will be done![9]

FRANCIS ATTERBURY: 1662-1731.

FRAUDULENT PARTY OUTCRIES.

MR. PRESIDENT, this is an eventful moment. On the great questions which occupy us, we all look for some decisive movement of public opinion. As I wish that movement to be free, intelligent, and unbiased, the true manifestation of the public will, I desire to prepare the country for another appeal, which I perceive is about to be made to popular prejudice, another attempt to obscure all dis-

[8] "Let it stand for ever!"

[9] Bishop Atterbury, on this occasion, was in much the same predicament as the great Earl of Strafford had been some seventy years before; and his speech appears to have been modelled partly after that of the Earl. Both are among the very finest specimens of eloquence in the language. See page 63.

tinct views of the public good, to overwhelm all patriotism and all enlightened self-interest, by loud cries against false danger, and by exciting the passions of one class against another. I am not mistaken in the omen; I see the magazine whence the weapons of this warfare are to be drawn. I already hear the din of the hammering of arms preparatory to the combat. They may be such arms, perhaps, as reason and justice and honest patriotism cannot resist. Every effort at resistance, it is possible, may be feeble and powerless; but, for one, I shall make an effort, — an effort to be begun now, and to be carried on and continued, with untiring zeal, till the end of the contest comes.

Sir, I see, in those vehicles which carry to the people sentiments from high places, plain declarations that the present controversy is but a strife between one part of the community and another. I hear it boasted as the unfailing security, the solid ground, never to be shaken, on which recent measures rest, *that the poor naturally hate the rich.* I know that, under the cover of the roofs of the Capitol, within the last twenty-four hours, among men sent here to devise means for the public safety and the public good, it has been vaunted forth, as matter of boast and triumph, that one cause existed powerful enough to support every thing, and to defend every thing; and that was, *the natural hatred of the poor to the rich.*

Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property and out of the earnings of their labour, by first cheating them out of their understandings.

"The natural hatred of the poor to the rich!" Sir, it shall not be till the last moment of my existence, — it shall be only when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, when I shall cease to have respect or affection for any thing on Earth, — that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled, and *driven about in herds*, by such abominable frauds as this. If they shall sink to that point; if they so far cease to be men, thinking men, intelligent men, as to yield to such pretences and such clamour, — they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. They will deserve to be blotted out of all the records of freedom;

they ought not to dishonour the cause of self-government, by attempting any longer to exercise it: they ought to keep their unworthy hands entirely off from the cause of republican liberty, if they are capable of being the victims of artifices so shallow, of tricks so stale, so threadbare, so often practised, so much worn out, on serfs and slaves.

"The natural hatred of the poor against the rich!" "The danger of a moneyed aristocracy!" "A power as great and dangerous as that resisted by the Revolution!" "A call to a new Declaration of Independence!" Sir, I admonish the people against the objects of outcries like these. I admonish every industrious labourer in the country to be on his guard against such delusion. I tell him the attempt is to play off his passions against his interests, and to prevail on him, in the name of liberty, to destroy all the fruits of liberty; in the name of patriotism, to injure and afflict his country; and, in the name of his own independence, to destroy that very independence, and make him a beggar and a slave. Has he a dollar? He is advised to do that which will destroy half its value. Has he hands to labour? Let him rather fold them, and sit still, than be pushed on, by fraud and artifice, to support measures which will render his labour useless and hopeless.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1834.

MASSACHUSETTS AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

I SHALL not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honour, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all; the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honoured the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears, — does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if

his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom?

No, Sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag Angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is: behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, Sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of

its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure; it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1830.

EVILS OF A DEBASED CURRENCY.

SIR, the very man, of all others, who has the deepest interest in a sound currency, and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. A depreciated currency, sudden changes of prices, paper money falling between morning and noon, and falling still lower between noon and night, — these things constitute the very harvest-time of speculators, and of the whole race of those who are at once idle and crafty; and of that other race, too, the Catilines of all times, marked, so as to be known for ever by one stroke of the historian's pen, *those greedy of other men's property and prodigal of their own.* Capitalists, too, may outlive such times. They may either prey on the earnings of labour, by their *cent. per cent.*, or they may hoard.

But the labouring man, what can he hoard? Preying on nobody, he becomes the prey of all. His property is in his hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive freehold, his all, is his labour. Whether he work on his own small capital or another's, his living is still earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated and debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labours for a country whose laws cheat him out of his bread. I would say to every owner of every quarter section of land in the West, I would say to every man in the East who follows his own plough, and to every mechanic, artisan, and labourer, in every city

in the country, — I would say to every man, everywhere, who wishes, by honest means, to gain an honest living, "Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing! Whoever attempts, under whatever popular cry, to shake the stability of the public currency, bring on distress in money matters, and drive the country into paper money, stabs your interest and your happiness to the heart."

The herd of hungry wolves who live on other men's earnings will rejoice in such a state of things. A system which absorbs into their pockets the fruits of other men's industry is the very system for them. A government that produces or countenances uncertainty, fluctuations, violent risings and fallings in prices, and, finally, paper money, is a government exactly after their own heart. Hence these men are always for change. They will never let well enough alone. A condition of public affairs in which property is safe, industry certain of its reward, and every man secure in his own hard-earned gains, is no paradise for them. Give them just the reverse of this state of things; bring on change, and change after change; let it not be known to-day what will be the value of property to-morrow; let no man be able to say whether the money in his pockets at night will be money or worthless rags in the morning; and depress labour till double work shall earn but half a living, — give them this state of things, and you give them the consummation of their earthly bliss.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1834.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

I PROFESS, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our

territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the Sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the Earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1830.

WEBSTER DEFENDING HIS ALMA MATER.

MR. WEBSTER went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous, and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or uneasiness on either side. A single circumstance will show you the clearness and absorbing power of his argument.

I observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but, so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing; and it was among the *on dits* of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the Judge remarked, "Every thing was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes." The argument ended, Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief-Justice, he proceeded thus:

"This, Sir, is my case. It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in the land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country, — of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors, to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they in their discretion shall see fit?

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But, if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those greater lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land!

"It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it" —

Here, the feelings, which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the privations and trials through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief-Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over, as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion, and his eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, — with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being, — leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, towards a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench, to catch each look and every movement of the speaker. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas, — those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he there stood in the midst, — it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the *Pathetic* depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly, who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man, who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and, fixing his keen eye on the Chief-Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience, —

"Sir, I know not how others may feel," (glancing at the oppo-

nents of the college before him,) "but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab after stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me, and say, *Et tu quoque, mi fili! And thou too, my son!*"

He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.

CHAUNCY A. GOODRICH: 1819.

BRITISH BLUNDERING IN AMERICA.

THE spirit of independence animating the nation of America is not new among them: it is, and has ever been, their confirmed persuasion. When the repeal of the Stamp Act was in agitation, a person of undoubted respect and authenticity on that subject assured me that these were the prevalent and steady principles of America; that you might destroy their towns, and cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences, of life; but that they were prepared to despise your power, and would not lament the loss, whilst they have — what, my Lords? — their woods and their liberty!

If illegal violences have been committed in America, prepare the way for acknowledgment and satisfaction: but cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand, oppress not three millions, for the fault of forty or fifty individuals. Such severity of justice must irritate your Colonies to unappeasable rancour. What though you march from town to town, and from province to province? How shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress, to grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent?

This resistance to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen from the nature of things and of mankind; above all, from the Whiggish spirit flourishing in that country. The spirit which now resists your taxation in America is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship-money in England; the same which, by the Bill of Rights, vindicated the English Constitution; the same which established the essential

maxim of your liberties, that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.

This glorious spirit of Whiggism animates three millions in America, aided by every Whig in England, to the amount, I hope, of double the American numbers. Ireland they have to a man. Let this distinction, then, remain for ever ascertained, — taxation is theirs, commercial regulation is ours. They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. I recognize to the Americans their supreme, unalienable right in their property; a right which they are justified in the defence of to the last extremity. To maintain this principle is the great common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic and on this. 'T is "liberty to liberty engaged"; the alliance of God and Nature; immutable and eternal.

To such united force what force shall be opposed? A few regiments in America, and seventeen or eighteen thousand men at home! The idea is too ridiculous to take up a moment of your Lordships' time. Unless the fatal Acts are done away, the hour of danger must arrive in all its horrors, and then these boastful Ministers, spite of all their confidence, shall be forced to abandon principles which they avow, but cannot defend; measures which they presume to attempt, but cannot hope to effectuate.

It is not repealing a piece of parchment that can restore America to your bosom: you must repeal her fears and her resentments; and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. Insulted with an armed force posted in Boston, irritated with a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you could force them, would be insecure. But it is more than evident that, united as they are, you cannot force them to your unworthy terms of submission.

When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must avow that, in all my reading, — and I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-States of the world, — for solidity of reason, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion under a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. The histories of Greece and Rome give us nothing equal to it; and all attempts to impose servitude upon

such a mighty continental nation must be vain. We shall be forced ultimately to retract: let us retract while we can, not when we must. These violent Acts must be repealed: you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, I stake my reputation on it, that you will in the end repeal them. Avoid, then, this humiliating necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, peace, and happiness; for that is your true dignity. Concession comes with better grace from superior power; and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. Be the first to spare. Throw down the weapons in your hand.

Every motive of justice and policy, of dignity and prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your Acts of Parliament, and demonstrating amicable dispositions towards your Colonies. On the other hand, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures, every danger and every hazard impend; foreign war hanging over you by a thread; France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors.

If the Ministers persevere in thus misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that the King is betrayed, but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone; I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown, but I will affirm that, the American jewel out of it, they will make the crown not worth his wearing.

EARL OF CHATHAM: 1708–1778.

VANITY.

THERE is, it will be confessed, a delicate sensibility to character, a sober desire of reputation, a wish to possess the esteem of the wise and good, felt by the purest minds, which is at the farthest remove from arrogance or vanity. The humility of a noble mind scarcely dares to approve of itself, until it has secured the approbation of others.

Very different is that restless desire of distinction, that passion for theatrical display which inflames the heart and occupies the whole attention of vain men. This, of all the passions, is the most unsocial, avarice itself not excepted. The reason is plain.

Property is a kind of good which may be more easily attained, and is capable of more minute subdivisions, than fame. In the pursuit of wealth, men are led by an attention to their own interests to promote the welfare of each other; their advantages are reciprocal; the benefits which each is anxious to acquire for himself he reaps in the greatest abundance from the union and conjunction of society.

The pursuits of vanity are quite contrary. The portion of time and attention mankind are willing to spare from their avocations and pleasures, to devote to each other, is so small, that every successful adventurer is felt to have impaired the common stock. The success of one is the disappointment of multitudes. For, though there be many rich, many virtuous, many wise men, fame must necessarily be the portion of but a few. Hence every vain man, every man in whom vanity is the ruling passion, regarding his rival as his enemy, is strongly tempted to rejoice in his miscarriage, and to repine at his success.

Whatever appearances he may assume, or however wide the circle of his seeming virtues may extend, you will infallibly find the vain man is his own centre. Attentive only to himself, absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections, instead of feeling tenderness for his fellow-creatures as members of the same family, as beings with whom he is appointed to act, to suffer, and to sympathize,—he considers life as a stage on which he is performing a part, and mankind in no other light than spectators. Whether he smiles or frowns, whether his path is adorned with rays of beneficence, or his steps are dyed in blood, an attention to self is the spring of every movement, and the motive to which every action is referred.

His apparent good qualities lose all their worth, by losing all that is simple, genuine, and natural: they are even pressed into the service of vanity, and become the means of enlarging its power. The truly good man is jealous over himself, lest the notoriety of his best actions, by blending itself with their motive, should diminish their value; the vain man performs the same actions for the sake of that notoriety. The good man quietly discharges his duty, and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every good deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities, the other upon semblances; the one aims to *be* virtuous, the other to *appear* so.

Nor is a mind inflated with vanity more disqualified for right action than for just speculation, or better disposed to the pursuit of truth than the practice of virtue. To such a mind the simplicity of truth is disgusting. Careless of the improvement of mankind, and intent only upon astonishing with the appearance of novelty, the glare of paradox will be preferred to the light of truth: opinions will be embraced, not because they are just, but because they are new: the more flagitious, the more subversive of morals, the more alarming to the wise and good, the more welcome to men who estimate their literary powers by the mischief they produce, and who consider the anxiety and terror they impress as the measure of their renown. Truth is simple and uniform, while error may be infinitely varied; and, as it is one thing to start paradoxes, and another to make discoveries, we need the less to wonder at the prodigious increase of modern philosophers.

ROBERT HALL: 1764-1831.

MORALS OF THE HOMERIC AGE.

THE youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents, and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly and in graceful sports; acquires the use of arms; hardens himself in the pursuit then of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plough firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn.

And, when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns by direct instruction, and by practice, how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For, all this time, he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong

hand. Human life is cheap; so cheap that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for a time, until reason has re-established her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbour, yet he might be not unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of signal ingenuity; while, from a hostile tribe or a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need; to the wayfarer, to the poor, to the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbours will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and by the evil consequences that flow so straight from it; and it is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand is upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her, "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as a governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily enough; for they are

well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common Festivals and Games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people; in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them, on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the sceptre to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: 1809–

LAMB AND COLERIDGE.

A VISIT of Coleridge was always regarded by Lamb as an opportunity to afford a rare gratification to a few friends, who, he knew, would prize it; and I remember well the flush of prideful pleasure which came over his face as he would hurry, on his way to the India-House, into the office in which I was a pupil, and stammer out the welcome invitation for the evening. This was true self-sacrifice; for Lamb would have infinitely preferred having his inspired friend to himself and his sister, for a renewal of the old Salutation delights; but I believe he never permitted himself to enjoy this exclusive treat. The pleasure he conferred was great; for, of all the celebrated persons I ever saw, Coleridge alone surpassed the expectation created by his writings; for he not only was, but appeared to be, greater than the noblest things he had written.

Lamb used to speak, sometimes with a moistened eye and quivering lip, of Coleridge when young, and wish that we could have seen him in the spring-time of his genius, at a supper in the little sanded parlour of the Salutation hostel. The promise of those days was never realized by the execution of any of the mighty works he planned; but the very failure gave a sort of mournful interest to "the large discourse, looking before and after," to which we were enchanted listeners; to the wisdom which lives only in our memories, and must perish with them.

From Coleridge's early works some notion may be gleaned of what he *was*, when the steep ascent of fame rose directly before him, while he might loiter to dally with the expectation of its summit, without ignobly shrinking from its labours. His endowments at that time, — the close of the last century, — when literature had faded into a fashion of poor language, must have seemed, to a mind and heart like Lamb's, no less than miraculous.

A rich store of classical knowledge; a sense of the Beautiful almost verging on the effeminate; a facile power of melody, varying from the solemn stops of the organ to a bird-like flutter of airy sound; the glorious faculty of hope, exerted on human prospects, and presenting its results with the vividness of prophecy; a power of imaginative reasoning which peopled the nearer ground of contemplation with thoughts

> All plumed like ostriches, like eagles bathed,
> As full of spirit as the month of May,
> And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer, —

endowed the author of *The Ancient Mariner* and *Cristabel*. Thus gifted, he glided from youth into manhood, as a fairy voyager on a summer sea, to eddy round and round in dazzling circles, and to make little progress, at last, towards any of those thousand mountain-summits which, glorified by aerial tints, rose before him at the extreme verge of the vast horizon of his genius. *The Ancient Mariner*, one of his earliest works, is still his finest poem, — at once the most vigorous in design and the most chaste in execution, — developing the intensest human affection amidst the wildest scenery of a poet's dream.

Nothing was too bright to hope from such a dawn. The mind of Coleridge seemed the harbinger of the golden years his enthusiasm predicted and painted; — of those days of peace on Earth and good-will among men which the best and greatest minds have rejoiced to anticipate; and the earnest belief in which is better than all frivolous enjoyments, all worldly wisdom, all worldly success. And if the noontide of his genius did not fulfil his youth's promise of manly vigour, nor the setting of his earthly life honour it by an answering serenity of greatness; they still have left us abundant reason to be grateful that the glorious fragments of his mighty and imperfect being were ours.

The riches of his mind were developed, not in writing, but in

his speech, — conversation I can scarcely call it, — which no one who once heard can ever forget. Unable to work in solitude, he sought the gentle stimulus of social admiration, and under its influence poured forth, without stint, the marvellous resources of a mind rich in the spoils of time, richer, far richer in its glorious imagination and delicate fancy. There was a noble prodigality in these outpourings; a generous disdain of self; an earnest desire to scatter abroad the seeds of wisdom and beauty, to take root wherever they might fall, and spring up without bearing his name or impress, which might remind the listener of the first days of poetry, when the Homeric rhapsodist wandered through new-born cities and scattered hovels, flashing upon the minds of the wondering audience the bright trains of heroic shapes, the series of godlike exploits, and sought no record more enduring than the fleshy tablets of his hearers' hearts.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD: 1795 - 1858.

THE DEATH OF COLERIDGE.

WHEN I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world; that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve. But, since, I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the first form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was Deputy-Grecian; and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance.

Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to "dewy eve," nor cease till far midnight; yet who ever would interrupt him? who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion? He had the tact of making the unintelligible seem plain. Many who read the abstruser parts of his *Friend* would complain that his works did not answer to his spoken wis-

dom. They were identical. But he had a tone in oral delivery which seemed to convey sense to those who were otherwise imperfect recipients. He was my fifty-years-old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably can the world see it again. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues towards him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

CHARLES LAMB: 1775-1834.

THE LORD HELPETH MAN AND BEAST.

DURING his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. "Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander. "I take it for granted," replied the Chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?" "Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs." "So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and, as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The Chief, who was at the same time their supreme Judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then, after some reflection said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes!" "and thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?" "Yes!" "Well then, let

thy son marry *thy* daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the Chief asked him. "O, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." "And how, then," rejoined the Chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the King's use." "For the King's use!" exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the Sun shine on that country?" "O, yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful! but are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Ay, that must be the cause," said the Chief: "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the Sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: 1772–1834.

CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

NOTICE had been given in the city early in May, that preparations should be made for the coronation on the first of the following month. Queen Anne was at Greenwich, but, according to custom, the few preceding days were to be spent at the Tower; and on the 19th of May she was conducted thither in state by the Lord Mayor and the city companies, with one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which, in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the Sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic.

The river was crowded with boats, the banks and the ships in the pool swarmed with people; and fifty of the great barges formed the procession, all blazing with gold and banners. The Queen herself was in her own barge, close to that of the Lord Mayor; and, in keeping with the fantastic genius of the time, she was preceded up the water by "a wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire; and round about stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and

making hideous noise." So, with trumpets blowing, cannon pealing, the Tower guns answering the guns of the ships, in a blaze of fireworks and splendour, she was borne along to the great archway of the Tower, where the King was waiting on the stairs to receive her.

And now let us suppose the eleven days to have elapsed, and the fair summer morning of life dawning in treacherous beauty after the long night of expectation. No bridal ceremony had been possible; the marriage had been huddled over like a stolen love-match, and the marriage-feast had been eaten in vexation and disappointment. These past mortifications were to be atoned for by a coronation pageant which the art and the wealth of the richest city in Europe should be poured out in the most lavish profusion to adorn.

On the morning of the 31st of May, the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all the houses. From Temple-Bar to the Tower, the streets were fresh strown with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with staves in hand, to cause the people to keep good room and order." Cornhill and Grace-church-street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry, and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth-of-gold, and tissue, and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway, in the bright May sunshine, the long column began slowly to defile. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets, — those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, — gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the Sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps however it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching a white chariot, drawn by two palfreys in white

damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it, making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage, — fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England — queen at last — borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sate, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds, — most beautiful, loveliest, most favoured perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet

> Kept Death his Court, and there the antic sate,
> Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp,
> Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
> To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
> Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
> As if the flesh which wall'd about her life
> Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
> Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen!

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake; and, as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendour, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion; if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora-box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness!

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London, — not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return; passing away out of an Earth where she may

stay no longer, into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well — for all of us — and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guards in the rear. In Fenchurch-street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Grace-church-street a masterpiece had been prepared, of the pseudo-classic art then so fashionable, by the merchants of Styll-yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo, with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some posy or epigram in praise of the Queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Grace-church-street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of an old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the Queen appeared, a white falcon was made to descend as out of the sky; "and then incontinent came down an Angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head: and in the same pageant sat St. Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the Queen."

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new Queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging, every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted: and thus in an unbroken triumph she passed under Temple-Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross to Westminster Hall. The King was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony. She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to the King's manor-house at Westminster, where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the hall, where the Lord Mayor, the city council, and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high dais at the top of the stairs, under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots, and the monks of the abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace-yard and the Sanctuary to the abbey-gates; and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of their order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing." She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England; and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catharine scarcely cold upon his lips, the golden sceptre, and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of the sad mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind; and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise; — too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and, if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later, she was able to exult over Catharine's death: she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE: 1818–

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

WHAT are possessions? To an individual, the stores of his own heart and mind pre-eminently. His truth and valour are among the first. His contentedness, or his resignation, may be put next. Then his sense of beauty, surely a possession of great moment to him. Then all those mixed possessions which result from the social affections, — great possessions, unspeakable delights, much greater than the gift last mentioned in the former class, but held on more uncertain tenure. Lastly, what are generally called possessions. However often we have heard of the vanity, uncertainty, and vexation that beset these last, we must not let this repetition deaden our minds to the fact.

Now, national possessions must be estimated by the same gradation that we have applied to individual possessions. If we consider national luxury, we shall see how small a part it may add to national happiness. Men of deserved renown, and peerless women, have lived upon what we should now call the coarsest fare, and paced the rushes in their rooms with as high, or as contented thoughts, as their better-fed and better-clothed descendants can boast of. Man is limited in this direction; I mean in the things that concern his personal gratification: but, when you come to the higher enjoyments, the expansive power both in him and them is greater. As Keats says,

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

What, then, are a nation's possessions? The great words that have been said in it; the great deeds that have been done in it; the great buildings and the great works of art that have been made in it. A man says a noble saying: it is a possession, first to his own race, then to mankind. A people get a noble building built for them: it is an honour to them, also a daily delight and instruction. It perishes. The remembrance of it is still a possession. If it was indeed pre-eminent, there will be more pleasure in thinking of it than in being with others of inferior order and design.

On the other hand, a thing of ugliness is potent for evil. It de-

forms the taste of the thoughtless: it frets the man who knows how bad it is: it is a disgrace to the nation who raised it; an example and an occasion for more monstrosities. If it is a great building in a great city, thousands of people pass it daily, and are the worse for it, or at least not the better. It must be done away with. Next to the folly of doing a bad thing is that of fearing to undo it. We must not look at what it has cost, but at what it is. Millions may be spent upon some foolish device which will not the more make it into a possession, but only a more noticeable detriment.

It must not be supposed that works of art are the only, or the chief, public improvements needed in any country. Wherever men congregate, the elements become scarce. The supply of air, light, and water is then a matter of the highest public importance; and the magnificent utilitarianism of the Romans should precede the nice sense of beauty of the Greeks. Or rather, the former should be worked out in the latter. Sanitary improvements, like most good works, may be made to fulfil many of the best human objects. Charity, social order, conveniency of living, and the love of the Beautiful may all be furthered by such improvements. A people are seldom so well employed as when, not suffering their attention to be absorbed by foreign quarrels and domestic broils, they bethink themselves of winning back those blessings of Nature which assemblages of men mostly vitiate, exclude, or destroy.

To return to works of art. In this the genius of the people is to be heeded. There may have been, there may be, nations requiring to be diverted from the love of art to stern labour and industrial conquests. But certainly it is not so with the Anglo-Saxon race, or with the Northern races generally. Money may enslave them; logic may enslave them; art never will. The chief men, therefore, in these races will do well sometimes to contend against the popular current, and to convince their people that there are other sources of delight, and other objects worthy of human endeavour, than severe money-getting or mere material successes of any kind.

In fine, the substantial improvement, and even the embellishment of towns is a work which both the central and local governing bodies in a country should keep a steady hand upon. It especially concerns them. What are they there for, but to do that which individuals cannot do? It concerns them, too, as it tells upon the health, morals, education, and refined pleasures of the

people they govern. In doing it, they should avoid pedantry, parsimony, and favouritism; and their mode of action should be large, considerate, and foreseeing. Large; inasmuch as they must not easily be contented with the second-best in any of their projects. Considerate; inasmuch as they have to think what their people need most, not what will make most show. And therefore they should be contented, for instance, at their work going on under ground for a time, or in by-ways, if needful; the best charity in public works, as in private, being often that which courts least notice. Lastly, their works should be with foresight; recollecting that cities grow up about us, like young people, before we are aware of it.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS: 1818–1875.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

1 THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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

3 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.

4 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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

6 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.

7 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 bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8 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.

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

10 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.

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

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

13 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

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

15 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.

16 Th' 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,

17 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;

18 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.

19 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

20 Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21 Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

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

23 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

25 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.

26 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.

27 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 cross'd in hopeless love.

28 One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

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

THE EPITAPH.

30 Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

31 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 gain'd from Heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

32 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.

THOMAS GRAY: 1716-1771.

ALPINE SCENERY.

1 ADIEU to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thine every hue;
And, if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise:
More mighty spots may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite, in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days.

2 The negligently-grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall.

3 But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

4 Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake
With the wide world I 've dwelt in is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar; but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

5 It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

6 He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy: for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distil,
Weeping themselves away till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

7 Ye stars! which are the poetry of Heaven,
If, in your bright leaves, we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 't is to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

8 The sky is changed! and such a change! O Night,
And Storm and Darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue;
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

9 And this is in the night: — Most glorious Night,
Thou wert not sent for slumber; let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, — a phosphoric sea, —
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black; and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

10 Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye,
With night and clouds and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful: the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knell
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.
But where, of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

11 The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if Earth contain'd no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence; and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman, may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

LORD BYRON: 1788-1824.

HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè and Arveiron[1] at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul — enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

[1] Besides the Rivers Arvè and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and, within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink;
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald; wake, O, wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! —
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the Sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet? —
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost;
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest;
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm;
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds;
Ye signs and wonders of the element, —
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast, —
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That, as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me, — rise, O, ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the Earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising Sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

S. T. COLERIDGE: 1772-1834.

A HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

1 THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower:
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evëning;
Like clouds in starlight widely spread;
Like memory of music fled;
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

2 Spirit of Beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away, and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear and dream and death and birth
Cast on the daylight of this Earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope.

3 No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given:
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever,
From all we hear and all we see,
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night-wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

4 Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent,
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame,
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

5 While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:
I was not heard, I saw them not:
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!

6 I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery;
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS!
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

7 The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past: there is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the Summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which, like the truth
Of Nature, on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, — to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee;
Whom, SPIRIT fair! thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY: 1792–1822.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

I AM very much the biographer's humble admirer. His uncommon share of good sense, and his forcible expression, secure to him that tribute from all his readers. He has a penetrating insight into character, and a happy talent of correcting the popular opinion, upon all occasions where it is erroneous; and this he does with the boldness of a man who will think for himself, but, at the same time, with a justness of sentiment that convinces us he does not differ from others through affectation, but because he has a sounder judgment. This remark, however, has his narrative for its object, rather than his critical performance. In the latter, I do not think him always just, when he departs from the general opinion.

He finds no beauties in Milton's *Lycidas*. His treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner is not likely to spare a republican; and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him; and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged: it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon *Lycidas*, and has taken occasion, from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if *Lycidas* was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing.

I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever any thing so delightful as the music

of the *Paradise Lost?* It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute. Variety without end and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank-verse, and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation. O! I could thresh his old jacket, till I made his pension jingle in his pocket.

He pours contempt upon Prior, to such a degree, that, were he really as undeserving of notice as he represents him, he ought no longer to be numbered among the poets. These, indeed, are the two capital instances in which he has offended me. There are others less important, which I have not room to enumerate, and in which I am less confident that he is wrong. What suggested to him the thought that the *Alma* was written in imitation of *Hudibras*, I cannot conceive. In former years, they were both favourites of mine, and I often read them; but never saw in them the least resemblance to each other; nor do I now, except that they are composed in verse of the same measure.

After all, it is a melancholy observation, which it is impossible not to make, after having run through this series of poetical lives, that, where there were such shining talents, there should be so little virtue. These luminaries of our country seem to have been kindled into a brighter blaze than others, only that their spots might be more noticed! So much can Nature do for our intellectual part, and so little for our moral. What vanity, what petulance in Pope! How painfully sensible of censure, and yet how restless in provocation! To what mean artifices could Addison stoop, in hopes of injuring the reputation of his friend! Savage, how sordidly vicious! and the more condemned for the pains that are taken to palliate his vices. Offensive as they appear through a veil, how would they disgust without one! What a sycophant to the public taste was Dryden! sinning against his feelings, lewd in his writings, though chaste in his conversation. I know not but one might search these eight volumes with a candle, as the Prophet says, to find a man, and not find one, unless, perhaps, Arbuthnot were he.

WILLIAM COWPER: 1731–1800.

CHARACTER OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

THE merit of this Prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing: so happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended; so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper boundaries. He knew how to reconcile the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the gentlest lenity; the greatest vigour in commanding with the most perfect affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most shining talents for action.

His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration; excepting only that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature, also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him every bodily accomplishment, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempt.

Such success attended his legislation, that every thing bore suddenly a new face in England: robberies and iniquities of all kinds were repressed by the punishment or reformation of the criminals: and so exact was the general police, that Alfred, it is said, hung up, by way of bravado, golden bracelets near the highways; and no man dared touch them. Yet, amidst these rigours of justice, this great prince preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people; and it is a memorable sentiment preserved in his will, that it was just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts.

As good morals and knowledge are almost inseparable in every age, though not in every individual, the care of Alfred for the encouragement of learning among his subjects was another useful branch of his legislation, and tended to reclaim the English from their former dissolute and ferocious manners: but the King was guided in this pursuit, less by political views than by his natural bent and propensity towards letters. When he came to the throne, he found the nation sunk into the grossest ignorance and barbarism, proceeding from the continued disorders in the government, and from the ravages of the Danes: the monasteries were destroyed, the monks butchered or dispersed, their libraries burnt; and thus the only seats of erudition in those ages were totally subverted. Alfred himself complains, that on his accession he knew not one person, south of the Thames, who could so much as interpret the Latin service; and very few in the northern parts, who had reached even that pitch of erudition.

But this prince invited over the most celebrated scholars from all parts of Europe; he established schools everywhere for the instruction of his people; he founded, at least repaired, the University of Oxford, and endowed it with many privileges, revenues, and immunities; he enjoined by law all freeholders, possessed of two hides of land or more, to send their children to school for their instruction; he gave preferment both in Church and State to such only as had made some proficiency in knowledge: and by all these expedients he had the satisfaction, before his death, to see a great change in the face of his affairs.

But the most effectual expedient, employed by Alfred for the encouragement of learning, was his own example, and the constant assiduity with which, notwithstanding the multiplicity and urgency of his affairs, he employed himself in the pursuits of knowledge. He usually divided his time into three equal portions: one was employed in sleep, and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another in the dispatch of business; a third in study and devotion: and, that he might more exactly measure the hours, he made use of burning tapers of equal length, which he fixed in lanterns, — an expedient suited to that rude age, when the geometry of dialling, and the mechanism of clocks and watches were unknown. And by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often laboured under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero,

who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest leisure and application, have, in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry.

Meanwhile this prince was not negligent in encouraging the vulgar and mechanical arts, which have a more sensible, though not closer, connection with the interests of society. He invited, from all quarters, industrious foreigners to repeople his country, which had been desolated by the ravages of the Danes. He introduced and encouraged manufactures of all kinds; and no inventor or improver of any ingenious art did he suffer to go unrewarded. He prompted men of activity to betake themselves to navigation, to push commerce into the most remote countries, and to acquire riches by propagating industry among their fellow-citizens. He set apart a seventh portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries. Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Mediterranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise. Both living and dead, Alfred was regarded by foreigners, no less than by his own subjects, as the greatest prince, after Charlemagne, that had appeared in Europe during several ages, and as one of the wisest and best that had ever adorned the annals of any nation.

DAVID HUME: 1711–1776.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-temper'd frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.

Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem;
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

WORDSWORTH.

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

THE Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, which had been retarded by these various discussions, and the rencontre which had closed them, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-crag. They had now, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favourable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till "the body was lifted." As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene, which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remain in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save

his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment, when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions, which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to put it from him with an angry violence, that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses. "Ye 'll be a bra' fallow, an ye be spared, Patie, — but ye 'll never — never can be — what he was to me! — He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. — They say folks maun submit, — I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother; the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated, by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their

grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word,—neither had she shed a tear,—nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed,—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

To return from a digression which can only serve to introduce the honest clergyman more particularly to our readers: Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenour

of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech, "Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude,—ye're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt!—It's our duty to submit!—But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him!—O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there!—and, eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distintly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

The Same Concluded.

THE coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons

spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season, (of which fish he was understood to be fond,) if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersell, in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons, — miserable looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware; and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of

the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard, at about half-a-mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions, the body was consigned to its parent earth, and, when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in melancholy silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

The coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating it. But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage, as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and, smothering, as it were, his head among the bed-clothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction, — affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust frame, — suppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bed-clothes, and by the vehement and convulsive mo-

tion of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband, — "O, what an hour is this! and naebody to help a poor lone woman, — O, gudemither, could ye but speak a word to him! — wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without support, and without much apparent feebleness, and standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin and sorrow and temptation. Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness: I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow for ony ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grandmother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

SIR WALTER SCOTT: 1771–1832.

BELARIUS AND HIS FOSTER-SONS.

SCENE, — *A Mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heavens, and bows you
To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[2] through,

[2] *Strut*, walk proudly.

And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I 've told you
Of Courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd:[3] to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[4] beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keep his book uncross'd:[5] no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[6]

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how

[3] Here, as often, *allow'd* is *esteemed* or *approved*.

[4] *Sharded* is *scaly-winged*.

[5] To *cross the book* is still a common phrase for wiping out an entry of debt. — "No life to ours" is no life *compared* to ours.

[6] *To stride a limit* is to overpass his bound.

In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We 've seen nothing;
We 're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the Court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve[7] by doing well; what 's worse,
Must curtsy at the censure. O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And, when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I 've told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th' mountains!

[7] In the sense of *being treated as if* deserving ill.

This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys. —

[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they 're mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly,
I' the cave wherein they bow their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The King his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I 've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, *Thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on 's neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek; he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. — Hark, the game is roused! —
O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. — Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave: —
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE FUNERAL OF IMOGEN.

SCENE, — *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company 's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I 'm absolute
'T was very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the act of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother!

Enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I 'm perfect what,[8] — cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,[9]
Displace our heads where — thank the gods! — they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.
Bel. We 're all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, — our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender

[8] "I know perfectly well what I have done."
[9] *Take-in* for *conquer* or *subdue.*

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, — ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at Court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing —
As it is like him — might break out, and swear
He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
He 'd come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[1]

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I 've ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he 's the Queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 't will be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much

[1] Made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious.*

Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet,[2] would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done:
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,[3]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'T is wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

[2] Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within the possibility of resistance.
[3] "To restore the colour into his cheeks, I would let out the blood of *a whole parish* of such fellows as Cloten.

Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[4]
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN, *as dead, in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom, find
Thy ooze, or show what coast thy sluggish crare[5]
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but, ah,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! —
How found you him?
Arv. Stark,[6] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues[7] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

[4] *Toys* are *trifles, whims,* or *fancies.*
[5] A *crare,* variously spelt *crier, crayer, craye,* is a small ship.
[6] *Stark* is kindred in sense with *stiff* and *cold.*
[7] "*Clouted* brogues" are coarse wooden shoes, strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to him.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azure harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, who, not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill, — O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this;[8]
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-guard thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave!

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be it so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence —

[8] The old writers are fond of alluding to the tender reverences here ascribed to the *redbreast*.

That angel of the world — doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' East;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So. — Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the Sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;[9]
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee,[1] and come to dust.

[9] *Thunder-stone* was a common word for *thunder-bolt*.

[1] To "consign to thee" is to "seal the same contract *with* thee"; that is, add their names to thine upon the register of death.

Gui. No exorciser[2] harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We've done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but, 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon Earth's face
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

SHAKESPEARE.

BELARIUS AND THE PRINCES.

IN the two Princes the Poet again shows his preference of the innate to the acquired; if indeed one may venture to affirm what is due to nature, and what to art, in a place where have fallen the instructions of the veteran sage and hero whom they call father. From the lips of old Belarius they have drunk in the lore of wisdom and virtue: all their nobler aptitudes have been fed and nourished alike by the stories of his life and by the influences of their mountain-home. What they hear from him makes them desire to be like him when they are old; and this desire prompts them to go where he has been, see what he has seen, and do as he has done. So that all his arguments for keeping them withdrawn from the world are refuted by his own character; they cannot rest away from the scenes where such treasures grow. He tells them,

The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the Sun:

[2] *Exorciser* anciently signified a person who could raise spirits.

he warns them that this life

> Is nobler than attending for a check,
> Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

he assures them that for twenty years

> Here he has lived at honest freedom; paid
> More pious debts to Heaven than in all
> The fore-end of his time:

still they cannot but believe that the seed, which has ripened up into a wisdom so august and tender and sweet, was sown in him, as indeed it was, before he came there. The wealth of experience in him and the wealth of nature in them are both equally beautiful in their way, both equally becoming in their place; and if they have been to him the best of materials to work upon, he has also been to them the best of workmen. And yet the old man, glorious in his humility, imputes to their royal blood the high and heroic thoughts which his own great and childlike spirit has breathed into them.

The Poet had no occasion to discriminate these young gentlemen very sharply, still on close inspection we can see that they are by no means duplicates. The elder, Guiderius, is the stronger and manlier spirit of the two; Arviragus the more gentle and tender. Accordingly the former, when Cloten tries to frighten him with his empty bravado, answers,

> Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise;
> At fools I laugh, not fear them.

So too in his sportive daring of consequences, after he has cut off the poor thing's head:

> I 'll throw 't into the creek
> Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
> And tell the fishes he 's the Queen's son, Cloten:
> That 's all I reck.

On the other hand, Arviragus, in his grief at the seeming death of Imogen, loses himself in the pathetic legend of the Children dying in the wood, and the robins covering them with moss and flowers, till his brother chides him for "playing in wench-like words with that which is so serious."

But they both reflect with equal clearness the image of their teaching. Except themselves, truth, piety, gentleness, heroism,

are the only inmates of their rocky dwelling. Love and reverence, the principles of whatsoever is greatest and best in human character, have sprung up in their breasts in healthy, happy proportion, and indissolubly wedded themselves to the simple and majestic forms of Nature around them. And how inexpressibly tender and sweet the pathos that mingles in their solemnities round the tomb of their gentle visitor, supposed to be dead! But, indeed, of these forest-scenes it is impossible to speak with any sort of justice. And we cannot tell whether the "holy witchcraft" of these scenes is owing more to the heroic veteran, the two princely boys, or the "fair youth" that has strayed amongst them,

> A lovely apparition, sent
> To be a moment's ornament.

It is hardly too much to say, that whatever is most beautiful elsewhere in the Poet is imaged here in happier beauty. And when the youthful dwellers in the mountain and the rock, awed and melted by the occasion, weep and warble over the grave of that "blessed thing" that seems to have dropped down from Heaven merely to win their love and vanish, one would think the scene must, as Schlegel says, "give to the most deadened imagination a new life for poetry."

SHAKESPEARE'S POETRY.

SHAKESPEARE *alone*, when the object requires it, is always keen and worldly and practical; and yet, without changing his hand or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with Spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace. He is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery and splendour than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares.

More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed, he is also more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world. And he has all those elements

so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but every thing is so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another.

The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets; but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

FRANCIS JEFFREY: 1773–1850.

THE YOUTH OF RICHARD HOOKER.

It is observed that at his being a school-boy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive. This, being mixed with a remarkable modesty and a sweet serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning imposed upon him as a scholar, made his master and others believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him a little wonder.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents to continue him at school, till he could find out some means to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of

nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of His glory. And the good man told them, also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child; and all the parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the mean time his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety. These were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dews of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man.

This good schoolmaster was very solicitous with John Hooker, uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him one year in the university; assuring him that his charge would not continue long, for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, procured from his uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following; which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewell.

This John Jewell was made Bishop of Salisbury; and John Hooker made him a visit, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom Nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the Bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman; for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. The Bishop appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him about Easter next following at that place; which was done accordingly.

And then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning and gravity and behaviour, the Bishop gave his school-

master a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising, also, to take him into his care for a future preferment; which he performed: for, about the fifteenth year of his age, he was by the Bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then president of Corpus-Christi College; and Dr. Cole provided for him both a tutor and a clerk's place in that college. In this condition he continued unto the eighteenth year of his age; still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost, and even, like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his birth.

About this time of his age he fell into a dangerous sickness which lasted two months; all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from his sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own College, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money or their humility made it so. But on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends. And at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and at Richard's return the Bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease"; and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges

to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a Bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard."

ISAAC WALTON: 1593-1683.

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
Were mine the trusty staff that JEWELL gave
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style
The gift exalting, and with playful smile:
For, thus equipp'd, and bearing on his head
The donor's farewell blessing, can he dread
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil?
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.

WORDSWORTH.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

CONCERNING Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal Verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ; concerning Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting Goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead; concerning Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible Beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ the Son of the living God;—concerning these virtues, the first of which, beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God in the world to come; the second, beginning here with a trembling expectation of things far removed and as yet but only heard of, endeth with real and actual fruition of that which no tongue can express; the third, beginning here

with a weak inclination of heart towards Him unto whom we are not able to approach, endeth with endless union, the mystery whereof is higher than the reach of the thoughts of men;—concerning that Faith, Hope, and Charity, without which there can be no salvation, was there ever any mention made saving only in that law which God himself hath from Heaven revealed? There is not in the world a syllable muttered with certain truth concerning any of these three, more than hath been supernaturally received from the mouth of the eternal God.

Laws, therefore, concerning these things are supernatural, both in respect of the manner of delivering them, which is Divine; and also in regard of the things delivered, which are such as have not in Nature any cause from which they flow, but were by the voluntary appointment of God ordained besides the course of Nature, to rectify Nature's obliquity withal.

RICHARD HOOKER: 1553-1600.

PRAYER.

BETWEEN the throne of God in Heaven and His Church upon Earth here militant, if it be so that Angels have their continual intercourse, where should we find the same more verified than these two ghostly exercises, the one doctrine[3] and the other prayer? For what is the assembling of the Church to learn, but the receiving of Angels descended from above? What to pray, but the sending of Angels upward? His heavenly inspirations and our holy desires are as so many Angels of intercourse and commerce between God and us. As teaching bringeth us to know that God is our supreme truth; so prayer testifieth that we acknowledge Him our sovereign good.

Besides, sith[4] on God as the Most High all inferior causes in the world are dependent; and the higher any cause is, the more it coveteth to impart virtue unto things beneath it; how should any kind of service we do or can do find greater acceptance than

[3] *Doctrine* is here used in its proper Latin sense of *instruction*, and means the *act of teaching* or *of learning*.

[4] *Sith* and *sithence* were much used in Hooker's time, but have both given way to *since*.

prayer, which showeth our concurrence with Him in desiring that wherewith His very nature doth most delight?

On others what more easily, and yet what more fruitfully bestowed than our prayers? If we give counsel, they are the simpler only that need it; if alms, the poorer only are relieved; but by prayer we do good to all. And whereas every other duty besides is but to show itself as time and opportunity require, for this all times are convenient. When we are not able to do any other thing for men's behoof, when through maliciousness or unkindness they vouchsafe not to accept any other good at our hands, prayer is that which we always have in our power to bestow, and they never in theirs to refuse.

The knowledge is small which we have on Earth concerning things that are done in Heaven. Notwithstanding, thus much we know even of Saints in Heaven, that they pray. And therefore, prayer being a work common to the Church as well triumphant as militant, a work common unto men with Angels, what should we think, but that so much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer?

RICHARD HOOKER.

RELIGION AND JUSTICE.

It is no peculiar conceit, but a matter of sound consequence, that all duties are by so much the better performed, by how much the men are more religious from whose abilities the same proceed. For, if the course of politic affairs cannot in any good sort go forward without fit instruments, and that which fitteth them be their virtues, let Polity acknowledge itself indebted to Religion; godliness being the chiefest top and wellspring of all true virtues, even as God is of all good things.

So natural is the union of Religion with Justice, that we may boldly deem there is neither, where both are not. For how should they be unfeignedly just, whom religion doth not cause to be such; or they religious, which are not found such by the proof of their just actions? If they which employ their labour and travail about the public administration of justice follow it only as a trade, with unquenchable and unconscionable thirst of gain, being not in heart

persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves His agents in this business, the sentence of right God's own verdict, and themselves His priests to deliver it; formalities of justice do but serve to smother right, and that which was necessarily ordained for the common good is, through shameful abuse, made the cause of common misery.

RICHARD HOOKER.

HOW WISDOM TEACHES.

WHEREAS they allege that Wisdom doth teach men "every good way"; and have thereupon inferred that no way is good in any kind of action, unless wisdom do by Scripture lead unto it; see they not plainly how they restrain the manifold ways which wisdom hath, to teach men by, unto the one only way of teaching, which is by Scripture? The bounds of wisdom are large, and within them much is contained. Wisdom was Adam's instructor in Paradise; wisdom endued the fathers who lived before the Law with the knowledge of holy things; by the wisdom of the law of God David attained to excel others in understanding; and Solomon likewise to excel David by the selfsame wisdom of God teaching him in many things besides the law. The ways of well-doing are in number even as many as are the kinds of voluntary actions; so that whatsoever we do in this world, and may do it ill, we show ourselves therein by well-doing to be wise.

Now, if wisdom did teach men by Scripture not only all the ways that are right and good in some certain kind, but did simply, without any manner of exception, restraint, or distinction, teach every way of doing well; there is no art but Scripture should teach it, because every art doth teach the way how to do something or other well. To teach men, therefore, wisdom professeth, and to teach them every good way; but not every good way by one way of teaching. Whatsoever either men on Earth or the Angels of Heaven do know, it is as a drop of that unemptiable fountain of wisdom; which wisdom hath diversly imparted her treasures unto the world. As her ways are of sundry kinds, so her manner of teaching is not merely one and the same. Some things she openeth by the sacred books of Scripture; some things by the

glorious works of Nature: with some things she inspireth them from above by spiritual influence; in some things she leadeth and traineth them only by worldly experience and practice. We may not so in any one special kind admire her, that we disgrace her in any other; but let all her ways be according unto their place and degree adored.[5]

RICHARD HOOKER.

NO MAN TO BE DESPISED.

WE owe not the same measure of esteem to all. We may, and we ought to take notice of the different outward quality or inward graces and gifts of men; nor is it a fault to perceive the shallowness and weakness of men with whom we converse, and to esteem more highly those on whom God hath conferred more of such things as are truly worthy of esteem. But unto the meanest we do owe some measure of esteem.

First, we are not to entertain despising, disdainful thoughts of any, how worthless and mean soever. As the admiring of men, the very best, is a foolish excess on the one hand, so the total contemning of any, the very poorest, is against this rule on the other; for that "contemning of vile persons," the Psalmist speaks of and commends, is the dislike and hatred of their sin, which is their vileness.

Secondly, we are to observe and respect the smallest good that is in any. Although a Christian be never so base in his outward condition, in body or in mind, of very mean intellectuals and natural endowments, yet they who know the worth of spiritual things will esteem the grace of God that is in him, in the midst of all those disadvantages, as a pearl in a rough shell. Grace carries still its own worth, though under a deformed body and ragged garments; yea, though they have but a small measure of that neither, — the very lowest degree of grace: as men say the least shavings of gold are worth the keeping.

The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of

[5] It may seem rather strange that this fine passage should have been written. But in the author's time there were a good many people whose minds got badly swamped in a sort of Bibliolatry, and who, conceiving it a sin to draw from any spring but the Bible, of course failed to make a right use of that. For the purpose of the Bible is to supplement the teachings of Nature and Reason, not to supersede them.

paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet truly there is nothing but good religion in it, if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of, as to give His precious blood for it; therefore despise it not. Much more I say, if thou canst perceive any appearance that it is such a one, oughtest thou to esteem it.

Wheresoever thou findest the least trait of Christ's image, if thou lovest Him, thou wilt honour it: or if there be nothing of this to be found in him thou lookest on, yet observe what common gift of any kind God hath bestowed on him, judgment, or memory, or faculty in his calling, or any such thing; for these in their degree are to be esteemed, and the person for them. And, as there is no man so complete as to have the advantage in every thing, so there is no man so low and unworthy but he hath something wherein he is preferable even to those that in other respects are much more excellent.

Or imagine thou canst find nothing else in some men, yet honour thy own nature; esteem humanity in them, especially since humanity is exalted in Christ; account of the individual as a man. And along with this esteem goes that general good-will and affection due to men: whereas there are many who do not only outwardly express, but inwardly bear more regard to some dog or horse that they love, than to poor distressed men; and, in so doing, do reflect dishonour upon themselves and upon mankind.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON: 1611–1684.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

THUS did he speak: "I see around me here
Things which you cannot see: we die, my friend;
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
Even of the good is no memorial left.
The poets, in their elegies and songs

Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seem'd to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they minister'd
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
To the soft handling of the elements:
There let it lie, — how foolish are such thoughts!
Forgive them. Never, never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. O, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Hath bless'd poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seem'd she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguish'd of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandon'd to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.
"I speak," continued he, "of one whose stock
Of virtues bloom'd beneath this lowly roof.
She was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;

Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A being who by adding love to peace
Might live on Earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded partner lack'd not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart;
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
That he was often seated at his loom,
In Summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass, — in early Spring,
Ere the last star had vanish'd. They who pass'd,
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Had fail'd, and every leaf and flower were lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in Heaven.
  Not twenty years ago, — but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, — there came
Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
A worse affliction in the plague of war:
This happy land was stricken to the heart!
A wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
The hardships of that season: many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calamitous years
With cheerful hope, until the second Autumn,
When her life's helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He linger'd long; and, when his strength return'd,

He found the little he had stored, to meet
The hour of accident or crippling age,
Was all consumed. A second infant now
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree,
With care and sorrow: shoals of artisans,
From ill-requited labour turn'd adrift,
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children; happier far
Could they have lived as do the little birds
That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite
That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks!
A sad reverse it was for him who long
Had fill'd with plenty, and possess'd in peace,
This lonely cottage. At the door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks;
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange,
Amusing, yet uneasy novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the various tasks
Of Summer, Autumn, Winter, and of Spring.
But this endured not; his good humour soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure was;
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he droop'd,
And he would leave his work, and to the town
Would turn without an errand his slack steps;
Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He toss'd them with a false unnatural joy:
And 't was a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children. 'Every smile,'
Said Margaret to me, here beneath these trees,
'Made my heart bleed.'"

At this the Wanderer paused;

And, looking up to those enormous elms,
He said, "'T is now the hour of deepest noon.
At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour when all things which are not at rest
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
With tuneful hum is filling all the air;
Why should a tear be on an old man's cheek?
Why should we thus, with an untoward mind,
And in the weakness of humanity,
From natural wisdom turn our hearts away;
To natural comfort shut our eyes and ears;
And, feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
The calm of Nature with our restless thoughts?"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: 1770–1850.

THE POWER OF CHARITY.

In all reason and equity, if I would have another my friend, I must be a friend to him; if I pretend to charity from all men, I must render it to all in the same kind and measure. Hence is the law of charity well expressed in those terms, "of doing to others whatever we would have them do to us"; whereby the palpable equity of this practice is demonstrated.

Let us consider that charity is a right noble and worthy thing; greatly perfective of our nature; much dignifying and beautifying our soul. It rendereth a man truly great, enlarging his mind unto a vast circumference, and to a capacity near infinite; so that by it a general care doth reach all things, by an universal affection doth embrace and grasp the world. By it our reason obtaineth a field or scope of employment worthy of it, not confined to the slender interests of one person or place, but extending to the concerns of all men.

Charity is the imitation and copy of that immense Love which is the fountain of all being and all good; which made all things, which preserveth the world, which sustaineth every creature: nothing advanceth us so near to a resemblance of Him who is essential love and goodness; who freely and purely, without any

regard to His own advantage or capacity of finding any beneficial return, doth bear and express the highest good-will, with a liberal hand pouring down showers of bounty and mercy on all His creatures; who daily putteth up with numberless indignities and injuries, upholding and maintaining those who offend and provoke Him.

Charity rendereth us as Angels, or peers to those glorious and blessed creatures who, without receiving or expecting any requital from us, do heartily desire and delight in our good, are ready to promote it, do willingly serve and labour for it. Nothing is more amiable, more admirable, more venerable, even in the common eye and opinion of men: it hath a beauty and a majesty apt to ravish every heart; even a spark of it in generosity of dealing breedeth admiration; a glimpse of it in formal courtesy of behaviour procureth much esteem, being deemed to accomplish and adorn a man: how lovely, therefore, and truly gallant is an entire, sincere, constant, and uniform practice thereof, issuing from pure good-will and affection!

Love, indeed, or goodness — for true love is nothing else but goodness exerting itself in direction towards objects capable of its influence — is the only amiable and honourable thing. Power and wit may be admired by some, or have some fond idolaters; but, being severed from goodness, or abstracted from their subserviency to it, they cannot obtain real love, they deserve not any esteem. For the worst, the most unhappy, the most odious and contemptible of beings do partake of them in a high measure: the Prince of Darkness hath more power, and reigneth with absolute sovereignty over more subjects by many, than the great Turk; yet with all his power and all his wit he is most wretched, most detestable, most despicable: and such in proportion is every one who partaketh in his dispositions of malice and uncharitableness.

If we have not charity towards men, we shall have enmity with them; and upon that do wait troops of mischief: we shall enjoy nothing quietly or safely, we shall do nothing without opposition and contention; no conversation, no commerce will be pleasant: clamour, obloquy, tumult, and trouble will surround us; we shall live in perpetual danger, the enmity of the meanest and weakest creature being formidable.

But all such mischiefs charity will prevent or remove; damming

up the fountains or extirpating the roots of them. For who will hate a person that apparently loveth him? who can be so barbarous or base as to hurt that man whom he findeth ever ready to do him good? what brute, what devil, can find in his heart to be a foe to him who is a sure friend to all?

As charity restraineth us from doing any wrong, or yielding any offence to others in thought, in word, in deed; from hatching any mischievous designs against our neighbour; from using any harsh, virulent, biting language; from any rugged, discourteous, disobliging behaviour; from any wrongful, rigorous, severe dealing towards him; so it consequently will defend us from the like treatment. For scarce any man is so malicious as, without any provocation, to do mischief: no man is so incorrigibly savage as to persist in committing outrage upon perfect innocence, joined with patience, with meekness, with courtesy. Charity will melt the hardest heart, and charm the fiercest spirit; it will bind the most violent hand, it will still the most obstreperous tongue: it is the best guard that can be of our safety from assaults, of our interest from damage, of our reputation from slander, detraction, reproach.

ISAAC BARROW: 1630–1677.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE IN HUMAN ART.

MAN is proud of art and skill more than of all things else. Virtue and piety are indeed greater and nobler, but they make men humble, not proud; and even they are indebted to the arts of civilized life for the basis of intelligence, knowledge, culture, and refinement, on which alone they can be built up in their full strength and beauty, and by means of which alone they can have their due manifestation and influence.

But what man has done for himself and for his earthly home,—the wastes he has reclaimed; the cities he has built; the grandeur and beauty he has embodied in architecture, enshrined in marble, portrayed on canvas; the enslaving to his uses of the giant and wayward forces of Nature; the overcoming of obstacles that once seemed insurmountable; the sovereign command which he exercises in the entire realm of material forces and agencies;—these are the burden of his self-praise: and especially we are never weary of

admiring the vast mechanical and artistical progress of the last and present generation.

Meanwhile the perpetual voice of the Bible is, "All power belongeth unto God." He is, as the Scriptures represent Him, the sole Contriver, Artificer, Builder,—the author of all the vast, graceful, curious, and complicated forms that grow under the hands of man; and the achievements of our race are, equally with the Sun in his glory, and the stars on their circuits, and the changing seasons, "but the varied God."

Let me first remind you that art in man does nothing except what God either does or provides for in Nature. Man only follows out indications that are a Divine directory for his procedure. He creates nothing; he only finds and uses what God has made. He does not confer properties; he only discovers and applies them. We talk of raw material; but there is none. If there were, it would for ever remain so. What we call by that name has in it all that is ever made out of it.

Our paving and building stones lie, in the quarry, in parallel strata, and with crystals so grouped and separated as to invite the very cleavage they receive; and the blocks in which they are laid or heaved correspond in their surfaces with the natural divisions of the mother-rock. The veins and fibres of our forest-trees guide, rather than yield to, the axe, the lathe, the plane; and they might have been essentially the same substance, and yet so gnarled and knotted as to defy the accumulated science of centuries. Our silk we could not wind or use, had it not been first reeled on the cocoon with a delicacy far surpassing our finest handwork. We make no dyes, but dip our raiment in brilliant and enduring hues, beautiful as the rainbow or the sunset clouds, which God has treasured up for us in barks and roots and insects.

The telegraph is no work of ours, nor yet an invention of our time. The agent which it employs has been from creation's dawn the medium of all communication between mind and matter, brain and muscle, brain and brain. We have only arrested for a specific purpose a force which throbs from zone to zone, leaps from sky to earth, darts from earth to ocean, courses in the sap of the growing tree, runs along the nervous tissue of the living man; and can be commanded for the speaking wires simply because it is and works everywhere.

Permit me to carry out this view somewhat in detail with reference to water, the most essential of all mechanical agents, with which art does literally nothing of which God has not given the model or the hint.

How numerous beyond all computation are the artistical contrivances of which water is the means or the object! Not only is it the destined home of the ship, — that noblest master-work of human genius, that most expressive type of man as the conqueror and lord of Nature; but without water how utterly impossible would it be to bring together materials for the ship, or for any other costly and complex structure! Without its diffusion in quantities and qualities adequate not only to sustain life, but to supply the thousand-fold greater demands of art, where were the triumphs of that monarch of our century, the steam-king?

Now mark how perfect, as regards human industry, is the Divine distribution of water; gathered into oceans for the world's highway; indenting the shore in bays and creeks, without whose shelter navigation would be impossible, and the ship a mere splendid conception; radiating in rivers, which alone could develop the resources and furnish the materials that freight our commerce; branching into streams and rivulets to irrigate the meadows, to twine among the valleys, and to laugh by the poor man's door; now falling over precipices, and acquiring force to propel the wheels of those mighty Babels that weave the wealth of nations; now swollen by vernal thaws and rains, and bearing forests from their birth-place to the builder's axe.

Mark next the beautiful simplicity of the Divine mechanism by which the distribution is made. There is unceasing waste, and yet unceasing fulness; the ocean replenishing the fountain, the fountain speeding with trembling haste to bear its tribute to the ocean; the river pouring its current into the great sea, and anon those self-same waters, through cloud, torrent, brook, and streamlet, seeking the river again. The circulation of the waters is like that of the blood in the human body; — the ocean, the vast heart; the rivers, the veins that carry home its tide; the clouds, the arteries that distribute it anew; the brooks and fountains corresponding to the capillary vessels that bear the rose-tint to the cheek of youth and beauty.

Mark, now, the relation of human art to this vast system of cir-

culation. The raft, in which form alone could lumber be delivered at its appropriate depots without labour and cost that would make a well-built house a luxury attainable by none but the very rich, simply avails itself of the ocean's feeding season and of its channels of supply, commits itself to their swollen bosom, forces itself upon them as the companion of their inevitable journey. The water-wheel, which multiplies and cheapens to an inconceivable degree the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, merely plants itself in the descending path of the stream or river, and revolves because its axis is so secured that it cannot be floated down. The aqueduct, which gushes as a fountain of health in the great city, bears the same relation to the course of the stream which feeds it, that is borne by the air-line turnpike to the serpentine road that leads by every farm-house; and depends for its flow on the gradual declivity by which the ocean-born clouds descend from their mountain-exile to their native home. Lastly, the steam-engine, the most versatile of all the works of man, — now bearing on its fire-wings migrating multitudes and costly merchandise across the waste of waters, now twisting a gossamer thread or mending a web, — is but the intensifying (though in miniature) and harnessing to the industrial yoke of the very process by which the vapour exhaled from the ocean waters the hills and makes the desert glad.

ANDREW P. PEABODY: 1811-

ALCIBIADES AND SOCRATES.

ALCIBIADES inherited one of the largest fortunes in Athens; and it was no doubt husbanded, during his minority, with the same economy which Pericles exercised in his own domestic affairs. To the advantages of birth and fortune, Nature added some still rarer endowments, — a person which in every stage of his life was even at Athens remarked with admiration for its extraordinary comeliness, a mind of singular versatility, a spirit which, like that of the people itself, shrank from no enterprise, and bent before no obstacle. Even in his childish sports and exercises he attracted notice by the signs which he gave of an inflexible energy of purpose. It was remembered that he once laid himself down before the wheels of a waggon which was passing through a narrow street,

to prevent it from interrupting his boyish game. His petulance did not even spare his masters; and his authority decided the taste of his young companions. The love of pleasure was always strong in him, but never predominant: even in his earlier years it seems to have been subordinate to the desire of notoriety and applause, which gradually ripened into a more manly ambition. But this vanity was coupled with an overweening pride, which displayed itself in a contemptuous disregard for the rights and feelings of others, and often broke through all the restraints both of justice and prudence.

At the age — not later than eighteen — when the Athenian laws permitted him to take possession of his inheritance, Alcibiades found himself his own master, with an ample fortune at his command, in the city which, beyond every other in Greece, abounded in fuel for his passions, and opened the widest field for his ambition. Such a person in such a place could not fail to be soon surrounded by a large circle of admiring companions, of needy parasites, and aspiring adventurers, drawn to him by various motives, but all conspiring to deceive and corrupt him by their flattery and their counsels.

It was also the time when the controversies which had long been carried on in the ancient schools of philosophy had been succeeded by an interval of general lassitude, despondence, and indifference to philosophical truth, which afforded room for a new class of pretenders to wisdom, who, in a sense which they first attached to the word, were called Sophists. They professed a science, superior to all the elder forms of philosophy, which it balanced against each other with the perfect impartiality of universal scepticism, and an art which treated them all as instruments, useless indeed for the discovery of truth, but equally capable of exhibiting a fallacious appearance of it. They offered their instructions to all who, possessing a sufficient capacity, regarded the pursuit of fame, wealth, and power as the great business of life; and undertook to furnish them with the means of acquiring, by the simple force of words, that ascendency over the minds of men which is readily yielded to superior wisdom and virtue. As, according to their view, there was no real difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, the proper learning of a statesman consisted in the arts of argument and persuasion by which he might sway the opinions

of others on every subject at his pleasure; and these were the arts which they practised and taught. The Athenian youth eagerly crowded round the most eminent masters of the new school.

The growing boldness and influence of the Sophists roused the opposition of Socrates, the founder of the Attic philosophy. Victorious in dispute, he was seldom able to counteract the allurements which they held out to the indolence and presumption of their disciples. Alcibiades was one of the young men whom he endeavoured to save from their snares; and this contest was one of the utmost moment for the destiny of Athens and of Greece. Socrates saw in him many elements of a noble character, which might be easily perverted; abilities which might greatly serve or fatally injure his country; a strength of will capable of the most arduous enterprises, and the more dangerous if it took a wrong direction; an ardent love of glory, which needed to be purified and enlightened: and he endeavoured to win all these advantages for truth, virtue, and the public good.

It was one of the best tokens of a generous nature in Alcibiades, that he could strongly relish the conversation of Socrates, and deeply admire his exalted character, notwithstanding his repulsive exterior, and the wide difference of station and habits by which they were parted. They not only lived for a time in a very intimate intercourse at Athens, but were thrown together in situations which tended to strengthen the hold that the sage had taken on the affection of his young friend. They served together under Phormio at Potidæa, and in one of the engagements which took place during the siege Alcibiades, severely wounded, was rescued from the enemy by Socrates. The crown and panoply, the reward of valour, appear to have been due to Socrates; but, through the partiality which under all political institutions is commonly shown for birth and wealth, they were awarded to the young Eupatrid, though he proclaimed the superior merit of his preserver, who on the other hand attested the prowess of Alcibiades. They were again comrades at the battle of Delium; and Alcibiades, who was mounted, had an opportunity of protecting his friend from their pursuers.

But this intimacy produced no lasting fruits. It was the immediate object of Socrates to moderate the confidence and self-complacency of Alcibiades, to raise his standard of excellence, to open

his eyes to his own defects, and to convince him that he needed a long course of inward discipline, before he could engage safely and usefully in the conduct of public affairs. But Alcibiades was impatient to enter on the brilliant career which lay before him: the mark toward which his wise monitor directed his aims, though he felt it to be the most truly glorious, was not only distant and hard to reach, but would probably have diverted him from the darling objects of his ambitious hopes. He feared to grow old at the feet of Socrates, charmed into a fine vision of ideal greatness, while the substance of power, honours, and pleasure slipped from his grasp. He forced himself away from the siren philosophy, which would have beguiled him into the thraldom of reason and conscience, that he might listen to the plainer counsels of those who exhorted him to seize the good which lay within his reach; to give his desires their widest range; to cultivate the arts by which they might be most surely and easily gratified; and to place unbounded confidence in his own genius and energy.

Before he entirely withdrew from the society of Socrates, he had probably begun to prize it chiefly for the sake of that dialectic subtilty which Socrates possessed in an unequalled degree, and which was an instrument of the highest value for his own purposes. His estrangement from his teacher's train of thinking and feeling manifested itself not so much in the objects of his ambition, as in the methods by which he pursued them. It became more and more evident that he had lost, not only all true loftiness of aim, but all the sincerity and openness of an upright soul; and the quality which in the end stamped his character was the singular flexibility with which he adapted himself to tastes and habits most foreign to his own, and assumed the exterior of those whose good-will he desired to gain.

CONNOP THIRLWALL: 1797-1874.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

1 WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;

When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

2 When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

3 When, linnet-like, confinèd, I
With shriller note shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majèsty,
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

4 Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE: 1618-1658.

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

1 THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

2 But beauty hath its homage still,
And Nature holds us still in debt;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil, are honour'd yet.

3 And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

4 To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of Autumn, fill'd and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn!

5 Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

6 Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garner'd sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

7 O favours every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

8 We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the Sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

9 God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

10 Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

11 Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

12 And let these altars, wreath'd with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

JOHN G. WHITTIER; 1868.

THE TWO ANGELS.

1 Two Angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and, beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

2 Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crown'd with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

3 I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy belovèd are at rest!"

4 And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

5 I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd or haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

6 The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

7 Then, with a smile that fill'd the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

8 'T was at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The Angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

9 Then fell upon that house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two Angels issued, where but one went in.

10 All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

11 Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: 1807-

THE EVENING WIND.

1 Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow:
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

2 Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth! —

3 Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wild old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where th' o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

4 The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep:
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

5 Go, — but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,

With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more:
Sweet odours of the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: 1794-

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

1 NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

2 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

3 No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

4 Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5 We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

6 Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

7 But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

8 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.[6]

CHARLES WOLFE: 1791–1823.

BOSOM-SIN.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers, —
Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow, dogging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears:
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

GEORGE HERBERT: 1593–1632.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of Winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are, —

[6] Sir John Moore, a very brave, capable, and amiable general, fell, while gallantly animating his men to a charge, in the battle of Corunna, Jan. 16, 1809. The British army, though they had decidedly repulsed the attacks of the French under Marshals Soult and Ney, could hardly hope to retain the place, as this was without fortifications, and the French had large reinforcements within call. In the hurry of embarkation, there was not time for the customary rites and honours of burial. Wolfe's poem has probably conferred more fame on Sir John than any history of his deeds would have done.

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lours.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs —
Attired in sweetness — sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverent eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to Angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND: 1585-1649.

A VISION OF ANCIENT ATHENS.

LOOK once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold,
Where on th' Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil, —
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the Summer long:
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world;[7]
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power

[7] Aristotle was the chief preceptor of Alexander the Great, and the founder of one of the Greek schools of philosophy. — In the next line, *Stoa*, literally signifying *porch*, gave the name of *Stoics* to another of those famous schools. Zeno, the founder of it, delivered his instructions in the Porch.

Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian[8] lyric odes;
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates: see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics, new and old.

MILTON.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

1 WHO loves not knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail!

2 But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance,
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

[8] *Dorian*, or *Doric*, was applied to one of the ancient musical keys or modes. Its character was severe and solid, inspiring a sort of awful joy, and adapted both to religious uses and to the stern calls of war.

3 Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

4 Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

5 A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:

6 For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend! who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

7 I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

ALFRED TENNYSON: 1830–

FAMILY RELIQUES.

THE place which abounds most with mementos of past times is the picture gallery; and there is something strangely pleasing, though melancholy, in considering the long rows of portraits which compose the greater part of the collection. They furnish a kind of narrative of the lives of the family worthies, which I am enabled to read with the assistance of the venerable housekeeper, who is the family chronicler, prompted occasionally by Master Simon. There is the progress of a fine lady, for instance, through a variety of portraits. One represents her as a little girl, with a long waist and hoop, holding a kitten in her arms, and ogling the spectator out of the corners of her eyes, as if she could not turn her head.

In another we find her in the freshness of youthful beauty, when she was a celebrated belle, and so hard-hearted as to cause several unfortunate gentlemen to run desperate and write bad poetry. In another she is depicted as a stately dame, in the maturity of her charms, next to the portrait of her husband, a gallant colonel in full-bottomed wig and gold-laced hat, who was killed abroad: and, finally, her monument is in the church, the spire of which may be seen from the window, where her effigy is carved in marble, and represents her as a venerable dame of seventy-six.

There is one group that particularly interested me. It consisted of four sisters of nearly the same age, who flourished about a century since, and, if I may judge from their portraits, were extremely beautiful. I can imagine what a scene of gayety and romance this old mansion must have been, when they were in the hey-day of their charms; when they passed like beautiful visions through its halls, or stepped daintily to music in the revels and dances of the cedar gallery; or printed, with delicate feet, the velvet verdure of these lawns.

When I look at these faint records of gallantry and tenderness; when I contemplate the fading portraits of these beautiful girls, and think that they have long since bloomed, reigned, grown old, died, and passed away, and with them all their graces, their triumphs, their rivalries, their admirers; the whole empire of love and pleasure in which they ruled, — "all dead, all buried, all forgotten," — I find a cloud of melancholy stealing over the present gayeties around me.

I was gazing, in a musing mood, this very morning, at the portrait of the lady whose husband was killed abroad, when the fair Julia entered the gallery, leaning on the arm of the captain. The Sun shone through the row of windows on her as she passed along, and she seemed to beam out each time into brightness, and relapse again into shade, until the door at the bottom of the gallery finally closed after her. I felt a sadness of heart at the idea, that this was an emblem of her lot: a few more years of sunshine and shade, and all this life and loveliness and enjoyment will have ceased; and nothing be left to commemorate this beautiful being but one more perishable portrait; to awaken, perhaps, the trite speculations of some future loiterer, like myself, when I also and my scribblings shall have lived through our brief existence, and been forgotten.

WASHINGTON IRVING: 1783–1859.

MAN IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

The Mind.

The understanding was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the Sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet, but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not, like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. There is as much difference between the clear representations of the understanding then, and the obscure discoveries that it makes now, as there is between the prospect of a casement and of a key-hole.

Adam came into the world a philosopher, which appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names: he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties; he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn, and in the womb of their causes: his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents; his conjectures improving even to prophecy or the certainties of prediction. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no strug-

gling with memory, no straining for invention: his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations.

We may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepid surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

The Will.

Doubtless the will of man in the state of innocence had an entire freedom, a perfect equipendency and indifference to either part of the contradiction, to stand, or not to stand; to accept, or not accept the temptation. I will grant the will of man now to be as much a slave as any one will have it, and be only free to sin; that is, instead of a liberty, to have only a licentiousness; yet certainly this is not nature, but chance. We were not born crooked; we learnt these windings and turnings of the serpent: and therefore it cannot but be a blasphemous piece of ingratitude to ascribe them to God, and to make the plague of our nature the condition of our creation.

The will was then ductile and pliant to all the motions of right reason; it met the dictates of a clarified understanding half way. And the active informations of the intellect, filling the passive reception of the will, like form closing with matter, grew actuate into a third and distinct perfection of practice: the understanding and will never disagreed; for the proposals of the one never thwarted the inclinations of the other.

Yet neither did the will servilely attend upon the understanding,

but as a favourite does upon his prince, where the service is privilege and preferment; or, as Solomon's servants waited upon him, it admired its wisdom, and heard its prudent dictates and counsels, both the direction and the reward of its obedience. It is indeed the nature of this faculty to follow a superior guide, to be drawn by the intellect: but then it was drawn as a triumphant chariot, which at the same time both follows and triumphs; while it obeyed this, it commanded the other faculties. It was subordinate, not enslaved to the understanding; not as a servant to a master, but as a queen to her king, who both acknowledges a subjection and yet retains a majesty.

The Passions.

First, for the grand leading affection of all, which is Love. This is the great instrument and engine of Nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the Universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that. It is the whole man rapt up into one desire; all the powers, the vigour, and faculties of the soul abridged into one inclination. And it is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself; and, like the fire, to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent, to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results and unavoidable emanations. So that it will fasten upon any inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist than to love; and, like the vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace. Now this affection, in the state of innocence, was happily pitched upon its right object; it flamed up in direct fervours of devotion to God, and in collateral emanations of charity to its neighbour. It was a vestal and a virgin fire, and differed as much from that which usually passes by this name now-a-days as the vital heat from the burning of a fever.

Then for the contrary passion of Hatred. This, we know, is the passion of defiance, and there is a kind of aversation and hostility included in its very essence and being. But then (if there could have been any hatred in the world when there was scarce any thing odious) it would have acted within the compass of its proper object. Like aloes, bitter indeed, but wholesome. There would have been

no rancour, no hatred of our brother: an innocent nature could hate nothing that was innocent. And, if we may bring Anger under this head, as being, according to some, a transient hatred, or at least very like it, — this also, as unruly as it is now, yet then it vented itself by the measures of reason. There was no such thing as the transports of malice, or the violences of revenge. Anger then was like the sword of justice, keen, but innocent and righteous: it did not act like fury, then call itself zeal. It always espoused God's honour, and never kindled upon any thing but in order to a sacrifice.

In the next place, for the lightsome passion of Joy: it was not that which now often usurps this name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, or sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy or a pleased appetite. Joy was a masculine and a severe thing; the recreation of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good, suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice or indecent eruptions, but filled the soul, as God does the Universe, silently and without noise. It was refreshing, but composed, like the pleasantness of youth tempered with the gravity of age, or the mirth of a festival managed with the silence of contemplation.

And, on the other side, for Sorrow: had any loss or disaster made but room for grief, it would have moved according to the severe allowances of prudence and the proportions of the provocation. It would not have sallied out into complaint or loudness, nor spread itself upon the face, and writ sad stories upon the forehead. No wringing of hands, knocking the breast, or wishing one's self unborn; all which are but the ceremonies of sorrow, the pomp and ostentation of an effeminate grief; which speak not so much the greatness of the misery as the smallness of the mind. Tears may spoil the eyes, but not wash away the affliction. Sighs may exhaust the man, but not eject the burden. Sorrow then would have been as silent as thought, as severe as philosophy.

Then, again, for Hope. Though indeed the fulness and affluence of man's enjoyments in the state of innocence might seem to leave no place for hope, in respect of any further addition, but only of the prorogation and future continuance of what he already pos-

sessed; yet doubtless God, who made no faculty but also provided it with a proper object upon which it might exercise and lay out itself, even in its greatest innocence, did then exercise man's hopes with the expectations of a better Paradise, or a more intimate admission to Himself. For it is not imaginable that Adam could fix upon such poor, thin enjoyments as riches, pleasure, and the gayeties of an animal life. Hope, indeed, was always the anchor of the soul, yet certainly it was not to catch or fasten upon such mud.

And, lastly, for the affection of Fear. It was then the instrument of caution, not of anxiety; a guard, and not a torment to the breast that had it. It is now indeed an unhappiness, the disease of the soul: it flies from a shadow, and makes more dangers than it avoids; it weakens the judgment, and betrays the succours of reason: so hard is it to tremble, and not to err, and to hit the mark with a shaking hand. Then it fixed upon Him who is only to be feared, God; and yet with a filial fear, which at the same time both fears and loves. It was awe without amazement, dread without distraction. There was then a beauty even in this very paleness. It was the colour of devotion, giving a lustre to reverence, and a gloss to humility.

Thus did the passions then act without any of their present jars, combats, or repugnances; all moving with the beauty of uniformity, and the stillness of composure.

Now from this so exact and regular composure of the faculties, all moving in their due place, each striking in its proper time, there arose, by natural consequence, the crowning perfection of all, a good Conscience. For, as in the body when the principal parts, as the heart and liver, do their offices, and all the inferior, smaller vessels act orderly and duly, there arises a sweet enjoyment upon the whole, which we call health; so in the soul, when the supreme faculties of the will and understanding move regularly, the inferior passions and affections following, there arises a serenity and complacency upon the whole soul infinitely beyond the greatest bodily pleasures, the highest quintessence and elixir of worldly delights. There is in this case a kind of fragrancy and spiritual perfume upon the conscience, much like what Isaac spoke of his son's garments, "That the scent of them was like the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed." Such a freshness and flavour is there upon the soul when daily watered with the actions of a virtuous life. Whatsoever is pure is also pleasant.

The Body.

HAVING thus surveyed the image of God in the soul of man, we are not to omit now those characters of majesty that God imprinted upon the body. He drew some traces of His image upon this also, as much as a spiritual substance could be pictured upon a corporeal. Adam had a beautiful body as well as an immortal soul. The whole compound was like a well-built temple, stately without, and sacred within. The elements were at perfect union and agreement in his body; and their contrary qualities served not for the dissolution of the compound, but the variety of the composure.

Galen, who had no more divinity than what his physic taught him, barely upon the consideration of this so exact frame of the body, challenges any one, upon an hundred years' study, to find how any the least fibre, or most minute particle, might be more commodiously placed, either for the advantage of use or comeliness; his stature erect, and tending upwards to his centre; his countenance majestic and comely, with the lustre of a native beauty, that scorned the poor assistance of art, or the attempts of imitation; his body of so much quickness and agility, that it did not only contain, but also represent the soul: for we might well suppose that, where God did deposit so rich a jewel, He would suitably adorn the case. It was a fit workhouse for sprightly, vivid faculties to exercise and exert themselves in. A fit tabernacle for an immortal soul, not only to dwell in, but to contemplate upon; where it might see the world without travel; it being a lesser scheme of the creation, Nature contracted, a little cosmography, or map of the Universe. Neither was the body then subject to distempers, to die by piecemeal, and languish under coughs, catarrhs, or consumptions. Adam knew no disease, so long as temperance from the forbidden fruit secured him. Nature was his physician; and innocence and abstinence would have kept him healthful to immortality.

ROBERT SOUTH: 1633-1716.

ODE TO DUTY.

1 STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

2 There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
O, if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast!

3 Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

4 I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

5 Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,

I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

6 Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

7 To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live![9]

WORDSWORTH.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

1 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

[9] This ode is "all compact" of the finest gold. No higher strain of moral inspiration has been breathed on Earth since the days of the Apostles. The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, in his Lectures on *Theology in the English Poets*, speaks of the author as follows: "It was in deep belief in God and Immortality, and in a Saviour from sin, that he passed his quiet days, and found peace far from the strifes of men. It was in the calm—alike removed from stormy passion and from the disturbing lusts of the world—which this faith gave him, that he wrought out and lived the high morality which he has given to us in his *Ode to Duty*, in the fine strain of *The Happy Warrior*, and in many noble passages in *The Excursion*. It was in this faith that he quietly reposed in his domestic life, and by it enhanced all the faithful affection for wife and sister, children and brother, that nowhere in English poetry burns with a lovelier or a purer light."

'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness, —
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad[1] of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

2 I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

3 Darkling[2] I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death;
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath:
Now more than ever it seems rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain, —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

4 Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

[1] The *Dryads* were the classical nymphs of the forest, or of the trees, and were believed to dwell together with the trees which had been their abode. Like all the other nymphs, they were female divinities of a lower rank, and never appeared along with the great Olympian gods and goddesses.

[2] *Darkling* is *in the dark*. Often used so by Shakespeare and the old poets generally.

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

5 Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu, adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake, or sleep?

JOHN KEATS: 1795–1821.

PROPER FORCES AND FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE Apostles appealed to men's hearts, and, according to their hearts, so they answered them. They appealed to their secret belief in a superintending Providence, to their hopes and fears thence resulting; and they professed to reveal to them the nature, personality, attributes, will, and works of Him "whom they ignorantly worshipped." They expostulated with the better sort, on the ground of their instinctive longings and dim visions of something greater than the world. They awed and overcame the wayward, by the secret influence of what remained of Heaven within them, and the involuntary homage paid by such to any more complete realizing of it in others. They asked the more generous-minded whether it was not worth the while to risk something on the chance of augmenting and perfecting those precious elements of good which their hearts still held; and they could not hide, what they cared not to "glory in," their own disinterested sufferings, their high deeds, and their sanctity of life. They won over the affectionate and gentle by the beauty of holiness, and the embodied mercies of Christ as seen in their ministrations and ordinances.

Thus they spread their nets for disciples, and caught thousands at a cast: thus they roused and inflamed their hearers into enthusiasm, till "the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence, and the violent took it by force." Those who had the seed of God within them would find day by day, as love increased, increasing experience that what they had ventured boldly amid conflicting evidence, of sight against sight, and reason against reason, with some things for it, and many things against it, they had ventured well. The examples of meekness, cheerfulness, contentment, silent endurance, private self-denial, fortitude, brotherly love, perseverance in well-doing, which would from time to time meet them in their new kingdom; the sublimity and harmony of the Church's doctrine; the touching and subduing beauty of her services and appointments; their consciousness of her virtue, divinely imparted, upon themselves, in subduing, purifying, changing them; the bountifulness of her alms-giving; her power, weak as she was and despised, over the statesmen and philosophers of the world; her consistent and steady aggression upon it, moving forward in spite of it on all sides at once, like the wheels in the Prophet's vision; the unanimity and intimacy existing between her widely-separated branches; the mutual sympathy and correspondence of men of hostile nations and foreign languages; the simplicity of her ascetics, the gravity of her Bishops, the awful glory shed round her Martyrs;—these and the like persuasives acted on them day by day, turning the whisper of their hearts into an habitual conviction, and establishing in the reason what had been begun in the will. And thus has the Church been upheld ever since by an appeal to the People,—to the necessities of human nature, the anxieties of conscience, and the instincts of purity; forcing upon Kings a sufferance or protection which they would fain dispense with, and upon Philosophy a grudging submission and a reserved and limited recognition.

Such was the triumph of Faith, spreading like a leaven through the thoughts, words, and works of men, till the whole was leavened. It did not affect the substance of religion; it left unaltered both its external developments and its internal character; but it gave strength and direction to its lineaments. The sacrifice of prayer and praise, and the service of an obedient heart and life, remained as essential as before; but it has infused a principle of growth. It has converted grovelling essays into high aspirings,

partial glimpses into calm contemplation, niggard payments into generous self-devotion. It enjoined the law of love for retaliation; it put pain above enjoyment; it honoured poverty before affluence, the communion of Saints before the civil power, the next world before this. It made the Christian independent of all things, except Christ; and provided for a deeper humility, while it overflowed in peace and joy.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN: 1801-

THE CHARACTER OF CICERO.

IN reviewing the uneven tenour of Cicero's career, Livy concludes with the stern comment, "He bore none of his calamities as a man should, except his death." These are grave words. In the mouth of one who had cast his scrutinizing glance over the characters and exploits of all the heroes of the great Republic, and had learnt by the training of his life-long studies to discriminate moral qualities and estimate desert, they constitute the most important judgment on the conduct of Cicero that antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Few indeed among the Romans ever betrayed a want of resolution in the face of impending death. But it was in the endurance of calamity rather than in the defiance of danger that the courage of Cicero was deficient. The orator, whose genius lay in the arts of peace and persuasion, exhibited on more than one occasion a martial spirit worthy of other habits and a ruder training. In the contest with Catilina he displayed all the moral confidence of a veteran general: in the struggle with Antonius he threw himself without reserve into a position where there was no alternative but to conquer or to perish. In the earlier conflict he still had his fame to acquire, his proud ascendency to establish; and the love of praise and glory inspired him with the audacity which makes and justifies its own success. But in the later he courted danger for the sake of retaining the fame he so dearly prized.

He had once saved his country, and he could not endure that it should be said he had ever deserted it. He loved his country; but it was for his own honour, which he could preserve, rather than for his country's freedom, which he despaired of, that he returned to his post when escape was still possible. He might have remained

silent, but he opened the floodgates of his eloquence. When indeed he had once launched himself on the torrent he lost all self-command; he could neither retrace nor moderate his career; he saw the rocks before him, but he dashed himself headlong against them.

But another grave authority has given us the judgment of antiquity, that Cicero's defect was the want of steadfastness. His courage had no dignity because it lacked consistency. All men and all parties agreed that he could not be relied upon to lead, to cooperate, or to follow. In all the great enterprises of his party, he was left behind, except that which the nobles undertook against Catilina, in which they rather thrust him before them than engaged with him on terms of mutual support.

Of all the characters of antiquity Cicero is undoubtedly that with which we are most intimately acquainted; for he alone has left to us the record of his thoughts and actions, for more than half his public career, in a voluminous mass of familiar as well as political correspondence. No public character probably could pass unscathed through the fiery ordeal to which he has thus subjected himself. Cicero, it must be avowed, is convicted from his own mouth of vanity, inconstancy, sordidness, jealousy, malice, selfishness, and timidity. But on the other hand no character, public or private, could thus bare its workings to our view without laying a stronger claim to our sympathy, and extorting from us a more kindly consideration, than we can give to the mere shell of the human being with which ordinary history brings us in contact. Cicero gains more than he loses by the confessions he pours into our ear. We read in his letters what we should vainly search for in the meagre pages of Sallust and Appian, in the captious criticism of Dion, and even in the pleasant anecdotes of his friendly biographer Plutarch, his amiableness, his refined urbanity, his admiration for excellence, his thirst for fame, his love of truth, equity, and reason.

Much indeed of the patriotism, the honesty, the moral courage he exhibited was really no other than the refined ambition of attaining the respect of his contemporaries, and bequeathing a name to posterity. He might not act from a sense of duty, like Cato, but his motives, personal and selfish as they in some sense were, coincided with what a more enlightened conscience would have felt to be duty. Thus his proconsulate is perhaps the purest and most honourable passage in his life. His strict and rare probity amidst

the temptations of office arrests our attention and extorts our praise: yet assuredly Cicero had no nice sense of honour, and was controlled by no delicacy of sentiment, where public opinion was silent, or a transaction strictly private.

Fortunately his instinct taught him to see in the constitution of the Republic the fairest field for the display of his peculiar talents: the orator and the pleader could not fail to love the arena on which the greatest triumphs of his genius had been or were yet, as he hoped, to be acquired. And Cicero indeed was not less ambitious than Cæsar or Pompeius, Antonius or Octavius. To the pursuit of fame he sacrificed many interests and friendships. He was not less jealous of a rival in his chosen career than any of the leaders of party and candidates for popular favour. He could not endure competition for the throne of eloquence and the sceptre of persuasion. It was on this account perhaps that he sought his associates among the young, from whose rivalry he had nothing to fear, rather than from his own contemporaries, the candidates for the same prize of public admiration which he aimed at securing for himself.

From his pages there flows an incessant stream of abuse of all the great masters of political power in his time; of Cæsar and Pompeius, of Crassus and Antonius; not to mention his coarse vituperation of Piso and Gabinius, and his uneasy sneers at the impracticable Cato. We may note the different tone which his disparagement assumes towards these men respectively. He speaks of Cæsar with awe, of Pompeius with mortification, with dislike of Crassus, with bitter malice of Antonius. Cæsar, even when he most deeply reprobates him, he personally loves; the cold distrust of Pompeius vexes his self-esteem; between him and Crassus there subsists a natural antipathy of temperament; but Antonius, the hate of his old age, becomes to him the incarnation of all the evil his long and bitter experience of mankind has discovered in the human heart. While we suspect Cicero of injustice towards the great men of his day, we are bound also to specify the gross dishonesty with which he magnifies his own merits where they are trivial, and embellishes them where they are really important.

But, while Cicero stands justly charged with many grave infirmities of temper and defects of principle; while we remark with a sigh the vanity, the inconstancy, and the ingratitude he so often manifested; while we lament his ignoble subserviences and his

ferocious resentments; the high standard by which we claim to judge him is in itself the fullest acknowledgment of his transcendent merits. For undoubtedly, had he not placed himself on a higher moral level than the statesmen and sages of his day, we should pass over many of his weaknesses in silence, and allow his pretensions to our esteem to pass almost unchallenged.

But we demand a nearer approach to the perfection of human wisdom and virtue in one who sought to approve himself the greatest of their teachers. Nor need we scruple to admit that the judgment of the ancients on Cicero was for the most part unfavourable. The moralists of antiquity required in their heroes virtues with which we can more readily dispense; and they too had less sympathy with many qualities which a purer religion and a wider experience have taught us to love and admire. Nor were they capable, from their position, of estimating the slow and silent effects upon human happiness of the lessons which Cicero enforced.

After all the severe judgments we are compelled to pass on his conduct, we must acknowledge that there remains a residue of what was amiable in his character and noble in his teaching beyond all ancient example. Cicero lived and died in faith. He has made converts to the belief in virtue, and had disciples in the wisdom of love. There have been dark periods in the history of man, when the feeble ray of religious instruction paled before the torch of his generous philanthropy. The praise which the great critic pronounced upon his excellence in oratory may be justly extended to the qualities of his heart; and even in our enlightened days it may be held no mean advance in virtue to venerate the master of Roman philosophy.

CHARLES MERIVALE: 1808–1875.

USE AND WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE.

MEN have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason,

to the benefit and use of men: as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of State, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

Neither is that other merit of learning, in repressing the inconveniences which grow from man to man, much inferior to the former, of relieving the necessities which arise from nature; which merit was lively set forth by the ancients in that feigned relation of Orpheus' theatre, where all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature: wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires, of profit, of lust, of revenge; which as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or if sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

Again, for the pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning, it far surpasseth all other in Nature. For, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasure of the sense, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner? and must not of consequence the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and, after they be used, their verdure departeth; which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality. And therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore it appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

Lastly, leaving the vulgar arguments, that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts; that by learning

man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come; and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance: for to this tendeth generation, and raising of Houses and families; to this tend buildings, foundations, and monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration; and in effect the strength of all other human desires.

We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities, have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but lose of the life and truth.

But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that, if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

FRANCIS BACON: 1561–1626.

AN EVENING REVERY.

THE summer day is closed, — the Sun is set:
Well they have done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the Sun;

Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And wither'd; seeds have fall'n upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have fill'd the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever; painted moths
Have wander'd the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasp'd with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the throng'd city, have been hollow'd out,
And fill'd, and closed. This day hath parted friends
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Had woo'd; and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and, as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, — for ye are one! —
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,

Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet doth th' eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarn'd. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men,
Which who can bear? or the fierce rack of pain,—
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently, — so have good men taught, —
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; th' eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of Heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: 1794-

A HAPPY FAMILY.

HERE rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her grave. Behold — upon that ridge
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods — the cottage where she dwelt;
And where yet dwells her faithful partner, left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes

See daily in that happy family.
Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping father's widowhood,
Those six fair daughters, budding yet, — not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That father was, and fill'd with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
Of what He seems to take; or gives it back,
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
He gives it, — the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavours have refused to till,
And hope hath never water'd. The abode
Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorn'd
By Nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover, then, a studious work
Of many fancies prompting many hands.
Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall;
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A hardy girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
Her father's prompt attendant, does for him
All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favourite herbs, a space,
By sacred charter, holden for her use.

These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permission ask'd or not,
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
Of bees around their range of shelter'd hives
Busy in that enclosure; while the rill
That sparkling thrids the rocks attunes his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But when the gloom
Of night is falling round my steps, then most
This dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
(Who could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
With prospect of the company within,
Laid open through the blazing window: there
I see the eldest daughter at her wheel
Spinning amain as if to overtake
The never-halting time; or, in her turn,
Teaching some novice of the sisterhood
That skill in this or other household work
Which, from her father's honour'd hand, herself,
While she was yet a little one, had learn'd.
Mild man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
And the whole house seems fill'd with gayety.
Thrice happy, then, the mother may be deem'd,
The wife, from whose consolatory grave
I turn'd, that ye in mind might witness where,
And how, her spirit yet survives on Earth!

WORDSWORTH.

WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

THERE is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning, and through the partially frosted window-panes I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are

portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed, frosty fortitude, which is evidently assumed in anticipation of a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or at least before the Sun sheds another glimmering smile upon us, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts.

The soil, already frozen for weeks past, is prepared to sustain whatever burden may be laid upon it; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness and acquire a beauty of its own, when mother Earth, like her children, shall have put on the fleecy garb of her Winter's wear. The cloud-spirits are slowly weaving her white mantle. As yet, indeed, there is barely a rime-like hoar-frost over the brown surface of the street; the withered green of the grass-plat is still discernible; and the slated roofs of the houses do but begin to look gray, instead of black. All the snow that has yet fallen within the circumference of my view, were it heaped up together, would hardly equal the hillock of a grave. Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influence, are great changes wrought. These little snow-particles, which the storm-spirit flings by handfuls through the air, will bury the great Earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister sky again for dreary months. We likewise shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking heavenward the oftener.

Now, leaving the storm to do its appointed office, let us sit down, pen in hand, by our fireside. — Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness and favourable to imaginative thought, in the atmosphere of a snowy day. The native of a southern clime may woo the Muse beneath the heavy shade of the summer foliage, reclining on banks of turf, while the sound of singing birds and warbling rivulets chimes in with the music of his soul. In our brief Summer, I do not think, but only exist in the vague enjoyment of a dream. My hour of inspiration — if that hour ever comes — is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust, and the snow-flakes or the sleety rain-drops pelt hard against the win-

dow-panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper, with the certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it, like stars at twilight, or like violets in May, — perhaps to fade as soon. However transitory they glow, they at least shine amid the darksome shadow which the clouds of the outward sky fling through the room. Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by me, her true-born son, be New England's Winter, which makes us, one and all, the nurslings of the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the December blast. Now look we forth again, and see how much of his task the storm-spirit has done.

Slow and sure! He has the day, perchance the week, before him, and may take his own time to accomplish Nature's burial in snow. A smooth mantle is scarcely thrown over the withered grass-plat, and the dry stalks of annuals still thrust themselves through the white surface in all parts of the garden. The leafless rose-bushes stand shivering in a shallow snow-drift, looking — poor things! — as disconsolate as if they possessed a human consciousness of the dreary scene. This is a sad time for the shrubs that do not perish with the Summer: they neither live nor die; what they retain of life seems but the chilling sense of death. Very sad are the flower-shrubs in mid-Winter! The roofs of the houses are now all white, save where the eddying wind has kept them bare at the bleak corners. To discern the real intensity of the storm, we must fix upon some distant object, — as yonder spire, — and observe how the riotous gust fights with the descending snow throughout the intervening space. Sometimes the entire prospect is obscure; then again we have a distinct but transient glimpse of the tall steeple, like a giant's ghost; and now the dense wreaths sweep between, as if demons were flinging snow-drifts at each other in mid-air.

Look next into the street, where we have an amusing parallel to the combat of those fancied demons in the upper regions. It is a snow-battle of school-boys. What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written, in the form of a child's story, by describing the snow-ball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles, worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses, built all of massive snow-blocks! What feats of individual prowess, and embodied onsets of martial enthusiasm! And, when some well-contested and

decisive victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battle-field; and crown it with the victor's statue, hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter, the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common; and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask, "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle-monument has provoked these questions, when none could answer.

Turn we again to the fireside, and sit musing there, lending our ears to the wind, till perhaps it shall seem like an articulate voice, and dictate wild and airy matter for the pen. Would it might inspire me to sketch out the personification of a New England Winter! And that idea, if I can seize the snow-wreathed figures that flit before my fancy, shall be the theme of the next page. How does Winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter Autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation, as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered, and scattered the sere leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard, the people wrap themselves in cloaks, and shake their heads disconsolately, saying, "Winter is at hand!" Then the axe of the wood-cutter echoes sharp and diligently in the forest; then the coal-merchants rejoice, because each shriek of Nature in her agony adds something to the price of coal per ton; then the peat-smoke spreads its aromatic fragrance through the atmosphere. A few days more, and at even-tide the children look out of the window, and dimly perceive the flaunting of a snowy mantle in the air. It is stern Winter's vesture. They crowd around the hearth, and cling to their mother's gown, or press between their father's knees, affrighted by the hollow roaring voice that bellows adown the wide flue of the chimney. It is the voice of Winter; and, when parents and children hear it, they shudder and exclaim, "Winter is come! Cold Winter has begun his reign already!"

Now, throughout New England, each hearth becomes an altar, sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immitigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, country-side, and town. Wrapt in his white mantle, his staff a huge icicle, his beard and hair a wind-tossed snow-drift, he travels over the land, in the midst of the northern blast; and woe to the homeless wanderer whom he finds

upon his path! There he lies stark and stiff, a human shape of ice, on the spot where Winter overtook him. On strides the tyrant over the rushing rivers and broad lakes, which turn to rock beneath his footsteps. His dreary empire is established; all around stretches the desolation of the Pole. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children, — (for Winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one,) — not ungrateful even for the severities which have nourished our unyielding strength of character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh-rides, cheered by the music of merry bells; for the crackling and rustling hearth, when the ruddy fire-light gleams on hardy manhood and the blooming cheek of woman; for all the home enjoyments, and the kindred virtues, which flourish in a frozen soil. Not that we grieve, when, after some seven months of storm and bitter frost, Spring, in the guise of a flower-crowned virgin, is seen driving away the hoary despot, pelting him with violets by the handful, and strewing green grass on the path behind him. Often, ere he will give up his empire, old Winter rushes fiercely back, and hurls a snow-drift at the shrinking form of Spring; yet, step by step, he is compelled to retreat northward, and spends the summer months within the Arctic circle.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: 1804-1864.

THE DEATH OF HOFER.[3]

I PASSED two entire months in Germany, and like the people. On my way I saw Waterloo, an ugly table for an ugly game. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight, tens against thousands; they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder: therefore they are heroes! My admiration for these works

[3] Hofer was, by birth, no higher than a yeoman or peasant. Under his leading, the Tyrolese, a simple, pious, loyal, and patriotic people, gathered, men, women, and children, to resist the invading French and Bavarians; and so stout and skilful was their defence, that Napoleon had to send army after army against them. The gentle and heroic Hofer was at last betrayed, captured, and brought to a court-martial; and Napoleon, on learning that the court would not convict him, sent a peremptory order for him to be put to death within twenty-four hours. A most mean and execrable murder! The order was executed February 20, 1810, Hofer being forty-three years old.

of art was soon satisfied, which perhaps it would not have been in any other place.

Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro, (I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine,) the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man, — the greatest man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. Andreas Hofer gave him the chain and crucifix he wore three days before his death. You may imagine this man's enthusiasm, who, because I had said that Hofer was greater than king or emperor, and had made him a present of small value, as the companion and friend of that harmless and irreproachable hero, took this precious relic from his neck and offered it to me.

By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumbscrewed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them, most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country, led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation.

When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them; when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him with unfaltering voice commend his soul and his country to the Creator; and, as if still under his own roof, (a custom with him after the evening prayer,) implore a blessing for his boys and his little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood; finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount

of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer, many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too.

The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as indeed of all his atrocities the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity, he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

The name of Andreas Hofer will be honoured by posterity far above any of the present age, and together with the most glorious of the last, Washington and Kosciusko. For it rests on the same foundation, and indeed on a higher basis. In virtue and wisdom their co-equal, he vanquished on several occasions a force greatly superior to his own in numbers and in discipline, by the courage and confidence he inspired, and by his brotherly care and anxiety for those who were fighting at his side.

Differently, far differently, ought we to estimate the squanderers of human blood and the scorners of human tears. *We* also may boast of *our* great men in a cause as great; for without it they could not be so. We may look back upon our Blake; whom the prodigies of a Nelson do not eclipse, nor would he have wished (such was his generosity) to obscure it. Blake was among the founders of freedom; Nelson was the vanquisher of its destroyers; Washington was both; Kosciusko was neither; neither was Hofer. But the aim of all three was alike; and in the armoury of God are suspended the arms the two last of them bore; suspended for success more signal and for vengeance more complete.

WALTER S. LANDOR: 1775-1864.

RESTRAINTS ON EXECUTIVE POWER.

MR. PRESIDENT, the contest, for ages, has been to rescue Liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which had stood between the king and the people to the time of our independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority: on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end, the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering, for centuries, against the solid butments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded, as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative, with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sidneys and Russells; often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish.

At length the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western States of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the PEOPLE, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." I need hardly say, Sir, that into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps we sprang at once, by the Declaration of Independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free States, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men

of our own country whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

Through all this history of the contest for liberty, executive power has been regarded as a lion which must be caged. So far from being the object of enlightened popular trust, so far from being considered the natural protector of popular right, it has been dreaded, uniformly, always dreaded, as the great source of its danger.

And now, Sir, who is he, so ignorant of the history of liberty, at home and abroad; who is he, yet dwelling, in his contemplations, among the principles and dogmas of the Middle Ages; who is he, from whose bosom all original infusion of American spirit has become so entirely evaporated and exhaled, as that he shall put into the mouth of the President of the United States the doctrine, that the defence of liberty *naturally results to* executive power, and is its peculiar duty? Who is he that, generous and confiding towards power where it is most dangerous, and jealous only of those who can restrain it; who is he that, reversing the order of the State, and upheaving the base, would poise the pyramid of the political system upon its apex? Who is he that, overlooking with contempt the guardianship of the representatives of the people, and with equal contempt the higher guardianship of the people themselves;—who is he that declares to us, through the President's lips, that the security for freedom rests in executive authority? Who is he that belies the blood and libels the fame of his own ancestors, by declaring that *they*, with solemnity of form and force of manner, have invoked the executive power to come to the protection of liberty? Who is he that thus charges them with the insanity, or the recklessness, of putting the lamb beneath the lion's paw?

No, Sir,—no, Sir! Our security is in our watchfulness of executive power. It was the constitution of this department which was infinitely the most difficult part in the great work of creating our present government. To give to the executive department such power as should make it useful, and yet not such as should render it dangerous; to make it efficient, independent, and strong, and yet to prevent it from sweeping away every thing by its union of military and civil authority, by the influence of patronage, and office, and favour;—this, indeed, was difficult. They who had the work

to do saw the difficulty, and we see it; and if we would maintain our system, we shall act wisely to that end, by preserving every restraint and every guard which the Constitution has provided. And when we, and those who come after us, have done all that we can do, and all that they can do, it will be well for us and for them, if some popular executive, by the power of patronage and party, and the power, too, of that very popularity, shall not hereafter prove an overmatch for all other branches of the government.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1834.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

WE have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel which he guards?

Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty; this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it; this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the Constitution from any quarter; this defence of established landmarks; this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them, — all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature. If deprived of them, an active, intelligent, faithful agent of the people will be converted into an unresisting and passive instrument of power. A representative body, which gives up these rights and duties, gives itself up. It is a representative body no longer. It has broken the tie between itself and its constituents, and henceforth is fit only to be regarded as an inert, self-sacrificed mass, from which all appropriate principle of vitality has departed for ever.

The spirit of liberty is indeed a bold and fearless spirit; but it

is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defences, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to illegal authority. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and, building on the experience of ages which are past, it labours diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is *our* liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1834.

STANDING BY THE UNION.

AND now, Mr. President, to return at last to the principal and important question before us. What are we to do? How are we to bring this emergent and pressing question to an issue and an end? Here have we been seven and a half months, disputing about points which, in my judgment, are of no practical importance to one or the other part of the country. Are we to dwell for ever upon a single topic, a single idea? Are we to forget all the purposes for which governments are instituted, and continue everlastingly to dispute about that which is of no essential consequence? I think, Sir, the country calls upon us loudly and imperatively to settle this question. I think that the whole world is looking to see whether this great popular government can get through such a crisis. We are the observed of all observers. We have stood through many trials. Can we stand through this, which takes so much the character of a sectional controversy?

There is no inquiring man in all Europe who does not ask himself that question every day, when he reads the intelligence of the morning. Can this country, with one set of interests at the South,

and another set of interests at the North, and these interests supposed, but falsely supposed, to be at variance, — can this people see, what is so evident to all the world besides, that the Union is their main hope and greatest benefit, and that their interests in every part are entirely compatible? Can they see, and will they feel, that their prosperity, their respectability among the nations of the Earth, and their happiness at home depend upon the maintenance of their Union and their Constitution?

I agree that local divisions are apt to warp the understandings of men, and to excite a belligerent feeling between section and section. It is natural, in times of irritation, for one part of the country to say, "If you do that, I will do this," and so get up a feeling of hostility and defiance. Then comes belligerent legislation, and then an appeal to arms. The question is, whether we have the true patriotism, the Americanism, necessary to carry us through such a trial.

For myself, I propose, Sir, to abide by the principles and the purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, and act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they may, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defence of the liberties and Constitution of his country.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1850.

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

THE several eruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians into India were, for the greater part, ferocious, bloody, and wasteful in the extreme; our entrance into the dominion of that country was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: The Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity; and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast; and it is the natural wish of all, that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man; and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people.

If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, Nature had still fair play; the sources of acquisition were not dried up; and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth.

But under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship. Our conquest there, after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the gray head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people than if they still resided in England; nor, indeed, any species of intercourse but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune, with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age and all the

impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave; and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting.

Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates, through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments which repair the mischiefs that pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools; England has built no bridges, made no high-roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of State or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain, to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger.

There is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than in the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike or bending over a desk at home. But, as English youth in India drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads are able to bear it, and as they are full-grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason have any opportunity to exert themselves for remedy of the excesses of their premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds to be blown about, in every breaking-up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean.

In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed, by the same persons, the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of

Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families; they enter into your senate; they ease your estates by loans; they raise their value by demand; they cherish and protect your relations which lie heavy on your patronage: and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest that makes all reform of our Eastern government appear officious and disgusting; and, on the whole, a most discouraging attempt.

In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness, or to resent injury. If you succeed, you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks. All these things show the difficulty of the work we have on hand; but they show its necessity too. Our Indian government is in its best state a grievance. It is necessary that the correctives should be uncommonly vigorous; and the work of men, sanguine, warm, and even impassioned in the cause. But it is an arduous thing to plead against abuses of a power which originates from your own country, and affects those whom we are used to consider as strangers.

I shall certainly endeavour to modulate myself to this temper; though I am sensible that a cold style of describing actions, which appear to me in a very affecting light, is equally contrary to the justice due to the people, and to all genuine human feelings about them. I ask pardon of truth and nature for this compliance. It has been said (and, with regard to one of them, with truth) that Tacitus and Machiavel, by their cold way of relating enormous crimes, have in some sort appeared not to disapprove them; that they seem a sort of professors of the art of tyranny; and that they corrupt the minds of their readers, by not expressing the detestation and horror that naturally belong to horrible and detestable proceedings.

But we are in general, Sir, so little acquainted with Indian details; the instruments of oppression under which the people suffer are so hard to be understood; and even the very names of the sufferers are so uncouth and strange to our ears, that it is very difficult for our sympathy to fix upon these objects. All these circumstances are not, I confess, very favourable to the idea of our attempting to govern India at all. But there we are; there we are placed by the Sovereign Disposer; and we must do the best we can in our situation. The situation of man is the preceptor of his duty.

EDMUND BURKE: 1783.

SYMPATHIES WITH JUSTICE.

If it should still be asked why we show sufficient acrimony to excite a suspicion of being in any manner influenced by malice or a desire of revenge, to this, my Lords, we answer, "Because we would be thought to know our duty, and would have all the world know how resolutely we are determined to perform it." The Commons of Great Britain are not disposed to quarrel with the Divine wisdom and goodness, which has moulded up revenge into the frame and constitution of man. He that has made us what we are, has made us at once resentful and reasonable. Instinct tells a man that he ought to revenge an injury; reason tells him that he ought not to be a judge in his own cause. From that moment revenge passes from the private to the public hand; but in being transferred it is far from being extinguished. My Lords, it is transferred as a sacred trust, to be exercised for the injured, in measure and proportion, by persons who, feeling as he feels, are in a temper to reason better than he can reason. Revenge is taken out of the hands of the original injured proprietor, lest it should be carried beyond the bounds of moderation and justice.

But, my Lords, it is in its transfer exposed to a danger of an opposite description. The delegate of vengeance may not feel the wrong sufficiently; he may be cold and languid in the performance of his sacred duty. It is for these reasons that good men are taught to tremble even at the first emotions of anger and resentment for their own particular wrongs; but they are likewise taught, if they are well taught, to give the loosest possible rein to their resentment and indignation, whenever their parents, their friends, their country, or their brethren of the common family of mankind are injured. Those who have not such feelings, under such circumstances, are base and degenerate. These, my Lords, are the sentiments of the Commons of Great Britain.

Lord Bacon has very well said that "revenge is a kind of wild justice." It is so; and without this wild, austere stock there would be no justice in the world. But when, by the skilful hand of morality and wise jurisprudence, a foreign scion, but of the very same species, is grafted upon it, its harsh quality becomes changed; it submits to culture, and, laying aside its savage nature, it bears fruits and flowers, sweet to the world, and not ungrateful even to

Heaven itself, to which it elevates its exalted head. The fruit of this wild stock is revenge regulated, but not extinguished, — revenge transferred from the suffering party to the communion and sympathy of mankind. This is the revenge by which we are actuated, and which we should be sorry if the false, idle, girlish, novel-like morality of the world should extinguish in the breast of us who have a great public duty to perform.

This sympathetic revenge, which is condemned by clamorous imbecility, is so far from being a vice, that it is the greatest of all possible virtues, — a virtue which the uncorrupted judgment of mankind has in all ages exalted to the rank of heroism. To give up all the repose and pleasures of life, to pass sleepless nights and laborious days, and, what is ten times more irksome to an ingenuous mind, to offer one's self to calumny and all its herd of hissing tongues and poisoned fangs, in order to free the world from fraudulent prevaricators, from cruel oppressors, from robbers and tyrants, has, I say, the test of heroic virtue, and well deserves such a distinction.

The Commons, despairing to attain the heights of this virtue, never lose sight of it for a moment. For seventeen years they have, almost without intermission, pursued, by every sort of inquiry, by legislative and by judicial remedy, the cure of this Indian malady worse ten thousand times than the leprosy which our forefathers brought from the East. Could they have done this, if they had not been actuated by some strong, some vehement, some perennial passion, which, burning like vestal fire, chaste and eternal, never suffers generous sympathy to grow cold in maintaining the rights of the injured, or in denouncing the crimes of the oppressor?

My Lords, the Managers for the Commons have been actuated by this passion: they feel its influence at this moment; and, so far from softening either their measures or their tone, they do here, in the presence of their Creator, of this House, and of the world, make this solemn declaration, and nuncupate this deliberate vow: That they will ever glow with the most determined and inextinguishable animosity against tyranny, oppression, and peculation in all, but more particularly as practised by this man in India; that they never will relent, but will pursue and prosecute him and it, till they see corrupt pride prostrate under the feet of justice.

EDMUND BURKE: 1794.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

THERE have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth-of-gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our Constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely House of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet.

The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other coun-

try in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa.

There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;*[4]

[4] A mind, or soul, calm in difficulties or adversities.

such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, space had been fitted up with green benches, and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity.

But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham.

Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguished themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who,

within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning Sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY: 1800-1859.

DEATH OF NELSON.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical

attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

Nelson desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the King, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village

through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843.

WELLINGTON AS A GENERAL.

WELLINGTON'S campaigns furnish lessons for generals of all nations, but they must always be especial models for British commanders in future continental wars; because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attend generals controlled by politicians who prefer par-

liamentary intrigue to national interests. An English commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of personal resources, when one disaster will be his ruin at home: his measures must be subordinate to this primary consideration.

Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war: the French call it want of enterprise, timidity; the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march or to fight, and acted indifferently as occasion offered on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a painstaking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a commander as Napoleon, must be admitted; and being later in the field of glory it is to be presumed he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters. Yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation: Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign in Italy, so harassed by the French as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese governments: their systems of war were however alike in principle, their operations being only modified by their different political positions.

Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces; these were common to both: in defence firm, cool, enduring, in attack fierce and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, yet always operating by the flanks in preference to the front; in these things they were alike: in following up a victory the English general fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering-ram, down went the wall in ruins; the battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave before which the barrier yielded and the roaring flood poured onwards covering all.

But there was nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be discerned in the English general's campaigns. Neither was

he of the Fabian school. He recommended that commander's system to the Spaniards, he did not follow it himself; his military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus.

To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; to deny him the qualities of a great commander is to rail against the clear mid-day Sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious minute investigation and arrangement; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. This is the certain mark of a master-spirit in war; without it a commander may be distinguished, he may be a great man, he cannot be a great captain: where troops nearly alike in arms and knowledge are opposed, the battle generally turns upon the decision of the moment.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER: 1785-1860.

GREAT MEN AS POETS AND PATRONS.

DIONYSIUS and Nero had the same longing, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. 'T is true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a fine time on 't, you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for it was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind: so, every man, in his own defence, set as good a face upon the business as he could. It was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureats; but, when the show was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled; with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a-making it.

In the meantime the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good

grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions. They were sure to be rewarded, if they confessed themselves bad writers; and that was somewhat better than to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and, after he was put to death for overcoming Nero, the Emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions. No man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for, if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. Mecænas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too: but, finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace; that at least he might be a poet at the second hand: and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyrics of him still remain.

But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mecænas, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; for such is every man who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree. Some of their little zanies yet go further; for they are persecutors even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasy in their company than he was with Crispinus, their forefather, in the Holy Way; and would no more have allowed them a place amongst the critics than he would Demetrius the mimic, and Tigellius the buffoon. With what scorn would he look down upon such miserable translators, who make doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own! He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry. — But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are required, to raise the weight of such an author.

JOHN DRYDEN: 1631–1700.

LORDLY PATRONAGE EXPLODED.

To the Earl of Chesterfield.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL JOHNSON: 1709–1784.

AFTON WATER.

1 FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I 'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream, —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

2 Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

3 How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far-mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

4 How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birch shades my Mary and me.

5 Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave!

6 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary 's asleep by thy murmuring stream, —
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS: 1759–1796.

THE YOUNG MINSTREL.

1 THERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady:
But he, I ween, was of the north countree;
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

2 The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd:
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle Winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er they went.

3 From labour, health, from health, contentment, springs;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

4 No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it pass'd,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd: secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty hand is rife,

Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

5 The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth and wit and worth;
And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

6 And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy:
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

7 Lo! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no; he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

8 And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the West the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;

And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But, lo! the Sun appears, and heaven, earth, ocean smile!

9 And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost:
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

10 In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene:
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight;
Nor less than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern Sun diffused his dazzling sheen:
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

11 "O ye wild groves! O, where is now your bloom?"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

12 Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life and mirth and beauty crown'd?
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime and sluggish pool
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd:
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound;
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray;

And, hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

13 Yet such the destiny of all on Earth!
So flourishes and fades majestic Man:
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan:
O, smile, ye heavens serene! ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span!
Borne on the swift though silent wings of time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

14 And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

15 Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

16 This truth sublime his simple sire had taught:
In sooth, 't was almost all the shepherd knew:
No subtile nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view;
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."

And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

17 "And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done:
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone:
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

JAMES BEATTIE: 1735–1803.

SONNETS.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory,—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span: let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I 'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human kind
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

O, HOW I love, on a fair Summer's eve,—
When streams of light pour down the golden West,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest
The silver clouds,—far, far away to leave
All meaner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve

From little cares! to find, with easy quest,
A fragrant wild, with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive!
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
Musing on Milton's fate, on Sidney's bier,
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:
Perhaps on wings of Poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

GREAT spirits now on Earth are sojourning;—
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing;
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering:[5]
And other spirits there are, standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come:—
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? How to life they start!
Listen awhile, ye nations! and be dumb.

JOHN KEATS: 1795–1821.

THE MASQUE OF CUPID.

1 THE whiles a most delicious harmony
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drown'd;

[5] Of the three "spirits" here referred to, the first was evidently Wordsworth: the second was probably Leigh Hunt, a warm personal friend of Keats, and who was imprisoned for what was regarded as an abuse of the freedom of the Press: the third was probably Robert Haydon, a distinguished painter-artist of that time, to whom this sonnet was addressed.

And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud did bray,
That their report did far away rebound;
And, when they ceased, it 'gan again to play,
The whiles the Masquers marchèd forth in trim array.

2 The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspéct and beauty without peer;
Matchable either to that imp of Troy
Whom Jove did love, and chose, his cup to bear;
Or that same dainty lad which was so dear
To great Alcides,[6] that, whenas he died,
He wailèd woman-like with many a tear,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name; the nymphs eke Hylas cried.

3 His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,[7]
Like as the sunburnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gait might easily appear;
For still he fared[8] as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

4 And him beside march'd amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swain;
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was disguisèd very vain,
And his embroider'd bonnet sat awry:
'Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strain,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceived, and forth in flames did fly.

[6] Hercules is often called *Alcides*, as being descended from *Alceus*.—Jove's famous cup-bearer, the "imp of Troy," was named *Ganymedes*. *Imp*, here, is *son* or *child*: its original meaning is *shoot* or *sprout*.

[7] *Dight* is *made ready*; that is, *decked* or *adorned*. *Say*, from the French *soye*, is a silken fabric.

[8] To *fare* is, properly, to *proceed*, to *go*. The old sense survives in our use of the word; also in *farewell*.

5 Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad capuccio had,
And sleeves dependent Albanesè-wise:[9]
He look'd askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did avise;[1]
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

6 With him went Danger, clothed in ragged weed
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made;
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne[2] did need
Strange horror to deform his grisly shade:
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was; this Mischief, that Mishap;
With th' one his foes he threaten'd to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap:
For whom he could not kill he practised to entrap.

7 Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But feared each shadow moving to or fro;
And, his own arms when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingèd-heel'd;
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmèd fearfully did wield.

8 With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold;
In silken samite[3] she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She alway smiled, and in her hand did hold

[9] That is, according to the fashion of the people of Albania. *Capuccio* is capuchin, or *capuche;* the hood of a cloak. From the Italian.

[1] To *avise*, as here used, is to *bethink one's self*, to *apprehend*. — *Nicely*, in the line before, is *cautiously*, or *squeamishly*.

[2] *Ne* is much used by Spenser as an archaic equivalent for *nor*.

[3] *Samite* is a half-silk stuff, with a gloss like satin.

An holy-water-sprinkle, dipp'd in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew, —
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

9 And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
March'd in one rank, yet an unequal pair;
For she was gentle and of mild aspéct,
Courteous to all and seeming debonair,
Goodly adornèd and exceeding fair;
Yet was that all but painted and purloin'd,
And her bright brows were deck'd with borrow'd hair;
Her deeds were forgèd and her words false coin'd,
And always in her hand two clews of silk she twined:

10 But he was foul, ill-favouréd and grim,
Under his eyebrows looking still askance;
And ever, as Dissemblance laugh'd on him,
He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Showing his nature in his countenance:
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walk'd each where for fear of hid mischance,
Holding a lattice still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward he did pace.

11 Next him went Grief and Fury match'd yfere;[4]
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Down hanging his dull head with heavy cheer,[5]
Yet inly being more than seeming sad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinchèd people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolour's dart.

12 But Fury was full ill apparelléd
In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,

[4] *Yfere* is *together*, or *in company with*.
[5] *Cheer* is, in old language, *face*, *look*, or *countenance*.

With ghastly looks and dreadful drearihead;[6]
And from her back her garments she did tear,
And from her head oft rent her snarlèd[7] hair:
In her right hand a firebrand she did toss
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayèd deer in chase emboss'd,[8]
Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way lost.

13 After them went Displeasure and Pleasance,
He looking lumpish and full sullen sad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evil-matchèd pair they seem'd to be:
An angry wasp th' one in a vial had,
Th' other in hers an honey-lady-bee.
Thus marchèd these six couples forth in fair degree.

EDMUND SPENSER: 1553–1598.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

THE sentence of death passed against him, by what majority we do not know. But Socrates neither altered his tone nor manifested any regret for the language by which he had himself seconded the purpose of his accusers. On the contrary, he told the Dikasts, in a short address prior to his departure for the prison, that he was satisfied both with his own conduct and with the result. The divine sign, he said, which was wont to restrain him, often on very small occasions, both in deeds and in words, had never manifested itself once to him throughout the whole day.

The tacit acquiescence of this infallible monitor satisfied him not only that he had spoken rightly, but that the sentence passed was in reality no evil to him; that to die now was the best thing which

[6] *Drearihead* is the old substantive form of *dreary*, meaning *dreariness*, or *dismalness*. Many words formerly ended in *hed*, *head* or *hood*, which now end in *ness*; as *drowsihed* for *drowsiness*, *livelihood* for *liveliness*.

[7] That is, *entangled*, as a skain of silk.

[8] In old hunters' language, an animal is said to be *embossed* when it foams at the mouth, from weariness or rage.

could befall him. Either death was tantamount to a sound, perpetual, and dreamless sleep, which in his judgment would be no loss, but rather a gain; or else, if the common myths were true, death would transfer him to a second life in Hades, where he would find all the heroes of the Trojan War, and of the past generally, so as to pursue in conjunction with them the business of mutual cross-examination, and debate on ethical progress and perfection.

There can be no doubt that the sentence really appeared to Socrates in this point of view, and to his friends also after the event had happened, though doubtless not at the time when they were about to lose him. He took his line of defence advisedly, and with full knowledge of the result. It supplied him with the fittest of all opportunities for manifesting, in an impressive manner, both his personal ascendency over human fears and weakness, and the dignity of what he believed to be his divine mission. It took him away in his full grandeur and glory, like the setting of the tropical Sun, at a moment when senile decay might be looked upon as close at hand. He calculated that his defence and bearing on the trial would be the most emphatic lesson which he could possibly read to the youth of Athens; more emphatic, probably, than the sum total of those lessons which his remaining life might suffice to give, if he shaped his defence otherwise.

This anticipation of the effect of the closing scene of his life, setting the seal on all his prior discourses, manifests itself in portions of his concluding words to the Dikasts, wherein he tells them that they will not, by putting him to death, rid themselves of the importunity of the cross-examining Elenchus;[9] that numbers of young men, more restless and obtrusive than he, already carried within them that impulse, which they would now proceed to apply; his superiority having hitherto kept them back.

It was thus the persuasion of Socrates, that his removal would be the signal for numerous apostles, putting forth with increased energy that process of interrogatory test and spur to which he had devoted

[9] *Elenchus* is *trial*, or *proof;* especially proof used for refutation. What has come to be styled the Socratic method of investigation proceeds by interrogating the opponent, and drawing out his ideas or opinions, and then subjecting them to the logical torture called *reductio ad absurdum*. The shortest and surest way of putting a sophister to shame, or of making him ashamed of himself.—*Dikast* was the Greek term for *judge*, or rather *juror*. By the Constitution of Athens, in trials like that of Socrates, a number of jurors was impanelled, from certain classes of the citizens, and the final decision of the cause lay with them.

his life, and which doubtless was to him far dearer and more sacred than his life. Nothing could be more effective than his lofty bearing on his trial, for inflaming the enthusiasm of young men thus predisposed; and the loss of life was to him compensated by the missionary successors whom he calculated on leaving behind.

Under ordinary circumstances, Socrates would have drunk the cup of hemlock in the prison, on the day after his trial. But it so happened that the day of his sentence was immediately after that on which the sacred ship started on its yearly ceremonial pilgrimage from Athens to Delos, for the festival of Apollo. Until the return of this vessel to Athens, it was accounted unholy to put any person to death by public authority.

Accordingly Socrates remained in prison — and, we are pained to read, actually with chains on his legs — during the interval that this ship was absent, thirty days all together. His friends and companions had free access to him, passing nearly all their time with him in the prison; and Crito had even arranged a scheme for procuring his escape, by a bribe to the jailer. This scheme was only prevented from taking effect by the decided refusal of Socrates to become a party in any breach of the law, — a resolution which we should expect as a matter of course, after the line which he had taken in his defence. His days were spent in the prison in discourse respecting ethical and human subjects, which had formed the charm and occupation of his previous life.

It is to the last of these days that his conversation on the immortality of the soul is referred in the Platonic Dialogue called *Phædon*. Of that conversation the main topics and doctrines are Platonic rather than Socratic. But the picture which the dialogue presents of the temper and state of mind of Socrates, during the last hours of his life, is one of immortal beauty and interest, exhibiting his serene and even playful equanimity, amidst the uncontrollable emotions of his surrounding friends; the genuine unforced persuasion, governing both his words and his acts, that the sentence of death was no calamity to him; and the unabated maintenance of that earnest interest in the improvement of man and society which had for so many years formed both his paramount motive and his active occupation.

The details of the last scene are given with minute fidelity, even down to the moment of his dissolution; and it is consoling to re-

mark that the cup of hemlock produced its effects by steps far more exempt from suffering than any natural death which was likely to befall him. Those who have read what has been observed respecting the strong religious persuasions of Socrates will not be surprised to hear that his last words, addressed to Crito immediately before he passed into a state of insensibility, were, "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius: discharge the debt, and by no means omit it."

GEORGE GROTE; 1794-1871.

USES OF POETRY AND ART.

If we wish men to practise virtue, it is worth while trying to make them love virtue, and feel it an object in itself, and not a tax paid for leave to pursue other objects. It is worth training them to feel, not only actual wrong and meanness, but the absence of noble aims and endeavours, as not merely blamable but also degrading; to have a feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great Universe, of the collective mass of our fellow-creatures, — in the face of past history and of the indefinite future; the poorness and insignificance of human life, if it is to be all spent in making things comfortable for ourselves and our kin, and raising ourselves and them a step or two on the social ladder.

Now, of this elevated tone of mind the great source of inspiration is poetry, and all literature so far as it is poetical and artistic. We may imbibe exalted feelings from Plato, or Demosthenes, or Tacitus, but it is in so far as those great men are not solely philosophers, or orators, or historians, but poets and artists. Nor is it only loftiness, only the heroic feelings, that are bred by poetic cultivation. Its power is as great in calming the soul as in elevating it, — in fostering the milder emotions, as the more exalted. It brings home to us all those aspects of life which take hold of our nature on its unselfish side, and lead us to identify our joy and grief with the good or ill of the system of which we form a part; and all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously, and predispose us to the reception of any thing which comes before us in the shape of duty. Who does not feel a better man after a course of Dante, or of Wordsworth, or after brooding over Gray's *Elegy*, or Shelley's *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*?

I have spoken of poetry, but all the other modes of Art produce similar effects in their degree. The races and nations whose senses are naturally finer and their sensuous perceptions more exercised than ours, receive the same kind of impressions from painting and sculpture; and many of the more delicately organized among ourselves do the same. All the arts of expression tend to keep alive and in activity the feelings they express. Do you think that the great Italian painters would have filled the place they did in the European mind, would have been universally ranked among the greatest men of their time, if their productions had done nothing for it but to serve as the decoration of a public hall or a private *salon?* Their *Nativities* and *Crucifixions*, their glorious *Madonnas* and *Saints*, were to their susceptible Southern countrymen the great school not only of devotional, but of all the elevated and imaginative feelings. We colder Northerns may approach to a conception of this function of Art when we listen to an oratorio of Handel, or give ourselves up to the emotions excited by a Gothic cathedral. Even apart from any specific emotional expression, the mere contemplation of beauty of a high order produces in no small degree this elevating effect on the character.

The power of natural scenery addresses itself to the same region of human nature which corresponds to Art. There are few capable of feeling the sublimer order of natural beauty, such as mountain regions afford, who are not, at least temporarily, raised by it above the littleness of humanity, and made to feel the puerility of the petty objects which set men's interests at variance, contrasted with the nobler pleasures which all might share. To whatever avocations we may be called in life, let us never quash these susceptibilities within us, but carefully seek the opportunities of maintaining them in exercise.

The more prosaic our ordinary duties, the more necessary it is to keep up the tone of our minds by frequent visits to that higher region of thought and feeling in which every work seems dignified in proportion to the ends for which, and the spirit in which, it is done; where we learn, while eagerly seizing every opportunity of exercising higher faculties and performing higher duties, to regard all useful and honest work as a public function, which may be ennobled by the mode of performing it; which has not properly any other nobility than what that gives; and which, if ever so humble, is never mean

but when it is meanly done, and when the motives from which it is done are mean motives.

There is, besides, a natural affinity between goodness and the cultivation of the Beautiful, when it is real cultivation, and not mere unguided instinct. He who has learned what beauty is, if he be of a virtuous character, will desire to realize it in his own life; will keep before himself a type of perfect beauty in human character to light his attempts at self-culture. There is a true meaning in the saying of Goethe, though liable to be misunderstood and perverted, that the Beautiful is greater than the Good; for it includes the Good, and adds something to it: it is the Good made perfect, and fitted with all the collateral perfections which make it a finished and completed thing.

Now this sense of perfection, which would make us demand from every creation of man the very utmost that it ought to give, and render us intolerant of the smallest fault in ourselves or in any thing we do, is one of the results of Art-cultivation. No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of Art. In all other things, we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth; but in Art the perfection is itself the object. Art, when really cultivated, and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained: and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are; to idealize, as much as possible, every work we do, and, most of all, our own characters and lives.

JOHN STUART MILL; 1806–1873.

TOLERATION.

It is unnatural and unreasonable to persecute disagreeing opinions. Unnatural; for understanding, being a thing wholly spiritual, cannot be restrained, and therefore neither punished, by corporal afflictions. It is a matter of another world. You may as well cure the cholic by brushing a man's clothes, or fill a man's stomach with a syllogism. These things do not communicate in matter, and therefore neither

in action nor passion. And since all punishments in a prudent government punish the offender to prevent future crime, and so prove more medicinal than vindictive; and since no punishment of the body can cure a disease in the soul; it is disproportionable in nature, and in all civil government, to punish where the punishment can do no good. It may be an act of tyranny, but never of justice.

For is an opinion ever the more true or false for being persecuted? Some men have believed it the more, as being provoked into a confidence, and vexed into a resolution; but the thing itself is not the truer. And though the hangman may confute a man with an inexplicable dilemma, yet he cannot convince his understanding; for such premises can infer no conclusion but the man's life: and a wolf may as well give laws to the understanding, as he whose dictates are only propounded in violence and writ in blood; and a dog is as capable of a law as a man, if there be no choice in his obedience, nor discourse in his choice, nor reason, to satisfy his discourse. And, as it is unnatural, so it is unreasonable, that Sempronius should force Caius to be of his opinion because Sempronius is Consul this year, and commands the lictors; as if he that can kill a man must be infallible: and if he be not, why should I do violence to my conscience, because he can do violence to my person?

Force in matters of opinion can do no good, but is very apt to do hurt; for no man can change his opinion when he will, or be satisfied in his reason that his opinion is false because discountenanced. If a man could change his opinion when he lists, he might cure many inconveniences of his life: all his fears and his sorrows would soon disband, if he would but alter his opinion whereby he is persuaded that such an accident that afflicts him is an evil, and such an object formidable. Let him but believe himself impregnable, or that he receives a benefit when he is plundered, disgraced, imprisoned, condemned, and afflicted, neither his sleep need be disturbed nor his quietness discomposed.

But, if a man cannot change his opinion when he lists, nor ever does, heartily or resolutely, but when he cannot do otherwise, then to use force may make him a hypocrite, but never to be a right believer; and so, instead of erecting a trophy to God and true religion, we build a monument for the Devil. Infinite examples are recorded in Church story to this very purpose. And so many

families in Spain, which are (as they call them) new Christians, and of a suspected faith, into which they were forced by the tyranny of the Inquisition, and yet are secret Moors, is evidence enough of the inconvenience of preaching a doctrine by the mouth of a blood-spilling sword. For it either punishes a man for keeping a good conscience or forces him into a bad; it either punishes sincerity or persuades hypocrisy; it persecutes a truth or drives into error; and it teaches a man to dissemble and to be safe, but never to be honest.

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books. When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was; he replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me, and couldst not thou endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble?" "Upon this," saith the story, "Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction." Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

JEREMY TAYLOR: 1613-1667.

STRONG HEART-TIES BROKEN.

SCENE, — *A Room in the Duke of* FRIEDLAND'S *Palace.*

Present the Duke and Duchess of FRIEDLAND, THEKLA, *and the Countess* TERTSKY.

Enter, to them, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Max. Yes! here she is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk

In ambush for a favourable moment:
This loitering, this suspense exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to* THEKLA, *who has thrown herself into her Mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O, look upon me!
Confess it freely before all: fear no one:
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy; misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly. —

[*He observes the* Countess *looking on* THEKLA *with expressions of triumph.*

No, lady, no!
Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever, —
For this I come. 'T is over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must, — *must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look:
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot, — I cannot!
Cannot let go this hand. O, tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I cannot act otherwise. —

[THEKLA, *avoiding his look, points with her hand to her Father.* MAX. *turns round to the* Duke *whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou whom here I sought:
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart;
For any other I 'm no more concern'd.

Wal. Think'st thou that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
Thy father is become a villain to me;
I hold thee for his son, and nothing more:
Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given

Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
That ancient love which so remorselessly
He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
Succeed, — 't is now their turn; I too can throw
All feelings of the man aside, — can prove
Myself as much a monster as thy father!

Max. Thou wilt proceed with me, as thou hast power:
Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
What has detain'd me here, that too thou know'st.

[*Taking* THEKLA *by the hand.*

See, Duke! All, — all would I have owed to thee,
Would have received from thy paternal hand
The lot of blessèd spirits. This hast thou
Laid waste for ever, — that concerns not thee.
Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
Their happiness who most are thine. The god
Whom thou dost serve is no benignant deity.
Like as the blind irreconcilable
Fierce element, incapable of compact,
Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.

Wal. Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
The adder! O, the charms of Hell o'erpower'd me.
He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he pass'd, suspected never!
On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
To Ferdinand what Octavio was to me,
War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,
I never could have done it. Th' Emperor was
My austere master only, not my friend:
There was already war 'twixt him and me
When he deliver'd the Commander's Staff
Into my hands; for there 's a natural
Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion;
Peace exists only betwixt confidence
And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
The future generations.

Max. I will not
Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot!
Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place; one crime
Drags after it the other in close link.
But we are innocent: how have we fallen
Into this circle of mishap and guilt?
To whom have we been faithless? Wherefore must
The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
Of our two fathers twine like serpents round us?
Why must our fathers'
Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
Who love each other?

Wal. Max., remain with me.
Go you not from me, Max.! Hark! I will tell thee
How, when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustom'd to the German Winters:
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours;
Thou wouldst not let them go.
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee;
I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
A kinder to thee; I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices,
However strange to me; I tended thee
Till life return'd; and, when thine eyes first open'd,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Alter'd my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands;
Rewarded them with dignities and honours;
Thee have I *loved:* my heart, my self, I gave
To thee! They all were aliens: THOU wert
Our child and inmate. Max! thou canst not leave me;
It cannot be: I may not, will not think
That Max. can leave me.

Max. O my God!

Wal. I have
Held and sustain'd thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,

What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
I love thee, Max.! What did thy father for thee,
Which I too have not done, to th' height of duty?
Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain
Of gold; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee:
For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
Was nothing worth to thee.

Max. O God! how can I
Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
My oath, — my duty, — honour, —

Wal. How! Thy duty?
Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max.! bethink thee
What duties mayst *thou* have? If *I* am acting
A criminal part toward the Emperor,
It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
That in thy actions thou shouldst plead free agency?
On me thou 'rt planted, I 'm thy Emperor;
To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
Thy honour, this a law of Nature to thee!
And if the planet, on the which thou livest
And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
It is not in thy choice, whether or no
Thou 'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
Together with his ring, and all his moons.
With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest;
Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
Than names and influences more removed.
For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
Affection and fidelity the subject's.
Not every one doth it beseem to question
The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty: let
The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCHILLER: 1759-1805: COLERIDGE'S *Translation.*

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity:
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth:
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774–1843.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy is a weak and giddy thing, that laughs
Itself to weariness or sleep, and wakes
To the same barren laughter: 't is a child
Perpetually; and all its past and future
Lie in the compass of an infant's day.
Crush'd from our sorrow, all that 's great in man
Has ever sprung. In the bold Pagan world
Men deified the beautiful, the glad,
The strong, the boastful, and it came to nought:
We have raised Pain and Sorrow into Heaven;
And in our temples, on our altars, Grief
Stands symbol of our faith, and it shall last
As long as man is mortal and unhappy.
The gay at heart may wander to the skies,
And harps may there be found them, and the branch

Of palm be put into their hands: on Earth
We know them not: — no votarist of our faith,
Till he has dropp'd his tears into the stream,
Tastes of its sweetness.

WILLIAM SMITH: 1842.

FREEDOM.

1 OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

2 There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind;
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

3 Then stept she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face;

4 Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown.

5 Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

6 That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams;
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1830.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

1 The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark atmosphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

2 Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

3 And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

4 There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
And eve, that round the Earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

5 Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the starlit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the Sun;
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

6 On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,

Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

7 And therefore bards of old,
Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: 1794–

WEARINESS.

1 O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

2 O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toil'd among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

3 O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine, that so long has glow'd and burn'd
With passions into ashes turn'd,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

4 O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light

Direct from Heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

H. W. LONGFELLOW: 1807-

MEMORIES.

1 A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in every thing,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

2 A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower;
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

3 How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes, which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me:
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

4 I hear again thy low replies,
  I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringèd lids of hazel eyes,
  With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
  Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
  And smiles and tones more dear than they!

5 Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
  My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
  And folly's self seem'd wise in thee:
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
  The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
  Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

6 Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
  Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
  Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise
  The school-boy's humble name has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
  Of unobtrusive goodness known.

7 And wider yet in thought and deed
  Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,[1]
While answers to my spirit's need
  The Derby dalesman's[2] simple truth.
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
  And holy day, and solemn psalm;

[1] John Calvin, author of the stern creed known as Calvinism; called "the Genevan" because he lived and taught at Geneva, in Switzerland. Born in 1509; died in 1564.

[2] George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. Born in 1624; died in 1691. He passed his youth in the quiet and simple life of a shepherd, thinking much, and saying little.

For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

8 Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about:
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

9 Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us lies
The warm light of our morning skies, —
The Indian Summer of the heart! —
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

J. G. WHITTIER: 1868.

THE LOG CABIN.

It appears to some persons that a great deal too much use is made of the symbol of the log cabin. But it is to be remembered that this matter of the log cabin originated, not with the friends of the Whig candidate, but with his enemies. Soon after his nomination at Harrisburg, a writer in one of the leading administration papers spoke of his "log cabin," and his use of "hard cider," by way of sneer and reproach.[8] The whole party appeared to enjoy it, or at least they countenanced it by silent acquiescence. But it

[8] Referring to the presidential election of 1840, when the Whigs, having General Harrison and John Tyler for their candidates, pushed on the canvass with prodigious enthusiasm; miniature log cabins being everywhere made use of to feed that enthusiasm. Electioneering Songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," with much drinking of "hard cider," were also a telling part of the political logic of the day. It was in the battle of Tippecanoe that General Harrison won his chief military laurels.

touched a tender point in the public feeling. It naturally roused indignation. What was intended as reproach was immediately seized on as merit. "Be it so! Be it so!" was the instant burst of the public voice. "Let him be the log-cabin candidate. What you say in scorn, we will shout with all our lungs. From this day forward, we have our cry of rally; and we shall see whether he who has dwelt in one of the rude abodes of the West may not become the best house in the country."

All this is natural, and springs from sources of just feeling. Other things, Gentlemen, have had a similar origin. We all know that the term *Whig* was bestowed in derision, two hundred years ago, on those who were thought too fond of liberty; and our national air of *Yankee Doodle* was composed by British officers, in ridicule of the American troops. Yet, ere long, the last of the British armies laid down its arms at Yorktown, while this same air was playing in the ears of officers and men. Gentlemen, it is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody, in this country, but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

Gentlemen, it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and

blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind!

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1840.

CALHOUN'S POLITICAL STRATEGY.

THIS letter, Sir, is a curiosity. As a paper describing political operations, and exhibiting political opinions, it is without a parallel. Its phrase is altogether military. It reads like a dispatch, or a bulletin from head-quarters. It is full of attacks, assaults, and repulses. It recounts movements and counter-movements; speaks of occupying one position, falling back upon another, and advancing to a third; it has positions to cover enemies, and positions to hold allies in check.

Meantime, the celerity of all these operations reminds one of the rapidity of the military actions of the King of Prussia in the Seven Years' War. Yesterday he was in the South, giving battle to the Austrian; to-day he is in Saxony or Silesia. Instantly he is found to have traversed the Electorate, and is facing the Russian and the Swede on his northern frontier. If you look for his place on the map, before you find it he has quitted it. He is always marching, flying, falling back, wheeling, attacking, defending, surprising; fighting everywhere, and fighting all the time.

In one particular, however, the campaigns described in this letter are conducted in a different manner from those of the great Frederick. I think we nowhere read, in the narrative of Frederick's achievements, of his taking a position to cover an enemy, or a position to hold an ally in check. These refinements in the science of tactics and of war are of more recent discovery.

Mr. President, public men must certainly be allowed to change their opinions and their associations, whenever they see fit. No one doubts this. Men may have grown wiser; they may have attained to better and more correct views of great public subjects. It would be unfortunate, if there were any code which should oblige men, in public or private life, to adhere to opinions once entertained, in spite of experience and better knowledge, and

against their own convictions. Nevertheless, Sir, it must be acknowledged that what appears to be a sudden, as well as a great change, naturally produces a shock. Sudden movements of the affections, whether personal or political, are a little out of nature.

Several years ago, Sir, some of the wits of England wrote a mock play, intended to ridicule the unnatural and false feeling, the *sentimentality*, of a certain German school of literature. In this play, two strangers are brought together at an inn. While they are warming themselves at the fire, and before their acquaintance is yet five minutes old, one springs up, and exclaims to the other, "A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship!" This affectionate offer was instantly accepted, and the friendship duly sworn, unchangeable and eternal! Now, Sir, how long this eternal friendship lasted, and in what manner it ended, those who wish to know may learn by referring to the play.[4]

But it seems to me, Sir, that the honourable member has carried his political sentimentality a good deal higher than the flight of the German school; for he appears to have fallen suddenly in love, not with strangers, but with opponents. Here we had all been contending against the progress of executive power, and more particularly, and most strenuously, against the projects and experiments of the administration upon the currency. The honourable member stood among us, not only as an associate, but as a leader. We thought we were making some headway. The people appeared to be coming to our support and our assistance. The country had been roused; every successive election weakening the strength of the adversary, and increasing our own. We were in this career of success carried strongly forward by the current of public opinion, and only needed to hear the cheering voice of the honourable member, "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" and we should have prostrated for ever this anti-constitutional, anti-commercial, anti-republican, and anti-American policy of the administration.

But, instead of these encouraging and animating accents, behold!

[4] This play, entitled *The Rovers*, was the joint-product of several hands, the chief of them being, as was said, George Canning, the celebrated statesman, who became Prime Minister in 1827. The issue of the "friendship" in question may be guessed from the circumstance, that the parties to it are ladies, who soon find out that they have both been married to one and the same man.

in the very crisis of our affairs, on the very eve of victory, the honourable member cries out to the enemy, "Hollo!—a sudden thought strikes me! I abandon my allies. Now I think of it, they have always been my oppressors. I abandon them; and now let *you and me* swear an eternal friendship!" Such a proposition, from such a quarter, Sir, was not likely to be long withstood. The other party was a little coy, but, upon the whole, nothing loath. After proper hesitation, and a little decorous blushing, it owned the soft impeachment, admitted an equally sudden sympathetic impulse on its own side; and, since few words are wanted where hearts are already known, the honourable gentleman takes his place among his new friends amidst greetings and caresses, and is already enjoying the sweets of an eternal friendship.

Purpose of that Strategy.

THE honourable member proceeds to say that never was there before, and never, probably, will there be again, so fair an opportunity for himself and his friends to carry out *their own principles and policy*, and to reap the fruits of their long and arduous struggle. These principles and this policy, Sir, be it remembered, he represents, all along, as identified with the principles and policy of Nullification. And he makes use of this glorious opportunity by refusing to join his late allies in any further attack on those in power, and rallying anew the old State-rights party to hold in check their old opponents, the National Republican party.

Mr. President, stripped of its military language, what is the amount of all this, but that, finding the administration weak, and likely to be overthrown, if the opposition continued with undiminished force, he went over to it, and joined it; intending to act, himself, upon nullification principles, and to compel the Southern members of the administration to meet him on those principles? He confesses, Sir, that, in thus abandoning his allies, and taking a position to cover those in power, he perceived a shock would be created which would require some degree of resolution and firmness. In this he was right. A shock, Sir, has been created; yet there he is.

This administration, Sir, is represented as succeeding to the last

by an inheritance of principle. It professes to tread in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor. It adopts, generally, the sentiments, principles, and opinions of General Jackson, *Proclamation*[5] *and all:* and yet it receives the honourable gentleman with the utmost complacency, though he be the very prince of nullifiers, and but lately regarded as the chiefest of sinners. To all appearance, the delight is mutual: they find him an able leader, he finds them complying followers.

But, Sir, in all this movement he understands himself. He means to go ahead, and to take them along. He is in the engine-car; he controls the locomotive. His hand regulates the steam, to increase or retard the speed at his discretion. And, as to the occupants of the passenger-cars, Sir, they are as happy a set of gentlemen as one might desire to see of a Summer's day. They feel that they are in progress; they hope they shall not be run off the track; and, when they reach the end of their journey, they desire to be — thankful!

On the broad surface of the country, Sir, there is a spot called "The Hermitage." In that residence is an occupant very well known, and not a little remarkable both in person and character. Suppose, Sir, the occupant of the Hermitage were now to open that door, enter the Senate, walk forward, and look over the chamber to the seats on the other side. — Be not frightened, gentlemen; it is but fancy's sketch. — Suppose he should thus come in among us, Sir, and see into whose hands has fallen the chief support of that administration which was, in so great a degree, appointed by himself, and which he fondly relied on to maintain the principles of his own. If gentlemen were now to see his steady military step, his erect posture, his compressed lips, his firmly-knitted brow, and his eye full of fire, I cannot help thinking, Sir, they would all feel somewhat queer. There would be, I imagine, not a little awkward moving and shifting in their seats. They would expect soon to hear the roar of the lion, even if they did not feel his paw.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1838.

[5] In December, 1832, when nullification was at its height, President Jackson issued a Proclamation, taking high ground for the Union, exposing the doctrines of the nullifiers, and forewarning them that their movement would be put down at whatever cost. This naturally produced a very bitter alienation between them and the President's friends. — These two pieces are, to me, among Webster's happiest strains of good-humoured satire.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster's love of agriculture, of sports in the open air, of the outward world in starlight and storms, and sea and boundless wilderness, — all displayed a man in whom the most various intercourse with the world, the longest career in strife and honours, the consciousness of intellectual supremacy, the coming-in of a wide fame, constantly enlarging, left as he was at first, natural, simple, manly, genial, kind.

I have learned by evidence the most direct and satisfactory, that in the last months of his life the whole affectionateness of his nature — his consideration for others, his gentleness, his desire to make them happy and to see them happy — seemed to come out in more and more beautiful and habitual expression than ever before. The long day's public tasks were felt to be done; the cares, the uncertainties, the mental conflicts of high place were ended; and he came home to recover himself for the few years which he might still expect would be his, before he should go hence, to be here no more. And there, I am assured and fully believe, no unbecoming regrets pursued him; no discontent, as for injustice suffered or expectations unfulfilled; no self-reproach for any thing done or any thing omitted by himself; no irritation, no peevishness unworthy of his noble nature; but, instead, love and hope for his country, when she became the subject of conversation; and for all around him, the dearest and the most indifferent, for all breathing things about him, the overflow of the kindest heart growing in gentleness and benevolence; paternal, patriarchal affections, seeming to become more natural, warm, and communicative every hour. Softer and yet brighter grew the tints on the sky of parting day; and the last lingering rays, more even than the glories of noon, announced how divine was the source from which they proceeded; how incapable to be quenched; how certain to rise on a morning which no night should follow.

Such a character was made to be loved. It was loved. Those who knew and saw it in its hour of calm — those who could repose on that soft green — loved him. His plain neighbours loved him; and one said, when he was laid in his grave, "How lonesome the world seems!" Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the Gospel, the general intelligence of the country, the masses afar off,

loved him. True, they had not found in his speeches, read by millions, so much adulation of the people; so much of the music which robs the public reason of itself; so many phrases of humanity and philanthropy: and some had told them he was lofty and cold, — solitary in his greatness: but every year they came nearer and nearer to him, and as they came nearer they loved him better; they heard how tender the son had been, the husband, the brother, the father, the friend, the neighbour; that he was plain, simple, natural, generous, hospitable, — the heart larger than the brain; that he loved little children, and reverenced God, the Scriptures, the Sabbath-day, the Constitution, and the law; and their hearts clave to him. More truly of him than even of the great naval darling of England might it be said, that "his presence would set the church bells ringing, and give school-boys a holiday, — would bring children from school and old men from the chimney-corner, to gaze on him ere he died." The great and unavailing lamentation first revealed the deep place he had in the hearts of his countrymen.

You are now to add to this his extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech, and you have completed the survey of the means of his greatness. And here again I begin by admiring an aggregate made up of excellences and triumphs ordinarily deemed incompatible. He spoke with consummate ability to the Bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the Bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress; before the people assembled for political discussion in masses; before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead; — in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted also to the critical proprieties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence, some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree: and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing as they fell from his lips, they compose a body of reading, in many volumes, solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony, — a classical and permanent political literature.

And yet all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscrip-

tion; identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited, and impossible to be mistaken. The same high power of reason, intent in every one to explore and display some truth; the same sovereignty of form, of brow, and eye, and tone, and manner, — everywhere the intellectual king of men, standing before you; the same marvellousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended; truth seemed more true; probability more plausible; greatness more grand; goodness more awful; every affection more tender than when coming from other tongues; — all these are in his eloquence.

RUFUS CHOATE: 1799-1859.

THE LAWYERS SQUIBBED.

I HAD informed him that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; and I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought Nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his Honour, that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said, there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour hath a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who

am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages. First, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client, by insinuating that he hath justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the Bench.

Now, your Honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and, having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the State, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law.

Here my master interposing said, it was a pity that creatures endued with such prodigious abilities of mind as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which I assured his Honour, that in all points out of their own trade they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession.

JONATHAN SWIFT: 1667-1745.

THE ACADEMY OF LAPUTA.

THE first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write

books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study."

He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and, giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and, where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and, at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a-day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and, out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him

justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever, and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that, since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things, which has only this inconvenience attending it, that, if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlers among us; who, when they meet in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together, then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But, for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his

pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room, where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TRANSIENCY OF EARTHLY FAME.

THE iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction of perpetuity to merit. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that live. The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds to that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since our longest sun makes but winter arcs,[5] and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;[6] since the brother of death[7] daily haunts us with dying-mementos, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity[8] is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares

[5] A *winter arc* is the short course of the Sun above the horizon in the Winter, when much the larger segment of his apparent diurnal circle is occupied with our night.

[6] Alluding to the custom of the Jews; who place a lighted wax-candle in a pot of ashes beside the corpse.

[7] "Death and his brother Sleep" is an old proverbial saying.

[8] *Diuturnity* is the Anglicised Latin word for *length of time*.

with memory a great part even of our living being: we slightly remember our felicities; and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities:[9] miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us; which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in Nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions.

A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of souls. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things; which was no more than a return into their unknown and Divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, conserving their bodies in sweet consistences, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummy, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

There is nothing immortal but Immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end; which is the peculiar of that necessary Essence that cannot destroy itself: all others have a dependent being, and are within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory; and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who alone can destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery[1] in the infamy[2] of his nature.

[9] *Callosity* is *callousness*, — a thickening and hardening of the skin, so as to produce insensibility. Often used metaphorically of the feelings or the conscience.

[1] *Bravery* is *display, magnificence*, or *showy appearance*. See next piece, page 367, note 2.

[2] *Infamy* in the sense of *dishonour*; as death, with its sequels of decay and relapse into dust, is naturally regarded as the discrowning and abasement of human greatness, reducing all to the same level.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them; and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sulla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world that they are not afraid to meet them in the next.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, the kiss of the Spouse, and ingression into the Divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of Heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the Earth in ashes unto them.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: 1605–1682.

EXILES DINING IN THE WOODS.

SCENE, — *The Forest of Arden. Present the* DUKE, AMIENS, Lords *and others.*

Enter, to them, JAQUES.

Duke. Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!
Jaq. A Fool, a Fool; I met a Fool i' the Forest,
A motley[8] Fool;—a miserable world!—

[8] *Motley*, that is, *mottled, dappled,* or *parti-coloured,* was the old badge-dress of the professional Fool. Jaques has just come from a chat with Touchstone, the wise and witty Fool of *As You Like It.*

As I do live by food, I met a Fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.
Good morrow, Fool, quoth I. *No, Sir*, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.[4]
And then he drew a dial from his poke,[5]
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That Fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

Duke. What Fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy Fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know 't: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O, that I were a Fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;[6]
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

[4] Alluding to the proverb, "Fortune favours fools." "It will be time enough to call me fool, when I shall have got rich."

[5] *Poke* is *pouch* or *pocket*. *Dial* is here put for what we call a *watch*.

[6] A quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

To blow on whom I please; for so Fools have:
And they that are most gallèd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain as way to parish church:
He that a Fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob;[7] if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd[8]
Even by the squandering glances of the Fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,[9] would I do, but good?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine;
And all th' embossèd[1] sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery[2] is not on my cost,

[7] *Bob* is *blow* or *thrust*.

[8] *Anatomized* is *thoroughly exposed*. Formerly much used in that sense. *Squandering* for *random*; words spoken without any personal intention.

[9] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, pieces of false money used in reckoning, were brought into use in England.

[1] *Embossed* is *protuberant* or *come to a head*, like boils and carbuncles. The protuberant part of a shield was called the *boss*.

[2] *Bravery* is fine, showy dress and equipage. "He of basest function" is a tailor. The Poet probably had in mind the old proverb, "A tailor is but the ninth part of a man." Of course tailors have at all times made it a point to dress in high style.

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? let's see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?[3]
Duke. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.[4] But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answer'd.
Jaq. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.
Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But, whate'er you are,
That in this desert[5] inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

[3] This doubling of the preposition was not uncommon in the Poet's time. He has many instances of it. Thus, a little later in this piece: "The scene wherein we play *in*."

[4] *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant *rude, unbred*. I am apt to think the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea.

[5] *Desert* was used of any wild, uninhabited place.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In tha which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[6] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed, —
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover,

[6] That is, command, or order, for yourself.

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,[7]
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;[8]
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[9]
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his[1] sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke. Welcome: set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need:—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

SHAKESPEARE.

WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

MR. WORDSWORTH appeared in good time, with a marked, original mind, an imagination filled with forms of beauty and grandeur, and with a profound spiritual philosophy, so universally pervasive,

[7] *Pard* is *leopard*. The usage was common.

[8] *Saws* are *sayings*; often so used. *Modern* is *trite, common, familiar*. Men may still be seen overflowing with stale, threadbare proverbs and phrases, and imagining themselves wondrous wise.

[9] The *pantaloon* was a stereotyped character in the old Italian farces: it represented a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

[1] *His* for *its*, the latter not being then in use.

so predominant, and partaking so much of system and form, that he may be said to have presented poetry under a new phasis.

Yet he has such an air of thoughtful truth in his stories and characters, and the sentiments put into the mouths of his people, though so elevated, have such a simplicity of expression, and so distinct are his descriptions and so like to what we see around us, that we do not stop to consider we are taken out of the world and daily reality into the regions of imagination and poetry. It may at first seem strange that the poetical interest should be so deep, where there is so slight a departure from plain experience in the circumstances. But it is the silent change wrought in ourselves, through the great depth of the sentiment and the utter and beautiful simplicity of the language, that awakens it in us.

Mr. Wordsworth stirs up right thoughts and pure wishes within our minds and hearts, clears our dim imaginations, and the poetry of our being becomes its truth. In a certain sense, he may be said to have given birth to another creation. The mountains and valleys, the rivers and plains, it is true, are the same, and so are the trees and smaller plants, and the bright passing clouds, — to our mere eye, they are the same as seen yesterday. But a new sense is opened in our hearts, and from out this new and delightful reflections are springing up, and running abroad over the Earth, and twisting themselves about every little thing upon it that has life, and uniting its being with our being: with a higher meaning do they now live to us, for they have received a higher life from us. A moral sense is given to things; and the materials of Earth, which had hitherto seemed made only for homely uses, become teachers to our minds, and ministers of good to our spirits.

Here the love of beauty is thoughtful, and touched with a moral hue; and what we had esteemed as little better than an indulgence in idle imaginations is found to have even profounder and more serious purposes than the staid affairs of life. The world of Nature is full of magnificence and beauty, and all in it is made to more than a single end. The fruit we feed on is pleasant to the eye too, that we may find in it a second and a better delight. Purifying and lasting pleasures are awakened within us, and happy thoughts and images take life. In the luxury of this higher existence we find a moral strength, and from the riot of the imagination comes a holier calm.

It is true that other poets have given this twofold existence to creation, imbuing with a moral and intellectual being the material world; but most of them have done it by rapid and short hints only, and with other purposes in view. But in Mr. Wordsworth it is a principle that pervades his whole mental structure, and modifies all its workings. He carries us carefully along through all its windings; and, touching the strings of our hearts, their vibrations make us feel that they run upon and connect themselves with every thing in Nature.[2]

RICHARD HENRY DANA: 1787–

The Same Subject.

PERHAPS I cannot better sum up the whole matter than by adopting the words of a correspondent. He observes, first, That while Wordsworth spiritualizes the outward world more than any other poet has done, "his feeling for it is essentially manly. Nature, he always insists, gives gladness to the glad, comfort and support to the sorrowful. Secondly, There is the wondrous depth of his feeling for the domestic affections, and more especially for the constancy of them. Thirdly, He must be considered a leader in that greatest movement of modern times, — care for our humbler brethren; his part being, not to help them in their sufferings, but to make us reverence them for what they are, — what they have in common with us, or in greater measure than ourselves." These are the tendencies breathed in every line he wrote. He took the commonest sights of Earth, and the homeliest household affections, and made you feel that these, which men commonly take to be the lowest things, are indeed the highest.

If he seldom ventures within the inner sanctuary, he everywhere leads to its outer court, lifting our thoughts into a region "neighbouring to Heaven, and that no foreign land." If he was not universal in the sense in which Shakespeare was, and Goethe aimed to be, it was because he was smitten with too deep an enthusiasm for those truths by which he was possessed. His eye was too intense,

[2] This is from an article in the North American Review for 1819. At that time the subject of it was little known save as a theme of general disparagement and reproach. Thus early was the venerable patriarch of our American letters to feel and own the power of Wordsworth's genius. I think no juster recognition or happier expression of the surpassing virtue of his poetry has since appeared; subsequent criticism having done little more than amplify and enforce the views put forth by Mr. Dana.

too prophetic, to admit of his looking at life dramatically. In fact, no poet of modern times has had in him so much of the prophet.

In the world of Nature, to be the revealer of things hidden, the sanctifier of things common, the interpreter of new and unsuspected relations, the opener of another sense in men; in the moral world, to be the teacher of truths hitherto neglected or unobserved, the awakener of men's hearts to the solemnities that encompass them, deepening their reverence for the essential soul, apart from accident and circumstance, making us feel more truly, more tenderly, more profoundly, lifting the thoughts upward through the shows of time to that which is permanent and eternal, and bringing down on the transitory things of eye and ear some shadow of the eternal, till

> We feel through all this fleshly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness; —

this is the office which he will not cease to fulfil as long as the English lasts.

What Earth's far-off lonely mountains do for the plains and the cities, that Wordsworth has done and will do for literature, and through literature for society; sending down great rivers of higher truth, fresh, purifying winds of feeling, to those who least dream from what quarter they come. The more thoughtful of each generation will draw nearer and nearer and observe him more closely, will ascend his imaginative heights, and sit under the shadow of his profound meditations, and, in proportion as they do so, will become more noble and pure in heart.

J. C. SHAIRP: 1868.

YARROW UNVISITED.

1 FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome marrow,"[3]
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

[3] *Winsome marrow* is *pleasant companion;* a phrase much used in the old ballad poetry of Scotland. In this case, the "winsome marrow" was the poet's sister.

2 "Let Yarrow folk, from Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling:
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

3 There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites[4] sing in chorus;
There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

4 What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder." —
Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn;
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow;
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

5 "O, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,[5]
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple from the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath,[6]
We 'll wander Scotland thorough;[7]
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

[4] *Lintwhite* is but another form of *linnet*.
[5] *Holm* is *meadow*, or a low, flat tract of rich land on the banks of a river.
[6] *Strath* is much the same as *holm*; low, alluvial land.
[7] *Through* and *thorough* are, properly, but different forms of the same word, and the two were formerly used indiscriminately. Of course the old usage is here admitted for the rhyme.

6 Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow:
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow.

7 Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?[8]
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We 'll keep them, winsome marrow!
For when we 're there, although 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow.

8 If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly;
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That Earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow."

WORDSWORTH.

THOUGHTS ON BURNS:

SUGGESTED NEAR HIS RESIDENCE, ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH.

1 Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have follow'd when his brow
Was wreathed (*The Vision*[9] tells us how)
With holly spray,

[8] Yarrow is a stream made classic by many dear old tales and ballads of "love and sorrow"; and the poet fears that the reality will break the spell of romance, and dissipate the pleasing vision he has of the spot.

[9] *The Vision* is the title of one of Burns's longer poems. A portion of it is given on page 132, under the heading, "The Genius of Scotland."

He falter'd, drifted to and fro,
And pass'd away.

2 Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief, —
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

3 But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid stream
Breathe hopeful air.

4 Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When wisdom prosper'd in his sight
And virtue grew.

5 Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet lay.

6 How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.

7 Proud thoughts that image overawes;
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause
And by what rules

She train'd her Burns to win applause
That shames the schools.

8 Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

9 What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetch'd the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings?

10 Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.

11 But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live?—
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

WORDSWORTH.

ROBERT BURNS AS A MAN.

We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business: we are not sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man,

that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear," as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet.

Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons, inspire us in general with any affection: at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the "Eternal Melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death, as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment; and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny, — for so in our ignorance we must speak, — his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and the spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived.

And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The Daisy falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety

dribble and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him: he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness on these scenes of solemn desolation: but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music!

But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother-men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of Earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell in the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

He has a just self-consciousness, which too often degenerates into pride; yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not offence, — no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one. The peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest; yet he claims no rank, that none may be disputed to him. The forward he can repel, the supercilious he can subdue; pretensions of wealth and ancestry are of no avail with him; there is a fire in his dark eye, under which the "insolence of condescension" cannot thrive. In his abasement, in his extreme need, he forgets not for a moment the majesty of Poetry and Manhood.

And yet, far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. It is moving to see how, in his darkest despondency, this proud being still seeks relief from friendship; unbosoms himself, often to the unworthy; and, amid his tears, strains to his glowing heart a heart that knows only the name of friendship.

And yet he was "quick to learn"; a man of keen vision, before whom common disguises afforded no concealment. His understanding saw through the hollowness even of accomplished deceivers; but there was a generous credulity in his heart.

And so did our Peasant show himself among us; "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging alebarrels! In such toils was that mighty Spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste.

THOMAS CARLYLE: 1795-

CHIVALRY OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE Prince of Wales, who had been carried away in pursuit of the flying enemy, finding the field entirely clear, had ordered a tent to be pitched, and was reposing himself after the toils of battle; inquiring still, with great anxiety, concerning the fate of the French monarch. He dispatched the Earl of Warwick to bring him intelligence; and that nobleman came happily in time to save the life of the captive prince, which was exposed to greater danger than it had been during the heat of the action. The English had taken him by violence from Morbec: the Gascons claimed the honour of detaining the royal prisoner; and some brutal soldiers, rather than yield the prize to their rivals, had threatened to put him to death. Warwick overawed both parties, and, approaching the King with great demonstrations of respect, offered to conduct him to the prince's tent.

Here commences the real and truly admirable heroism of Edward: for victories are vulgar things in comparison of that moderation and humanity displayed by a young prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle, and elated by as extraordinary and as unexpected success as had ever crowned the arms of any commander. He came forth to meet the captive King with all the marks of regard and sympathy; administered comfort to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due

to his valour; and ascribed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superior Providence, which controls all the efforts of human force and prudence. The behaviour of John showed him not unworthy of this courteous treatment: his present abject fortune never made him forget a moment that he was a king: more touched by Edward's generosity than by his own calamities, he confessed that, notwithstanding his defeat and captivity, his honour was still unimpaired, and that, if he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of such consummate valour and humanity.

Edward ordered a repast to be prepared in his tent for the prisoner; and he himself served at the royal captive's table, as if he had been one of his retinue: he stood at the King's back during the meal; constantly refused to take a place at the table; and declared that, being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank and that of royal majesty, to assume such freedom. All his father's pretensions to the crown of France were now buried in oblivion: John in captivity received the honours of a king, which were refused him when seated on the throne: his misfortunes, not his title, were respected; and the French prisoners, conquered by this elevation of mind more than by their late discomfiture, burst into tears of admiration; which were only checked by the reflection, that such genuine and unaltered heroism in an enemy must certainly in the issue prove but the more dangerous to their native country.

The Prince of Wales conducted his prisoner to Bordeaux; and, not being provided with forces so numerous as might enable him to push his present advantages, he concluded a two years' truce with France; which was also become requisite, that he might conduct the captive King with safety to England. He landed at Southwark, and was met by a great concourse of people of all ranks and stations. The prisoner was clad in royal apparel, and mounted on a white steed, distinguished by its size and beauty, and by the richness of its furniture. The conqueror rode by his side in meaner attire, and carried by a black palfrey. In this situation, more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman triumph, he passed through the streets of London, and presented the King of France to his father, who advanced to meet him, and received him with the same courtesy as if he had been a neighbouring potentate

that had voluntarily come to pay him a friendly visit. It is impossible, in reflecting on this noble conduct, not to perceive the advantages which resulted from the otherwise whimsical principles of chivalry, and which gave men, in those rude times, some superiority even over people of a more cultivated age and nation.

DAVID HUME: 1711-1776.

DECAY OF CHIVALRY.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom: little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its

appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the States of Asia, and possibly from those States which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman; a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide and parricide and sacrilege are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, is only common homicide; and, if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

EDMUND BURKE: 1728–1797.

MINISTERIAL PERVERSITY.

I THINK I can trace all the calamities of this country to the single source of our not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, well-connected, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations. After all its reductions, the British empire is still vast and various. After all the reductions of the House of Commons, enough is yet left to furnish us, if we please, with means of showing to the world, that we deserve the superintendence of as large an empire as this kingdom ever held. But, if we make ourselves too little for the sphere of our duty; if, on the contrary, we do not stretch and expand our minds to the compass of their object; be well assured, that every thing about us will dwindle by degrees, until at length our concerns are shrunk to the dimension of our minds. It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins.

I confess I feel a degree of disgust, almost leading to despair, at the manner in which we are acting in the great exigencies of our country. There is now a bill in this House, appointing a rigid inquisition into the minutest detail of our offices at home. The collection of sixteen millions annually, — a collection on which the public greatness, safety, and credit have their reliance; the whole order of criminal jurisprudence, which holds together society itself, — has at no time obliged us to call forth such powers; no, nor any thing like them. There is not a principle of the law and Constitution of this country that is not subverted to favour the execution of that project.

And for what is all this apparatus of bustle and terror? Is it because any thing substantial is expected from it? No. The stir and bustle itself is the end proposed. The eye-servants of a short-sighted master will employ themselves, not on what is most essential to his affairs, but on what is nearest to his ken. Great difficulties have given a just value to economy; and our Minister of the day must be an economist, whatever it may cost us. But where is he to exert his talents? At home, to be sure; for where else can he obtain a profitable credit for their exertion? It is

nothing to him, whether the object on which he works under our eye be promising or not. If he does not obtain any public benefit, he may make regulations without end. Those are sure to pay in present expectation, whilst the effect is at a distance, and may be the concern of other times and other men.

On these principles he chooses to suppose (for he does not pretend more than to suppose) a naked possibility, that he shall draw some resource out of crumbs dropped from the trenchers of penury; that something shall be laid in store from the short allowance of revenue officers, overladen with duty, and famished for want of bread. From the marrowless bones of these skeleton establishments, by the use of every sort of cutting and every sort of fretting tool, he flatters himself that he may chip and rasp an empirical alimentary powder, to diet into some similitude of health and substance the languishing chimeras of fraudulent reformation.

Whilst he is thus employed according to his policy and to his taste, he has not leisure to inquire into those abuses in India that are drawing off money by millions from the treasures of this country, and are exhausting the vital juices from members of the State, where the public inanition is far more sorely felt than in the local exchequer of England. Not content with winking at these abuses, whilst he attempts to squeeze the laborious, ill-paid drudges of English revenue, he lavishes in one act of corrupt prodigality, upon those who never served the public in any honest occupation at all, an annual income equal to two-thirds of the whole collection of the revenues of this kingdom.

Actuated by the same principle of choice, he has now on the anvil another scheme, full of difficulty and desperate hazard, which totally alters the commercial relation of two kingdoms; and, what end soever it shall have, may bequeath a legacy of heart-burning and discontent to one of the countries, perhaps to both, to be perpetuated to the latest posterity. This project is also undertaken on the hope of profit. It is provided that, out of some (I know not what) remains of the Irish hereditary revenue, a fund at some time, and of some sort, should be applied to the protection of the Irish trade.

Here we are commanded again to task our faith, and to persuade ourselves that, out of the surplus of deficiency, out of the savings of habitual and systematic prodigality, the Minister of wonders will

provide support for this nation, sinking under the mountainous load of two hundred and thirty millions of debt. But whilst we look with pain at his desperate and laborious trifling, whilst we are apprehensive that he will break his back in stooping to pick up chaff and straws, he recovers himself at an elastic bound, and, with a broad-cast swing of his arm, he squanders over his Indian field a sum far greater than the clear produce of the whole hereditary revenue of the kingdom of Ireland.

Strange as this scheme of conduct in Ministry is, and inconsistent with all just policy, it is still true to itself, and faithful to its own perverted order. Those who are bountiful to crimes will be rigid to merit, and penurious to service. Their penury is even held out as a blind and cover to their prodigality. The economy of injustice is, to furnish resources for the fund of corruption. Then they pay off their protection to great crimes and great criminals, by being inexorable to the paltry frailties of little men; and these modern flagellants are sure, with a rigid fidelity, to whip their own enormities on the vicarious back of every small offender.

EDMUND BURKE.

PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE.

If we should be able, by dexterity, or power, or intrigue, to disappoint the expectations of our constituents, what will it avail us? We shall never be strong or artful enough to parry, or to put by, the irresistible demands of our situation. That situation calls upon us, and upon our constituents too, with a voice which *will* be heard. I am sure no man is more zealously attached than I am to the privileges of this House, particularly in regard to the exclusive management of money. The Lords have no right to the disposition, in any sense, of the public purse; but they have gone further in self-denial than our utmost jealousy could have required. A power of examining accounts, to censure, correct, and punish, we never, that I know of, have thought of denying to the House of Lords. It is something more than a century since we voted that body useless: they have now voted themselves so.

The whole hope of reformation is at length cast upon *us;* and let us not deceive the nation, which does us the honour to hope

every thing from our virtue. If *all* the nation are not equally forward to press this duty upon us, yet be assured that they all equally expect we should perform it. The respectful silence of those who wait upon your pleasure ought to be as powerful with you as the call of those who require your service as their right. Some, without doors, affect to feel hurt for your dignity, because they suppose that menaces are held out to you. Justify their good opinion by showing that no menaces are necessary to stimulate you to your duty. But, Sir, whilst we may sympathize with those in one point who sympathize with us in another, we ought to attend no less to those who approach us like men, and who, in the guise of petitioners, speak to us in the tone of a concealed authority. It is not wise to force them to speak out more plainly what they plainly mean.

But the petitioners are violent? Be it so. Those who are least anxious about your conduct are not those that love you most. Moderate affection and satiated enjoyment are cold and respectful; but an ardent and injured passion is tempered up with wrath, and grief, and shame, and conscious worth, and the maddening sense of violated right. A jealous love lights his torch from the firebrands of the furies. They who call upon you to belong *wholly* to the people are those who wish you to return to your *proper* home, — to the sphere of your duty, to the post of your honour, to the mansion-house of all genuine, serene, and solid satisfaction.

We have furnished to the people of England (indeed we have) some real cause of jealousy. Let us leave that sort of company which, if it does not destroy our innocence, pollutes our honour; let us free ourselves at once from every thing that can increase their suspicions and inflame their just resentment; let us cast away from us, with a generous scorn, all the love-tokens and symbols that we have been vain and light enough to accept, — all the bracelets, and snuff-boxes, and miniature pictures, and hair-devices, and all the other adulterous trinkets that are the pledges of our alienation and the monuments of our shame. Let us return to our legitimate home, and all jars and all quarrels will be lost in embraces. Let the Commons in Parliament assembled be one and the same thing with the commons at large. The distinctions that are made to separate us are unnatural and wicked contrivances. Let us identify, let us incorporate ourselves with the people. Let us cut all the cables and snap the chains which tie us to an unfaithful shore, and enter the friendly

harbour that shoots far out into the main its moles and jetties to receive us. "War with the world, and peace with our constituents." Be this our motto, and our principle.

Then indeed we shall be truly great. Respecting ourselves, we shall be respected by the world. At present all is troubled, and cloudy, and distracted, and full of anger and turbulence, both abroad and at home; but the air may be cleared by this storm, and light and fertility follow it. Let us give a faithful pledge to the people, that we honour indeed the Crown, but that we *belong* to them; that we are their auxiliaries, and not their taskmasters,—the fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, not lording over their rights, but helpers of their joy; that to tax them is a grievance to ourselves, but to cut off from our enjoyments to forward theirs is the highest gratification we are capable of receiving.

EDMUND BURKE.

PANEGYRIC ON MR. FOX.

AND now, having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word to the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say, then, that it will be a distinction honourable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from Court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen.

This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember,

that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory; he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honour, under the burden of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires, of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.

He has faults; but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march, of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of great virtues. In those faults, there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in a descendant of Henry the Fourth of France, as they did exist in that father of his country. Henry the Fourth wished that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom. That sentiment of homely benevolence was worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of kings. But he wished perhaps for more than could be obtained, and the goodness of the man exceeded the power of the king. But this gentleman, a subject, may this day say this at least, with truth, that he secures the rice in his pot to every man in India.

I confess, I anticipate with joy the reward of those whose whole consequence, power, and authority, exist only for the benefit of mankind; and I carry my mind to all the people, and all the names and descriptions, that, relieved by this bill, will bless the labours of this Parliament, and the confidence which the best House of Commons has given to him who the best deserves it. The little cavils of party will not be heard, where freedom and happiness will be felt. There is not a tongue, a nation, or religion in India, which will not bless the presiding care and manly beneficence of this House, and of him who proposes to you this great work. Your names will never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness, in whatever language, or with whatever rites, pardon is asked

for sin, and reward for those who imitate the Godhead in His universal bounty to His creatures. These honours you deserve, and they will surely be paid, when all the jargon of influence and party and patronage are swept into oblivion.

I have spoken what I think, and what I feel, of the mover of this bill. An honourable friend of mine, speaking of his merits, was charged with having made a studied panegyric. I don't know what his was. Mine, I am sure, is a studied panegyric; the fruit of much meditation; the result of the observation of near twenty years. For my own part, I am happy that I have lived to see this day; I feel myself overpaid for the labours of eighteen years, when, at this late period, I am able to take my share, by one humble vote, in destroying a tyranny that exists to the disgrace of this nation, and the destruction of so large a part of the human species.

EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
Too fond of the Right to pursue the Expedient:
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

GOLDSMITH.

THIS is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Deliver'd. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car.

Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er
Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory? All are charm'd,
Astonish'd; like a hero in romance,
He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:
What memory and what logic! till the strain
Transcendent, superhuman as it seem'd,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.
  Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what th' ingenuous, what bewilder'd men,
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue,
Now mute, for ever mute in the cold grave.

WORDSWORTH.

BURKE, in his public character, found himself, as it were, in a Noah's Ark, with a very few men and a great many beasts. He felt how much his immediate power was lessened by the very circumstance of his measureless superiority to those about him. He acted, therefore, under a perpetual system of compromise, — a compromise of greatness with meanness; of comprehension with narrowness; of the philosopher — who, armed with the twofold knowledge of history and the laws of spirit, as with a telescope, looked far around and into the far distance — with the mere men of business, or with yet coarser intellects, who handled a truth, which they were required to receive, as they would handle an ox, which they were desired to purchase. But why need I repeat what has been already said in so happy a manner by Goldsmith of this great man? And if it was his fate to "cut blocks with a razor," I may be permitted to add that, in respect of Truth, though not of Genius, the weapon was injured by the misapplication.

COLERIDGE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WHAT can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the Earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors, when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South and the poverty of the North; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the Earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly, to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?

There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness; but to sum up a part of it briefly: What can be more extraordinarily wicked than for a person to endeavour not only to

exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a-year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two thousand guards to be fetched for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to set up counsels of rapine and courts of murder? to fight against the King under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net with protestations and vows of fidelity, and, when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame as conscience or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it when he contrived for it in his own person? to abuse perfidiously and supplant ingratefully his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers, who, with the loss of their honour and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and, lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed?

ABRAHAM COWLEY: 1618–1667.

THE TRUE FINE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea

I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man completely qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society.

When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, cheerful and in good humour without noise.

These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to Courts and to camps: he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign States, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices; of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge

by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

SIR RICHARD STEELE: 1671–1729.

READING A DANCE.

I WAS this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and, as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard.

I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the keyhole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and, holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaked it off. He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath.

In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking. But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility, and good mien, that he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

JOSEPH ADDISON: 1672–1719.

HOMER AND VIRGIL.

NOTHING is more absurd or endless than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that

we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in invention, Virgil has in judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

ALEXANDER POPE: 1688–1744.

THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

I PERCEIVED, about four years ago, a large spider, in one corner of my room, making its web, and, though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was

another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and Nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs

like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and, upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: 1729-1774.

TAME GOLDFINCHES.

I HAVE two goldfinches, which in the Summer occupy the greenhouse. A few days since, being employed in cleaning out their cages, I placed that which I had in hand upon the table, while the other hung against the wall: the windows and the doors stood wide open. I went to fill the fountain at the pump, and on my return was not a little surprised to find a goldfinch sitting on the top of the cage I had been cleaning, and singing to and kissing the goldfinch within. I approached him, and he discovered no fear; still nearer, and he discovered none. I advanced my hand towards him, and he took no notice of it. I seized him, and supposed I had caught a new bird, but casting my eye upon the other cage

perceived my mistake. Its inhabitant, during my absence, had contrived to find an opening, where the wire had been a little bent, and made no other use of the escape it afforded him than to salute his friend, and to converse with him more intimately than he had done before. I returned him to his proper mansion, but in vain. In less than a minute he had thrust his little person through the aperture again, and again perched upon his neighbour's cage, kissing him, as at the first, and singing, as if transported with the fortunate adventure. I could not but respect such friendship, as for the sake of its gratification it had twice declined an opportunity to be free, and, consenting to their union, resolved that for the future one cage should hold them both. I am glad of such incidents; for at a pinch, and when I need entertainment, the versification of them serves to divert me.

WILLIAM COWPER: 1731-1800.

LIFE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

LET our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and pleads its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe that time is short, and, by the time I have made the observation, time is gone.

I have wondered in former days at the patience of the antediluvian world, that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How could these seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought

of. I rise with the Sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's-milk, and a dozen good-sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them.

The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute; we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out, and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primeval world so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find, at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow.

What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is, and, if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE PROFESSION OF THE LAW.

ENDURE any thing rather than the loss of character; cling to character as your best possession; do not envy men who pass you in life only because they are under less moral and religious restraint than yourself. Your object is not fame, but honourable fame: your object is not wealth, but wealth worthily obtained: your object is not power, but power gained fairly, and exercised virtuously.

Long-suffering is a great and important lesson in human life; in no part of human life is it more necessary than in your arduous profession. The greatest men it has produced have been at some period of their professional lives ready to faint at the long, and apparently fruitless, journey; and, if you look at those lives, you will find they have been supported by a confidence (under God) in the general effects of character and industry. They have withstood the allurement of pleasure, which is the first and most common cause of failure; they have disdained the little arts and meannesses which carry base men a certain way, and no further; they have sternly rejected also the sudden means of growing basely rich, and dishonourably great, with which every man is at one time or another sure to be assailed; and then they have broken out into light and glory at the last, exhibiting to mankind the splendid spectacle of great talents long exercised by difficulties, and high principles never tainted with guilt.

After all, remember that your profession is a lottery in which you may lose as well as win; and you must take it as a lottery, in which, after every effort of your own, it is impossible to command success: for this you are not accountable; but you are accountable for your purity; you are accountable for the preservation of your character. It is not in every man's power to say, I will be a great and successful lawyer; but it is in every man's power to say that he will, with God's assistance, be a good Christian and an honest man. Whatever is moral and religious is in your own power. If fortune deserts you, do not desert yourself; do not undervalue inward consolation: connect God with your labour; remember you are Christ's servant; be seeking always for the inheritance of immortal life.

It is impossible in the profession of the law but that many opportunities must occur for the exertions of charity and benevolence: I do not mean the charity of money, but the charity of time, labour, and attention; the protection of those whose resources are feeble, and the information of those whose knowledge is small. In the hands of bad men, the law is sometimes an artifice to mislead, and sometimes an engine to oppress. In your hands it may be, from time to time, a buckler to shield, and a sanctuary to save: you may lift up oppressed humility, listen patiently to the injuries of the wretched, vindicate their just claims, maintain their fair rights, and

show that, in the hurry of business, and the struggles of ambition, you have not forgotten the duties of a Christian, and the feelings of a man. It is in your power, above all other Christians, to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove, and to fulfil, with greater energy and greater acuteness, and more perfect effect, than other men can pretend to, the love, the lessons, and the law of Christ.

I should caution the younger part of this profession (who are commonly selected for it on account of their superior talents) to cultivate a little more diffidence of their own powers, and a little less contempt for received opinions, than is commonly exhibited at the beginning of their career: mistrust of this nature teaches moderation in the formation of opinions, and prevents the painful necessity of inconsistency and recantation in future life. It is not possible that the ablest young men at the beginning of their intellectual existence can anticipate all those reasons, and dive into all those motives which induce mankind to act as they do act, and make the world such as we find it to be; and though there is doubtless much to alter, and much to improve in human affairs, yet you will find mankind not quite so wrong as, in the first ardour of youth, you supposed them to be; and you will find, as you advance in life, many new lights to open upon you, which nothing but advancing in life could ever enable you to observe. I say this, not to check originality and vigour of mind, which are the best chattels and possessions of the world; but to check that eagerness which arrives at conclusions without sufficient premises; to prevent that violence which is not uncommonly atoned for in after-life by the sacrifice of all principle and all opinions; to lessen that contempt which prevents a young man from improving his own understanding by making a proper and prudent use of the understandings of his fellow-creatures.

There is another unchristian fault which must be guarded against in the profession of the law, and that is, misanthropy,—an exaggerated opinion of the faults and follies of mankind. It is naturally the worst part of mankind who are seen in courts of justice, and with whom the professors of the law are most conversant. The perpetual recurrence of crime and guilt insensibly connects itself with the recollections of the human race: mankind are always painted in the attitude of suffering and inflicting. It

seems as if men were bound together by the relations of fraud and crime; but laws are not made for the quiet, the good, and the just: you see and know little of them in your profession, and therefore you forget them: you see the oppressor, and you let loose your eloquence against him; but you do not see the man of silent charity, who is always seeking out objects of compassion: the faithful guardian does not come into a court of justice, nor the good wife, nor the just servant, nor the dutiful son: you punish the robbers who ill-treated the wayfaring man, but you know nothing of the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds. The lawyer who tempted his Master had heard, perhaps, of the sins of the woman at the feast, without knowing that she had poured her store of precious ointment on the feet of Jesus.

SYDNEY SMITH: 1771-1845.

FOREST TREES.

I HAVE paused more than once, in the wilderness of America, to contemplate the traces of some blast of wind which seemed to have rushed down from the clouds, and ripped its way through the bosom of the woodlands; rooting up, shivering, and splintering the stoutest trees, and leaving a long track of desolation.

There is something awful in the vast havoc made among these gigantic plants; and, in considering their magnificent remains, so rudely torn and mangled, hurled down to perish prematurely on their native soil, I was conscious of a strong movement of sympathy with the wood-nymphs, grieving to be dispossessed of their ancient habitations. I recollect also hearing a traveller of poetical temperament expressing the kind of horror which he felt in beholding, on the banks of the Missouri, an oak of prodigious size, which had been in a manner overpowered by an enormous wild grape-vine. The vine had clasped its huge folds round the trunk, and from thence had wound about every branch and twig, until the mighty tree had withered in its embrace. It seemed like Laocoön struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python. It was the lion of trees perishing in the embraces of a vegetable boa.

I am fond of listening to the conversation of English gentlemen on rural concerns, and of noticing with what taste and discrimina-

tion, and what strong, unaffected interest, they will discuss topics, which in other countries are abandoned to mere woodmen or rustic cultivators. I have heard a noble earl descant on park and forest scenery, with the science and feeling of a painter. He dwelt on the shape and beauty of particular trees on his estate, with as much pride and technical precision as though he had been discussing the merits of statues in his collection. I found that he had gone considerable distances to examine trees which were celebrated among rural amateurs; for it seems that trees, like horses, have their established points of excellence, and that there are some in England which enjoy very extensive celebrity, from being perfect in their kind.

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste.

It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and freeborn, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thought above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms, or the toils of State, or have wooed the Muse beneath their shade.

It is becoming, then, for the high and generous spirits of an

ancient nation to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Brought up, as I have been, in republican habits and principles, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled. But I trust I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I do see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honourable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him.

His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men. None are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men, who have received their heritages from foregoing ages.

I can easily imagine, therefore, the fondness and pride, with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, but high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees which rise like towers and pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man.

With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct toward heaven, bearing up its leafy honours from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be;* a refuge for the weak, — a shelter for the oppressed, — a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages; — abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn

from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? "Why cumbereth he the ground?"

WASHINGTON IRVING: 1783–1859.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS.

THE art in which the secret of human happiness in a great measure consists, is to *set* the habits in such a manner, that every change may be a change for the better. The habits are much the same; for whatever is made habitual becomes smooth and easy, and nearly indifferent. The return to an old habit is likewise easy, whatever the habit be. Therefore the advantage is with those habits which allow of an indulgence in the deviation from them.

The luxurious receive no greater pleasure from their dainties than the peasant does from his bread and cheese: but the peasant, whenever he goes abroad, finds a feast; whereas the epicure must be well entertained, to escape disgust. Those who spend every day at cards, and those who go every day to plough, pass their time much alike: intent upon what they are about, wanting nothing, regretting nothing, they are both for the time in a state of ease: but then whatever suspends the occupation of the card-player distresses him; whereas to the labourer every interruption is a refreshment: and this appears in the different effects that Sunday produces upon the two, which proves a day of recreation to the one, but a lamentable burden to the other.

The man who has learned to live alone feels his spirits enlivened whenever he enters into company, and takes his leave without regret; another, who has long been accustomed to a crowd, or a continual succession of company, experiences in company no elevation of spirits, nor any greater satisfaction than what the man of retired life finds in his chimney-corner. So far their conditions are equal; but let a change of place, fortune, or situation separate the companion from his circle, his visitors, his club, common-room, or coffee-house, and the difference and advantage in the choice and constitution of the two habits will show itself.

Solitude comes to the one, clothed with melancholy; to the

other it brings liberty and quiet. You will see the one fretful and restless, at a loss how to dispose of his time, till the hour come round when he may forget himself in bed; the other easy and satisfied, taking up his book or his pipe as soon as he finds himself alone; ready to admit any little amusement that casts up, or to turn his hands and attention to the first business that presents itself; or content, without either, to sit still, and let his train of thought glide indolently through his brain; without much use, perhaps, or pleasure, but without *hankering* after any thing better, and without irritation.

A reader who has inured himself to books of science and argumentation, if a novel, a well-written pamphlet, an article of news, a narrative of a curious voyage, or a journal of a traveller fall in his way, sits down to the repast with a relish, enjoys his entertainment while it lasts, and can return, when it is over, to his graver reading without distaste. Another, with whom nothing will go down but works of humour and pleasantry, or whose curiosity must be interested by perpetual novelty, will consume a bookseller's window in half a forenoon: during which time he is rather in search of diversion than diverted; and, as books to his taste are few and short, and rapidly read over, his stock is soon exhausted, when he is left without a resource from this principal supply of harmless amusement.

WILLIAM PALEY: 1743–1805.

THE LABOURING CLASSES.

ECONOMY means *management*, and nothing more; and it is generally applied to the affairs of a house and family, which affairs are an object of the greatest importance, whether as relating to individuals or to a nation. A nation is made powerful and honoured in the world not so much by the number of its people as by the ability and character of that people; and the ability and character of a people depend, in a great measure, upon the economy of the several families which, all taken together, make up the nation. There never yet was, and never will be, a nation permanently great, consisting, for the greater part, of wretched and miserable families.

Education means *breeding up*, *bringing up*, or *rearing up*; and

nothing more. This includes every thing with regard to the mind as well as the body of the child; but, of late years, it has been so used as to have no sense applied to it but that of book-learning, with which, nine times out of ten, it has nothing at all to do.

The education that I have in view is, therefore, of a very different kind. You should bear constantly in mind, that nine tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of our brow. What reason have we, then, to presume, that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endued with extraordinary powers of mind, those powers may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and, if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow, that the descendants of labourers are always to be labourers. The path upwards is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent lays the foundation of a rise, under more favourable circumstances, for his children. The children of these take another rise; and, by-and-by, the descendants of the present labourer become gentlemen.

This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world; and the propensity to make such attempts has been cherished and encouraged by the strange projects that we have witnessed of late years for making the labourers virtuous and happy by giving them what is called education. The education which I speak of consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.

And bear in mind that, if the state of the labourer has its disadvantages when compared with other callings and conditions of life, it has also its advantages. It is free from the torments of ambition, and from a great part of the causes of ill-health, for which not all

the riches in the world and all the circumstances of high rank are a compensation. The able and prudent labourer is always safe, at the least, and that is what few men are who are lifted above him. They have losses and crosses to fear, the very thought of which never enters his mind, if he act well his part towards himself, his family, and his neighbour. But the basis of good to him is, *steady and skilful labour.*

WILLIAM COBBETT: 1762–1835.

SAINT PAUL ON CHARITY.

MILVERTON. For a man who has been rigidly good to be supremely tolerant, would require an amount of insight which seems to belong only to the greatest genius. I have often fancied that the main scheme of the world is to create tenderness in man; and I have a notion that the outer world would change, if man were to acquire more of this tenderness. You see, at present he is obliged to be kept down by urgent wants of all kinds, or he would otherwise have more time and thought to devote to cruelty and discord. If he *could* live in a better world, — I mean a world where Nature was more propitious, — I believe he would have such a world. And, in some mysterious way, I suspect that Nature is constrained to adapt herself to the main impress of the characters of the average beings in the world.

Ellesmere. These are very extraordinary words.

Dunsford. They are not far from Christianity.

Milverton. You must admit, Ellesmere, that Christianity has never been tried. I do not ask you to canvass doctrinal and controversial matters. But take the leading precepts: read the "Sermon on the Mount," and see if it is the least like the doctrines of modern life.

Dunsford. I cannot help thinking, when you are all talking of tolerance, why you do not use the better word of which we hear something in Scripture, — *charity.*

Milverton. If I were a clergyman, there is much that I should dislike to have to say: there is much also that I should dislike to have to read; but I should feel that it was a great day for me, when I had to read out that short but most abounding chapter from St.

Paul on charity. The more you study that chapter, the more profound you find it. The way the Apostle begins is most remarkable; and I doubt if it has been often duly considered. We think much of knowledge in our own times; but consider what an early Christian must have thought of one who possessed the gift of tongues or the gift of prophecy. Think also what the early Christian must have thought of the man who possessed "all faith." Then listen to St. Paul's summing up of these great gifts in comparison with charity. Dunsford will give us the words. You remember them, I dare say.

Dunsford. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and Angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mystery and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

Milverton. You will let me proceed, I know, if it is only to hear more from Dunsford of that chapter. I have said that the early Christian would have thought much of the man who possessed the gift of tongues, of prophecy, of faith. But how he must have venerated the rich man who entered into his little community, and gave up all his goods to the poor! Again, how the early Christian must have regarded with longing admiration the first martyrs for his creed! Then hear what St. Paul says of this outward charity, and of this martyrdom, when compared with the infinitely more difficult charity of the soul, and martyrdom of the temper. Dunsford will proceed with the chapter.

Dunsford. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Milverton. Pray go on, Dunsford.

Dunsford. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

Milverton. That is surely one of the most beautiful things ever written by man. It does not do to talk much after it. Let us proceed with our walk.

We walked on in silence for some time, until, turning home, we came suddenly in view of Donati's comet. It was that night when Arcturus was close to the nucleus of the comet. I think it was the most majestic sight I ever saw in the heavens.

Ellesmere. And so you think, Milverton, that, if we were good enough for it, we should have a better world to live in; and perhaps some celestial messenger, like this, instead of dripping from its "horrid hair" pestilence and war, "affrighting monarchs with the fear of change," would be the bearer of some beneficent change of climate.

Milverton. My dear friend, I say nothing of the sort. Most presumptuous would be the man who should, with our small knowledge, prophesy minutely about the changes of Earth. But I do hold, and we may surely be indulged in harmless hopes of this kind, that, if we were better, if we were softer and kinder to one another, Nature would be softer and kinder to us. If you like, however, to keep strictly within the bounds of experience, you must own that, even by human agencies, the amelioration of Nature has for the most part proceeded at an even pace with the amelioration of man.

Ellesmere made no reply; and I was glad that he did not. I think even he was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. We naturally talked of Astronomy, and of the great hopes which this boundless Universe holds out for man. "In my Father's house are many mansions," was the theme which I ventured to dwell upon.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS: 1818–1875.

SONNETS.

TRIUMPHING chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth;
States, which ambitious minds in blood do raise,

From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange, —
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but inconstant change:
What 's done is still undone, and, when undone,
Into some other fashion it doth range.
Thus goes the floating world beneath the Moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to Nature trace.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

A GOOD, that never satisfies the mind;
A beauty fading like the April flowers;
A sweet, with floods of gall that runs combined;
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours;
An honour, that more fickle is than wind;
A glory, at opinion's frown that lours;
A treasury, which bankrupt time devours;
A knowledge, than grave ignorance more blind;
A vain delight our equals to command;
A style of greatness, in effect a dream;
A swelling thought of holding sea and land;
A servile lot deck'd with a pompous name, —
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest Death make us our errors know.

NO TRUST IN TIME.

LOOK how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the Summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life, being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed decline than erst they spread,
And, blasted, scarce now show what they have been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,

Think on thy home, my soul! and think aright
Of what 's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy Sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND: 1585–1649.

THE HONEST MAN.

1 WHO is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due:

2 Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow 't away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While now the world rides by, now lags behind:

3 Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay:

4 Whom none can work or woo
To use in any thing a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit;
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight:

5 Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The Sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; Virtue is his Sun:

6 Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,

Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play:

7 Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

GEORGE HERBERT: 1593–1632.

THE CROWDED STREET.

1 LET me move slowly through the street,
Fill'd with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

2 How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

3 They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

4 And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

5 And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

6 Youth with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!

Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

7 Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

8 Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er th' untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

9 Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

10 Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
In His large love and boundless thought.

11 These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

W. C. BRYANT: 1794-

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

1 SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

2 Sings the blacken'd log a tune
Learn'd in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,

When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

3 And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

4 Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

5 Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

6 And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim,
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

7 But the night-wind cries, "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

8 Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the wither'd leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."

9 Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumours of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,
"'T is the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

10 And I answer, "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquish'd gain."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: 1807–

THE KNIGHT OF INDUSTRY.

1 In Fairy Land there lived a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well ycleped,[1]
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne[2] stores in Summer for cold Winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard[3] and the boar.

[1] *Ycleped* is an old word for *is called*, or *is named*. Thomson here affects the antique language of Spenser.
[2] *Ne* is an ancient substitute for *nor*. See page 330, note 2.
[3] So the *leopard* was often called.

2 As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd[4] through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild fringed, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
He wedded her, and him she bore a lusty boy.

3 Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,[5]
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name:
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The same to him glad Summer, or the Winter breme.[6]

4 So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
And, certes, had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine[7] disdain a gentle look.

5 Of fertile genius, him they nurtured well
In every science and in every art
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use or joy or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart;

[4] To *prick* was often used for to *ride briskly*. From *spurring* the horse.
[5] *Lustyhed* for what we should call *lustyhood*, or *lustiness*. See page 332, note 6.
[6] *Breme* is a Saxon word, meaning *fierce* or *sharp*.
[7] "The sacred Nine" are the nine *Muses*. So those blessed girls of the olden time were often designated.

Ne were the goodly exercises spared
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compared.

6 Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or, darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

7 At other times he pried through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

8 Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught:
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits!
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.

9 To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vied,
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife:

Or to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife[8]
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He roused the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

10 Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;[9]
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilise.
Earth was still then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

11 A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd;
The strongest still the weakest overran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade:
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so.

12 It would exceed the purport of my song
To say how this best Sun, from orient climes,
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,
Successive, had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

[8] Pygmalion, King of Cyprus, was said to have made an ivory image of a maiden so surpassingly beautiful, that he fell desperately in love with it. He prayed so hard to the goddess Aphrodite to have it inspired with life, that his prayer was granted; whereupon he married the maiden.

[9] *Emprise* is merely an old syncopated form of *enterprise*. Used by Spenser.

13 To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it liked them most;
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodged at large, and lived at Nature's cost,
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

14 He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains:
"Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,
"This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains."
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

15 Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from Heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame;
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillise the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.

16 Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

JAMES THOMSON: 1700–1748.

OLD FOUNTAINS AND SUN-DIALS.

WHAT a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun"; and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones.

It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden-scenes:

> What wondrous life is this I lead!
> Ripe apples drop about my head:
> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine:

The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach:
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass:
Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness, —
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that 's made,
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here, at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then wets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever-fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips in the square of Lincoln's-Inn,[1] when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not, then, gratify children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond

[1] Lincoln's-Inn is one of the old London schools where students at law studied and had their lodgings. Such schools were commonly called "inns-of-court." Of course they were a common resort for lawyers.

to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged[2] living figures, that still flutter and chatter about that area, less Gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

CHARLES LAMB: 1775–1834.

CAPTIVATIONS OF THE IRISH.

IF an objection had been raised to the colonization of America or to the conquest of India, on the ground that the character of Englishmen would be too weak to contend succcessfully against that of the races with whom they would be brought into contact, and that they would relapse into barbarism; such an alarm would have seemed too preposterous to be entertained: yet, prior to experience, it would have been equally reasonable to expect that the modern Englishman would adopt the habits of the Hindoo or the Mohican, as that the fiery knights of Normandy would have stooped to imitate a race whom they despised as slaves; that they would have flung away their very knightly names, to assume a barbarous equivalent; and would so utterly have cast aside the commanding features of their Northern extraction, that their children's children could be distinguished neither in soul nor body, neither in look, in dress, in language, nor in disposition, from the Celts whom they had subdued.

Such, however, was the extraordinary fact. The Irish who had been conquered in the field revenged their defeat on the mind and heart of the conquerors; and, in yielding, yielded only to fling over their new masters the subtile spell of the Celtic disposition. In vain the government attempted to stem the evil. Statute was passed after statute, forbidding the "Englishry" of Ireland to use the Irish language, or intermarry with Irish families, or copy Irish habits. Penalties were multiplied on penalties; fines, forfeitures, and at last death itself was threatened for such offences. But all in vain. The stealthy evil crept on irresistibly. Fresh colonists were sent over to restore the system, but only for themselves or their children to be swept into the stream; and from the century which succeeded

[2] Wigs, of a certain style, were a sort of badge-head-dress in the legal profession.

the conquest till the reign of the eighth Henry the strange phenomenon repeated itself, generation after generation, baffling the wisdom of statesmen, and paralyzing every effort at a remedy.

The Roman military colonists remained Roman alike on the Rhine and on the Euphrates. The Turkish conquerors caught no infection from Greece, or from the provinces on the Danube. The Celts in England were absorbed by the Saxon invaders; and the Mogul and the Anglo-Indian alike have shown no tendency to assimilate with the Hindoo.

When a marked type of human character yields before another, the change is owing to some element of power in that other, which, coming in contact with elements weaker than itself, subdues and absorbs them. The Irish spirit, which exercised so fatal a fascination, was enabled to triumph over the Norman in virtue of representing certain perennial tendencies of humanity, which are latent in all mankind, and which opportunity may at any moment develop.

It was not a national spirit: the clans were never united, except by some common hatred; and the normal relation of the chiefs towards each other was a relation of chronic war and hostility. It was rather an impatience of control, a deliberate preference for disorder, a determination in each individual man to go his own way whether it was a good way or a bad, and a reckless hatred of industry.

The result was the inevitable one,—oppression, misery, and wrong. But in detail faults and graces were so interwoven, that the offensiveness of the evil was disguised by the charm of the good; and the Irish vices were the counterfeit of virtues, contrived so cunningly that it was hard to distinguish their true texture. The intercourse between the sexes, except among the leading nobles, was rarely other than pure; and the fidelity of the clansmen to their leaders was faultlessly beautiful. At the same time extravagance appeared like generosity, improvidence like unselfishness; anarchy disguised itself under the name of liberty, and war and plunder were decorated by poetry as the honourable occupation of heroic natures.

Such were the Irish with whom the Norman conquerors found themselves in contact; and over them all was thrown a peculiar imaginative grace, a careless atmosphere of humour, sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy, always attractive, which at once disarmed

the hand that was raised to strike or to punish them. These spirits were dangerous neighbours. Men who first entered the country at mature age might be fortified by experience against their influence; but on the young they must have exerted a charm of fatal potency. The foster-nurse chanted the spell over the cradle in wild passionate melodies. It was breathed in the ears of the growing boy by the minstrels who haunted the halls; and the lawless attractions of disorder proved too strong for the manhood which was trained among so perilous associations.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE: 1828-

THE HOMERIC ACHILLES.

THE character of Achilles, as I view it, differs from that of all the other heroes of poetry and romance in these respects: It is more intense; it is more colossal in scale; it ranges over a wider compass, from the borders of savagery to the most tender emotions and the most delicate refinements. Yet all its parts are so accurately graduated, and so nicely interwoven, that the whole tissue is perfectly consistent with itself.

The self-government of such a character is indeed very partial. But any degree of self-government is a wonder, when we consider over what volcanic forces it is exercised. It is a constantly recurring effort at rule over a constantly recurring rebellion; and there is a noble contrast between the strain put upon his strength in order to suppress his own passion, and the masterful ease with which he prostrates all his enemies in the field. The command, always in danger, is never wholly lost. It is commonly re-established by a supreme and desperate struggle; and sometimes, as in the first Assembly after the intervention of Athenè, we see the tide of passion flowing to a point at which it resembles a horse that has gained its utmost speed, yet remains under the full control of its rider.

Ferocity is an element in his character, but is not its base. It is always grounded in, and springing from, some deeper sentiment, of which it is the manifestation. His ferocity towards the Greeks grows out of the intensity of his indignation at the foul wrong done, with every heightening circumstance of outward insult, not merely to him, but in his person to every principle of honour, right, and

justice, in the matter of Briseis; as well as to the real attachment he felt for her. His ferocity towards Hector is the counterpart and recoil of the intensity of his passionate love for the dead Patroclus.

Magnitude, grandeur, majesty, form the framework on which Homer has projected the character of Achilles. And these are in their truest forms; those forms which contract to touch the smaller, as they expand to grasp the greater things. The scope of this character is like the sweep of an organ over the whole gamut, from the lowest bass to the highest treble, with all its diversities of tone and force as well as pitch. From the fury of the first Assembly, he calms down to receive with courtesy the pursuivants who demand Briseis. From the gentle pleasure of the lyre, he kindles into the stern excitement of the magnificent Debate of the Ninth Book. From his terrible vengeance against the torn limbs of Hector, he melts into tears at the view of the discourse of Priam. The sea, that home of marvels, presents no wider, no grander contrasts, nor offers us an image more perfect according to its kind in each of its varying moods.

Foils, too, are employed with skill to exalt the hero. The half-animated bulk and strength of Ajax (who was also greatly beautiful) exhibit to us the mere clay of Achilles, without the vivifying fire. The beauty of Nireus, wedded to effeminacy, sets off the transcendent, and yet manful and heroic, beauty of Achilles; and the very ornaments of gold, which in Nastes the Carian only suggest Asiatic luxury and relaxation, when they are borne on the person of the great Achaian hero, seem but a new form of tribute to his glorious manhood.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE: 1869.

SCOTT'S REFLECTIONS ON HIS OWN LIFE.

EDINBURGH, 1825.

FOR myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He shall no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the

means of planting such scaurs, and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

> Fountain heads and pathless groves;
> Places which pale passion loves.

This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry, that is, write history, and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation;

> While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
> The high-mettled racer 's a hack on the road.

It is a bitter thought; but, if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me.

What a life mine has been! — half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself; stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again; but the crack will remain till my dying-day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged, (unless good news should come,) because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me, — that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man,

where I was once the wealthy, — the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, — but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me: When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of Chivalry had hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman," — "a well-meaning man," — "nobody's enemy but his own," — "thought his parts would never wear out," — "family poorly left," — "pity he took that foolish title." Who can answer this question?

Poor Will Laidlaw, — Poor Tom Purdie, — such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there 's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honour? Are

not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston-Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must

fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of

the future, as the Sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.

DANIEL WEBSTER: 1826.

STARTING-POINTS OF MARRIAGE.

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

There may be an opposite fault: a man may dwell upon words till he becomes at length a mere precision in speech. He may think of their meaning till he loses the sight of all meaning, and they appear as dark and mysterious to him as chaos and outer night. "Death! Grave!" exclaims Goethe's suicide, "I understand not the words!" And so he who looks for its quintessence might exclaim of every word in the dictionary.

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

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

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

Marriages that are made up at watering-places are mostly of this running sort; and there may be reason to think that they are even less likely to lead to — I will not say happiness, but to a very humble degree of contentment — than those which are a plain business of bargain and sale; for into these latter a certain degree of prudence enters on both sides. But there is a distinction to be made here: the man who is married for mere worldly motives, without a spark of affection on the woman's part, may nevertheless get, in every worldly sense of the word, a good wife; and, while English women continue to be what, thank Heaven, they are, he is likely to do so: but, when a woman is married for the sake of her fortune, the case is altered, and the chances are five hundred to one, that she marries a villain, or at best a scoundrel.

Falling in love and running in love are both, as everybody knows, common enough; and yet less so than what I shall call catching love. Where the love is imprudent, that is to say, where there is some just prudential cause or impediment why the two parties should not be joined together in holy matrimony, there is generally some degree of culpable imprudence in catching it, because the danger is always to be apprehended, and may in most cases be avoided. But sometimes the circumstances may be such as leave no room for censure, even when there may be most cause for compassion; and under such circumstances our friend took a severe affection of this kind. The story is a melancholy one, and I shall not relate it in this place.

The rarest, and surely the happiest marriages are between those

who have grown in love. Take the description of such a love in its rise and progress, ye thousands and tens of thousands who have what is called a taste for poetry, — take it in the sweet words of one of the sweetest and tenderest of English poets; and if ye doubt, upon the strength of my opinion, whether Daniel deserved such praise, ask Leigh Hunt, or the Laureate, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb:

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

ROBERT SOUTHEY: 1774-1843.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

1 ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

2 The armaments, which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take

Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike th' Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

3 Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

4 Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, — the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

5 And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers, — they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.

LORD BYRON: 1788-1824.

THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

SCENE—*The Forum in Rome. Present* ANTONY *and a throng of* Citizens, *with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?
3 *Cit* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We're bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.[3]
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am, to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?—
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he not, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.[4]

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

[3] These repetitions of *honourable man* are intensely ironical; but the irony should be studiously kept out of the voice in pronouncing them.

[4] To *abide* or *aby* a thing, is to *suffer for* it, or to *pay for* it.

But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —
I found it in his closet, — 't is his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[5] in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ! we 'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will !

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : honourable men !

Citizens. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will ! read the will !

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

Citizens. Come down. [*He comes down.*

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ! — most noble Antony !

[5] *Napkin* and *Handkerchief* were used indifferently.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.
Citizens. Stand back; room! bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a Summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, —
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved[6]
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:[7]
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep! and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with[8] traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woeful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd.

[6] *Resolved* in the sense of *informed* or *assured*.
[7] *Angel* here means, his counterpart, genius, or dearer self.
[8] The Poet has many like instances of *with* used instead of *by*.

Citizens. Revenge, — about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay, — let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs[9] they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do 't; they 're wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[1] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We 'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will! — let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

[9] *Grief* for that which causes grief; that is, *grievance.*

[1] *Wit* formerly meant *understanding*, and was so used by all writers.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! — we 'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
1 *Cit.* Never, never. — Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms,[2] windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work: — Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown'd,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakespeare unlock'd his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief:
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp

[2] *Forms* is here put for *long seats;* much the same as *benches.*

Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas, too few!

WORDSWORTH.

Sonnets by Shakespeare.

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising;
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before;
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack[3] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud[4] hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's Sun staineth.

FROM you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn[5] laugh'd and leap'd with him:
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any Summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but fleeting figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

O, FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide

[3] *Rack*, as the word is here used, properly means the highest and lightest clouds; but was sometimes put for any cloud.

[4] The "*region* cloud" is the cloud *of the sky*. Shakespeare repeatedly uses *region* in this way.

[5] Saturn was the dull, melancholy god, and the planet was commonly represented as of same complexion. See page 26, note 6.

Than public means, which public manners breeds!
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel[6] 'gainst my strong infection:
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend; and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Sonnets by Spenser.

The weary year his race now having run,
The new begins his compass'd course anew:
With show of morning mild he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.
So let us, which this change of weather view,
Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend:

[6] *Eisel* is an old word for *vinegar*; which was thought to be strongly disinfectant, and was used as a preventive of contagion.

Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly send,
Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray;
And all these storms which now his beauty blend
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So, likewise, love, cheer you your heavy spright,
And change old year's annoy to new delight.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bonds the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound;
But simple Truth and mutual Good-will
Seek, with sweet peace, to salve each other's wound:
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

Sonnets by Milton.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.[7]
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good:

[7] Latona's twins were Apollo and Diana, Zeus, or Jupiter, being their father. Of these remarkable offspring, the former became the Sun-god, the latter the Moon-goddess.—To *hold* a thing *in fee* is to *have possession* of it, to *own* it.

But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learn'd Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;

Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun, or Moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, — my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

Sonnets by Wordsworth.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We 've given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the Moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers, —
For this, for every thing, we 're out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

CANUTE.

A PLEASANT music floats along the mere,[8]
From monks in Ely chanting service high,
While-as Canúte the King is rowing by:
"My oarsmen," quoth the mighty King, "draw near,
That we the sweet song of the monks may hear!"
He listens, (all past conquests and all schemes
Of future vanishing like empty dreams,)
Heart-touch'd, and haply not without a tear.
The royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,

[8] *Mere*, in some parts of England, is used for *lake* or *pool*.

While his free barge skims the smooth flood along,
Gives to that rapture an accordant rhyme.[9]
O suffering Earth! be thankful; sternest clime
And rudest age are subject to the thrill
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did Sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC, 1801.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:

[9] Of course *rhyme* is here put for a *song*, or something written in rhyme. *Rapture* is an instance of Metonymy, or of putting the effect for the cause. The meaning is, the King's Minstrel, while sailing along, struck up a fitting response to the song of the monks.—This sonnet is among the finest in the language. Observe how the sound echoes the sense, in the tenth line; or how the movement of the barge is imaged in the flow of the verse.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND, 1802.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O, cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom! We must run glittering like a brook
In th' open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year! — another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown![1]

[1] Referring, probably, to Prussia, which was laid prostrate in the dust by the battle of Jena, October 14, 1806. There was now no power left on the Continent, that could make head against Bonaparte.

And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'T is well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropp'd, or be laid low.
O dastard, whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

HEROISM OF THE TYROLESE, 1809.

Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
Dear Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
Sweet Nymph, O, rightly of the mountains named![2]
Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound,
And o'er th' eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
Have roused her from her sleep; and forest-lawn,
Cliffs, woods, and caves her viewless steps resound,
And babble of her pastime! — On, dread Power!
With such invisible motion speed thy flight,
Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower,
That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
Here, there, and in all places at one hour.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD, 1810.

We can endure that he should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpower'd, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands

[2] So by Milton in *L'Allegro*, 136: "Lead with thee the *mountain nymph*, sweet *Liberty*."

Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlighten'd minds shall bless his sway;[8]
Then, the strain'd heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA, 1812.

Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons, — in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted, — meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crown'd, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to th' aërial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter — *he* hath slain
That host which render'd all your bounties vain!

[8] Napoleon was always promising freedom and progress to the nations he invaded, provided they would put their necks under his foot. But the promise always ended in his fleecing them, skinning them, and picking their bones.

THE END.

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then scattered off the
earliest of the year.
By hands unknown, are
thrown of violets found.
The red breast flies fo
mild and gentle Thu
And little birds
lightly perch the ground.