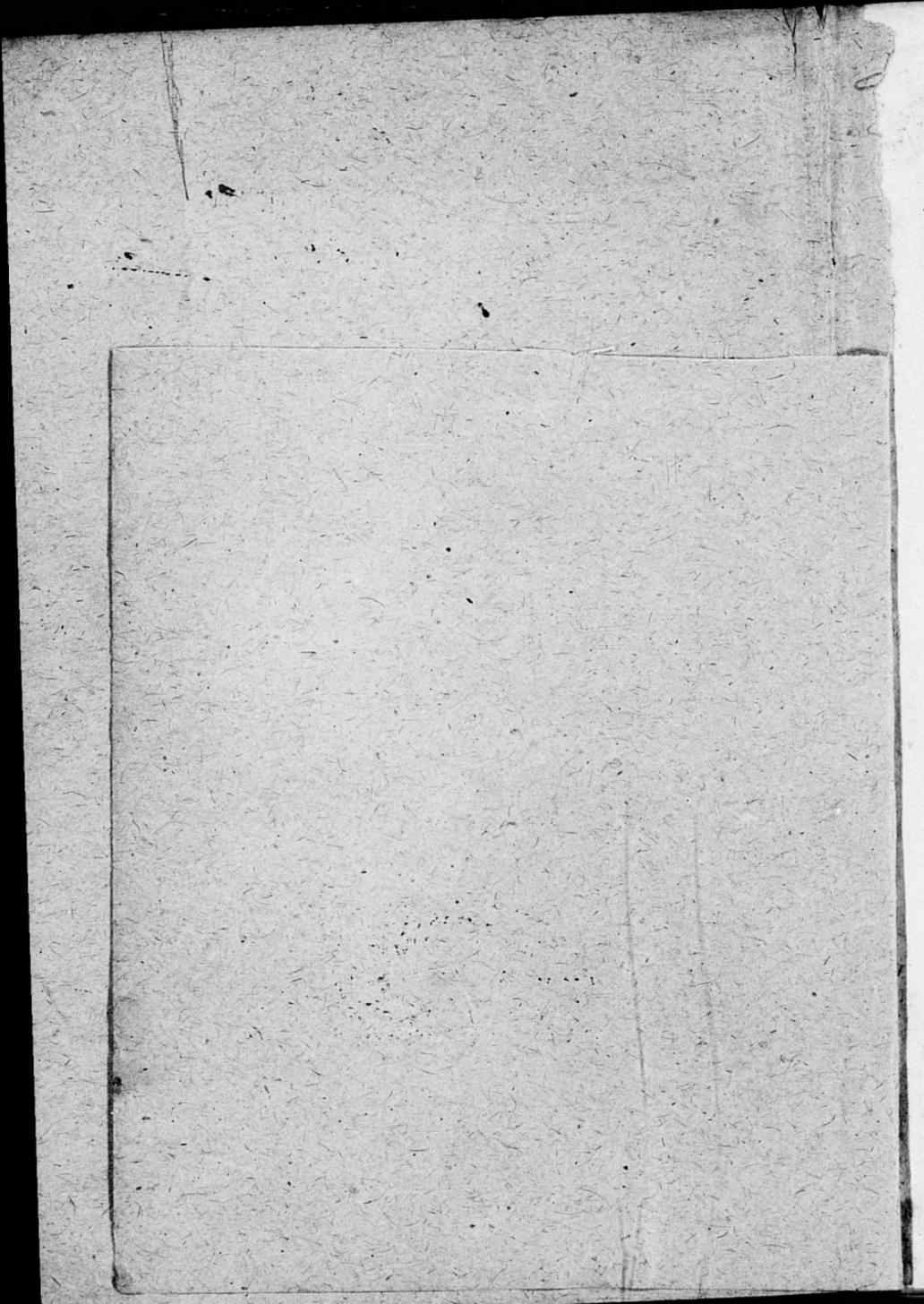


Vak 164

109



95 cent
J. G. ...
Brox
A J. H. ...
1875-1876-1877
Stud. Gymn. ...

PROSE-COMPANION

Vak 164
109

TO THE

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY,

BY



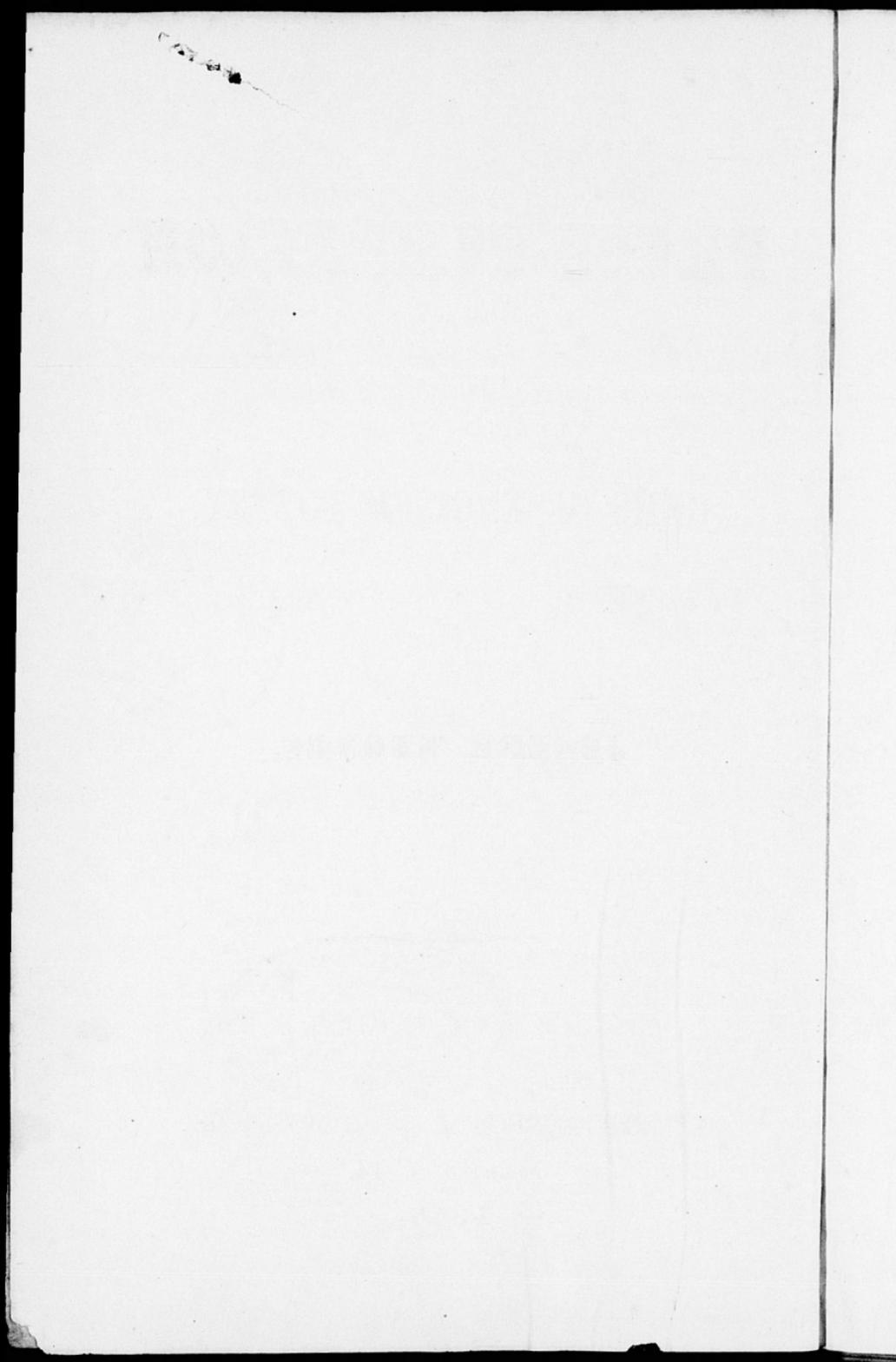
JOSEPH STONES.

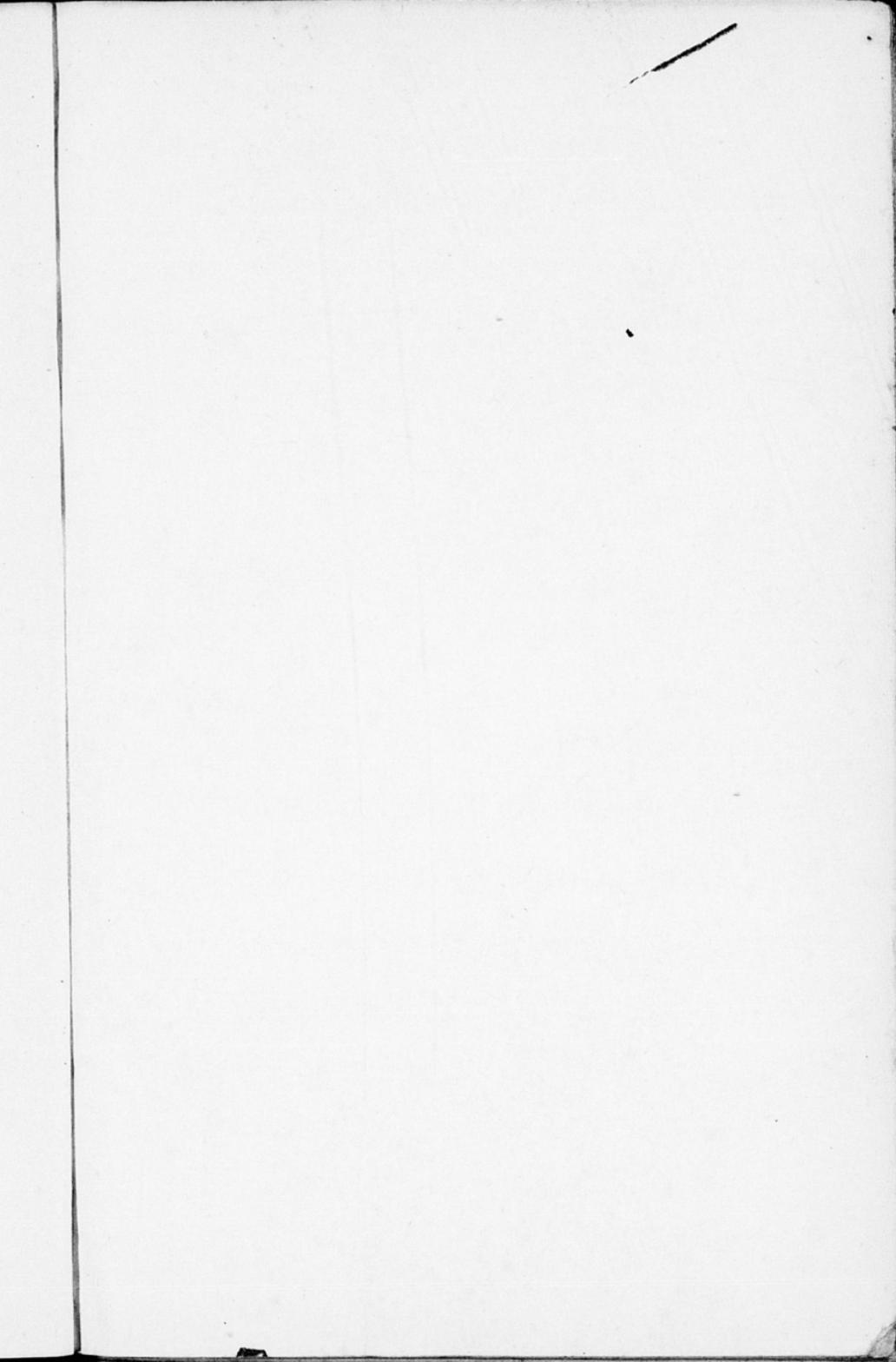


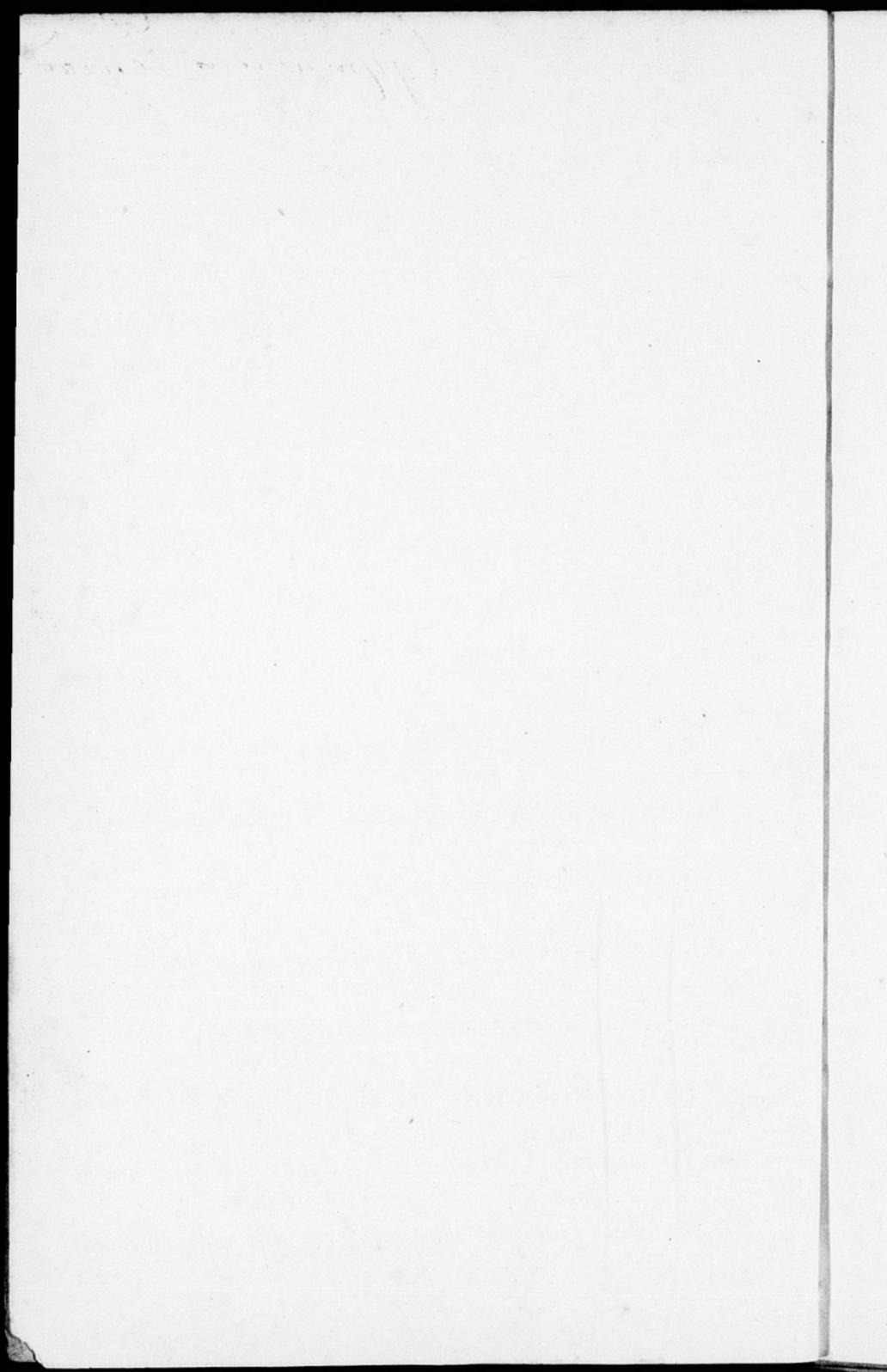
's HERTOGENBOSCH — G. MOSMANS,

MARKT A 14.

1877.







~~Gymnasium Series~~
~~J. M. W.~~
~~W. H. L. L.~~
~~W. H. L. L.~~
~~W. H. L. L.~~
~~W. H. L. L.~~

Our aim in compiling the present volume, as was also, in compiling its predecessor, GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY, is to offer to the young a collection of elegant extracts in prose, which would be both instructive and entertaining, and which, at the same time, would contain nothing hurtful to faith or morals.

It is true that there are already many such works as the present, „Gleanings”, „Readers”, etc.; but it is no less true that most of them can not, in point

of faith or morals, be recommended to Christian youth. We may even venture to say that our stock of books wholly unexceptionable, in this regard, does not equal the demands of the present day.



I.

PROVERBS. SELECT SENTENCES.

1. Handsome is that handsome does.
2. Deeds are fruits, words are leaves.
3. A contented mind is a continual feast.
4. When the cat's away
 The mice will play.
5. We frequently do those things, which we afterwards repent of.
6. To say little and to perform much is the characteristic of a great mind.
7. Favours of every kind are doubled, if they are speedily conferred.
8. A bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.
9. A blind man will not thank you for a looking-glass.
10. No pains, no gains.
11. Time and words can never be recalled.
12. He who does his money lend,
 Will lose his money and his friend.

13. Have courage always; without that there is no virtue.
14. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man is the gold.
15. A bow long bent at last waxes weak.
16. Better late than never.
17. If a bird in the hand be worth two in the bush, it is no less true that a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
18. An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.
19. A close mouth catches no flies.
20. A living dog is better than a dead lion.
21. The season to sail is ever fair when we are flying from calamity.
22. Cheerful company shortens the way.
23. A cripple may catch a hare.
24. Every one should sweep before his own door.
25. A friend in need is a friend indeed.
26. A good garden may have some weeds.
27. What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all our care — for this is all.
28. What can't be cured
 Must be endured.
29. What cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.
30. A good word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little.
31. He who begins many things finishes but few.
32. Look not a gift horse in the mouth.

33. In the forehead and the eye,
The lecture of the mind does lie.
34. Bought wit is best.
35. Wide ears and a short tongue.
36. Short reckonings make long friends.
37. Old birds are not caught with chaff.
38. That which is well done is twice done.
39. A great ship must have deep water.
40. Make hay while the sun shines.
41. Out of sight, out of mind.
42. Necessity is the mother of invention.
43. He that will thrive
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven
May lie till seven.
44. Many littles make a mickle.
45. A penny saved is a penny gained.
46. When April blows its horn,
'Tis good for hay and corn.
47. One swallow makes not a spring, but every grass-
hopper makes a spring.
48. A horse that will not carry a saddle must have
no oats.
49. A lame traveller should get out betimes.
50. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two.
51. A little bird wants but a little nest.
52. A little neglect may breed great mischief.
53. A man among children will be long a child, a
child among men will be soon a man.

54. All is not gold that glitters.
55. All's well that ends well.
56. A man of words and not of deeds
 Is like a garden full of weeds.
57. Health is not valued, till sickness comes.
58. Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
 But still remember what the Lord has done.
59. He's a wise man, who can make a friend of a foe.
60. Better go about than fall into the ditch.
61. When a thing is done advice comes too late.
62. For what thou canst do thyself rely not on
 another.
63. Barefooted men should not tread on thorns.
64. That which blossoms in the spring, will bring
 forth fruit in the autumn.
65. Jack Sprat, he loved no fat,
 His wife, she loved no lean,
 And yet betwixt them both
 They licked the platters clean.
66. Go not for every grief to the physician, for every
 quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to
 the pot.
67. Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not
 back again; wisely improve the present, it is
 thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future
 without fear, and with an honest heart.
68. In a calm sea every man is a pilot.
69. They who would be young when they are old,
 must be old when they are young.
70. One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two
 hours after.

71. A bad bush is better than the open field.
72. A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in prison.
73. A fault confessed is half redressed.
74. A good horse should be seldom spurred.
75. All things are difficult before they are easy.
76. All things are easy that are done willingly.
77. Apelles was not a master the first day.
78. At the end of the work, you may judge of the workman.
79. Be content; the sea has fish enough.
80. Better half an egg than an empty shell.
81. Beware of Had I wist.
82. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
83. Catch the bear before you sell his skin.
84. Climb not too high lest the fall be the greater.
85. Consideration is the parent of wisdom.
86. Draw not your bow till your arrow is fined.
87. Eat to live, but do not live to eat.
88. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
89. Fie upon hens, quoth the fox, because he could not reach them.
90. Give a clown your finger, and he'll take your whole hand.
91. Great boast, small roast.
92. He has the best end of the stri . . .
93. I will not buy a pig in a poke.

94. Nothing is more precious than time, yet nothing less valued.
 95. When Aristotle was asked, »What a man could gain by telling a falsehood," he replied, »Not to be believed, when he speaks the truth."
 96. Nothing is impossible; there are ways which lead to every thing, and if we had sufficient will, we should have sufficient means.
 97. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, being asked, »What things he thought most proper for boys to learn," answered: »Those which they ought to practise, when they come to be men."
 98. Keep doing, always doing, remembering that wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, sighing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.
 99. It is with narrow-minded people as it is with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.
 100. Kind words are the bright flowers of earth's existence: use them, and especially around the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.
-

II.

ANECDOTES. TALES. FABLES.

I. ERETRIUS.

A youth named Eretrius was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno. On his return home his father asked him, what he had learned. The boy replied, that would hereafter appear. On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, »This have I learned — to endure a parent's anger."

2. RICHES AND SCIENCE.

A rich man once asked a learned man what was the reason that scientific men were to be seen so often at the doors of the rich, though rich men were very rarely seen at the doors of the learned. »It is", replied he, »because the man of science knows the value of riches and the rich man does not know the value of science."

3. ALEXANDER AND PARMENIO.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered: »The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings." Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said:

»Were I Alexander, I would accept them." —

»So would I," replied Alexander, »were I Parmenio."

4. JAMES I.

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I, king of Great Britain, was one of the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. »Faith man," said the king to the man who presented it, »if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."

5. THE BABBLER.

»Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a certain prince to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. »Indeed, my Lord," replied the babbler, »we are so crowded at table, that I do not know where to put my hand." —

»Put it upon your mouth," said the prince.

6. FLECHIER.

The celebrated Fléchier, bishop of Nimes, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied: »My Lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true, and if your Lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all your life."

7. LOUIS XI.

Louis XI, king of France, sometimes admitted to his table a rich merchant. The latter emboldened by the kindness of the monarch, begged of him letters of nobility. The king granted them to him, but ceased to see him. When the merchant asked him the reason of it, he answered: »When I admitted you to my table, I considered you as the first merchant; now that you are the last of the nobility, I should do an injury to the other noblemen by continuing to do so."

8. CHARLES X.

The father of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles X, whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed General Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood. When they came to a thick part, the king, having alighted from his horse, said to Banier: »Your father was a victim to the cruelty of mine. If you wish to revenge his death, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at the magnanimity of the monarch, threw himself at his feet and swore eternal friendship to him.

9. GENERAL CHERIN.

The french General Chérin was once conducting a detachment through a very difficult defile. He exhorted to endure patiently the fatigues of the march. »It is easy for you to talk", said one of the soldiers near him, »you who are mounted on a fine horse; but we poor devils!" On hearing these words, Chérin dismounted, and quickly proposed to the discontented soldier to take his place. The latter did so; but scarcely had he mounted, when a shot from the adjoining heights struck and killed him. »You see," says Chérin, calling to his troop, »that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous." After which he remounted his horse and continued the march.

10. DEAN SWIFT.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot, as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but who had never received the most trifling mark of the Dean's generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly putting down the fish, cried very rudely: »Master has sent you a turbot." — »Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy chair," is that the way you deliver

your message? Let we teach you better manners; sit down in my chair, we will change situations, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the Dean, going to the door, came up to the table, with a respectful pace and making a low bow said: »Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." — »Does he," replied the boy; »return him my best thanks, and there's half a crown for yourself." The Dean thus drawn into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

II. FRANCIS II.

One arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a large suburb, called Leopoldstadt. A thaw inundated this suburb, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopoldstadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis the Second, who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst on the other shore, his subjects, famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands, and supplicated relief. The monarch's sensibility at length got the better of his prudence; he leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars, exclaiming: »Never shall it be said that I made no effort to save those who would risk their all for me." The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They encountered the sea successfully, and gained the suburb, just when their intrepid monarch, with the tear of pity in his eye, held out the bread he had conveyed across at the risk of his life.

12. FENELON.

At the time that Cambray was often ravaged by advancing and retreating armies, during the contest for the Spanish succession, and that the author of Telemachus was »expiating his genius in exile”, the Archbishop one evening met a young man in great affliction on account of the loss of a favourite cow which was moreover the sole support of his numerous family. Fénelon gave him money to purchase another, but the poor fellow could not cease weeping for the cow which his wife and his children loved, and which he feared had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Fénelon spoke comfort to him, and pursued his way; but soon after parting with him, he saw a cow, which from the description he had received of it, he knew to be the same that was so bitterly lamented, and thinking only of the joy that the sight of it again would give to the disconsolate little circle to which it belonged, he drove it back himself, at dark night, to the young man's cottage.

13. JOSEPH II.

The Emperor of Germany, Joseph II, had once a petition presented to him in behalf of a poor superannuated officer, who lived with a family of ten children, in an indigent condition, at some distance from Vienna. The Emperor enquired of several old officers whether they knew this man, and received from all of them an excellent character of him. His majesty gave no answer to the petition, but went, without any attendants, to the house of the poor officer, whom he found at dinner, with eleven children, upon some vegetables of his own planting. »I heard you had ten children,” said the Emperor, »but here I see eleven.” — »This,” replied the officer, pointing to the eleventh, is a poor orphan I found at my door, and though I have done all I could to engage some persons, more opulent than myself, to provide for him, all my endeavours have proved in vain; I have therefore shared my small portion with him, and brought him up as my own child.” The Emperor

admired the noble and generous humanity of this indigent man, to whom he discovered himself, and said: »I desire that all these children may be my pensioners, and that you will continue to give them examples of virtue and honour. I grant you 100 florins per annum for each of them, and 200 florins additional to your pension. Go to-morrow to my treasurer, where you will receive the first quarter's payment, with a commission of lieutenantcy for your eldest son. Continue to be your children's careful tutor, and I will henceforth be their father." The old man, with all his family, threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, which he bedewed with tears of gratitude. The Emperor shed tears himself, and after giving some small presents to the children, retired. When he joined his retinue, he said to Count Colleredo: »I thank God for this day's favour. He has guided me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity."

14. CHARLES THE FIRST AND THE ROBBERS.

One fine spring day, Charles the First, then simply king of Spain, was hunting in a forest of Old Castile. A violent storm, which broke out suddenly, separated the king from his companions, and obliged him to look about for a place of refuge. This refuge offered in the shape of a cavern, formed by the natural projections of the rocks. Glad to have found this shelter, Charles descended from his horse, and prepared to enter. But judge of his surprise, when by the glare of a flash of lightning, he discovered near him four rascally-looking fellows, who appeared to be sleeping soundly.

He advanced two or three steps towards one of them, when all of a sudden the sleeper jumped upon his feet, and, advancing towards the king, said: »You cannot believe, Signor Cabalero, what a strange dream I have had. I was fancying that you made me a present of your good cloak of velvet;" and in saying this, the knave unhooked the cloak, and put it upon his own dirty shoulders. »Signor Escadero," said the second, »I have had a funny dream too. I thought, that I had ex-

changed my old hat for your rich cap and feathers." »And I," said the third, »I dreamt that I found a beautiful charger without taking the trouble of seeking for it." »But my friends, said the fourth, »what are you going to leave me with your dreams?" »Eh, by St. John, look up that gold chain and silver whistle," rejoined the first, pointing to those ornaments that hung round the king's neck; »You won't have dreamt badly." »Well said" said the other, and he stretched forth his hand to seize his prey.

»Gently, my friends," said Charles, »before delivering these articles it is but right that I should show you the use of them;" and so saying, he put the whistle to his mouth and blew a long sharp sound. At this signal all the king's suite advanced towards the cavern, and in a few minutes Charles was surrounded by a hundred valiant gentlemen. When the king saw all his force united, he turned towards the robbers, who stood stupefied. »My hearties," said he to them, »I have had a dream too — it was that you all were hanged." A few minutes afterwards the bodies of the four robbers were dangling in the air.

15. MR. BOULTON AND THE KING.

Mr. Boulton, of Birmingham, soon after he was connected with Mr. Watt, who was making such wonderful improvements in the steam engine, appeared at St. James's on a leveeday. »Well, Mr. Boulton," said the king, »I am glad to see you. What new project have you got now?" »I am," said Mr. Boulton, »manufacturing a new article, that kings are very fond of." »Aye, aye, Mr. Boulton, what's that?" »It is power, an't please your majesty." »Power!" Mr. Boulton, we like power, that's true, but what do you mean?" »Why, Sir, I mean the power of steam, to move machines." His majesty appeared pleased, and laughing, said, »Very good, go on, go on."

16. JAMES I.

It has been related as indubitably certain, that Waller once going to the court of his monarch, found Dr. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neale, bishop of Durham, standing behind his majesty's chair and heard the following curious conversation between the prelates and the king. His majesty asked the bishops: »My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' money, when I want it, without all this formality of parliament?" The bishop of Durham readily answered: »God forbid, Sir, that you should not; you are the breath of our nostrils." Whereupon the king turned and said to the bishop of Winchester: »Well, my lord, what say you?" »Sir," replied the bishop, »I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." The king answered: »No subterfuges, my lord; answer me presently." »Then, Sir," said he, »I think it is lawful to take my brother Neale's money; for he offers it." Mr. Waller said, the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king.

17. CANUTE.

Canute, the greatest and most powerful monarch of the eleventh century, sovereign of Denmark and Norway, as well as of England, could not fail of meeting with adulation from his courtiers, a tribute which is liberally paid even to the meanest and weakest princes. Some of his flatterers breaking out one day in admiration of his grandeur, exclaimed that every thing was possible for him; upon which the monarch, it is said, ordered his chair to be set on the sea-shore, while the tide was rising, and as the waters approached, he commanded them to retire and to obey the voice of him who was lord of the ocean. He feigned to sit some time in expectation of their submission; but when the sea still advanced towards him, and began to wash him with its billows, he turned to his courtiers, and remarked to them: »That every creature in the universe was feeble and impotent, and that power resided with one Being

only, in whose hands were all the elements of nature; who could say to the ocean: thus far shalt thou go and no farther; and who could level with his nod the most towering piles of human pride and ambition."

18. LORD BYRON'S REPLY.

A dialogue which Lord Byron himself used to mention as having taken place between him and Polidori, an Italian physician and excessively vain young man. It was during their journey on the Rhine, and is amusingly characteristic of both the persons concerned. »After all," said the physician, »what is there you can do, that I cannot?" »Why, since you force me to say," answered the other, »I think there are three things I can do which you cannot." Polidori defied him to name them. »I can", said Lord Byron, »swim across that river. — I can snuff out that candle with a pistol-shot at the distance of twenty paces. — And I have written a poem (the Corsair) of which 14000 copies were sold in one day."

19. MOLY MOLUK.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluk, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluk was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to the war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and should ride up to the litter in which the corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army, in an open litter, as they stood drawn

up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their country. Finding afterwards the battle going against him, though he was very near his last moments, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on the charge, which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought back his men to the combat, than finding himself utterly spent, he was again placed in his litter, when laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers standing about him, he died, a few moments after, in that posture.

20. A WITTY ENGLISHMAN.

The following singular circumstance occurred in the English expedition against Quebec on landing the troops at the heights of Abraham.

The French had posted sentries along shore to challenge boats and vessels and give the alarm occasionally. The first boat that contained the English troops being questioned accordingly, a captain of Fraser's regiment, who had served in Holland, and who was perfectly well acquainted with the French language and customs, answered without hesitation to *qui vive*, which is their challenging word, *la France*: now was he at a loss to answer the second question which was more particular and difficult. When the sentinel demanded, *à quel régiment?* the captain replied, *de la Reine*, which he knew by accident, to be one of those that composed the body commanded by Bougainville. The soldier took it for granted, this was the expected convoy, and saying *passé*, allowed all the boats to proceed without further question. In the same manner the other sentries were deceived, though one more wary than the rest, came running down to the water's edge, and called »*Pourquoi ne parlez-vous pas plus haut?*” To this interrogation, which implied doubt, the captain answered with admirable presence of mind, in a soft tone of voice: »*Tais-toi! nous serons entendus!*” Thus cautioned, the sentry retired without further altercation.

21. THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

Once upon a time a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite.

They then travelled on to an other adventure. This was against three bloody-minded Satyrs. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another, that knocked out his eye. But the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one.

All very joyful for this victory, they now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers: but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion: »My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.”

— »No, cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.”

22. THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

As two men were travelling on the road, one of them espied a bag of money lying on the ground; and picking

it up, »I am in luck this morning," said he, »I have found a bag of money." »Yes," returned the other; »though, methinks, you should not say I, but we have found it; for when two friends are travelling together, they ought equally to share in any accidental good fortune that may happen to attend them." »No," rejoined the former, »it was I that found it, and I must insist upon keeping it." He had no sooner spoken these words, than they were alarmed with a hue and cry after a thief, who had that morning taken a purse upon the road. »Lord," says the finder, »this is extremely unfortunate, we shall certainly be seized." — »Good Sir," replied the other, be pleased not to say We, but I: as you would not allow me a share in the prize, you have no right to make me a partner in the punishment."

23. THE ADVENTURE OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER.

Boone, an American hunter of extraordinary size and strength, once, when hardly pressed by a body of Flat-head Indians, fell into a crevice, and broke the butt of his rifle. He was safe, however, from immediate danger, at least he thought so, and resolved to remain where he was, till his pursuers should abandon their search. On examining the place, which had afforded him so opportunity a refuge, he perceived it was a spacious natural cave, having no other entrance than the hole or aperture through which he had fallen. He thanked Providence for this fortunate discovery, as for the future he should have a safe place to conceal his skins and provisions while trapping; but as he was prosecuting his search, he perceived with dismay that the cave was already inhabited. In a corner he perceived two jaguars, which followed his movements with glaring eyes.

A single glance satisfied him they were cubs; but a maddening thought shot across his brain: the mother was out, probably not far; she might return in a moment, and he had no arms except his knife, and the barrel of his broken rifle. While musing on his perilous situation, he heard a roar, which summoned all his

energy. He rolled a loose mass of rock to the entrance, made it as firm as he could by backing it with other stones, tied his knife to the end of his rifle-barrel, and calmly waited for the issue. A minute passed when a tremendous jaguar dashed against the rock, and Boone needed all his giant's strength to prevent it from giving way. Perceiving that main force could not clear the passage, the animal began scratching and digging at the entrance, and her hideous roars were soon responded to by the cubs, which threw themselves upon Boone. He kicked them away, but not without receiving several ugly scratches, and thrusting the blade of his knife through the large stone and the solid rock, he broke it in the shoulder of the female jaguar, which, with a yell, started away. *

This respite was fortunate, as by this time Boone's strength was exhausted. He profited by the suspension of hostility, so as to increase the impediments in case of a new attack, and reflecting that the mewings of the cubs attracted and enraged the mother, he knocked their brains out with the barrel of his rifle. During two hours he was left to repose himself after his exertions, and he was beginning to think the animal had been scared away when another terrible bound against the massive stone forced it a few inches into the cave. For an hour he struggled, till the jaguar, herself tired, and not hearing the mews of her cubs, retired with a piteous howl.

Night came, and Boone began to despond. Leaving the cave was out of the question, for the brute was undoubtedly watching for him; and yet remaining was almost as dangerous, as long watching and continual exertion weighed down his eyelids and rendered sleep imperative. He decided to remain where he was, and after another hour of labour in fortifying the entrance he lay down to sleep, with the barrel of his rifle close to him, in case of attack. He had slept about three or four hours, when he was awakened by a noise close to his head. The moon was shining, and shot her beams through the crevices at the mouth of the cave. A foreboding of danger would not allow Boone to sleep any more; he was watching with intense anxiety when he observed

several of the smaller stones he had placed round the piece of rock, rolling towards him; and that the rays of light streaming into the cave, were occasionally darkened by some interposed body. It was the jaguar, which had been undermining the rock, one after the other, the stones gave way. Boone rose, grasped his rifle-barrel, and determined to wait the attack of the animal.

In a second or two, the heavy stone rolled a few feet into the cave, the jaguar advanced her head, then her shoulders, and at last a noiseless bound brought her within four feet of Boone, who at that critical moment collecting all his strength for a decisive blow, dashed her skull to atoms. Boone, quite exhausted, drank some of her blood to allay his thirst, pillowed his head upon her body, and fell into a deep sleep. The next morning, Boone after having made a good meal of one of the cubs, started to rejoin his companions, and communicated to them his adventure and discovery.

24. THE SCOTCH GIANT OUTWITTED BY FINGAL.

Fingal was a giant, and no fool of one, and any one that affronted him was sure of a beating. But there was a giant in Scotland as tall as the main-mast, more or less, as we say when we an't quite sure. This Scotch giant heard of Fingal, and how he had beaten every body, and he said: »Who is this Fingal? I'll just walk over and see what he's made of." So he walked across the Irish Channel, and landed within half a mile of Belfast, and I suspect that he was not dry-footed.

When Fingal heard that this great chap was coming over, he was in a devil of a fright, for they told him that the Scotchman was taller by a few feet or so. So Fingal kept a sharp look-out for the Scotchman, and one fine morning, there he was, sure enough, coming up the hill to Fingal's house. If Fingal was afraid before, he had more reason to be afraid when he saw the fellow, for he looked for all the world like the Monument upon a voyage of discovery.

So Fingal ran into his house, and called to his wife Shaya, »my vourneen," says he, »be quick now; there's that big bully of a Scotchman coming up the hill. Cover me up with the blankets, and if he asks who is in bed, tell him it's the child. So Fingal lay down on the bed, and his wife had just time to cover him up, when in comes the Scotchman, and though he stooped low, he broke his head against the portal. »Where's Fingal?" says he, rubbing his forehead; »show him to me, that I may give him a beating."

»Whist, whist!" cries Shaya, »you'll wake the baby, and then he that you talk of beating will be the death of you, if he comes in." »Is that the baby?" cried the Scotchman with surprise, looking at the great carcass muffled up in the blankets. »Sure it is," replied Shaya, »and Fingal's baby too; so don't you wake him, or Fingal will twist your neck in a minute."

»By the cross of St. Andrew," replied the giant, then it's time for me to be off; for if that's his baby, I'll be but a mouthfull to the fellow himself. Good morning to ye." So the Scotch giant ran out of the house, and never stopped to eat or drink until he got back to his own hills, foreby he was nearly drowned in having mistaken his passage across the Channel in his great hurry. Then Fingal got up and laughed, as well as he might, at his own acuteness; and so ends my story about Fingal.

25. THE WHISTLE.

When I was a child, of seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I saw on the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and my sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put

me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure. This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, »Don't give too much for the whistle:» and so saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain them, I have said to myself: »This man gives too much for his whistle.»

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: »He pays, indeed," says I, »too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: »Poor man," says I, »you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations: »Mistaken man," says I, »You are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure, you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison: »Alas," says I, »he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

26. THE DROP OF WATER.[†]

A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflexion: »Alas! what an »insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of »waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe, »I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than »the least of the works of God." It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the persian diadem.

27. THE VULTURE'S LESSONS.

An old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

My children, said the old vulture, you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household-fowls; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food, I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us, said the young vultures, where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? He is too bulky, said the mother; when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground. Since man is so big, said the young ones, how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures

that lodges here at present? The king told him, that it was he himself. And who, says the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, the young prince his son. »Ah, Sir”, said the dervise, »a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace but a caravansary.

29. GENEROUS REVENGE.

At the period when the republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, Uberto, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of a popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government. The nobles at length uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour; and in particular, having imprisoned Uberto, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. Adorno, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiment, in pronouncing this sentence on Uberto, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. »You,” said he, — »you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa — you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung.”

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to Adorno, »that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own.” He then made his obeisance and retired, and after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear. He collected some debt due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the

wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As Uberto was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country-house, he saw a young christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour, to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. Uberto eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. »And what is your name, young man?» said Uberto. »You need not be afraid of confessing to *me* your birth and condition." — »Alas!» he answered, »I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is Adorno, and I am his only son." — »Adorno!» Uberto checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried: »Thank Heaven, then I shall be nobly revenged." He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to inquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young Adorno, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a capture of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. Uberto paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth, who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think

it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of Uberto. After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, Uberto departed homewards accompanied by young Adorno, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. Uberto kept him some time at his house, treating him with all respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him: »My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I feel your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not forget me." Adorno poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces

The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship in which he sailed had foundered at sea), »and to whom", said old Adorno, »am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" — »This letter", said his son, »will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows:

»That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his pre-

diction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is

» *The banished Uberto.*”

Adorno dropped the letter and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of Uberto, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, Adorno resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercessions with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on Uberto was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, Adorno expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. Uberto returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow citizens.

30. THE HANDSOME AND THE DEFORMED LEG.

There are two sorts of people in the world, who with equal degrees of health and wealth, and the other comforts of life, become, the one happy, and the other miserable. This arises very much from the different views in which they consider things, persons, and events, and the effect of those different views upon their minds.

In whatever situation men can be placed they may find conveniences and inconveniences; in whatever company, they may find persons and conversation more or less pleasing; at whatever table, they may meet with meats and drinks of better and worse taste, dishes better and worse dressed; in whatever climate, they will find good and bad weather; under whatever government, they may find good and bad laws, and good and bad administration of those laws; in whatever poem, or work of genius, they may see faults and beauties; in almost every face and every person, they may discover fine features and defects, good and bad qualities.

Under these circumstances, the two sorts of people

above mentioned fix their attention; those who are disposed to be happy, on the conveniences of things, the pleasant parts of conversation, the well dressed dishes, the goodness of the wines, the fine weather, &c. and enjoy all with cheerfulness: those who are to be unhappy, think and speak only of the contraries. Hence they are continually discontented with themselves, and, by their remarks, sour the pleasures of society, offend personally many people, and make themselves every where disagreeable. If this turn of mind was founded in nature, such unhappy persons would be the more to be pitied; but, as the disposition to criticise, and to be disgusted, is perhaps, taken up originally by imitation, and is, unawares, grown into a habit, which, though at present strong, may nevertheless be cured when those who have it are convinced of its bad effects on their felicity; I hope this little admonition may be of service to them, and put them on changing a habit which, though in the exercise it is chiefly an act of imagination, yet has serious consequences in life, as it brings on real griefs and misfortunes;—for, as many are offended by, and nobody loves, this sort of people, no one shows them more than the most common civility and respect, and scarcely that; and this frequently puts them out of humour, and draws them into disputes and contentions. If they aim at obtaining some advantage in rank or fortune, nobody wishes them success, or will stir a step, or speak a word, to favour their pretensions. If they incur public censure or disgrace, no one will defend or excuse, and many join to aggravate their misconduct, and render them completely odious. If these people will not change this bad habit, and condescend to be pleased with what is pleasing, without fretting themselves and others about the contraries, it is good for others to avoid an acquaintance with them, which is always disagreeable, and sometimes very inconvenient, especially when one finds one's self entangled in their quarrels.

An old philosophical friend of mine was grown, from experience, very cautious in this particular, and carefully avoided any intimacy with such people. He had, like other philosophers, a thermometer, to show him the heat

of the weather, and a barometer, to mark when it was likely to prove good or bad; but there being no instrument invented to discover, at first sight, this displeasing disposition in a person, he, for that purpose, made use of his legs, one of which was remarkably handsome, the other, by some accident, crooked and deformed. If a stranger, at the first interview, regarded his ugly leg more than his handsome one, he doubted him. If he spoke of it, and took no notice of the handsome leg, that was sufficient to determine my philosopher to have no further acquaintance with him. Every body has not this two legged instrument; but every one, with a little attention, may observe signs of that carping, fault-finding disposition, and take the same resolution of avoiding the acquaintance of those infected with it. I therefore advise those critical, querulous, discontented, unhappy people, that if they wish to be respected and beloved by others, and happy in themselves, they should *leave off looking at the ugly leg.*

III.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

I. THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

Some days ago, I accidentally met with a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows.

»As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

»I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so

long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me.

I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years; I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself: so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

»In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: — well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

»People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold,

more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained, were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes: and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

>When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

>I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

>When the peace came on, I was discharged, and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

>The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he

beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

»Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail: but for my part it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French sentries' brains? I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my body, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes. »

»Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind: but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

»I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement I was wounded in two places;

I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and old England. Liberty, property, and old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

GOLDSMITH.

2. NICHOLAS THE FISH.

✓ In the times of Frederic, king of Sicily, there lived a celebrated diver whose name was Nicholas, and who from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under water, was surnamed the Fish. This man had, from his infancy, been used to the sea, and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals, and oysters which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea, at last, brought it to be almost his natural element. He frequently was known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily to Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king.

Some mariners out at sea, one day, observed something at some distance from them which they regarded as a sea monster; but upon its approach, it was known to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going, in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he shewed them a packet of letters which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner as that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them thus company for some time, on their

voyage, conversing and asking questions, and after eating a hearty meal with them, he took his leave, and jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone. In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner, for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed, as in a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, that he could take in, at one inspiration, as much breath as would serve him for a whole day. X

The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself; who, actuated by the general curiosity, ordered that Nicholas should be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but at last however, after much searching, he was found and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had been long excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he therefore, conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to have more certain information; and commanded our poor poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; as an incitement to his obedience he ordered a golden cup to be flung into it.

Nicholas was not insensible of the dangers to which he was exposed, dangers best known only to himself, and he therefore presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of shewing his skill at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was swallowed as instantly up, in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time, the king and his attendants remained upon shore anxious for his fate; but he at last appeared, buffeting upon the surface, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause upon his arrival on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure. The king ordered him to be taken proper care of, and as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated by his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed and permitted to refresh himself by sleeping. X

When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought to satisfy the king's curiosity, with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect: — He would never, he said, have obeyed the king's commands, had he been apprised of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, that rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men, but even to the fishes themselves: first, the force of the water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly, the abruptness of the rocks, that on every side threatened destruction; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the number and magnitude of the polypus fish, some of which appeared as large as a man, and which everywhere sticking against the rocks projected their fibrous arms to entangle him.

Being asked how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown in, he replied: that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king's curiosity; being requested to venture once more into the gulf, for further discoveries, he at first refused; but the king, desirous of having the most exact information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations, and to give them still greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations, the unfortunate Pessacola once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.

GOLDSMITH.

3. KING ALFRED.

A DRAMA.

Persons of the Drama.

Alfred, King of England. *Gubba*, a Farmer.

Ella, an Officer of Alfred. *Gandelin*, his Wife.

SCENE. *The isle of Athelney.*

ALFRED *alone.*

ALFRED. How retired and quiet is every thing in this

little spot! The river winds its silent waters round this retreat; and the tangled bushes of the thicket fence it in from the attack of an enemy. The bloody Danes have not yet pierced into this wild solitude. I believe I am safe from their pursuit. But I hope I shall find some inhabitants here; otherwise I shall die of hunger. — Ha! here is a narrow path through the wood; and I think I see the smoke of a cottage rising between the trees. I will bend my steps thither.

SCENE. *Before the Cottage.*

GUBBA *coming forward.* GANDELIN *within.*

ALFRED. Good evening to you, good man. Are you disposed to show hospitality to a poor traveller?

GUBBA. Why, truly, there are so many poor travellers now-a-days, that if we entertain them all, we shall have nothing left for ourselves. However, come along to my wife, and we will see what can be done for you. Wife, I am very weary; I have been chopping wood all day.

GANDELIN. You are always ready for your supper, but it is not ready for you, I assure you: the cakes will take an hour to bake, and the sun is yet high; it has not yet dipped behind the old barn. But whom have you with you, I should like to know!

ALFRED. Good mother, I am a stranger and entreat you to afford me food and shelter.

GANDELIN. Good mother? no! Good wife, if you please, and welcome. But I do not love strangers; and the land has no reason to love them. There has never been a merry day for Old England, since strangers came into it.

ALFRED. I am not a stranger in England, though I am a stranger here. I am a true-born Englishman.

GUBBA. And do you hate those wicked Danes, that eat us up, and burn our houses, and drive away our cattle?

ALFRED. I do hate them.

GANDELIN. Heartily? He does not speak heartily, husband.

ALFRED. Heartily I hate them; most heartily.

GUBBA. Give me thy hand, then; thou art an honest fellow.

ALFRED. I was with king Alfred in the last battle he fought.

GANDELIN. With king Alfred? heaven bless him!

GUBBA. What has become of our good king?

ALFRED. Did you love him then?

GUBBA. Yes, as much as a poor man may love a king. I kneeled down and prayed for him every night, that he might conquer those Danish wolves; but it was not to be so.

ALFRED. You could not love Alfred better than I did.

GUBBA. But what has become of him?

ALFRED. He is thought to be dead.

GUBBA. Well, these are sad times, heaven help us! Come, you shall be welcome to share the brown loaf with us; I suppose you are too hungry to be nice.

GANDELIN. Ay, come with us; you shall be as welcome as a prince! But, hark ye, husband; though I am very willing to be charitable to this stranger (it would be a sin to be otherwise), yet there is no reason he should not do something to maintain himself; he looks strong and capable.

GUBBA. Why, that's true. What can you do, friend?

ALFRED. I am very willing to help you in any thing you choose to set me about. It will please me best to earn my bread before I eat it.

GUBBA. Let me see. Can you tie up faggots neatly?

ALFRED. I have not been used to it. I am afraid I should be awkward.

GUBBA. Can you thatch? There is a piece blown off the cow-house.

ALFRED. Alas! I cannot thatch.

GANDELIN. Ask him if he can weave rushes, we want some new baskets.

ALFRED. I have never learned.

GUBBA. Can you stack hay?

ALFRED. No.

GUBBA. Why, here's a fellow! and yet he has as many pair of hands as his neighbours. Dame, can you

employ him in the house? He might lay wood on the fire, and rub the tables.

GANDELIN. Let him watch these cakes then: I must go and milk the cows.

GUBBA. And I'll go and stack the wood, since supper is not ready.

GANDELIN. But pray observe, friend! do not let the cakes burn; turn them often on the hearth.

ALFRED. I shall observe your directions.

ALFRED *alone.*

ALFRED. For myself, I could bear it: but England, my bleeding country, for thee my heart is full of bitter anguish! — From the Humber to the Thames the rivers are stained with blood! — My brave soldiers cut to pieces! — My poor people — some massacred, others driven from their warm homes, stripped, abused, insulted: — and I, whom heaven appointed their shepherd, unable to rescue my defenceless flock from the ravenous jaws of the devourers! — Gracious heavens! if I am not worthy to save this land from the Danish sword, raise up some other hero to fight with more success than I have done, and let me spend my life in this obscure cottage, in these servile offices. I shall be content, if England is happy.

O! here comes my blunt host and hostess.

Enter GUBBA and GANDELIN.

GANDELIN. Help me down with the pail, husband. This new milk, with the cakes, will make an excellent supper: but mercy on us, how they are burnt! black as my shoe; they have not once been turned: you lazy fellow! —

ALFRED. Indeed, dame, I am sorry for it, but my mind was full of sad thoughts.

GUBBA. Come, wife, you must forgive him; perhaps he is in greater distress than we may believe possible.

GANDELIN. May be, indeed; I never thought of that; come, let us eat our suppers.

ALFRED. How refreshing is this sweet new milk, and this wholesome bread!

GUBBA. Eat heartily, friend. Where shall we lodge him, Gandelin?

GANDELIN. We have but one bed-room, you know; but there is fresh straw in the barn.

ALFRED (*aside*). If I shall not lodge like a king, at least I shall lodge like a soldier. Alas! how many of my poor soldiers are stretched on the bare ground!

GANDELIN. What noise do I hear? it is the trampling of horses. Good husband, go on and see what is the matter.

ALFRED. Heaven forbid my misfortunes should bring destruction on this simple family. I had rather have perished in the wood.

GUBBA returns, followed by ELLA with his sword drawn.

GANDELIN. Mercy defend us, a sword!

GUBBA. The Danes! the Danes! O do not kill us!

ELLA (*kneeling*). My liege, my lord, my sovereign, have I found you!

ALFRED (*embracing him*). My brave Ella!

ELLA. I bring you good news, my sovereign! Your troops that were shut up in Kinwith Castle made a desperate sally — the Danes were slaughtered. Fierce Hubba lies gasping on the plain.

ALFRED. Is it possible! Am I yet a king?

ELLA. Their famous standard, the Danish raven, is taken; their troops are panic-struck; the English soldiers call aloud for Alfred. Here is a letter which will inform you of more particulars. (*Gives him a letter.*)

GUBBA (*aside*). What will become of us? Ah! dame, that tongue of thine has undone us!

GANDELIN. O, my poor dear husband! we shall all be hanged, that's certain. But who could have thought it was the king?

GUBBA. Why, Gandelin, do you see, we might have guessed he was born to be a king, or some such great man, because you know he was not fit for work like ours.

ALFRED (*coming forward*). God be praised for these tidings! Hope is sprung out of the depths of despair. O, my friend! shall I again shine in arms, — again

fight at the head of my brave Englishmen, — lead them on to victory! Our friends shall now lift their heads again.

ELLA Yes, you have many friends, who have long been obliged, like their master to skulk in deserts and caves, and wander from cottage to cottage. When they hear you are alive, and in arms again, they will leave their fastnesses, and flock to your standard.

ALFRED. I am impatient to meet them: my people shall be revenged.

GUBBA and GANDELIN (*throwing themselves at the feet of Alfred*). O my Lord —

GANDELIN. We hope your Majesty will put us to a merciful death. Indeed we did not know your Majesty's grace.

GUBBA. If your Majesty could but pardon my wife's tongue; she meant no harm, poor woman!

ALFRED Pardon you, good people! I not only pardon you, but thank you. You have afforded me protection in my distress; and if ever I am seated again on the throne of England, my first care shall be to reward your hospitality. I am now going to protect you. Come, my faithful Ella, to arms! to arms! My bosom burns to face once more the haughty Dane; and here I vow to heaven, that I will never sheath the sword against these robbers, till either I lose my life in this just cause, or

Till dove-like Peace return to England's shore,
And war and slaughter vex the land no more.

AIKIN.

4. TERRIFIC SCENE AT THE GREAT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments »when the morning stars sang together.” The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from the rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. »What man has done, man can do,» is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors.

It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall.

While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he caves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heed-

less of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below.

What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that »freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair: »William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Keep your eye toward the top!" The boy didn't look down.

His eye is fixed like a flint toward heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How

he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him.

His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment — there! one foot swings off! he is reeling — trembling — toppling — over into eternity!

Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God, and Mother! whispered on

his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven — the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting — such leaping and weeping for joy — never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

BURRIT.

5. THE „YOU KNOW'S AND SAYS I'S.”

In a quarter of an hour the pacha, attended by Mustapha and the armed slaves as before, again set out upon their perambulations through the city of Cairo.

They had not walked more than half an hour, when they observed two men sitting at the door of a fruit-shop, at high words with each other. The pacha held up his finger to Mustapha, as a sign to stop, that he might overhear their discourse.

»I tell you, Ali, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one's temper.”

»Long stories!” whispered the pacha to Mustapha with delight: »the very thing! — Shukur Allah! Thanks be to God!”

»And I tell you in reply, Hussan, that yours are ten times worse. You never have spoken for ten minutes, without my feeling an inclination to salute your mouth with the heel of my slipper. I wish there was any one who would hear us both, and decide the point.”

»That I will,” said the pacha, going up to them: »to-morrow I will hear both your stories, and decide upon the merits of each.”

»And who are you?” observed one of the men with surprise.

»His highness the pacha,” replied Mustapha, coming forward. Both the men prostrated themselves, while the pacha directed Mustapha that they should be brought before him on the following day; and the vizier, having given them in charge to the slaves who had followed at

he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him.

His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gush he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is as still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment — there! one foot swings off! he is reeling — trembling — toppling — over into eternity!

Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, God, and Mother! whispered on

his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven — the tightening rope lifts him out of this last shallow niche.

Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting — such leaping and weeping for joy — never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

BURRIT.

5. THE „YOU KNOW'S AND SAYS I'S.”

In a quarter of an hour the pacha, attended by Mustapha and the armed slaves as before, again set out upon their perambulations through the city of Cairo.

They had not walked more than half an hour, when they observed two men sitting at the door of a fruit-shop, at high words with each other. The pacha held up his finger to Mustapha, as a sign to stop, that he might overhear their discourse.

»I tell you, Aii, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one's temper.”

»Long stories!” whispered the pacha to Mustapha with delight: »the very thing! — Shukur Allah! Thanks be to God!”

»And I tell you in reply, Hussan, that yours are ten times worse. You never have spoken for ten minutes, without my feeling an inclination to salute your mouth with the heel of my slipper. I wish there was any one who would hear us both, and decide the point.”

»That I will,” said the pacha, going up to them: »to-morrow I will hear both your stories, and decide upon the merits of each.”

»And who are you?” observed one of the men with surprise.

»His highness the pacha,” replied Mustapha, coming forward. Both the men prostrated themselves, while the pacha directed Mustapha that they should be brought before him on the following day; and the vizier, having given them in charge to the slaves who had followed at

a distance, returned home with the pacha, who was delighted at the rich harvest which he expected to reap from the two people, who accused each other of telling such long stories.

When the *diyan* of the following day had closed, the two men were summoned into the presence of the pacha.

»I shall now decide upon the merits of your stories," observed he. »Sit down there both of you, and agree between yourselves which of you will begin."

»May it please your highness, you will never be able to listen to this man Ali," observed Hussan: »you had better send him away."

»Allah preserve your highness from all evil," replied Ali, »but more especially from the talking of Hussan, which is as oppressive as the hot wind of the desert."

»I have not sent for you to hear you dispute in my presence, but to hear your stories. Ali, do you begin."

»I do assure your highness," interrupted Hussan, »that you will not listen to him three minutes."

»I do assure you," retorted the pacha, »that if you say one word more, until you are ordered, you will be rewarded with the *bastinado* for your trouble. Ali, begin your story."

»Well, your highness, it was about thirty years ago, *you know*, that I was a little boy, *you know*."

Here Hussan lifted up his hands, and smiled.

»Well your highness, *you know* —"

»I don't know, Ali: how can I know until you tell me?" observed the pacha.

»Well then, your highness must know, that ever since I was born, I have lived in the same street where your highness saw us seated last night, and thirty years, *you know*, is a long period in a man's life. My father was a gardener, and people of his condition, *you know*, are obliged to get up early, that they may be in time for the market, where, *you know*, they bring their vegetables for sale."

»This is all very true, I dare say," observed the pacha; »but you will oblige me by leaving out all those *you knows*, which I agree with your comrade Hussan to be very tedious."

»That's what I have already told him, your highness: »Ali," says I, »if you can only leave out your *you knows*," says I, »your story might be amusing, but," says I —"

»Silence with your *says I's*," observed the pacha; »have you forgotten the bastinado? there seems to be a pair of you. Ali, go on with the story, and remember my injunction."

»Well, your highness, one morning he rose earlier than usual, as he was anxious to be first in the market with some onions, which, *you know*, are very plentiful; and having laden his ass, he set off at a good round pace for the city. There, *you know*, he arrived at the market-place a little after the day had dawned, when, *you know*, — —"

»Did you not receive my orders to leave out *you know*. Am I to be obeyed or not? Now go on, and if you offend again, you shall have the bastinado till your nails drop off."

»I shall observe your highness's wishes," replied Ali; — »A little after the day had dawned, *you* —, no, he, I mean, observed an old woman sitting near one of the fruit-stalls, with her head covered up in an old dark-blue capote; and as he passed by, *you* — she, I mean, held out one of her fingers, and said, »Ali Baba," for that was my father's name, »listen to good advice; leave your laden beast and follow me. Now my father, *you know*, not being inclined to pay any attention to such an old woman, *you know*, replied, *you know*, —"

»Holy Allah!" exclaimed the pacha in a rage to Mustapha, »what does this man deserve?"

»The punishment due to those, who dare to disobey your highness's commands."

»And he shall have it: take him out; give him one hundred blows of the bastinado; put him on an ass, with his face turned towards the tail; and let the officer who conducts him through the town proclaim: »Such is the punishment awarded by the pacha to him who presumes to say that his highness knows, when in fact he knows nothing."'''

The guards seized upon the unfortunate Ali, to put

in execution the will of the pacha; and as he was dragged away, Hussan cried out: »I told you so; but you would not believe me.”

»Well,” replied Ali, »I’ve one comfort, your story’s not told yet. His highness has yet to decide which is the best.”

After a few minutes’ pause, to recover himself from the ruffling of his temper, the pacha addressed the other man — »Now, Hussan, you will begin your story; and observe that I am rather in an ill-humour.”

»How can your highness be otherwise, after the annoyance of that bore Ali? I said so; »Ali,” *says I*, —”

»Go on with your story,” repeated the pacha angrily.

»It was about two years ago, your highness, when I was sitting at the door of the fruit-shop, which your highness might have observed when you saw us last night, that a woman came in, followed by a porter. »I want some melons,” *says she*. »I have very fine ones, so walk in,” *says I*; and I handed down from the upper shelf, where they were placed, four or five musk-, and four or five watermelons.

»»Now,” *says I*, dear woman, »you’ll observe that these are much finer melons,” *says I*, »than you usually can procure; therefore the lowest price that I can take,” *says I*, »is —”

»Why, your *says I*’s are much worse than Ali’s *you knows*; leave them out, if you please, and proceed with your story,” cried the pacha, with increased ill-humour.

»I will obey your highness, if possible. Having stated the lowest price, »I have an idea,” *said she*, »that they are to be had cheaper.”

»From you, madam,” *says I*, »I will take nothing; put as many in the basket of your porter as you please.” She thanked me, and put into the basket all that I had handed down. »Now,” *says she*, »I want some dates, the best and finest that you have.” Handing some down, »These, madam,” *says I*, »are the best dates that are to be found in Cairo.” She tasted them, and asked the price: I mentioned it. »They are dear,” *replied she*, »but I must have them cheaper.” »Madam,” *says I*, »these

dates are much too cheap at the price which I have mentioned; it really is impossible to take one para (*) less; observe, madam," *says I*, »the beauty of them, feel the weight, and taste them," *says I*, »and you must acknowledge," *says I*, »that they are offered to you at a price which, *says I*, —"

»Holy Prophet!" cried the pacha in a rage; »I will hear no more of your *says I's*: if you cannot tell your story without them, you shall fare worse than Ali."

»May it please your highness, how will it be possible for you to know what I said, unless I point out to you what I did say? I cannot tell my story without it."

»I'll see that," replied the pacha, in a savage tone; and making a sign, the executioner made his appearance. »Now, then, go on with your story; and, executioner, after he has repeated *says I* three times, off with his head! Go on"

»I shall never be able to go on, your highness, consider one moment how harmless my *says I's* are to the detestable *you knows* of Ali. That's what I always told him: »Ali," *says I*, »if you only knew," *says I*, »how annoying you are! Why there," *says I* —"

At this moment the blow of the scimitar fell, and the head of Hussan rolled upon the floor; the lips, from the force of habit, still quivering, in their convulsions, with the motioning which would have produced *says I*, if the channel of sound had not been so effectually interrupted.

»That story's ended!" observed the pacha in a rage. »Of all the nuisances I ever encountered, these two men have beat them all. Allah forbid that I should again meet with a *says I*, or *you know!*"

»Your highness is all wisdom," observed Mustapha; »may such ever be the fate of those, who cannot tell their stories without saying what they said."

MARRYAT.

(*) Turkish coin.)

6. WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition to all sage magistrates and rulers.

His surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *doubter*; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables; yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it; so that he always remained in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vapouring superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing; and of such invincible gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow minded mortals would rashly de-

termine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that »he had his doubts about the matter:”—which, in process of time, gained him the character of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, far excelling in magnitude that of the great Pericles (who was thence waggisnly called *Schenocephalus*, or onion head)—indeed, of such stupendous dimensions was it, that dame Nature herself, with all her ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders; where it remained as snugly bedded as a ship of war in the mud of the Potowmac. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by nature, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labour of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse perfectly unfarrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept

the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had even watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated Timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

W. IRVING.

7. A STRANGE MISTAKE.

When the meal was ended, the scout cast a glance upward at the setting sun, and pushed forward with a

rapidity, to equal which compelled Heyward and the still vigorous Munro to exert all their muscles. Their route, now, lay along the bottom which has already been mentioned. As the Hurons had made no further efforts to conceal their footsteps, the progress of the pursuers was no longer delayed by uncertainty. Before an hour had elapsed, however, the speed of Hawk-eye sensibly abated, and his head, instead of maintaining its former direct and forward look, began to turn suspiciously from side to side, as if he were conscious of approaching danger. He soon stopped again, and waited for the whole party to come up.

"I scent the Hurons," he said, speaking to the Mohicans; "yonder is open sky, through the tree-tops, and we are getting too nigh their encampment. Sagamore, you will take the hill side, to the right; Uncas will bend along the brook to the left, while I will try the trail. If any thing should happen, the call will be three croaks of a crow. I saw one of the birds fauning himself in the air, just beyond the dead oak — another sign that we are touching an encampment."

The Indians departed their several ways, without deeming any reply necessary, while Hawk-eye cautiously proceeded with the two gentlemen. Heyward soon pressed to the side of their guide, eager to catch an early glimpse of those enemies he had pursued with so much toil and anxiety. His companion told him to steal to the edge of the wood, which, as usual, was fringed with a thicket, and wait his coming, for he wished to examine certain suspicious signs a little on one side. Duncan obeyed, and soon found himself in a situation to command a view which he found as extraordinary as it was novel.

The trees of many acres had been felled, and the glow of a mild summer's evening had fallen on the clearing *in beautiful contrast to the gray light of the forest.* A short distance from the place where Duncan stood, the stream had seemingly expanded into a little lake, covering most of the low land, from mountain to mountain. The water fell out of this wide basin, in a cataract so regular and gentle, that it appeared rather to be the work of human hands, than fashioned by nature. A

hundred earthen dwellings stood on the margin of the lake, and even in its water, as though the latter had overflowed its usual banks. Their rounded roofs, admirably moulded for defence against the weather, denoted more of industry and foresight, than the natives were wont to bestow on their regular habitations, much less on those they occupied for the temporary purposes of hunting and war. In short, the whole village, or town, which ever it might be termed, possessed more of method and neatness of execution, than the white men had been accustomed to believe belonged, ordinarily, to the Indian habits. It appeared, however, to be deserted. At least, so thought Duncan for many minutes; but, at length, he fancied he discovered several human forms, advancing towards him on all fours, and apparently dragging in their train some heavy, and, as he was quick to apprehend, some formidable engine. Just then a few dark-looking heads gleamed out of the dwellings, and the place seemed suddenly alive with beings, which, however, glided from cover to cover so swiftly, as to allow no opportunity of examining their humours or pursuits. Alarmed at these suspicious and inexplicable movements, he was about to attempt the signal of the crows, when the rustling of leaves at hand, drew his eyes in another direction.

The young man started, and recoiled a few paces instinctively, when he found himself within a hundred yards of a stranger Indian. Recovering his recollection on the instant, instead of sounding an alarm, which might prove fatal to himself, he remained stationary, an attentive observer of the other's motions.

An instant of calm observation, served to assure Duncan that he was undiscovered. The native, like himself, seemed occupied in considering the low dwellings of the village, and the stolen movements of its inhabitants. It was impossible to discover the expression of his features, through the grotesque masque of paint, under which they were concealed; though Duncan fancied it was rather melancholy than savage. His head was shaved, as usual, with the exception of the crown, from whose tuft three or four faded feathers, from a hawk's wing, were loosely dangling. A ragged calico mantle half encircled

his body, while his nether garment was composed of an ordinary shirt, the sleeves of which were made to perform the office that is usually executed by a much more commodious arrangement. His legs were bare, and sadly cut and torn by briars. The feet were, however, covered with a pair of good bear-skin moccasins. Altogether, the appearance of the individual was forlorn and miserable.

Duncan was still curiously observing the person of his neighbour, when the scout stole silently and cautiously to his side.

»You see we have reached their settlement or encampment, »whispered the young man; »and here is one of the savages himself in a very embarrassing position for our further movements.”

Hawk-eye started, and dropped his rifle, when, directed by the finger of his companion, the stranger came under his view. Then lowering the dangerous muzzle, he stretched forward his long neck, as if to assist a scrutiny that was already intensely keen.

»The imp is not a Huron,” he said, ”nor of any of the Canada tribes! and yet you see by his clothes, the knave has been plundering a white. Ay, Montcalm has raked the woods for his inroad, and a whooping, murdering set of varlets has he gathered together! Can you see where he has put his rifle, or his bow?”

»He appears to have no arms; nor does he seem to be viciously inclined. Unless he communicate the alarm to his fellows, who, as you see, are dodging about the water, we have but little to fear from him.”

The scout turned to Heyward, and regarded him a moment with unconcealed amazement. Then opening wide his mouth, he indulged in unrestrained and heartfelt laughter, though in that silent and peculiar manner, which danger had so long taught him to practice.

Repeating the words, »fellows who are dodging about the water!” he added, »so much for schooling, and passing a boyhood in the settlements! The knave has long legs though, and shall not be trusted. Do you keep him under your rifle, while I creep in behind, through the bush, and take him alive. Fire, on no account.”

that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned about nine hours; for when I awoke it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir:—for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a distinct but shrill voice: *Hekinah degul!* The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all the while, as the reader may suppose, in great uneasiness; at length struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my

hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a very great shout in a shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud: *Tolgo phonac!* when, in an instant I felt an hundred arrows or more discharged on my left hand which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff-jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed other-wise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times: *Langro dekul san!* Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and

Comp.

gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three that attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *Hurgo* (for so they call a great lord) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the King's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same man-

ner, and made signs for more:—but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first: *Hekinah degul!* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hog-heads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud: *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul!* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probab'ly might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I had made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of those diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council, that I must be conveyed I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me

well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand, that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again when I felt the smart of their arrows on my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *Hurgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and with cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout with frequent repetitions of the words *Peplom selan!* and I felt a great number of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn on my right and ease myself. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. The refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the Emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine. It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the Emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any Prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and

strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings where-with I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the Emperor who is a renowned patron of learning. This Prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twentytwo wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords of the bigness of packthreads, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of the soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awakened by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly

to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The Emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us: but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole Kingdom; which having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the King's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those which hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the Emperor ascended with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was issued to forbid it on pain of

death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut the strings that bound me, whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semi-circle; but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

SWIFT.

9. HOW Mr. PICKWICK DROVE, AND Mr. WINKLE RODE, TO MANOR FARM, DINGLEY DELL.

Bright and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leant over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature and waiting for breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind, than that to which it was presented.

On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half formed clouds

skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as their heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

Mr. Pickwick was roused from the agreeable reverie into which he had been led by the objects before him, by a deep sigh, and a touch on his shoulder. He turned round; and the dismal man was at his side.

»Contemplating the scene?» enquired the dismal man.

»I was”, said Mr. Pickwick.

»And congratulating yourself on being up so soon?”

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent.

»Ah people need, to rise early, to see the sun in all his splendour, for his brightness seldom lasts the day through. The morning of day and the morning of life are but too much alike.”

»You speak truly, Sir”, said Mr. Pickwick.

»How common the saying”, continued the dismal man »*the morning's too fine to last*”. How well might it be applied to our every-day existence. God! what would I forfeit to have the days of my childhood restored, or to be able to forget them for ever”!

»You have seen much trouble, sir”, said Mr. Pickwick compassionately.

»I have”, said the dismal man hurriedly; »I have. More than those who see me now would believe possible”. He paused for an instant, and then said, abruptly,

»Did it ever strike you on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace?”

»God bless me, no!” replied Mr. Pickwick edging a little from the balustrade, as the possibility of the dismal man's tipping him over, by way of experiment, occurred to him rather forcibly

»I have thought so, often”, said the dismal man without noticing the action. »The calm, cool water seems to me to murmur an invitation to repose and rest. A bound, a splash, a brief struggle; there is an eddy for an instant, it gradually subsides into a gentle ripple;

the waters have closed above your head, and the world has closed upon your miseries and misfortunes for ever". The sunken eye of the dismal man flashed brightly as he spoke, but the momentary excitement quickly subsided, and he turned calmly away, as he said —

»There, enough of that. I wish to see you on another subject. You invited me to read that paper, the night before last, and listened attentively while I did so".

»I did", replied Mr. Pickwick, »and I certainly thought"—

»I asked for no opinion", said the dismal man, interrupting him, »and I want none. You are travelling for amusement and instruction. Suppose I forwarded you a curious manuscript—observe not curious because wild or improbable, but curious as a leaf from the romance of real life. Would you communicate it to the club, of which you have spoken so frequently?"

»Certainly", replied Mr. Pickwick, »if you wished it; and it would be entered on their Transactions".

»You shall have it", replied the dismal man. »Your address?" and Mr. Pickwick having communicated their probable route, the dismal man carefully noted it down in a greasy pocket-book, and, resisting Mr. Pickwick's pressing invitation to breakfast, left that gentleman at his inn, and walked slowly away.

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers.

»Now about Manor Farm", said Mr. Pickwick, »how shall we go?"

»We had better consult the waiter, perhaps", said Mr. Tupman; and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

»Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen,—cross road— post-chaise, Sir?"

»Post-chaise won't hold more than two", said Mr. Pickwick.

True, Sir—beg your pardon, Sir.—Very nice four-wheel chaise, Sir—seat for two behind— one in front for the gentleman that drives—Oh! beg your pardon, Sir—that'll only hold three”.

»What's to be done?” said Mr. Snodgrass.

»Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, Sir”, suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; »very good saddle horses, Sir—any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, Sir”.

»The very thing”, said Mr. Pickwick. »Winkle, will go on horse-back?”

Now Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, »Certainly, I should enjoy it, of all things”.

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource.

»Let them be at the door by eleven”, said Mr. Pickwick.

»Very well, Sir”, replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition. Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

»Bless my soul!” said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. »Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that”.

»Oh! you, of course”, said Mr. Tupman.

»Of course”, said Mr. Snodgrass.

»I!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

»Not the slightest fear, Sir”, interposed the hostler.
»Warrant him quiet, Sir; an infant in arms might drive him”.

»He don’t shy, does he?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

»Shy, Sir? He wouldn’t shy, Sir, if he was to meet a waggon-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off”.

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin: Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it, for that purpose.

»Now, shiny William”, said the hostler to the deputy hostler, »give the gen’lm’n the reins”. Shiny William—so called probably from his sleek air and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick’s left hand, and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

»Wo—o!” cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

»Wo—o!” echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

»Only his playfulness, gen’lm’n”, said the head hostler encouragingly; »just catch hold on him, William”. The deputy restrained the animal’s impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

»T’other side, Sir, if you please”.

»Blowed, if the gen’lm’n worn’t a gettin’ up on the wrong side”, whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

»All right?” inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

»All right”, replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

»Let ’em go” cried the hostler—»Hold him in, Sir”; and away went the chaise, and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

»What makes him go sideways?» said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

»I can't imagine'', replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this, or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly, every now and then, to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

»What *can* he mean by this?» said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the twentieth time.

»I don't know'' replied Mr. Tupman. »It *looks* very like shying, don't it?» Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

»Wo—o!» said that gentleman, »I have dropped my whip''.

»Winkle'', cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of his exercise. »Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow''. Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points

upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle, had no sooner touched the reins, than it slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

»Poor fellow", said Mr. Winkle soothingly—»poor fellow—good old horse". The »poor fellow" was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and his horse going round and round each other for ten minutes; at the end of which time, each was precisely at the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

»What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. »What am I to do? I can't get on him!"

»You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike" replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

»But he won't come" roared Mr. Winkle. »Do come and hold him".

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge; lest anything should come along the road and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets,

fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

»Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, »there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the fourwheeled chaise behind, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the fourwheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public-house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign-post in front, one or two deformed hay-ricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion, all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—»Hallo there!" The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared long and coolly at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

»Hallo there!" repeated Mr. Pickwick.

»Hallo!" was the red-headed man's reply.

»How far is it to Dingly Dell?"

»Better nor seven mile”.

»Is it a good road?”

»No t’an’t”. Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

»We want to put this horse up here”, said Mr. Pickwick. »I suppose we can, can’t we?”

»Want to put that ere horse up, do you?” repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

»Of course”, replied Mr. Pickwick, who by this time had advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

»Missus!” roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—
»Missus!”

A tall bony woman— straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her armpits, responded to the call.

»Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?” said Mr. Tupman, advancing and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

»No”, replied the woman after a little consideration, »I’m afraid of it”.

»Afraid!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick »What’s the woman afraid of?”

»It got us in trouble the last time,” said the woman turning into the house. »I won’t have nothing to say to him”.

»Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life!” said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

»I—I—really believe” whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him »that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner”.

»What!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

»Hallo, you fellow!” said the angry Mr. Pickwick, »do you think we stole this horse?”

»I’m sure you did”, replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular

organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house and banged the door after him.

»It's like a dream, ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, »a hideous dream. The idea of a man walking about, all day, with a dreadful horse he can't get rid of!"

The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon, when the four friends, and their fourfooted companion, turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm; and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped, as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings, by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

»Why, where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman. »I've been waiting for you all day. »Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! no hurt I hope—eh? Well, I *am* glad to hear that—very. So you've been spilt—eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable.

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman condoling with his guests in homely phrase, on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

»We'll have you put to rights here", said the old gentleman »and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlour. Emma, bring out the cherry brandy; now, Jane, a needle and thread, here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about".

Three or four buxom girls speedily dispersed in search of the different articles in requisition, while a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for although it was a May evening, their attachment to the wood fire appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas), and dived into some obscure recess, from which they speedily produced a bottle of blacking and some half-dozen brushes.

»Bustle”, said the old gentleman again: but the admonition was quite unnecessary, for one of the girls poured out the cherry brandy, and another brought in the towels, and one of the men suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, at the imminent hazard of throwing him off his balance, brushed away at his foot, till his corns were red-hot, while the other shampooed Mr. Winkle with a heavy clothes brush, indulging, during the operation in that hissing sound, which hostlers are wont to produce, when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

Mr. Snodgrass, having concluded his ablutions, took a survey of the room, while standing with his back to the fire, sipping his cherry brandy with heartfelt satisfaction. He describes it as a large apartment, with a red brick floor, and a capacious chimney; the ceiling garnished with hams, sides of bacon, and ropes of onions. The walls were decorated with several hunting whips, two or three bridles, a saddle and an old rusty blunderbuss, with an inscription below it that it was »Loaded” — as it had been, on the same authority, for half a century at least. An old eight-day clock of solemn and sedate demeanour, ticked gravely in one corner; and a silver watch, of equal antiquity, dangled from one of the many hooks which ornamented the dresser.

»Ready?” said the old gentleman enquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied.

»Quite” replied M. Pickwick.

»Come along then;” and the party having traversed several dark passages, arrived at the parlour door.

»Welcome,” said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them. »Welcome, Gentlemen, to Manor Farm!”

10. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SURPRISE AND ALARM AT FINDING THE PRINT OF A HUMAN FOOT ON THE SHORE.

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised at the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued, whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind, than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practise of all creatures in fear: but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal

imagination to myself, even though I was now a great way off from it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the Devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take a human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way; I considered that the Devil might have found out abundance of other ways to terrify me, than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea, upon a high wind, would have defaced entirely; all this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the Devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz. that it must be some of the savages of the main land over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I should have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be there abouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me; then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in great numbers, and

devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, and carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God, which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve, by His power, the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof, that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn before hand so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of providence is the life of man; and by what secret different springs are the affections hurried about as different circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehension of; this was exemplified in me, at this time, in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life, that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say I now trembled at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot in the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterwards, when

I had a little recovered my first surprise. I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me; that, as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute His sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit, and who, as I was a creature who had offended Him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment He thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear His indignation, because I had sinned against Him. I then reflected that God who was not only righteous, but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do so, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and, on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily providence.

These thoughts took up many hours, days, nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit, viz. one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thoughts about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much; upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, »Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance: when I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words it presented to me were, »Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart, wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer, I thankfully laid down the book, and was no more sad, at least, on that occasion.

In the middle of these cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thoughts one day, that all this might be a chimera of my own; and that this foot

might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat; this cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than any body.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provisions; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water; then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then, to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made any one think I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened, and so, indeed, I had. However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot: but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore any

where thereabouts; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapours again to the highest degree: so that I shook with cold like one in an ague: and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

O what ridiculous resolutions men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

DE FOE.

might be the print of my own foot, when I came on shore from my boat; this cheered me up a little too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot; and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also, that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if, at last, this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of spectres and apparitions, and then are frightened at them more than any body.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights, so that I began to starve for provisions; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water; then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion; and the poor creatures were in great pain and inconvenience for want of it; and, indeed, it almost spoiled some of them, and almost dried up their milk. Heartening myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then, to lay down my basket and run for my life, it would have made any one think I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frightened, and so, indeed, I had. However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot: but when I came to the place, first, it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat, I could not possibly be on shore any

where thereabouts; secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapours again to the highest degree: so that I shook with cold like one in an ague: and I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

O what ridiculous resolutions men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief.

DE FOE.

another point, as the flame beneath glided ahead, leaving all behind enveloped in awful darkness, and proclaiming louder than words the character of the imminent and rapidly approaching danger.

»This is terrible!» exclaimed Middleton, folding the trembling Inez to his heart. »At such a time as this, and in such a manner! But we are men, and will make a struggle for our lives! How now, my brave and spirited friends, shall we yet mount and push across the flames, or shall we stand here and see those we most love perish in this frightful manner without an effort?»

»I am for a swarming-time, and a flight before the hive is too hot to hold us,» said the bee-hunter, to whom it will be at once seen that the half-distracted Middleton addressed himself. »Come, old trapper, you must acknowledge this is but a slow way of getting out of danger. If we tarry here much longer, it will be in the fashion that the bees lie around the straw after the hive has been smoked for its honey. You may hear the fire begin to roar already; and I know by experience, that when the flame once gets fairly into the prairie-grass, it is no sloth that can outrun it.»

»Think you,» returned the old man, pointing scornfully at the mazes of the dry and matted grass which environed them, »that mortal feet can outstrip the speed of fire on such a path?»

»What say you, friend doctor,» cried the bewildered Paul, turning to the naturalist with that sort of helplessness with which the strong are often apt to seek aid of the weak when human power is baffled by the hand of a mightier Being — »what say you; have you no advice to give away in a case of life and death?»

The naturalist stood, tablets in hand, looking at the awful spectacle with as much composure as though the conflagration had been lighted in order to solve the difficulties of some scientific problem. Aroused by the question of his companion, he turned to his equally calm though differently occupied associate, the trapper, demanding, with the most provoking insensibility to the urgent nature of their situation — »Venerable hunter, you have often witnessed similar prismatic experiments» —

He was rudely interrupted by Paul, who struck the tablets from his hands with a violence that betrayed the utter intellectual confusion which had overset the equanimity of his mind. Before time was allowed for remonstrance, the old man, who had continued during the whole scene like one much at a loss how to proceed, though also like one who was rather perplexed than alarmed, suddenly assumed a decided air, as if he no longer doubted on the course it was most advisable to pursue.

»It is time be doing," he said, interrupting the controversy that was about to ensue between the naturalist and the bee-hunter; "it is time to leave off books and moanings and to be doing."

»You have come to your recollections too late, miserable old man," cried Middleton »the flames are within a quarter of a mile of us; and the wind is bringing them down in this quarter with dreadful rapidity."

»Anan! the flames! I care but little for the flames. If I only knew how to circumvent the cunning of the Tetons, as I know how to cheat the fire of its prey, there would be nothing needed but thanks to the Lord for our deliverance. Do you call this a fire? If you had seen what I have witnessed in the eastern hills, when mighty mountains were like the furnace of a smith, you would have known what it was to fear the flames, and to be thankful that you were spared! Come, lads, come: 'tis time to be doing now, and to cease talking; for yonder curling flame is truly coming on like a trotting moose. Put hands upon this short and withered grass where we stand, and lay bare the earth."

»Would you think to deprive the fire of its victims in this childish manner?" exclaimed Middleton.

A faint but solemn smile passed over the features of the old man as he answered: »Your grandfather would have said, that when the enemy was nigh, a soldier could do no better than to obey."

The captain felt the reproof, and instantly began to imitate the industry of Paul, who was tearing the decayed herbage from the ground in a sort of desperate compliance with the trapper's direction. Even Ellen lent her hands to the labour, nor was it long before Inez was seen similarly

employed, though none amongst them knew why or wherefore. When life is thought to be the reward of labour, men are wont to be industrious. A very few moments sufficed to lay bare a spot of some twenty feet in diameter. Into one edge of this little area the trapper brought the females, directing Middleton and Paul to cover their light and inflammable dresses with the blankets of the party. So soon as this precaution was observed, the old man approached the opposite margin of the grass, which still environed them in a tall and dangerous circle, and selecting a handful of the driest of the herbage, he placed it over the pan of his rifle. The light combustible kindled at the flash. Then he placed the flame into a bed of the standing fog, and, withdrawing from the spot to the centre of the ring, he patiently awaited the result.

The subtle element seized with avidity upon its new fuel, and in a moment forked flames were gliding among the grass, as the tongues of ruminating animals are seen rolling among their food apparently in quest of its sweetest portions.

»Now,» said the old man, holding up a finger, and laughing in his peculiarly silent manner, »you shall see fire fight fire! Ah's me! many is the time I have burnt a smooth path from wanton laziness to pick my way across a tangled bottom.»

»But is this not fatal?» cried the amazed Middleton; »are you not bringing the enemy nigher to instead of avoiding it?»

»Do you scorch so easily? — your grandfather had a tougher skin. But we shall live to see; we shall all live to see.»

The experience of the trapper was in the right. As the fire gained strength and heat, it began to spread on three sides, dying of itself on the fourth for want of aliment. As it increased, and the sullen roaring announced its power, it cleared everything before it, leaving the black and smoking soil far more naked than if the scythe had swept the place. The situation of the fugitives would have still been hazerdous had not the area enlarged as the flame encircled them. But by advancing to the spot where the trapper had kindled the grass, they avoided the heat, and in a very few moments the flames began to recede in every quarter, leaving them enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but perfectly safe

from the torrent of fire that was still furiously rolling onward.

The spectators regarded the simple expedient of the trapper with that species of wonder with which the courtiers of Ferdinand are said to have viewed the manner in which Columbus made his egg to stand on its end, though with feelings that were filled with gratitude instead of envy.

»Most wonderful!" said Middleton, when he saw the complete success of the means by which they had been rescued from a danger that he had conceived to be unavoidable. »The thought was a gift from Heaven, and the hand that executed it should be immortal!"

»Old trapper," cried Paul, thrusting his fingers through his shaggy locks, »I have lined many a loaded bee into his hole, and know something of the nature of the woods, but this is robbing a hornet of his sting without touching the insect!"

»It will do — it will do," returned the old man, who after the first moment of his success, seemed think no more of the exploit. . . . »Let the flames do their work for a short half-hour, and then we will mount. That time is needed to cool the meadow, for these unshod beasts are tender on the hoof as a barefooted girl."

The veteran, on whose experience they all so implicitly relied for protection, employed himself in reconnoitring objects in the distance, through the openings which the air occasionally made in the immense bodies of smoke, that by this time lay in enormous piles on every part of the plain.

J. F. COOPER.

2. THE ROOKERY.

In a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crowns a terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an ancient rookery, which is one of the most important provinces in the squire's rural domains. The old gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not suffer one of them to be killed; in consequence of which they have increased amazingly; the tree-tops are loaded with their nests; they have encroached upon the great avenue, and have even established, in times long past, a colony among the elms and pines of the church-yard, which, like

other distant colonies, has already thrown off allegiance to the mother-country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state; as their building so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousin-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are among nations, the least loving in consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old established housekeepers, highminded gentlefolks, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home; »their hands are against every body, and every body's against them,» and they are gibbeted in every corn field.

The squire is very watchful over the interest and concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by sight, and to have given names to several, which he says are old heads of families, and compares them to worthy old citizens, aforehand in the world, that wear cocked-hats, and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protecting benevolence of the squire, and their being residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy. Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach of gun shot; and, notwithstanding their vicinity to the hall, they maintain a most reserved and mistrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the pride

of the loftiest highflyer; which is the season of building their nests. This takes place early in spring, when the forest trees first begin to show their buds; the long withy ends of the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry, and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the daisy and the primrose peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes; an incessant fluttering about, and a cheerful chirping; indicative, like the germination of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stateliness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging on the breezy tree-tops, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth they are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of the gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on the pains-taking and industrious character of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity, in search of building materials. Every now and then your path will be crossed by one of these busy old gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, and then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a rafter for his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; fearing, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and do like those most which come from a distanee. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding trees, yet they never think of making use of them, but go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning what, I grieve to say,

rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contest, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanour; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house. I have been amused with another of their movements during the building season. The steward has suffered a considerable number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house, somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks this an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a stately old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen; the rest of the rookery would then come wheeling down, in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three cawing, and fluttering,

and battling upon her back. Whether they required the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among the rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of »rook shooting;” a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village charges »with all its chivalry.” Every idle wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby’s school, take the field on the occasion. In vain does the little parson interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the churchyard; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being no great marksmen, their shots are not often effective; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case; bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad scufflings on the tree-tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes of the rookery. Their field of battle is generally the air; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner; wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the ’vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from the territories by a *posse comitatus*. They are also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old bachelor owl that had long had his lodgings in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly ejected by the rooks; and has retired, disgusted with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The hootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the still evenings, when the rooks are all at rest; and I have often listened to them on a moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratification. This gray-bearded misanthrope of course is highly respected by the squire, but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairymaid to venture after dark to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often bring distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true baronial spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue from their castles on a forage, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air beyond the park boundaries, they have the incaution to come within the reach of the truant bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a slight shot from some unlucky urchin's arrow. In each case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and, giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang dangling »all abroad" on a bough, like a thief on a gibbet; an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But maugre all these untoward incidents, the rooks

have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their ethereal heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with outstretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off, like a sable cloud, and then, nearer and nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the hall and garden, wheeling closer, until they gradually settle down upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusky groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose; and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hooting from his bachelor's hall, in the wood.

W. IRVING.

3. RESIDENCE OF THE ABYSSINIAN PRINCES.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, sur-

rounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage, by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks and every mouth dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days, every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted.

All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

JOHNSON.

4. THE AMPHITHEATRE OF TITUS.

Posterity admires, and will long admire the awful remains of the amphitheatre of Titus, which so well deserved the epithet of colossal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth; founded on fourscore arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease above fourscore thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages, and staircases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion.

Nothing was omitted which in any respect could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful smell of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena or stage was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides; at another it exhibited the rugged rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water, and what had just before appeared a level plain, might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep.

In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read

that, on various occasions, the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber. The poet who describes the games of Carinus, in the character of a shepherd, attracted to the capital by the fame of their magnificence, affirms, that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts, were of gold wire; that the porticoes were gilded; and that the belt or circle which divided the several ranks of spectators from each other, was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones.

GIBBON.

5. THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Of all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about one hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago.

Having been informed, says he, by the natives of Paros, that in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, which, by its gloom, at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered, boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary

appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

We had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place, and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, ventured with a flambeau in his hand into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it about a quarter of an hour, he returned bearing in his hand some beautiful pieces of white spar, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him, about fifty paces anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious amphitheatre (if I may so call it) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering, or a more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid icicles, trans-

parent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling: the sides were regularly formed with spars, and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberation were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of a church.

Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six feet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think fit to inform us. This account of so beautiful and striking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.

GOLDSMITH.

6. THE PORTENTOUS TOWER OF TOLEDO.

The morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the

gate of the city, at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

This wondrous edifice was round, and of great height and grandeur; erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper, and various-coloured marbles, not larger than a man's hand: so subtly joined however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvellous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away; and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed, at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone; the only entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship, and in the fashion of different centuries which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ^{ancient} guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals, ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary-headed men drew back with terror. »Alas!» cried they, »what is it your majesty requires of us. Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?»

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation, within the memory of man; and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

»Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, »I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys, the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts; whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that, with all their eagerness and strength, a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.)

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. »Whatever is within this tower," said they, »is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell: venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however did one after another exert his strength; and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate; though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immoveable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalise themselves in this redoutable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, overcome by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision. Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air. He then led the way into the interior; but, though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall, or antechamber, on the opposite side of which was a door; and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the colour of bronze, and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure; for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed, in large letters, »I do my duty." »After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity: »Whatever thou be," said he, »know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sumptuous architecture, difficult to be described. The walls were incrustated with the most precious gems, so joined together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. The lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studded with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. There was neither wood, nor any other common or base material to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no windows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radiant light was spread throughout the place, which seemed to shine from the walls, and to render every object distinctly visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster of the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed in Greek characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, had founded this tower in the year of the world three thousand and six. Upon the table stood a golden casket, richly set round with precious stones, and closed with a lock of mother-of-pearl; and on the lid were inscribed the following words: —

»In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tower. The hand of none but a king can open it; but let him

beware! for marvellous events will be revealed to him, which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. The venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, and made a last remonstrance. »Forbear, my son!" said he; »desist while there is yet time. Look not into the mysterious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them in mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

»What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future!" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. »If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation: if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanour, clad in turbans and robes of various colours, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimitars hanging from their necks, and crossbows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed in Greek characters: »Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the motion, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud: and the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one pres-

ent could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows, and the hurling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot, the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amidst the flying squadrons, King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was turned towards him, but whose armour and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal; and on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air; and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The King ordered that the iron portal should be closed; but the door was immovable; and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and

mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest, and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore, issued forth with his cavaliers and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth into a blaze as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of those ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

W. IRVING.

7. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'S RETREAT IN HIS ADVERSITY.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a

sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted but of one story, and was covered with thatch which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children. The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would

pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest and best, was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well so ever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, I found them still secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces and ribands; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be drest early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, drest out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command, but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. — »Surely, my dear, you jest", cried my wife »we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now". — »You mistake child", returned I, »we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us". — »Indeed", replied my wife, »I always imagined that my Charles was fond of

seeing his children neat and handsome about him". — »You may be as neat as you please", interrupted I, »and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children", continued I more gravely, »those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain".

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

GOLDSMITH.

8. CAPTURE OF A CAYMAN.

The Indian had made his instrument to take the Cayman. It was very simple; there were four pieces of tough, hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as your little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of a rope in such a manner, that if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head, so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrowhead, while the other end of the sticks expanded at equal distances round the rope. Now it is evident, that if the Cayman swallowed this, (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree) the more he pulled, the faster the barbs would stick in his stomach. The wooden hook, if you may so call it, was well baited with flesh, and the entrails were twisted round the rope for about a foot above it. Nearly a mile from where we

had our hammocks, the sandbank was steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian pricked a stick into the sand. It was two feet long, and on its extremity was fixed the machine: it hung suspended about a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand. The Indian then took the empty shell of a land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with an axe. I asked him, why he did that. He said, it was to let the Cayman hear that something was going on. In fact the Indian meant it as the Cayman's dinner bell. Having done this, he went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again to morning.

During the night the Jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, as though the world was going wrong with them, and at intervals we could hear the distant Caymans. The roaring of the Jaguars was awful, but it was music to the dismal noise of these hideous and malicious reptiles. About half past five in the morning the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place he set up a tremendous shout. We all jumped out of our hammocks, and ran to him. We found a Cayman, ten and a half feet long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the Creek; there was my own Indian, Jan Daddy Quashi; a negro, called James; Mr. Edmonston's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and lastly myself. I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said, I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the Cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference. Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice: he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologized for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they

asked me, if I would allow them to shoot half a dozen of arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would ruin all. I had come about three hundred miles on purpose to get a Cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful look upon the Indians. Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead for fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the Cayman's jaws. There then we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

I now walked up and down, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down on one knee, and held the mast in the same position, as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the Cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river. Brave squads, said I to myself, now that you have got me between yourselves and danger! I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were four South-American savages, two negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire. In fact a strange group in dress and language. Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers; it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair.

The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all my people at the end of the rope and ordered them to pull, till the Cayman appeared on the surface of the water, and then let

him go again into the deep. I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand, and sunk down upon one knee, about two yards from the water's edge, determined to thrust it down the Cayman's throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. The people pulled the Cayman to the surface: he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again, on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly with my eye fixed steadfastly on him. By this time, the Cayman was within a few yards from me, and I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation. I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in the right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back, and thus they served me for a bridle.

He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of the reach of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and to strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous that it was some time, before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under the water with the Cayman. The people now dragged me above forty yards on the sand. After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the Cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome and again remained quiet. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended

our hammocks. Here I cut his throat, and after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection.

WATERTON.

9. THE CATARACT OF NIAGARA.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract, on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions; and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smooking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first, the sky was obscured by clouds; but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze, subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiv-

ing the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough (as I had), may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by laying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rocks, and loses, as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect, seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horse-shoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles — nay, much further when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished

a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet, perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces fossil shells and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps. Rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, viz. that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the

Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff; and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled round me: however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferryboat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surprising grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene. Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and

fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dewdrops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds of spray, accompanied by thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

HOWISON.

10. TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS FROM THE KENT TO THE CAMBRIA.

It was at this appalling instant, when all hope that we should be saved was now taken away, that it occurred to Mr. Thomson the fourth mate, to send a man to the foretop, rather with the ardent wish, than the expectation, that some friendly sail might be discovered on the face of the waters. The sailor, on mounting, threw his eyes round the horizon for a moment, — a moment of unutterable suspense, — and, waving his hat, exclaimed, »a sail on the lee bow!" The joyful announcement was received with deepfelt thanksgivings, and with three cheers upon deck. Our flags of distress were instantly hoisted, and our minute guns fired; and we endeavoured to bear down under our three topsails and foresail upon the stranger, which afterwards proved to be the Cambria, a small brig of two hundred tons burden — Cook —

bound to Vera Cruz, having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and other agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company.

For ten or fifteen minutes we were left in doubt whether the brig perceived our signals, or, perceiving them, was either disposed or able to lend us any assistance. From the violence of the gale, it seems that the report of our guns was not heard; but the ascending volumes of smoke from the ship sufficiently announced the dreadful nature of our distress; and we had the satisfaction, after a short period of dark suspense, to see the brig hoist British colours, and crowd all sail to hasten to our relief.

Although it was impossible, and would have been improper to repress the rising hopes that were pretty generally diffused amongst us by the unexpected sight of the Cambria, yet I confess, that when I reflected on the long period our ship had been already burning — on the tremendous sea that was running — on the extreme smallness of the brig, and the immense number of human beings to be saved, — I could only venture to hope that a few might be spared; but I durst not for a moment contemplate the possibility of my own preservation.

While Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, and Major Macgregor of the thirty-first regiment, were consulting together as the brig was approaching us, on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats, &c. one of the officers asked Major M. in what order it was intended the officers should move off; to which the other replied, »Of course in funeral order?» which injunction was instantly confirmed by Colonel Fearon, who said, »Most indoubtedly the juniors first — but see that any man is cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the means of escape are presented to the women and children.»

To prevent the rush to the boats, as they were being lowered, which, from certain symptoms of impatience manifested both by soldiers and sailors, there was reason to fear; some of the military officers were stationed over them with drawn swords. But from the firm determination which these exhibited, and the great subordination observed, with few exceptions, by the troops, [this proper precaution was afterwards rendered unnecessary.

Arrangements having been considerably made by Captain Cobb for placing in the first boat, previous to letting it down, all the ladies, and as many of the soldiers' wives as it could safely contain, they hurriedly wrapt themselves up in whatever articles of clothing could be most conveniently found; and I think about two, or half past two o'clock a most mournful procession advanced from the after-cabins to the starboard, outside of which the cutter was suspended. Scarcely a word was uttered — not a scream was heard — even the infants ceased to cry, as if conscious of the unspoken and unspeakable anguish that was at that instant rending the hearts of their parting parents — nor was the silence of voices in any way broken, except in one or two cases, where the ladies plaintively entreated permission to be left behind with their husbands. But being assured that every moment's delay might occasion the sacrifice of a human life, they successively suffered themselves to be torn from the tender embrace, and with the fortitude which never fails to characterise and adorn their sex on occasions of overwhelming trial, were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was immediately lowered into a sea so tempestuous, as to leave us only "to hope against hope" that it should live in it for a single moment. Twice the cry was heard from those on the chains that the boat was swamping. But He who enabled the Apostle Peter to walk on the face of the deep, and was graciously attending to the silent but earnest aspirations of those on board, had decreed its safety.

Although Captain Cobb had used every precaution to diminish the danger of the boat's descent, and for this purpose stationed a man with an axe to cut away the tackle from either extremity should the slightest difficulty occur in unhooking it; yet the peril attending the whole operation, which can only be adequately estimated by nautical men, had very nearly proved fatal to its numerous inmates.

After one or two unsuccessful attempts to place the little frail bark fairly upon the surface of the water, the command was at length given to unhook; the tackle at the stern was in consequence immediately cleared;

but the ropes at the bow having got foul, the sailor there found it impossible to obey the order. In vain was the axe applied to the entangled tackle. The moment was inconceivably critical; as the boat, which necessarily followed the motion of the ship, was gradually rising out of the water, and must, in another instant, have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, and its helpless passengers launched into the deep, had not a most providential wave suddenly struck and lifted up the stern, so as to enable the seamen to disengage the tackle; and the boat, being dexterously cleared from the ship, was seen, after a little while, from the poop, battling with the billows; now raised, in its progress to the brig, like a speck on their summit, and then disappearing for several seconds, as if engulfed »in the horrid vale” between them.

The Cambria having prudently lain to at some distance from the Kent, lest she should be involved in her explosion, or exposed to the fire from our guns, which, being all shotted, afterwards went off as the flames successively reached them, the men had a considerable way to row; and the success of this first experiment seeming to be the measure of our future hopes, the movements of this precious boat — incalculably precious, without doubt, to the agonized husbands and fathers immediately connected with it — were watched with intense anxiety by all on board. The better to balance the boat in the raging sea, through which it had to pass, and to enable the seamen to ply their oars, the women and children were stowed promiscuously under the seats; and consequently exposed to the risk of being drowned by the continual dashing of the spray over their heads, which so filled the boat during the passage, that, before their arrival at the brig, the poor females were sitting up to the breast in water, and their children kept with the greatest difficulty above it.

However, in the course of twenty minutes, or half an hour, the little cutter was seen alongside the »ark of refuge;” and the first human being that happened to be admitted, out of the vast assemblage that ultimately found shelter there, was the infant son of Major Mac-

gregor, a child of only a few weeks, who was caught from his mother's arms, and lifted into the brig by Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate of the Kent, the officer who had been ordered to take the charge of the ladies' boat.

But the extreme difficulty and danger presented to the women and children in getting into the Cambria seemed scarcely less imminent than that which they had previously encountered; for, to prevent the boat from swamping, or being stove against the side of the brig, while its passengers were disembarking from it, required no ordinary exercise of skill and perseverance on the part of the sailors, nor of self-possession and effort on that of the females themselves. On coming alongside the Cambria, Captain Cook very judiciously called out first for the children, who were successively thrown or handed up from the boat. The women were then urged to avail themselves of every favourable heave of the sea, by springing towards the many friendly arms that were extended from the vessel to receive them; and, notwithstanding the deplorable consequence of making a false step under such critical circumstances, not a single accident occurred to any individual belonging to this first boat. Indeed, the only one whose life appears to have been placed in extreme jeopardy alongside, was one of the ladies, who, in attempting to spring from the boat, came short of the hand that was held out to her, and would certainly have perished, had she not most happily caught hold at the instant of a rope that happened to be hanging, over the Cambria's side, to which she clung for some moments, until she was dragged into the vessel.

ANONYMOUS.

II. A FIRE IN DUBLIN.

It was the dreadful fire that broke out at the druggist's stores in Castle Street; crammed with combustibles, and as closely crammed on every side with buildings, whose every room contained a family. The best of it was that it was not yet eleven o'clock; the watch were all awake; the police on the alert; the military in the neighbourhood, so near the Castle; and the families in the street were

not retired to rest. All was life, though it was the hour of repose; and all was light, though the sky was as dark as December midnight. They attempted to ascend Cork-hill; that was rendered impassable by the crowd; and winding another way through lanes, of which the reader may be spared the names, they got into Fishamble Street. Many fearful intimations of the danger struck them there. — The hollow rolling of the fire-engines, so distinct in their sound; the cries of »clear the way!" from the crowd, who opened their dense tumultuous mass for the passage, and instantly closed again; the trampling of the cavalry on the wet pavement, threatening, backing, facing among the crowd; the terrible hollow knocking on the pavement, to break open the pipes for water, which was but imperfectly supplied; the bells of all the neighbouring churches, St. John's, St. Werburgh's, St. Bride's, and the deep tremendous toll of Christ Church, mingled with, but heard above all, as if it summoned the sufferers to prepare, not for life but for death, and poured a kind of defiance on the very efforts it was rung to invite them to. All this came at once on them as they entered Fishamble Street, from a wretched lane, through which they had been feeling their way. They emerged from it; *and when they did*, the horrors of the conflagration burst on them at once. The fire, confined within the sphere of its action, amidst warehouses thickly enclosed, burst in terrible volumes above the tops of the houses, and seemed like a volcano, of which no one could see the crater.

On the steps of St. John's church, a number were collected. They had snatched the furniture from their miserable lodgings; piled it up in the street, where the guard were watching it, and now sat patiently in the open air to see their habitations reduced to ashes, unknowing where they were to rest their heads that night.

All the buildings in the neighbourhood were strongly illuminated by the fire, and still more strongly (though partially from time to time) by lights held out by the inhabitants from their windows, from the shops to the attics, six stories high; and the groups below flashing out in the light, and disappearing in the darkness, their

upturned faces, marked with the shifting traces of fear, horror, defiance, and despair, presented a subject for Salvator. No banditti in the darkest woods of the Apennines, illuminated only by lightning, ever showed more fearful wildness of expression, or picturesque distortion of attitude. Just then the flame sunk for a moment, but, rising again, instantly poured forth a volume of light, that set the whole horizon in a blaze. There was a shriek from the crowd, that seemed rather like the cry of triumph than despair. It is certain that a people like the Irish, whose imagination is stronger than any other of their intellectual faculties, can utter cries of delight at the sight of a splendid conflagration that is consuming their dwellings.

The last burst of flames produced a singular effect. The buildings in Castle Street (below the range of the illumination) lay in complete darkness — darkness more intense from the surrounding light, and the tower and spire of St. Werburgh's, (it had *then* a fantastically elegant spire), by their height in the horizon, caught the whole effect of the fire, and appeared like a fairy palace of flame, blazing and built among the clouds.

MATURIN.

12. A TEMPEST.

It was a murky confusion — here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel — of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many

times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich — very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London: and found a cluster of people in the market place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn

with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women, whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

DICKENS.

V.

HISTORICAL PIECES.

I. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

The Battle of Blenheim was fought in 1704, in the war between the French and the Bavarians, and the Austrians, aided by the English with an army under the command of the Duke of Marlborough, who acted in conjunction with Prince Eugene. The forces of these two generals met at the camp of Munster on the 11th of August. On the following day, the enemy were observed advantageously posted on a hill near Hochstadt, their right being covered by the Danube and the village of Blenheim, their left by the village of Luttingen, and their front by a rivulet.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the generals resolved to attack them immediately, rather than lie inactive until their forage and provision should be consumed. The dispositions being made for the attack, and the orders communicated to the general officers, the forces advanced into the plain on the 13th of August, and were ranged in order of Battle; the cannonading began about nine in the morning, and continued on both sides till one in the afternoon; the French and Bavarians amounted to about 100,000 men; marshall Tallard commanded on the right, and posted seven and twenty battalions, with twelve squadrons, in the village of Blenheim, supposing that there the allies would make their chief effort; their left was conducted by the elector of

Bavaria, assisted by Marsin, a French general of experience and capacity: the number of the confederates did not exceed five and fifty; their right was under the direction of prince Eugene, and their left commanded by the duke of Marlborough. At noon the action was begun by a body of English and Hessians under major-general Wilkes, who having passed the rivulet, and filed off to the left in the face of the enemy, attacked the village of Blenheim with great vigor, but were repulsed after three successive attempts; meanwhile the troops in the centre, and part of the right wing, passed the rivulet on planks in different places, and formed on the other side without any molestation from the enemy; at length, however, they were charged by the French horse with such impetuosity, and so terribly galled in flank by the troops posted at Blenheim, that they fell into disorder, and part of them repassed the rivulet; but a reinforcement of dragoons coming up, the French cavalry were broken in their turn, and driven to the very edges of the village of Blenheim; the left wing of the confederates being now completely formed, ascended the hill in a firm compacted body, charging the enemy's horse, which could no longer stand their ground, but rallied several times.

The fate of the day was now more than half decided; the French cavalry, being vigorously attacked in flank, were totally defeated, part of them endeavoured to gain the bridge which they had thrown over the Danube between Hochstadt and Blenheim; but they were so closely pursued, that those who escaped the slaughter threw themselves into the river, where they perished: Tallard, being surrounded, was taken near a mill behind the village of Sonderen, together with the marquis of Montperouz, general of horse, the major-generals Sepperville, de Sully, de la Vallière, and many other officers of distinction. Whilst these occurrences passed on at the left wing, Martin's quarters at the village of Obesklau, in the centre, were attacked by ten battalions, and the prince of Holsteinbeck, who passed the rivulet with undaunted resolution; but, before he could form his men on the other side, he was overpowered by numbers, mor-

tally wounded, and taken prisoner; his battalions, being supported by some Danish and Hanoverian cavalry, renewed the charge, and were again repulsed; at length the Duke of Marlborough in person brought up some fresh squadrons from the body of reserve, and compelled the enemy to retire. By this time, prince Eugene had obliged the left wing of the enemy to give ground, after having surmounted a great number of difficulties, sustained a very obstinate opposition, and seen his cavalry, in which his chief strength seemed to lie, rally as the enemy gave way.

Tallard in order to make a vigorous effort, ordered ten battalions to fill up the intervals of his cavalry: the duke, perceiving his design, sent three battalions of the troops of Zell to sustain his horse; nevertheless, the line was a little disordered by the prodigious fire from the French infantry, and even obliged to recoil about sixty paces; but the confederates advancing to the charge with redoubled ardor, routed the French horse; and their battalions being thus abandoned, were cut into pieces.

Tallard, having rallied his broken cavalry behind some tents that were still standing, resolved to draw off the troops he had posted in the village of Blenheim, and sent an aid-de-camp to Marsin, who was with the elector of Bavaria on the left, to desire he would face the confederates with some troops to the right of the village of Oberklau, so as to keep them in play, and favor the retreat of the forces from Blenheim; that officer assured him, he was so far from being in a condition to spare troops, that he could hardly maintain his ground.

Three times repulsed, the duke of Marlborough had no sooner defeated the right wing, than he made a disposition to reinforce the prince, when he understood, from an aid-de-camp, that his highness had no occasion for assistance; and that the elector, with Monsieur de Marsin, had abandoned Oberklau and Luttingen: they were pursued as far as the villages of Morselingen and Reissenhoven, from whence they retreated to Dillingen and Lawengen.

The confederates being now masters of the field of battle, surrounded the village of Blenheim, in which, as

we have already observed, seven and twenty battalions and twelve squadrons were posted; seeing themselves cut off from all communication with the rest of their army, and despairing of being able to force their way through the allies, capitulated about eight in the evening, laid down their arms, delivered their colors and standards, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war, on condition that the officers should not be rifled.

This was one of the most glorious and complete victories that ever was obtained; 10,000 Frensch and Bavarians were left dead on the field of battle; the greater part of thirty squadrons of horse and dragons perished in the river Danube; 13,000 were made prisoners; 1000 pieces of canon were taken, and twenty four mortars, 129 colors, 171 standards, 17 pair of kettle drums, 3600 tents, four and thirty coaches, 300 laden mules, two bridges of boats, fifteen pontoons, fifteen barrels, and eight casks filled with silver: of the allies, 4300 men were killed, and about 8000 wounded or taken. The loss of the battle was imputed to two capital errors committed by marshal Tallard; namely, his weakening the centre, by detaching such a number of troops to the village of Blenheim, and his suffering the confederates to pass the rivulet, and form unmolested: certain it is these circumstances contributed to the success of the duke of Marlborough, who rode through the hottest of the fire with the calmest intrepidity, giving his orders with that presence of mind and deliberation which were so peculiar to his character.

HUME.

2. THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

It was two hours before the dawn, on Sunday, the memorable seventh of October, when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter; but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolari, a cluster of huge rocks which, on the north, defends the entrance of the Gulph of Lepanto.

The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was trained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch on the foretop of the *Real* called out »a sail!" and soon after declared that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others climbing up the rigging, confirmed his report; and in a few moments more, word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt; and Don John of Austria, ordering his pennant to be displayed at the mizzen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by the Pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal of battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the Confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.

Don John had already given to each commander written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed. The armada was now disposed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right, a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria, a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *Battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain-general of the Pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain-general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the Grand-Commander Requesens. The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, whose vessels stretched along the Aetolian shore, to which he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture, so as to prevent his being turned by the enemy. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty five galleys, was given to the brave marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act in any quarter where he thought his presence most needed.

'The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy. As the day advanced, the sun which had shone in the eyes of the Confederates, gradually shot its

rays into those of the Moslems. Thus ploughing its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the Allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board, of every description, were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand. The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular half-moon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers, fluttering gaily in the breeze; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scymitars of Damascus, and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the Captain-General of the League was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, Viceroy of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader. The left by Uluch Ali, Dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean.

Ali Pasha had received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians; for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Aetolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, it still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christians, and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner. »If your countrymen are to

win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it. Yet, if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me!"

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle, by separating his wings farther from his centre, thus conforming to the dispositions of the Allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun discharged by Ali was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn moment a death-like silence reigned throughout the armaments of the Confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by contrary winds. It was nearly noon; and, as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene, where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for a mortal combat. The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on board of the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen armed *cap-a-pie*, standing on the prow of the *Real*, anxiously awaiting the conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with his people on that day. His example was followed by the whole fleet, officers and men all prostrating themselves on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the *Real*, put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in every vessel; and each man, as he rose to his feet gathered new strength, as he felt assured that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.

The action began on the left wing of the Allies which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass, and darting by with all the speed that oars could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight without availing himself of his defensive armour, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated, not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.

† Far on the Christian right, a manoeuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the Dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavoured to turn the right wing of the Confederates. It was in this quarter that Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself, that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailants. These were soon detected by the eagle-eye of Ulich Ali; and, like the king of birds, swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana of Malta* in triumph as his prize.

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the

Allies, both on the right and the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League; the other the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the Caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the Sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field, unless the Grand Seigneur or his lieutenant was there in person.

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels to quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the Pasha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent, that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, the work of death began. Don John's main strength consisted in some three hundred arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was provided with an equal number of Janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve*. He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with the other Moslems.

The Pasha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect; for the Turks were observed

to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels, and the troops crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemy's balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards; and as both Christian and Musselman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most gallant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna, and the veteran Veniero who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. In this way a little squadron of combatants gathered round the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time, Still the chiefs did not lose sight of one another; but, beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each, refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the gulph of Lepanto. The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have pierced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken up into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently on the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manoeuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together

presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand, and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. There was enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded. Blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulph for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of noble armaments, which, a moment before, rode so proudly on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvass cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that two hours before had reigned over these beautiful solitudes. The left wing of the Confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned; several of his galleys sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand they carried one vessel after another. The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters, and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco, the Moslem admiral, was sunk; and though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest to land endeavoured to escape by running their vessels ashore where they abandoned them

as prizes to the Christians. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and, uttering a few words of gratitude to Heaven, breathed his last.

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two Commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry that enveloped them like a martyr's »robe of flame''. The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. More than once the contest between the two Chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. But they soon returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed till the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the Janizaries. Ali Pasha led them on. At this moment he was struck in the head by a musket ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish Commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him. But the disabled chief having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose, by pointing out the place where he had deposited his money and jewels, and they hastened to profit by the disclosure before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavoured to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar, and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any head would be worth so much as the head of the Pasha. Without further hesitation he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then returning to his galley he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. His commander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired »of what use such a present could be to him?" and ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said, the head was stuck on a pike and raised aloft on board of the captured galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down, while that of the Cross, run up in its place, proclaimed the downfall of the Pasha.

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of victory which rose high above the din of battle. The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the Confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre like the right wing, of the Moslems might be said to be annihilated.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action.

He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighbouring port of Petala, as affording the most secure and accessible harbor for the night. Before he had arrived there tempest began to mutter, and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

PRESCOTT.

3. ORIGINE OF NAVIGATION.

The progress of men in discovering and peopling the various parts of the earth, has been extremely slow. Several ages elapsed before they removed far from those mild and fertile regions where they were originally placed by their Creator. The occasion of their first general dispersion is known, but we are unacquainted with the course of their migration, on the time when they took possession of the different countries which they now inhabit. Neither history nor tradition furnish such information concerning those remote events, as enables us to trace, with any certainty, the operations of the human race in the infancy of society.

We may conclude, however, that all the early migrations of mankind were made by land. The ocean, which everywhere surrounds the habitable earth, as well as the various arms of the sea which separate one region from another, though destined to facilitate the communication between distant countries, seem, at first view, to be formed to check the progress of man, and to mark the bounds of that portion of the globe to which nature had confined him. It was long, we may believe, before men attempted to pass these formidable barriers, and became so skilful and adventurous as to commit themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves, or to quit their native shores in quest of remote and unknown regions.

Navigation and ship-building are arts so nice and complicated, that they require the ingenuity, as well as experience, of many successive ages to bring them to any

degree of perfection. From the raft or canoe, which first served to carry a savage over the river that obstructed him in the chase, to the construction of a vessel capable of conveying numerous crew with safety to a distant coast, the progress in improvement is immense. Many efforts would be made, many experiments would be tried, and much labour as well as invention would be employed, before men would accomplish this arduous and important undertaking. The rude and imperfect state in which navigation is still found among all nations which are not considerably civilized, corresponds with this account of its progress, and demonstrates that, in early times, the art was not so far improved as to enable men to undertake distant voyages, or to attempt remote discoveries.

As soon, however, as the art of navigation became known, a new species of correspondence among men took place. It is from this aera, that we must date the commencement of such an intercourse between nations as deserves the appellation of commerce. Men are, indeed, far advanced in improvement before commerce becomes an object of great importance to them. They must even have made some considerable progress towards civilization, before they acquire the idea of property, and ascertain it so perfectly, as to be acquainted with the most simple of all contracts, that of exchanging by barter one rude commodity for another. But as soon as this important right is established, and every individual feels that he has an exclusive title to possess or to alienate whatever he has acquired by his own labour and dexterity, the wants and ingenuity of his nature suggest to him a new method of increasing his acquisitions and enjoyments, by disposing of what is superfluous in his own stores, in order to procure what is necessary or desirable in those of other men. Thus a commercial intercourse begins, and is carried on among the members of the same community. By degrees, they discover that neighbouring tribes possess what they themselves want, and enjoy comforts of which they wish to partake. In the same mode, and upon the same principles, that domestic traffic is carried on in the society, an external commerce is established with other tribes or nations. Their mutual in-

terest and mutual wants render this intercourse desirable and imperceptibly introduce the maxims and laws which facilitate its progress and render it secure. But no very extensive commerce can take place between contiguous provinces, whose soil and climate being nearly the same, yield similar productions. Remote countries cannot convey their commodities by land, to those places, where on account of their rarity they are desired, and become valuable. It is to navigation that men are indebted for the power of transporting the superfluous stock of one part of the earth, to supply the wants of another. The luxuries and blessings of a particular climate are no longer confined to itself alone, but the enjoyment of them is communicated to the most distant regions.

In proportion as the knowledge of the advantages derived from navigation and commerce continued to spread, the intercourse among nations extended. The ambition of conquest, or the necessity of procuring new settlements, were no longer the sole motives of visiting distant lands. The desire of gain became a new incentive to activity, roused adventurers, and sent them forth upon long voyages, in search of countries, whose products or wants might increase that circulation, which nourishes and gives vigour to commerce. Trade proved a great source of discovery, it opened unknown seas, it penetrated into new regions, and contributed more than any other cause, to bring men acquainted with the situation, the nature and commodities of the different parts of the globe. But even after a regular commerce was established in the world, after nations were considerably civilized, and the sciences and arts were cultivated with ardour and success, navigation continued to be so unperfect, that it can hardly be said to have advanced beyond the infancy of its improvement in the ancient world.

Among all the nations of antiquity the structure of their vessels was extremely rare, and their method of working them very defective. They were unacquainted with some of the great principles and operations in navigation, which are now considered as the first elements on which that science is founded. Though that property of the magnet, by which it attracts iron, was well known

to the ancients, its more important and amazing virtue of pointing to the poles had entirely escaped their observation. Destitute of this faithful guide, which now conducts the pilot with so much certainty in the unbounded ocean, during the darkness of night, and when the heavens are covered with clouds, the ancients had no other method of regulating their course than by observing the sun and stars. Their navigation was of consequence uncertain and timid. They durst seldom quit sight of land, but crept along the coast, exposed to all the dangers, and retarded by all the obstructions, unavoidable in holding such an awkward course. An incredible length of time was requisite for performing voyages, which are now finished in a short space. Even in the mildest climates, and in seas the least tempestuous, it was only during the summer months that the ancients ventured out of their harbours. The remainder of the year was lost in inactivity. It would have been deemed most inconsiderate rashness to have braved the fury of the winds and waves during the winter.

ROBERTSON.

4. DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

After all the efforts of Isabella and Columbus, the armament was not suitable either to the dignity of the nation by which it was equipped, or to the importance of the service for which it was destined. It consisted of three vessels. The largest, a ship of no considerable burden, was commanded by Columbus, as admiral, who gave it the name of *Santa Maria*, out of respect for the Blessed Virgin, whom he honoured with singular devotion. Of the second, called the *Pinta*, Martiu Pinzon was captain, and his brother Francis pilot. The third, named the *Nigna*, was under the command of Vincent Yanez Pinzon. These two were light vessels, hardly superior in burden or force to large boats. This squadron, if it merits that name, was victualed for twelve months, and had on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of Isabella's court, whom she ap-

pointed to accompany him. Though the expence of the undertaking was one of the circumstances which chiefly alarmed the court of Spain, and retarded so long the negotiation with Columbus, the sum employed in fitting out this squadron did not exceed four thousand pounds.

As the art of ship-building in the fifteenth century was extremely rare, and the bulk of vessels was accommodated to the short and easy voyages along the coast which they were accustomed to perform, it is a proof of the courage as well as enterprising genius of Columbus, that he ventured, with a fleet so unfit for a distant navigation, to explore unknown seas, where he had no chart to guide him, no knowledge of the tides and currents, and no experience of the dangers to which he might be exposed. His eagerness to accomplish the great design which had so long engrossed his thoughts, made him overlook or disregard every circumstance that would have intimidated a mind less adventurous. He pushed forward the preparations with such ardour, and was seconded so effectually by the persons to whom Isabella committed the superintendence of this business, that every thing was soon in readiness for the voyage. But as Columbus was deeply impressed with sentiments of religion, he would not set out upon an expedition so arduous, and of which one great object was to extend the knowledge of the christian faith, without imploring publicly the guidance and protection of Heaven. With this view, he, together with all the persons under his command, marched in solemn procession to the monastery of Rabida. After confessing their sins, and obtaining absolution, they received the holy sacrament from the hands of the guardian, who joined his prayers to theirs for the success of an enterprise which he had so zealously patronized.

Next morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished, rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice

on any other occasion. But, in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose, the day after she left the harbour, and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed, as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power, and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the sixth day of September.

Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth, in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus, that he must prepare to struggle, not only with unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any

plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession, which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated every thing by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of seaweeds, and of every thing that floated on the waves, and entered every occurrence, with a minute exactness, in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they run eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen, and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the whole voyage. By the fourteenth of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary isles, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed, that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west; and as they proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man has not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with

terror. They were now in a boundless unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, or silenced their murmurs.

He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics, and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent; and in some places they were so thick, as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them, that what had alarmed, ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time, a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries: but lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot, nor those of the other ships, had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the

deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation, than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and extending, by degrees, to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects, in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow, any longer, a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended, that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain, while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation.

He had observed, with great concern, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress which he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and not only restrained them from those violent excesses, which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided, in several of their discoveries, by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object, during thirty days, but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair, appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost: the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to

return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts which having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures, to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his commands for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie by, keeping strict watch, lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon

deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *land, land*, was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled *). From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design, so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

ROBERTSON.

*) October 12th, 1492.

5. FIRST LANDING OF COLUMBUS IN THE NEW-WORLD.

When the day dawned, Columbus saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, of great freshness and verdure, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though every thing appeared in the wild luxuriance of untamed nature, yet the island was evidently populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from the woods, and running from all parts to the shore. They were all perfectly naked, and, from their attitudes and gestures, appeared lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus made signal to cast anchor, and to man the boats. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and Vincent Yanez his brother likewise put off in their boats, each bearing the banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on each side the letters F and Y, surmounted by crowns, the Spanish initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Ysabel.

As they approached the shores, they were delighted by the beauty and grandeur of the forests; the variety of unknown fruits on the trees which overhung the shores; the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, and the crystal transparency of the seas which bathe these islands. On landing, Columbus threw himself upon his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by his companions, whose breasts, indeed, were full to overflowing. Columbus then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took possession in the names of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. He then called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him as admiral and viceroy, and representative of the sovereigns.

His followers now burst forth into the most extravagant transports. They thronged around him, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged

favours of him, as of a man who had already wealth and honours in his gift. Many abject sprits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging his forgiveness, and offering for the future the blindest obedience to his commands.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on the coast, had supposed them some monsters, which had issued from the deep during the night. Their veering about, without any apparent effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld the boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colours, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue or molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremony of taking possession, they remained gazing, in timid admiration, at the complexion, the beards, the shining armour, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his scarlet dress, and the deference paid to him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands, and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus, pleased with their simplicity, their gentleness, and the confidence they reposed in beings who must have appeared so strange and formidable, submitted to their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence. The wondering savages were won by this benignity; they now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the cristal firmament which bounded their horizon, or that they had descended from above, on their ample wings, and that these marvellous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from

any race of men they had ever seen. They were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colours and devices, so as to have a wild and fantastic appearance. Their natural complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of Africa, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut above the ears, but some locks behind left long, and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads, and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature, and well shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age. They appeared to be a simple and artless people, and of gentle and friendly dispositions. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint or the bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen among them, nor did they know its properties; for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge. Columbus distributed among them coloured caps, glass beads, hawk's bells, and other trifles, which they received as inestimable gifts, and, decorating themselves with them, were wonderfully delighted with their finery.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the new world. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves, after their anxious voyage, amidst the beautiful groves of the island; and they returned to their ships late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

W. IRVING.

6. CAPTAIN COOK.

The parents of this celebrated navigator were poor peasants, and all the school education he ever had, was a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, for which he

was indebted to the liberality of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. He was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to a shopkeeper in the small town of Snaith, near Newcastle; and it was while in this situation that he was first seized with a passion for the sea. After some time, he prevailed upon his master to give up his indentures, and entered as one of the crew of a coasting vessel engaged in the coal-trade. He continued in this service till he had reached his twenty-seventh year, when he exchanged it for that of the navy, in which he soon distinguished himself so greatly that he was three or four years after appointed master of the Mercury, which belonged to a squadron then proceeding to attack Quebec. Here he first showed the proficiency he had already made in the scientific part of his profession, by an admirable chart which he constructed and published of the river St. Laurence. He felt, however, the disadvantages of his ignorance of mathematics; and while still assisting in the hostile operations carrying on against the French on the coast of North America, he applied himself to the study of Euclid's elements, which he soon mastered, and then began that of astronomy. A year or two after this, while again stationed in the same quarter, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of a solar eclipse which took place on the 5th of August 1766; deducing from it, with great exactness and skill, the longitude of the place of observation; and his paper was printed in the philosophical Transactions. He had now completely established his reputation as an able and scientific seaman; and it having been determined by government, at the request of the Royal Society, to send out qualified persons to the South sea to observe the approaching transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc — a phenomenon which promised several interesting results to astronomy — Cook was appointed to the command of the Endeavour, the vessel fitted out for that purpose. He conducted this expedition, which, in addition to the accomplishment of its principal purpose, was productive of a large accession of important geographical discoveries, with the most consummate skill and ability; and was, the year after he returned home, appointed to the com-

mand of a second vessel destined for the same regions, but having in view more particularly the determination of the question as to the existence of a southern polar continent. He was nearly three years absent upon his voyage; but so admirable were the methods he adopted for preserving the health of his seamen, that he reached home with the loss of only one man from his whole crew. Having addressed a paper to the Royal Society upon this subject, he was not only chosen a member of that learned body, but was farther rewarded by having the Copley gold medal voted to him for his experiments. Of this second voyage, he drew up the account himself, and it has been universally esteemed a model in that species of writing.

All our readers know the termination of Cook's distinguished career. His third voyage, undertaken for the discovery of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific along the north coast of America, although unsuccessful in reference to this object, was fertile in geographical discoveries, and equally honourable, with those by which it had been preceded, to the sagacity, good management, and scientific skill of its unfortunate commander. The death of Captain Cook took place at Owhyhee, in a sudden tumult of the natives of that island, on the 14th of February 1779. The news of the event was received with general lamentation, not only in our own country, but throughout Europe. Pensions were bestowed upon his widow and three sons by the government; the Royal Society ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of him; his eulogy was pronounced in the Florentine Academy, and various other honours were paid to his memory, both by public bodies and individuals. Thus, by his own persevering efforts, did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame, — than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory, — he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had

won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness, — the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition, the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance.

KIPPIS.

7. CHARLEMAGNE.

The character of Charlemagne can alone be appreciated by comparing it with the barbarism of the times from which he emerged; nor do his virtues or his talents acquire any fictitious grandeur from opposition with objects around; for, though the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert, his excellence lay not alone in adorning, but in cultivating the waste. His military successes were prepared by the wars and victories both of Pepin and Charles Martel; but one proof of the vast comprehensiveness of his mind, is to be found in the immense undertakings which he accomplished with the same means which two great monarchs had employed on very inferior enterprises. The dazzling rapidity with which each individual expedition was executed, was perhaps less wonderful, than the clear precision with which each was designed, and the continuous, persevering, unconquerable determination wherewith each general plan was pursued to its close. The materials for his wars — the brave, the active, and the hardy soldiers — had been formed by his father and by nature; but when those troops were to be led through desert and unknown countries, into which Pepin had never dreamed of penetrating, and in an age when geography was hardly known — when they were to be supplied at a distance from all their resources, in a land where roads were unheard of, and provisions too scanty for the inhabitants themselves — the success was attributable to Charlemagne, and the honour is his due. His predecessors had contented themselves with leading an army at once against the point they intended to assail, or against the host they proposed to combat; but

Charlemagne was the first in modern Europe who introduced the great improvement in the art of war, of pouring large bodies of men, by different roads, into the hostile country; of teaching them to co-operate, though separate, to concentrate when required; and of combining their efforts and their movements for a general purpose on a preconcerted plan.

His great success in civilization was all his own. Nothing had been done by those who went before — scarcely a germ, scarcely a seed had been left him. He took possession of a kingdom torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, desolated by long wars, disorganized by intestine strife, and as profoundly ignorant as the absence of all letters could make it. By the continual and indefatigable exertion of mental and corporeal powers, such as probably were never united but in himself, he restored order and harmony, brought back internal tranquillity, secured individual safety, raised up sciences and arts; and so convinced a barbarous nation of the excellence of his own ameliorating spirit, that on their consent and approbation he founded all his efforts, and sought no support in his mighty undertaking, but the love and confidence of his people.

He was ambitious, it is true; but his ambition was of the noblest kind. He was generous, magnanimous, liberal, humane, and brave; but he was frugal, simple, moderate, just, and prudent. Though easily appeased in his enmities, his friendships were deep and permanent; and, though hasty and severe to avenge his friends, he was merciful and placable, when personally injured.

In mind, he was blessed with all those happy facilities, which were necessary to success in the great enterprises which he undertook. His eloquence was strong, abundant, and clear; and a great talent for acquiring foreign tongues added to his powers of expression. The same quickness of comprehension rendered every other study light, though undertaken in the midst of a thousand varied occupations, and at an age to which great capabilities of acquisition are not in general extended.

His person was handsome and striking. His countenance was fine, open, and bland, his features high, and

his eyes large and sparkling. His figure was remarkable for its fine proportions; and though somewhat inclined to obesity in his latter years, we are told, that, whether sitting or standing, there was always something in his appearance which breathed of dignity, and inspired respect.

He was sober and abstemious in his food, and simple to an extreme in his garments. Passionately fond of robust exercises, they formed his great relaxation and amusement; but he never neglected the business of the public for his private pleasure, nor yielded one moment to repose or enjoyment which could be more profitably employed. His activity, his quickness, and his indefatigable energy in conducting the affairs of state, having already been spoken of at large, it only remains to be said, that in private life he was gentle, cheerful, affectionate, and kind; and that — with his dignity guarded by virtues, talents, and mighty renown — he frequently laid aside the pomp of empire, and the sternness of command.

No man, perhaps, that ever lived, combined in so high a degree those qualities which rule men and direct events, with those which endear the possessor and attach his contemporaries. No man was ever more trusted and loved by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his lifetime, or more regretted at his death.

JAMES.

8. RESIGNATION OF CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects, but of his successor. Having assembled the states of the Low-Countries at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles seated himself for the last time in the chair of state; on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the queen

of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the Empire, standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained in a few words, his intentions in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip, all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low-Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and, leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience: and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low-Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that, while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that, now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire, nor was he so fond of reigning as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to render them happy; that, instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half

alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of his youth, all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and in his last prayers to almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kissed his father's hand, » If, says he, I had left » you, by my death, this rich inheritance, to which I » have made such large additions, some regard would » have been justly due to my memory on that account; » but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I » might have still retained, I may well expect the warm- » est expressions of thanks on your part. With these, » however, I dispense, and shall consider your concern » for the welfare of your subjects, and your love of » them, as the best and the most acceptable testimony » of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise » and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordi- » nary proof which I, this day, give of my paternal af- » fection; and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the » confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable » regard for religion; maintain the Catholic Faith in » its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in » your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of » your people, and, if the time shall ever come, when » you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, » may you have a son, endowed with such qualities, » that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much » satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into

the chair, exhausted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During this discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, softened by the expression of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow, at losing a sovereign who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of a hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum, for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friar-cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door, on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly suitable to the comfortable accommodation of a private

gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

ROBERTSON.

9. RECEPTION OF PHILIP II IN THE NETHERLANDS.

After some weeks, Prince Philip quitted the hospitable walls of Milan, and set out for the north. Before leaving the place, he was joined by a body of two hundred mounted arquebusiers, wearing his own yellow uniform, and commanded by the duke of Arschot. They had been sent to him as an escort by his father. He crossed the Tyrol, then took the road by the way of Munich, Trent, and Heidelberg, and so on towards Flanders. On all the route, the royal Party was beset by multitudes of both sexes, pressing to catch a glimpse of the young prince who was one day to sway the mightiest sceptre in Europe. The magistrates of the cities through which he passed welcomed him with complimentary addresses, and with presents, frequently in the form of silver urns, or goblets, filled with golden ducats. Philip received the donatives with a gracious condescension; and, in truth, they did not come amiss in this season of lavish expenditure. To the addresses, the duke of Alva, who rode by the prince's side, usually responded. The whole of the long journey was performed on horseback, — the only sure mode of conveyance in a country where roads were seldom practicable for carriages.

At length, after a journey of four months, the royal cavalcade drew near the city of Brussels. Their approach to a great town was intimated by the crowds who came out to welcome them; and Philip was greeted with a tumultuous enthusiasm, which made him feel that he was now indeed in the midst of his own people. The throng was soon swelled by bodies of the military; and with this loyal escort, amidst the roar of artillery and the ringing of bells, which sent forth a merry peal from

every tower and steeple, Philip made his first entrance into the capital of Belgium.

The Regent Mary held her court there, and her brother, the emperor, was occupying the palace with her. It was not long before the father had again the satisfaction of embracing his son, from whom he had been separated so many years. He must have been pleased with the alteration which time had wrought in Philip's appearance. He was now twenty-one years of age, and was distinguished by a comeliness of person, remarked upon by more than one who had access to his presence.

The great object of Philip's visit to the Low Countries had been, to present himself to the people of the different provinces, to study their peculiar characters on their own soil, and obtain their recognition as their future sovereign. After a long residence at Brussels, he set out on a tour through the provinces. He was accompanied by the queen-regent, and by the same splendid retinue as on his entrance into the country, with the addition of a large number of the Flemish nobles.

The Netherlands had ever been treated by Charles with particular favor, and, under this royal patronage, although the country did not develop its resources as under its own free institutions of a later period, it had greatly prospered. It was more thickly studded with trading towns than any country of similar extent in Europe; and its flourishing communities held the first rank in wealth, industry, and commercial enterprise, as well as in the splendid way of living maintained by the aristocracy. On the present occasion, these communities vied with one another in their loyal demonstrations towards the prince, and in the splendor of the reception which they gave him.

In these solemnities, Antwerp alone expended fifty thousand pistoles. But no place compared with Brussels in the costliness and splendor of its festivities, the most remarkable of which was a tournament. Under their Burgundian princes the Flemings had been familiar with these chivalrous pageants. The age of chivalry was, indeed, fast fading away before the use of gunpowder and other improvements in military science. But it was admitted that no tourney had been maintained with so much

magnificence and knightly prowess since the days of Charles the Bold. The old chronicler's narrative of the event, like the pages of Froissart, seems instinct with the spirit of a feudal age. I will give a few details, at the hazard of appearing trivial to those who may think we have dwelt long enough on the pageants of the courts of Castile and Burgundy. But such pageants form part of the natural accompaniment of a picturesque age, and the illustrations they afford of the manners of the time may have an interest for the student of history.

The tourney was held in a spacious square, inclosed for the purpose, in front of the great palace of Brussels. Four knights were prepared to maintain the field against all comers, and jewels of price were to be awarded as the prize of the victors. The four challengers were Count Mansfeldt, Count Hoorne, Count Aremberg, and the Sieur de Hubermont; among the judges was the duke of Alva; and in the list of the successful antagonists we find the names of Prince Philip of Spain, Emanuel Philibert, duke of Savoy, and Count Egmont. These are names famous in history. It is curious to observe how the men who were soon to be at deadly feud with one another were thus sportively met to celebrate the pastimes of chivalry.

The day was an auspicious one, and the lists were crowded with the burghers of Brussels, and the people of the surrounding country. The galleries which encompassed the area were graced with the rank and beauty of the capital. A canopy, embroidered with the imperial arms in crimson and gold, indicated the place occupied by Charles the Fifth and his sisters, the regent of the Netherlands, and the dowager queen of France.

For several hours the field was gallantly maintained by the four challengers against every knight who was ambitious to prove his prowess in the presence of so illustrious an assembly. At length the trumpets sounded, and announced the entrance of four cavaliers, whose brilliant train of followers intimated them to be persons of high degree. The four knights were Prince Philip, the duke of Savoy, Count Egmont, and Juan Manriquez de Lara, major-domo of the emperor. They were clothed in complete mail, over which they wore surcoats of violet-

colored velvet, while the caparisons of their horses were of cloth of gold.

Philip ran the first course. His antagonist was the Count Mansfeldt, a Flemish captain of great renown. At the appointed signal, the two knights spurred against each other, and met in the centre of the lists with a shock that shivered their lances to the very grasp. Both knights reeled in their saddles, but neither lost his seat. The arena resounded with the plaudits of the spectators, not the less hearty that one of the combatants was the heir apparent.

The other cavaliers then tilted, with various success. A general tournament followed, in which every knight eager to break a lance on this fair occasion took part; and many a feat of arms was performed, doubtless long remembered by the citizens of Brussels. At the end of the seventh hour, a flourish of trumpets announced the conclusion of the contest, and the assembly broke up in admirable order, the knights retiring to exchange their heavy panoplies for the lighter vestments of the ball-room. A banquet was prepared by the municipality, in a style of magnificence worthy of their royal guests. The emperor and his sisters honored it with their presence, and witnessed the distribution of the prizes. Among these, a brilliant ruby, the prize awarded for the *lança de las damas*, — the »ladies' lance," in the language of chivalry, — was assigned by the royal judges to Prince Philip of Spain.

PRESCOTT.

10. CONDEMNATION OF BISHOP FISHER AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

The form of the oath, for the refusal of which More and Fisher were committed, had not then obtained the sanction of the legislature. But the two houses made light of the objection, and passed against them a bill of attainder for misprision of treason, importing the penalty of forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment. Under this sentence More had no other resource for the support of life than the charity of his friends, administered by the hands of his daughter, Margaret Roper. Fisher, though

in his seventieth year, was reduced to a state of destitution in which he had not even clothes to cover his nakedness. But their sufferings did not mollify the heart of the despot; he was resolved to triumph over their obstinacy, or to send them to the scaffold. With this view they were repeatedly and treacherously examined by commissioners, not with respect to any act done or any word uttered by them since their attainder, but with regard to their private opinions relative to the King's supremacy. If they could be induced to admit it, Henry would have the benefit of their example; should they deny it, he might indict them for high treason. Both answered with caution; the Bishop, that the statute did not compel any man to reveal his secret thoughts; More, that under the attainder he had no longer any concern with the things of this world, and should therefore confine himself to the preparation of his soul for the other. Both hoped to escape the snare by evading the question; but Henry had been advised that a refusal to answer was proof of malice, and equivalent to a denial; and a special commission was appointed to try the two prisoners on a charge of high treason. In the meantime news arrived that the Pontiff, at a general promotion, had named Fisher to the purple. To the person who brought him the intelligence the prisoner replied, that, »If the hat were lying at his feet he would not stoop to take it up; so little did he set by it". Henry on the other hand is reported to have exclaimed, »Paul may send him the hat, but I will take care that he have never a head to wear it on". Previously to trial more examinations took place, but nothing criminal was elicited; and therefore the searching and fatal questions were put to each: »Would he repute and take the King for supreme head of the church? Would he approve the marriage of the King with the most noble Queen Anne to be good and lawful? Would he affirm the marriage with the lady Catherine to have been unjust and unlawful?" More replied that to questions so dangerous he could make no answer: Fisher, that he should abide by his former answer to his first question; and that with respect to the second, he would obey the act, saving his

conscience, and defend the succession as established by law; but to say absolutely Yea or No, from that he begged to be excused. These replies sealed their doom.

The Bishop was the first placed at the bar, and charged with having »falsely, maliciously and traitorously »wished, willed, and desired, and by craft imagined, in- »vented, practised and attempted to deprive the King »of the dignity, title and name of his royal estate, that »is, of his title and name of supreme head of the Church »of England, in the Tower, on the 7th of May last, »when, contrary to his allegiance, he said and pro- »nounced, in the presence of different true subjects, falsely, »maliciously, and traitorously, these words: *The King »our sovereign lord is not supreme head on earth of the »Church of England*'. — If these words were ever spoken, it is plain, both from his habitual caution and the place where the offence is stated to have been committed, that they were drawn from him by the arts of the commissioners or their instruments, and could not have been uttered with the malicious and traitorous intent attributed to him. He was, however, found guilty and beheaded. Whether it was that Henry sought to display his hatred for his former monitor, or to diffuse terror by the example of his death, he forbade the body to be removed from the gaze of the people. The head was placed on London Bridge; but the trunk, despoiled of the garments, the perquisite of the executioner, lay naked on the spot till evening, when it was carried away by the guards and deposited in the church of All Hallows, Barking.

The fate of Fisher did not intimidate his fellow victim. To make the greater impression on the people, perhaps to add to his shame and sufferings, More was led on foot, in a coarse woollen gown, through the most frequented streets, from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had lately become grey, his face, which, though cheerful, was pale and emaciated, and the staff with which he supported his feeble steps, announced the rigor and duration of his confinement. At his appearance in this state at the bar of that court in which he was wont to preside with so much dignity,

a general feeling of horror and sympathy ran through the spectators. Henry dreaded the effect of his eloquence and authority, and therefore, as if it were meant to distract his attention and overpower his memory, the indictment had been framed of enormous length and unexampled exaggeration, multiplying the charges without measure, and clothing each charge with a load of words, beneath which it was difficult to discover its real meaning. As soon as it had been read, the Chancellor who was assisted by the Duke of Norfolk, Fitzjames, the Chief Justice, and six other commissioners, informed the prisoner that it was still in his power to close the proceedings, and to recover the royal favour by abjuring his former opinion. With expressions of gratitude he declined the favour, and commenced a long and eloquent defence. Though, he observed, it was not in his power to recollect one third part of the indictment, he would endeavour to show that he had not offended against the statute, nor sought to oppose the wishes of the sovereign. He must indeed acknowledge, that he had always disapproved of the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, but then he had never communicated that disapprobation to any other person than the King himself, and not even to the King, till Henry had commanded him on his allegiance to disclose his real sentiments. In such circumstances to dissemble would have been a crime, to speak with sincerity was a duty. The indictment charged him with having traitorously sought to deprive the King of his title of Head of the Church. But where was the proof? That, on his examination in the Tower he had said, he was by his attainder become civilly dead; that he was out of the protection of the law and therefore could not be required to give an opinion of the merits of the law; and that his only occupation was and would be to meditate on the passion of Christ, and to prepare himself for his own death. But what was there of crime in such an answer? It contained no word, it proved no deed against the statute. All that could be objected against him was silence; and silence had not yet been declared treason. 2. It was maintained that in different letters written by him in the Tower he

had exhorted Bishop Fisher to oppose the supremacy. He denied it. Let the letters be produced; by their contents he was willing to stand or fall. 3. But Fisher on his examination had held the same language as More, a proof of a conspiracy between them. What Fisher had said he knew not; it could not excite surprise if the similarity of their case had suggested to each similar answers. This he could affirm with truth, that, whatever might be his own opinion, he had never communicated it to any, not even to his dearest friends.

But neither innocence nor eloquence could avert his fate. Rich, the solicitor-general, afterwards Lord Rich, now deposed, that in a private conversation in the Tower, More had said: »The parliament cannot make the »King head of the Church, because it is a civil tribunal »without any spiritual authority". It was in vain that the prisoner denied this statement, showed that such a declaration was inconsistent with the caution which he had always observed, and maintained that no one acquainted with the former character of Rich would believe him even upon his oath; it was in vain that the two witnesses, who were brought to support the charge, eluded the expectation of the accuser by declaring that, though they were in the room, they did not attend to the conversation; the judges maintained that the silence of the prisoner was a sufficient proof of malicious intention; and the jury without reading over a copy of the indictment which had been given to them, returned a verdict of guilty. As soon as judgement of death had been pronounced, More attempted, and, after, two interruptions, was suffered to address the court. He would now, he said, openly avow, what he had hitherto concealed from every human being, his conviction that the oath of supremacy was unlawful. It was indeed painful to him to differ from the noble lords whom he saw on the bench; but his conscience compelled him to bear testimony to the truth. This world, however, had always been a scene of dissension; and he still cherished a hope that the day would come when both, he and they, like Stephen and Saul, would be of the same sentiment in heaven. As he turned from the bar, his son threw him-

self on his knees and begged his father's blessing; and as he walked back to the Tower, his daughter Margaret twice rushed through the guards, folded him in her arms, and, unable to speak, bathed him with her tears.

He met his fate with constancy, even with cheerfulness. When he was told that the King, as a special favour, had commuted his punishment to decapitation, »God'', he replied, »preserve all my friends from such favours!'' On the scaffold the executioner asked his forgiveness. He kissed him, saying, »Thou wilt render me to-day the »greatest service in the power of any mortal: but (putting an angel *) into his hand) my neck is so short »that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of »thy profession''. As he was not permitted to address the spectators, he contented himself with declaring that he died a faithful subject to the King and a true Catholic before God. His head was fixed on London Bridge.

By these executions the King had proved that neither virtue nor talent, neither past favour nor past services, could atone in his eyes for the great crime of doubting his supremacy. In England the intelligence was received with deep but silent sorrow; in foreign countries with loud and general execration. The names of Fisher and More had long been familiar to the learned; and no terms were thought too severe to brand the cruelty of the tyrant by whom they had been sacrificed.

LINGARD.

II. DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

On Tuesday, the 7th of February 1587, the two Earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for her execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, »That soul'', said she, »is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and

*) A gold coin stamped with an angel.

though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot." And laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entertained with particular earnestness, that now in her last moment, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank and merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired

into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high Sheriff and his officers entered her Chamber, and found her still kneeling at her altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, *zells* advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An »Agnus Dei'' hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded, for some weeks, from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears: and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied: »Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son, tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the sign of the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for

her execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood, and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: »As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins.”

¶ She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil, and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out: »So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies”, the Earl of Kent alone answered »Amen”.

The rest of the spectators, continued silent, and drowned in tears, being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

ROBERTSON.

12. EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

To this conclusion, then, hast thou come, O hapless Louis! The Son of Sixty Kings is to die on the Scaffold by form of Law. Under Sixty Kings this same form of

Law, form of Society, has been fashioning itself together, these thousand years; and has become, one way and other, a most strange Machine. Surely, if needful, it is also frightful, this Machine; dead, blind; not what it should be; which, with swift stroke, or by cold slow torture, has wasted the lives and souls of innumerable men. And behold now, a King himself, or say rather Kinghood in his person, is to expire here in cruel tortures; — like a Phalaris shut in the belly of his own red-heated Brazen-Bull! It is ever so; and thou shouldst know it, O haughty tyrannous man: injustice breeds injustice; curses and falsehoods do verily return »always *home*”, wide as they may wander. Innocent Louis bears the sins of many generations: he too experiences that man’s tribunal is not in this Earth; that if he had no higher one, it were not well with him.

A King dying by such violence appeals impressively to the imagination; as the like must do, and ought to do. And yet at bottom is it not the King dying, but the man! Kingship is a coat: the grand loss is of the skin! The man from whom you take his Life, to him can the whole combined world do »more”? Lally went on his hurdle; his mouth filled with a gag. Miserablest mortals, doomed for picking pockets, have a whole five-act Tragedy in them, in that dumb pain, as they go to the gallows, unregarded; they consume the cup of trembling down to the lees. For Kings and for Beggars, for the justly doomed and the unjustly it is a hard thing to die. Pity them all: thy utmost pity, with all aids and appliances and throne-and-scaffold contrasts, how far short is it of the thing pitied!

A Confessor has come; Abbé Edgeworth, of Irish extraction, whom the King knew by good report; has come promptly on this solemn mission. Leave the Earth alone, then, thou hapless King; it with its malice, will go its way, thou also canst go thine. A hard scene yet remains; the parting with our loved ones. Kind hearts, environed in the same grim peril with us; to be left *here!* Let the Reader look with the eyes of Valet Cléry, through these glass-doors, where also the Municipality watches; and see the cruellest of scenes:

»At half-past eight, the door of the ante-room opened :
 »the Queen appeared first, leading her Son by the hand ;
 »then Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth: they all
 »flung themselves into the arms of the King. Silence
 »reigned for some minutes; interrupted only by sobs.
 »The Queen made a movement to lead his Majesty
 »towards the inner room, where M. Edgeworth was waiting
 »unknown to them: »No'', said the King, »let us go into
 »the dining room, it is there only that I can see you.
 »They entered there; I shut the door of it, which was
 »of glass. The King sat down, the Queen on his left
 »hand. Madame Elisabeth on his right, Madame Royale
 »almost in front; the young Prince remained standing
 »between his Father's legs. They all leaned towards
 »him, and often held him embraced. This scene of woe
 »lasted an hour and three quarters; during which we
 »could hear nothing; we could see only that always
 »when the King spoke, the sobbings of the Princesses
 »redoubled, continued for some minutes; and that then
 »the King began again to speak''. — And so our meet-
 ings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we
 gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and
 all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings
 under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I
 shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee
 any more! — *NEVER!* O Reader, knowest thou that
 hard word?

For nearly two hours this agony lasts; then they tear
 themselves asunder. »*Promise that you will see us on the
 morrow*'''. He promises: — »*Ah yes, yes; yet once; and
 go now, ye loved ones; cry to God for yourselves and
 me!*'' — It was a hard scene, but it is over. He will
 not see them on the morrow. The Queen, in passing
 through the ante-room, glanced at the Cerberus Muni-
 cipals; and with woman's vehemence, said through her
 tears; »*Vous êtes tous des scélérats!*''

King Louis slept sound, till five in the morning, when
 Cléry, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Cléry
 dressed his hair: while this went forward Louis took a ring
 from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger; it was
 his wedding-ring, which he is now to return to the

Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six, he took the Holy Sacrament; and continued in devotion, and conference with Abbé Edgeworth. He will not see his Family: it were too hard to bear.

At eight, the Municipals enter: the King gives them his Will, and messages and effects; which they, at first, brutally refuse to take charge of: he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three minutes, Santerre again says the hour is come. Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers: »*Partons*, let us go''. How the rolling of those drums comes in, through the Temple bastions and bulwarks, on the heart of a queenly wife; soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's Sister and Children. Over all these Four does Death also hover; all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d' Angoulême, will live, — not happily.

At the Temple Gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women. »*Grace! Grace!*'' Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed is allowed to be there; the armed, did any even pity, dare not express it, each man overawed by all his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut. No wheel-carriage rolls, this morning, in these streets, but one only. Eighty-thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoners with match burning, but no word or movement: it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound, Louis reads, in his Book of Devotion, the Prayers of the Dying: clatter of this death-march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence; but the thought would fain struggle heavenward, and forget the Earth.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place »de la Révolution'', once Place de Louis Quinze: the Guillotine mounted near the old Pedestal where once stood the Stat-

ue of that Louis! Far round, all bristles with cannon and armed men: spectators crowding in the rear, D'Orleans Egalité there in cabriolet. Swift messengers, *hoquetons*, speed to the Townhall, every three minutes: near by is the Convention sitting, — vengeful for Lepelletier. Heedless of all, Louis reads his Prayers of the Dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished; then the Carriage opens. What temper he is in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived now at the black Mahlstrom and descent of Death; in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned. »*Take care of M. Edgeworth*”, he straitly charges the Lieutenant who is sitting with them: then they two descend.

The drums are beating: »*Taisez-vous, Silence!*” he cries »in a terrible voice, d'une voix terrible”. He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him: he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, »his face very red” and says: »Frenchmen, I die innocent: it is from the Scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France”. — A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: *Tambours!* The drums drown the voice. »Executioners, do your duty!” The executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed Ranks will strike, if they do not), seize the hapless Louis: six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: »Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!”. The Axe clanks down; a King's Life is shorn away. It is Monday the 21st of January 1793. He was aged Thirty-eight years four months and twenty-eight days.

Executioner Samson shows the Head: fierce shout of *Vive la République!* rises, and swells; caps raised on bay-

onets, hats waving; students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais; fling it over Paris. D'Orleans drives off in his cabriolet: the Townhall Councillors rub their hands saying, »It is done, It is done". There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pikepoints in the blood. Headsman Samson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair: fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. And so, in some half-hour it is done; and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries: the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffeehouses that evening, says Prudhomme, Patriot shook hands with Patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to Mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

CARLYLE.

13. ENGLAND IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The sources of the noblest rivers which spread fertility over continents, and bear richly laden fleets to the sea, are to be sought in wild and barren mountain tracts, incorrectly laid down in maps, and rarely explored by travellers. To such a tract the history of our country during the thirteenth century may not unaptly be compared. Sterile and obscure as is that portion of our annals, it is there that we must seek for the origin of our freedom, our prosperity, and our glory. Then it was that the great English people was formed, that the national character began to exhibit those peculiarities which it has ever since retained, and that our fathers became emphatically islanders, islanders not merely in geographical position, but in their politics, their feelings, and their manners. Then first appeared with distinctness that constitution which has ever since, through all changes, preserved its identity; that constitution of which all the other free constitutions in the world are copies, and which, in spite of some defects, deserves to be regarded as the best under which any great society has ever yet existed during many ages. Then it was that the House of Commons, the archetype of all the representative assemblies which now

meet, either in the old or in the new world, held its first sittings. Then it was that the common law rose to the dignity of a science, and rapidly became a not unworthy rival of the imperial jurisprudence. Then it was that the courage of those sailors who manned the rude barks of the Cinque Ports *) first made the flag of England terrible on the seas. Then it was that the most ancient colleges which still exist at both the great national seats of learning were founded. Then was formed that language, less musical indeed than the languages of the south, but in force, in richness, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, inferior to the tongue of Greece alone. Then too appeared the first faint dawn of that noble literature, the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England.

Early in the fourteenth century the amalgamation of the races was all but complete; and it was soon made manifest, by signs not to be mistaken, that a people inferior to none existing in the world had been formed by the mixture of three branches of the great Teutonic family with each other, and with the aboriginal Britons. There was, indeed, scarcely any thing in common between the England to which John had been chased by Philip Augustus, and the England from which the armies of Edward the Third went forth to conquer France.

A period of more than a hundred years followed, during which the chief object of the English was to establish, by force of arms, a great Empire on the Continent. The claim of Edward to the inheritance occupied by the house of Valois was a claim in which it might seem that his subjects were little interested. But the passion for conquest spread fast from the prince to the people. The war differed widely from the wars which the Plantagenets of the twelfth century had waged against the descendants of Hugh Capet. For the success of Henry the Second, or of Richard the First would have made England a province of France. The effect of the successes of Ed-

*) Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney, Hythe; over against France.

ward the Third and of Henry the Fifth was to make France, for a time, a province of England. The disdain with which, in the twelfth century, the Conquerors from the Continent had regarded the islanders, was now retorted by the islanders on the people of the Continent. Every yeoman from Kent to Northumberland valued himself as one of a race born for victory and dominion, and looked down with scorn on the nation before which his ancestors had trembled. Even those knights of Gascony and Guienne who had fought gallantly under the Black Prince were regarded by the English as men of inferior breed, and were contemptuously excluded from honourable and lucrative commands. In no long time our ancestors altogether lost sight of the original ground of quarrel. They began to consider the crown of France as a mere appendage to the crown of England; and when, in violation of the ordinary law of succession, they transferred the crown of England to the House of Lancaster, they seem to have thought that the right of Richard the Second to the crown of France passed, as of course, to that house. The zeal and vigour which they displayed present a remarkable contrast to the torpor of the French who were far more deeply interested in the event of the struggle. The greatest victories recorded in the history of the middle ages were gained at this time, against great odds, by the English armies. Victories indeed they were of which a nation may justly be proud; for they are to be attributed to the moral superiority which was most striking in the lowest ranks. The knights of England found worthy rivals in the knights of France. Chandos encountered an equal foe in Du Guesclin. But France had no infantry that dared to face the English bows and bills. A French King was brought prisoner to London. An English King was crowned at Paris. The banner of Saint George was carried far beyond the Pyrenees and the Alps. On the south of the Ebro the English won a great battle, which for a time decided the fate of Leon and Castile; and the English Companies obtained a terrible preeminence among the bands of warriors who let out their weapons for hire to the princes and commonwealths of Italy.

Nor were the arts of peace neglected by our fathers during that stirring period. While France was wasted by war, till she at length found in her own desolation a miserable defence against invaders, the English gathered in their harvests, adorned their cities, pleaded, traded, and studied in security. Many of our noblest architectural monuments belong to that age. Then rose the fair chapels of New College and of Saint George, the nave of Winchester and the choir of York, the spire of Salisbury and the majestic towers of Lincoln. A copious and forcible language, formed by an infusion of French into German, was now the common property of the aristocracy and of the people. Nor was it long before genius began to apply that admirable machine to worthy purposes. While English battalions, leaving behind them the devastated provinces of France, entered Valladolid in triumph, and spread terror to the gates of Florence, English poets depicted in vivid tints all the wide variety of human manners and fortunes, and English thinkers aspired to know, or dared to doubt where the devout had been content to wonder and to believe. The same age which produced the Black Prince and Derby, Chandos and Hawkwood, produced also Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wycliffe.

In so splendid and imperial a manner did the English people, properly so called, first take place among the nations of the world. Yet while we contemplate with pleasure the high and commanding qualities which our forefathers displayed, we cannot but admit that the end which they pursued was an end condemned both by humanity and by enlightened policy, and that the reverses which compelled them, after a long and bloody struggle, to relinquish the hope of establishing a great continental empire, were really blessings in the guise of disasters. The spirit of the French was at last aroused: they began to oppose a vigorous national resistance to the foreign conquerors; and from that time the skill of the English captains and the courage of the English soldiers were, happily, for mankind, exerted in vain. After many desperate struggles, and with many bitter regrets, our ancestors gave up the contest. Since that age no British government has ever seriously and steadily pursued the

design of making great conquests on the Continent. The people, indeed, continued to cherish with pride the recollection of Cressy, of Poitiers and of Agincourt. Even after the lapse of many years it was easy to fire their blood and to draw forth their subsidies by promising them an expedition for the conquest of France. But happily the energies of our country have been directed to better objects; and she now occupies in the history of mankind a place, far more glorious than if she had, as at one time seemed not improbable, acquired by the sword an ascendancy similar to that which formerly belonged to the Roman Republic.

Cooped up once more within the limits of the Island, the warlike people employed in civil strife those arms which had been the terror of Europe. The means of profuse expenditure had long been drawn by the English barons from the oppressed provinces of France. That source of supply was gone; but the ostentatious and luxurious habits which prosperity had engendered still remained; and the great lords, unable to gratify their tastes by plundering the French, were eager to plunder each other. The realm to which they were now confined would not, in the phrase of Comines, the most judicious observer of that time, suffice for them all. Two aristocratical factions, headed by two branches of the royal family, engaged in a long and fierce struggle for supremacy. As the animosity of those factions did not really arise from the dispute about the succession, it lasted long after all ground of dispute about the succession was removed. The party of the Red Rose survived the last prince who claimed the crown in right of Henry the Fourth. The party of the White Rose survived the marriage of Richmond and Elisabeth. Left without chiefs who had any decent show of right, the adherents of Lancaster rallied round a line of bastards, and the adherents of York set up a succession of impostors. When, at length, many aspiring nobles had perished on the field of battle or by the hands of the executioner, when many illustrious houses had disappeared for ever from history, when those great families which remained had been exhausted and sobered by calamities, it was universally acknowledged

that the claims of all the contending Plantagenets were united in the house of Tudor.

Meanwhile a change was proceeding infinitely more momentous than the acquisition or loss of any province, than the rise or fall of any dynasty. Slavery and the evils by which slavery is everywhere accompanied were fast disappearing.

It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England, that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man, were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. Moral causes noiselessly effaced first the distinction between Norman and Saxon, and then the distinction between master and slave. None can venture to fix the precise moment at which either distinction ceased. Some faint traces of the old Norman feeling might perhaps have been found late in the fourteenth century. Some faint traces of the institution of villanage were detected by the curious so late as the days of the Stuarts; nor has that institution ever, to this hour, been abolished by statute.

It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may perhaps be doubted whether Protestantism might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to distinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious; for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man as disqualified, by reason of his notion or of his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst

evils which can afflict society. That religion cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, Catholicism appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the middle ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even then pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow Christians. The first protector whom the English found among the dominant caste was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all the civil and military dignities of the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the countrymen of the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the papal throne, and had held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained that charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and of the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villanage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of

Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant counsellors of Elisabeth. When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacraments, his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ had died. So successfully had the Church used her formidable machinery that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated.

There can be no doubt, that, when these two great revolutions had been effected, our forefathers were by far the best governed people in Europe. During three hundred years the social system had been in a constant course of improvement. Under the first Plantagenets there had been barons able to bid defiance to the sovereign, and peasants degraded to the level of the swine and oxen which they tended. The exorbitant power of the baron had been gradually reduced. The condition of the peasant had been gradually elevated. Between the aristocracy and the working people had sprung up a middle class, agricultural and commercial. There was still, it may be, more inequality than is favourable to the happiness and virtue of our species: but no man was altogether above the restraints of law; and no man was altogether below its protection.

MACAULAY.

14. LAST YEARS AND MARTYRDOM OF ST. BONIFACE, APOSTLE OF GERMANY.

He was now verging on three score years and ten, and his long and incessant labours had begun to tell upon his constitution. Weighed down with »the care of all the Churches” of Germany, he longed for repose, or at least some diminution of the burden which pressed upon him. He had already requested that he might be allowed to nominate and ordain his successor in the archiepiscopal office. This the Pope had assured him could not be, but he conceded to his age and infirmities the usual permission to select a priest as his special assistant, who might share a portion of his episcopal duties, and, if he proved himself

worthy of confidence, might be nominated as his successor. Increasing infirmities now induced him to reiterate his request. The Pope in reply urged him not to leave his see at Mentz, and reminded him of the words of the Saviour, »He that persevereth unto the end the same shall be saved". But in consideration of his long and laborious life, he agreed that if the Archbishop could find among his clergy one in whom he could place implicit confidence as fit to be intrusted with the office, he might elevate him thereto, and receive his assistance as his colleague and representative. Succesful in obtaining this welcome concession, Boniface nominated his fellow-countryman and disciple Lull as Archbishop of Mentz. For himself he proposed to retire to a monastery which was now rising in the midst of the vast forests of Buchow, on the banks of the river Fulda. Of this celebrated monastery suffice it to say here, that it was one of the most important of the many similar institutions which had risen under the Archbishop's eye. It occupied a central position in reference to missionary operations. Round it the four nations to whom he had preached the word for so many years seemed to be grouped together, and here the aged Prelate could employ the autumn of his life in directing the labours of the brethren and watching the beneficial and civilizing results of their exertions amid the surrounding country. But while thus forming his plans for promoting the good work in the land of his adoption, he was not forgetful of old friends in England. Pleasant memories of Crediton and Nutescelle still lay near his heart, and though his arduous duties forbade a visit to these familiar scenes, he yet maintained a constant correspondence with friends in the old country, and rejoiced to receive tidings of the welfare of the Anglo-Saxon Churches, just as he was pained to the heart when he heard of any moral declension. On such occasions he deemed it his duty to write to the offenders, and exhort them to amend their lives. Thus hearing that Ethelbald King of Mercia lived in the practice of gross immorality, he wrote to him in stirring and earnest terms, and remonstrated with him on the bad example he was setting his subjects, and endeavoured to shame him into a more consistent life by contrasting his conduct

with that of the still pagan Saxons around him in the Teutonic forests, who, though »they had not the law” of Christianity, yet »did by nature the things contained in the law”, and testified by severe punishment their abhorrence of unchastity. He also wrote to Archbishop Cuthbert, informed him of the canons and regulations he had inaugurated in the recent synods, and urged him to use all possible means to promote the vitality of the Church of their native land.

Thus amidst increasing infirmities and many causes for anxiety, he yet found time to remember old scenes and old friends. But as years rolled on the conviction was deepened in his own mind that the day could not be far off when he must leave the Churches he had founded. Lull had, indeed, been ordained, conformably to the Pope’s permission, as his coadjutor in the see of Mentz, but his appointment had not as yet received the royal recognition, and till this was secured, Boniface could not feel free from anxiety for the welfare of his flock. One of his last letters, therefore, was addressed to Fuldrede, chamberlain of the Frankish court, soliciting his protection and that of his royal master in behalf of his clergy and his many ecclesiastical foundations. In this very year he had been called upon to restore upwards of thirty churches in his extensive diocese, which had been swept away in an invasion of the heathen Frisians, and it was with gloomy forebodings that he contemplated the fate of the German Church, if it was not shielded by royal protection. »Nearly all my companions”, he writes to Fuldrede, »are strangers in this land; some are priests distributed in various places to celebrate the offices of the Church and minister to the people; some are monks, living in their different monasteries, employed in teaching the young; some are aged men, who have long borne with me the burden and heat of the day. For these I am full of anxiety lest, after my death, they should be scattered as sheep having no shepherd. Let them have a share of your countenance and protection, that they may not be dispersed abroad, and that the people dwelling on the heathen borders may not lose the law of Christ. Suffer also my son and brother in the ministry, Archbishop Lull, to preside over the Churches, that

both priests and people may find in him a teacher and a guide. And may God grant that he may be a true pastor to his people, a true director to the monastic brethren. I have many reasons for making this request. My clergy on the heathen borders are in deep poverty. Bread they can obtain for themselves, but clothing they cannot find here, unless they receive aid from some other quarter, to enable them to persevere and endure their daily hardships. Let me know either by the bearers of this letter, or under thine own hand, whether thou canst promise the granting of my request, that, whether I live or die, I may have some assurance for the future". The royal permission recognising Lull as his successor arrived, and now he could look forward to his end in peace. If ever he had wished to close his life in the peaceful seclusion of his new monastery at Fulda, that was not his desire now. Though upwards of seventy-four years of age, he determined to make one last effort to win over the still pagan portion of Friesland, and to accomplish what Willibrord and Wilfrid had begun. Bidding, therefore, the new Archbishop a solemn farewell, he ordered preparations to be made for the journey. Something told him he should never return, and, therefore, he desired that with his books, amongst which was a treatise of St. Ambrose on *The Advantage of Death*, might be packed not only the relics which were his constant companions, but also his shroud. Then with a small retinue of three priests, three deacons, four monks and forty-one laymen he embarked on board a vessel, and sailed along the banks of the Rhine till he reached the shore of the Zuyder Zee. In Friesland he was joined by Eoban, an old pupil, whom he had advanced to the see of Utrecht. Together they penetrated into East-Friesland, and commenced their labours. For a time all went well. The missionaries were welcomed by some of the tribes, and were enabled to lay the foundations of several churches. Gladdened by the accession of many converts, they at length reached the banks of the Bordau, not far from the modern Dockingen. It was the month of June and the festival of Whitsunday drew near. Boniface had dismissed many who had been admitted to baptism, bidding them return

on the vigil of Whitsunday to receive the further rite of confirmation. On the morning of the appointed day, the fifth of June, the Archbishop could hear the noise of the advancing multitude. ¶ But when he looked out from his tent, the brandishing of spears and the clang of arms told only too plainly that they were coming for a very different purpose than that for which he had summoned them. The heathen tribes, enraged at the success of the daring missionary, had selected this day for a complete revenge. Some of the Archbishop's retinue counselled resistance, and were already preparing to defend themselves when he stepped forth from his tent and gave orders that no weapon should be uplifted, but that all should await the crown of martyrdom. »Let us not return evil for evil", said he: »the long-expected day has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and He will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can kill only the body, but put your trust in God, who will speedily give you His eternal reward, and an entrance into His heavenly kingdom". Calmed by his words, his followers bravely awaited the onset of their enemies. They were not long kept in suspense. Naturally embittered against the opponents of their ancestral faith, the heathens rushed upon them, and quickly dispatched the little company, whom their leader had forbidden to lift a weapon in self-defence. Boniface, according to a tradition preserved by a priest of Utrecht, when he saw that his hour was come, took a volume of the Gospels, and making it a pillow for his head, stretched forth his neck for the fatal blow, and in a few moments received his release. The heathens speedily ransacked the tents of the missionaries, but instead of the treasures they expected, found only the book-cases which Boniface had brought with him; these they rifled, scattering some of the volumes over the plain, and hiding others among the marshes, where they remained till they were recovered by the Christians, and removed to the monastery of Fulda, together with the remains of the great missionary.

¶ Thus at the ripe age of seventy-five died the father of German Christian civilization. A Teuton by language

and kindred, he had been the Apostle of Teutons, and his work had not been in vain. The Church in which he had been trained was not like those of Ireland, Gaul, or Spain, the sister of that of Rome. It looked back to the day when forty monks, with Augustine at their head, landed on the shores of Kent, and no Church regarded with more filial affection the source of her light and life. What Mecca is to the Arabian pilgrim, that to the Anglo-Saxon was the city where the fair-haired Saxon boys were first seen by the large-hearted monk of St. Andrew. And no where do we find a more signal instance of the reverential feelings with which his countrymen regarded the great Bishop of the West than in the life of the native of Crediton. Combining singular conscientiousness with earnest piety, dauntless zeal with practical energy, he had been enabled to consolidate the work of earlier Irish and Anglo-Saxon missionaries; he had revived the decaying energies of the Frankish Church; he had restored to her the long dormant activity of the Ecclesiastical Council; he had covered Central and Western Germany with the first necessary elements of civilization. Monastic seminaries, as Amoneburg and Obrdruf, Fritzlar and Fulda, had risen amidst the Teutonic forests. The sees of Salzburg and Freisingen, of Regensburg and Passau, testified to his care of the Church of Bavaria. The see of Erturt told of labours in Thuringia, that of Buraburg, in Hesse, that of Wurzburg, in Franconia, while his Metropolitan See at Mentz, having jurisdiction over Worms and Spiers, Tongres, Cologne, and Utrecht, was a sign that even before his death the German Church had already advanced beyond its first missionary stage. Well may Germany look back with gratitude to the holy Benedictine, and tell with joy the story of the monk of Nutescelle. The roll of missionary heroes, since the days of the Apostles, can point to few more glorious names, to none, perhaps, that has added to the dominion of the Gospel regions of greater extent or value, or that has exerted a more powerful influence on the history of the human race.

In the monastery of Fulda was exposed for ages to hosts of pilgrims the blood-stained copy of St. Ambrose

on *The Advantage of Death*, which the Archbishop had brought with his shroud to the shore of the Zuyder Zee, and the long-continued labours of many of his loving pupils and associates will prove that, in his case, as always, »The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church”.

MACLEAR.

had
Zee,
ing
as
the

VI.

PRECEPTIVE PIECES.

I. THE TELESCOPE AND THE MICROSCOPE.

It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, revealed to us so many of the wonders of our God in the planetary system; but about the time of its invention another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery no less illustrative of his omnipotence and goodness. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star. The other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe. The other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which

the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory.

By the telescope we have discovered, that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity. But by the microscope we have also discovered, that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of his regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of His visible dominions. But, by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before, with the wonders of His unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of His territory. The other is as constantly filling up its separate portions, with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached. But, by the other, I am also told, that, with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, he has also a mind to concentrate a close and separate attention on each and on all of its particulars; and that the same God who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of His presence, and travel, in all the greatness of His unimpaired attributes, upon every one spot and corner of the universe He has formed.

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever — an event so awful to us, and

to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness — what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though His mind takes into His comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

T. CHALMERS.

2. HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The language which is, at present, spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of

the island, nor derived from it; but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtic, or Gaëlic, common to them with Gaul; from which country it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled. This Celtic tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is, probably, one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and, very probably, of Spain also; till, in the course of those revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first of the Romans, and afterwards, of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and in a manner, the whole face of Europe. This tongue was gradually obliterated, and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and among the wild Irish. For the Irish, the Welsh, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtic.

This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants, that we know of, in our Island; and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothic, or Teutonic, altogether distinct from the Celtic, laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language, probably, from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the Island, till the time of William the Conqueror. He introduced his Norman or French as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English, which was spoken afterwards, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon and this Norman-French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

The history of the English language can in this manner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the low countries of Scotland, is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps the ancient Celtic tongue came to be banished from the low countries in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the Highlands and Islands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland; or whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland, upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language, which afterwards, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtic, are uncertain and contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

From what has been said, it appears, that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms, the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our language. A very great number of our words too, are plainly derived from the Latin. These we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman-French, which William the Conqueror introduced. For as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romance: and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them; the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin. Hence, the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and hence a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced,

into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added, directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman literature throughout all Europe.

From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded language, must needs be somewhat irregular. We cannot expect from it that correspondence of parts, that complete analogy in structure, which may be found in those simpler languages, which have been formed in a manner within themselves, and built on one foundation. Hence it has but small remains of conjugation or declension; and its syntax is narrow, as there are few marks in the words themselves that can show their relation to each other, or, in the grammatical style, point out either their concordance, or their government, in the sentence. Our words having been brought to us from several different regions, struggle, if we may so speak, asunder from each other; and do not coalesce so naturally in the structure of a sentence, as the words in the Greek and Roman tongues.

But these disadvantages, if they be such, of a compound language, are balanced by other advantages that attend it: particularly, by the number and variety of words with which such a language is likely to be enriched. Few languages are, in fact, more copious than the English. In all grave subjects especially, historical, critical, political and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people, has brought together a great store of expressions, on such subjects, from every quarter. We are rich too in language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to those different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose.

It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, and with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger (*). But in describing the more delicate sentiments and emotions, our tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed, that the french language surpasses ours, by far, in expressing the nicer shades of character; especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour, which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Let any one attempt to translate, into English, only a few pages of one of Marivaux's novels, and he will soon be sensible of our deficiency of expression on these subjects. Indeed, no language is so copious as the French for whatever is delicate, gay and amusing. It is, perhaps, the happiest language for conversation in the known world; but, on the higher subjects of composition, the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably.

BLAIR.

HOK

3. ON EARLY RISING.

Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and of course get about your business at a late hour, and every thing goes wrong all day. Franklin says, »that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night." Dean Swift says, »that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning."

I believe that, with other degeneracies of our days, history will prove that late rising is a prominent one.

(*) Anger, wrath, passion, rage, fury, outrage, fierceness, sharpness, animosity, choler, resentment, heat, heartburning; to fume, storm, inflame, be incensed, to vex, kindle, irritate, enrage, exasperate, provoke, fret; to be sullen, hasty, hot, rough, sour, peevish, etc.

In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were universally open at four in the morning; now, not till long after seven. Then, the king of France dined out at eight o'clock in the morning and retired to his chamber at the same hour in the evening. In the time of Henry VIII, seven in the morning was the fashionable breakfast hour — ten the dinner hour. In the time of Elizabeth, the nobility, fashionables, and students, dined at eleven o'clock, and supped between five and six in the afternoon.

Buffon gives us the history of his writing in a few words. »In my youth, I was very fond of sleep: it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his servant) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he would make me get up at six. Next morning, he did not fail to wake me and to torment me; but he only received abuse. The next day after, he did the same, with no better success; and I was obliged to confess, at noon, that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; he ought to think of my promise, and not mind my threats. The day following, he employed force; I begged for indulgence—I bid him begone—I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply; and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works.”

Frederic II of Prussia, even after age and infirmities had increased upon him, gave strict orders never to be allowed to sleep later than four in the morning. Peter the Great, whether at work in the docks at London as a blacksmith, or on the throne of Russia, always rose before daylight. »I am,” says he, »for making my life as long as I can, and therefore sleep as little as possible”.

In order to rise early, I would earnestly recommend an early hour for retiring. There are many other reasons for this. Neither your eyes nor your health are

unusually early
 so likely to be destroyed. Nature seems to have so fitted things, that we ought to rest in the early part of the night. Let it be a rule with you, and scrupulously adhere to it, that your light shall be extinguished by ten o'clock in the evening. You may then rise at five, and have seven hours to rest, which is about what nature requires.

But how shall you form the habit of getting up so early? Suppose you go to bed, to-night, at ten: you have been accustomed to sit up later: for an hour you cannot sleep; and when the clock strikes five, you will be in a fine sleep. I reply, that, if you ever hope to do any thing in this world, the habit must be formed, and the sooner it is done the better. If any money could purchase the habit, no price would be too great.

Go When the writer commenced the practice in earnest, he procured an old clock, at the expence of about two dollars. (This may be placed wherever you please.) He then formed a little machine which went by weight and string, through the axle of which were four arms of wire, at the ends of which were as many brass buttons. As the weight went down, these revolving buttons struck against a small house-bell. This set up such a tremendous ringing, that there was no more sleep.

Con-
st-
 After you are once awaked, be sure to use the first consciousness in getting upon the floor. If you allow yourself to parley a single moment, sleep, like an armed man, will probably seize upon you, and your resolution is gone, your hopes are dashed, and your habits destroyed. *Need* you be reminded here, that the young man who is in the habit of early rising, will and must be in the habit of retiring early, and, of course, will put himself out of the way of many temptations and dangers which come under the veil of midnight. Not a few feel that the rules of academies, or colleges, which call them up early, are rather a hardship. They transgress them when they dare. Finding the stolen waters sweet, they do all in their power during vacations, and at other times, to prevent themselves from forming the habit of early rising. They ought not to feel or do so. The business of college, and the business of life, alike require early rising; and

Conclude

you are your own enemy if you cherish the feeling that this is a burden. One of the most celebrated writers of England was lately asked how it was that he wrote so much, and yet from ten in the forenoon was at leisure through the day. »Because I begin to write at three o'clock in the morning," was the reply. Most confidently do I believe, that he who from his youth is in the habit of rising early, will be much more likely to live to old age, more likely to be a distinguished and useful man, and more likely to pass a life that is peaceful and pleasant. I dwell upon this point, because a love for the bed is too frequently a besetting sin of students, and a sin which soon acquires the strength of a cable.

ANONYMOUS.

4. VALUE OF TIME.

An ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, »that its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that, of the rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost, so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pastime of cattle, and the accommodation of man".

The same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor, we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a

constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease and happiness are always exhausted by the present day: and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and, perhaps, it might be found that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

This natural and necessary comminution of our lives perhaps, often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

It is observable that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality

of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

It is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

The disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary that, whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry: but, perhaps if it be detained by oc-

cupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

From some cause like this it has probably proceeded that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him: he yet found means by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours which, in the midst of the most reckless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and solicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us that the *PRAISE OF FOLLY*, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy: *ne totum illud tempus, quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur; »lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback should be baffled away without regard to literature”.*

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that time was his ESTATE*; an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy

the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

JOHNSON.

4. ECONOMY OF FORTUNE AND TIME.

Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both; and you are now of age, to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are not to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr. Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of king William, Queen Anne and King George the First, used to say, »take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." To this maxim, which he not only preached, but practised, his two grandsons, at this time, owe the very considerable fortunes that he left them.

This holds equally true as to time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example, you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment; you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home; instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house and possibly alone, return home, write a letter, before-hand for the ensuing post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Mallebranche, Locke or Newton, by way of dipping, but some book of rational amusement, and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, etc. This will

be so much time saved, and by no means ill-employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading; for they read frivolous and idle books, such as the absurd romances of the two last centuries where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described. Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated poets, historians, orators, or philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty per cent of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin any thing then and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age you have no right nor claim to laziness; I have, if I please, being emeritus. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent and indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for every thing, and stick to it inviolably as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may have instantly recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings. Let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book or tables, lying by you and constantly recurred to; without which history is

only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; this is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you, both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food; and business can never be done without method; it raises the spirits for pleasures; and a spectacle, an assembly will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost the preceding part of the day, nay I will venture to say, that any body will seem to have more charms to a man of study or business, than to a saunterer. The same listlessness runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures, as inefficient in every thing else.

I wish to God that you had as much pleasure in following my advice, as I have in giving it you, and you may the more easily have it, as I give you none that is inconsistent with your pleasure. In all that I say to you it is your interest alone that I consider; trust to my experience, you know you may to my affection. Adieu.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

(*A letter to his son.*)

5. b. A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!

A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise.
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!

I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scath and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

6. ON THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

The greatest improvement in the productive powers of labour, and the greater part of the skill, dexterity, and judgment with which it is any where directed, or applied, seem to have been the effects of the division of labour.

The effects of the division of labour, in the general business of society, will be more easily understood, by considering in what manner it operates in some particular manufactures. It is commonly supposed to be carried furthest in some very trifling ones; not perhaps that it really is carried farther in them than in others of more importance: but in those trifling manufactures which are destined to supply the small wants of but a small number of people, the whole number of workmen must necessarily be small; and those employed in every different branch of the work can often be collected into the same workhouse and placed at once under the view of the spectator. In those great manufactures on the contrary, which are destined to supply the great wants of the great body of the people, every different branch of the work employs so great a number of workmen, that it is impossible to collect them all into the same workhouse. We can seldom see more, at one time, than those employed in one single branch. Though in such manufactures, therefore, the work may really be divided into a much greater number of parts, than in those of a more trifling nature, the division is not near so obvious, and has accordingly been much less observed.

To take an example, therefore, from a very trifling manufacture, but one in which the division of labour has been very often taken notice of, the trade of the pin-maker; a workman not educated to this business, which the division of labour has rendered a distinct trade, nor acquainted with the use of the machinery employed in it, to the invention of which the same division of labour has probably given occasion, could scarce, perhaps, with his utmost industry, make one pin in a day, and certainly could not make twenty. But in the way in which this business is now carried on, not only the whole work is a peculiar trade, but it is divided into a number of

branches, of which the greater part are likewise peculiar trades. One man draws out the wire, another straightens it, a third cuts it, a fourth points it, a fifth grinds it at the top for receiving the head; to make the head requires two or three distinct operations; to put it on, is a peculiar business, to whiten the pins is another, it is even a trade by itself to put them into the paper; and the important business of making a pin is, in this manner, divided into about eighteen distinct operations, which, in some manufactories, are all performed by distinct hands, though in others the same man will sometimes perform two or three of them. I have seen a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them consequently performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day. There are in a pound upwards of four thousand pins of a middling size. Those ten persons, therefore, could make among them upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day. Each person, therefore, making a tenth part of forty-eight thousand pins, might be considered as making four thousand eight hundred pins a day. But if they had all wrought separately, and independently, and without any of them having been educated to this particular business, they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin in a day; that is, certainly, not the two hundredth and fortieth, perhaps not the four thousand eight hundredth part of what they are at present capable of performing, in consequence of a proper division and combination of their different operations.

In every other art and manufacture, the effects of the division of labour are similar to what they are in this very trifling one; though, in many of them the labour can neither be so much subdivided, nor reduced to so great a simplicity of operation, the division of labour, however, so far as it can be introduced, occasions, in every art, a proportionable increase of the productive powers of labour. The separation of different trades and employments

from one another, seems to have taken place, in consequence of this advantage. This separation too is generally carried furthest in those countries which enjoy the highest degree of industry and improvement; what is the work of one man in a rude state of society, being generally that of several in an improved one. In every improved society the farmer is generally nothing but a farmer; the manufacturer, nothing but a manufacturer; the labour too which is necessary to produce any one complete manufacture, is almost always divided among a great number of hands. How many different trades are employed in each branch of the linen and woollen manufactures, from the growers of the flax and the wool, to the bleachers and smoothers of the linen, or to the dyers and dressers of the cloth! The nature of agriculture, indeed, does not admit of so many subdivisions of labour, nor of so complete a separation of one business from another, as manufactures. It is impossible to separate so entirely, the business of the grazier from that of the corn-farmer, as the trade of the carpenter is commonly separated from that of the smith. The spinner is almost always a distinct person from the weaver; but the ploughman, the harrower, the sower of the seed, and the reaper of the corn, are often the same. The occasions for those different sorts of labour returning with the different seasons of the year, it is impossible that one man should be constantly employed in any one of them. This impossibility of making so complete, and, entire a separation of all the different branches of labour employed in agriculture, is perhaps the reason why the improvement of the productive powers of labour in this art, does not always keep pace with their improvement in manufactures. The most opulent nations, indeed, generally excel all their neighbours in agriculture as well as in manufactures; but they are commonly more distinguished by their superiority in the latter than in the former. Their lands are in general better cultivated, and having more labour and expense bestowed upon them, produce more in proportion to the extent and natural fertility of the ground. But this superiority of produce is seldom much more than in proportion to the superiority of labour and

expense. In agriculture, the labour of the rich country is not always much more productive than that of the poor; or, at least, it is never so much more productive, as it commonly is in manufactures. The corn of the rich country, therefore, will not always, in the same degree of goodness, come cheaper to market than that of the poor. The corn of Poland, in the same degree of goodness, is as cheap as that of France, notwithstanding the superior opulence and improvement of the latter country. The corn of France is, in the corn-provinces, fully as good, and in most years nearly about the same price with the corn of England, though, in opulence and improvement, France is perhaps inferior to England. The corn-lands of England, however, are better cultivated than those of France, and the corn-lands of France are said to be much better cultivated than those of Poland. But though the poor country, notwithstanding the inferiority of its cultivation, can, in some measure, rival the rich in the cheapness and goodness of its corn, it can pretend to no such competition in its manufactures; at least if those manufactures suit the soil, climate, and situation of the rich country. The silks of France are better and cheaper than those of England, because the silk manufacture, at least under the present high duties upon the importation of raw silk, does not so well suit the climate of England as that of France. But the hardware and the coarse woollens of England are beyond all comparison superior to those of France, and much cheaper too in the same degree of goodness. In Poland there are said to be scarce any manufactures of any kind, a few of those coarser household manufactures excepted, without which no country can well subsist.

This great increase of the quantity of work, which in consequence of the division of labour, the same number of people are capable of performing, is owing to three different circumstances: first, to the increase of dexterity in every particular workman; secondly, to the saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one species of work to another; and lastly, to the invention of a great number of machines which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

First, the improvement of the dexterity of the workman necessarily increases the quantity of the work he can perform; and the division of labour, by reducing every man's business to some one simple operation, and by making this operation the sole employment of his life, necessarily increases very much the dexterity of the workman. A common smith, who, though accustomed to handle the hammer, has never been used to make nails, if upon some particular occasion he is obliged to attempt it, will scarce, I am assured, be able to make above two or three hundred nails in a day, and those too very bad ones. A smith who has been accustomed to make nails, but whose sole or principal business has not been that of a nailer, can seldom with his utmost diligence make more than eight hundred or a thousand nails in a day. I have seen several boys under twenty years of age who had never exercised any other trade but that of making nails, and who, when they exerted themselves, could make, each of them, upwards of two thousand three hundred nails in a day. The making of a nail, however, is by no means one of the simplest operations. The same person blows the bellows, stirs or mends the fire as there is occasion, heats the iron, and forges every part of the nail; in forging the head too he is obliged to change his tools. The different operations into which the making of a pin, or of a metal button, is subdivided are all of them much more simple, and the dexterity of the person, of whose life it has been the sole business to perform them, is usually much greater. The rapidity with which some of the operations of those manufactures are performed, exceeds what the human hand could, by those who had never seen them, be supposed capable of acquiring.

Secondly, the advantage which is gained by saving the time commonly lost in passing from one sort of work to another, is much greater than we should at first view be apt to imagine it. It is impossible to pass very quickly from one kind of work to another, that is carried on in a different place and with quite different tools. A country weaver, who cultivates a small farm, must lose a good deal of time in passing from his loom to

the field, and from the field to his loom. When the two trades can be carried on in the workhouse, the loss of time is no doubt much less. It is even in this case, however, very considerable. A man commonly saunters a little in turning his hand from one sort of employment to another. When he first begins the new work he is seldom very keen and hearty; his mind, as they say, does not go to it, and for some time he rather trifles than applies to good purpose. The habit of sauntering and of indolent careless application, which is naturally, or rather necessarily acquired by every country workman who is obliged to change his work and his tools every half hour, and to apply his hand in twenty different ways almost every day of his life, renders him almost always slothful and lazy, and incapable of any vigorous application even on the most pressing occasions. Independent, therefore, of his deficiency in point of dexterity, this cause alone must always reduce considerably the quantity of work which he is capable of performing.

Thirdly, and lastly, every body must be sensible how much labour is facilitated and abridged by the application of proper machinery. It is unnecessary to give any example. I shall only observe, therefore, that the invention of all those machines by which labour is so much facilitated and abridged, seems to have been originally owing to the division of labour. Men are much more likely to discover easier and readier methods of attaining any object, when the whole attention of their minds is directed towards that single object, than when it is dissipated among a great variety of things. But in consequence of the division of labour, the whole of every man's attention comes naturally to be directed towards some one very simple object. It is naturally to be expected, therefore, that some one or other of those who are employed in each particular branch of labour should soon find out easier and readier methods of performing their own particular work, wherever the nature of it admits of such improvement. A great part of the machines made use of in those manufactures in which labour is most subdivided, were originally the inventions of common workmen, who, being each of them employed in some

very simple operation, naturally turned their thoughts towards finding out easier and readier methods of performing it. Whoever has been much accustomed to visit such manufactures, must frequently have been shown very pretty machines, which were the inventions of such workmen, in order to facilitate and quicken their own particular part of the work. In the first fire-engines, a boy was constantly employed to open and shut alternately the communication between the boiler and the cylinder, according as the piston either ascended or descended. One of those boys, who loved to play with his companions, observed that, by tying a string from the handle of the valve which opened this communication to another part of the machine, the valve would open and shut without his assistance, and leave him at liberty to divert himself with his play-fellows. One of the greatest improvements that has been made upon this machine, since it was first invented, was in this manner the discovery of a boy who wanted to save his own labour.

All the improvements in machinery, however, have by no means been the inventions of those who had occasion to use the machines. Many improvements have been made by the ingenuity of the makers of the machines, when to make them became the business of a peculiar trade; and some by that of those who are called philosophers or men of speculation, whose trade it is not to do any thing, but to observe every thing; and who, upon that account, are often capable of combining together the powers of the most distant and dissimilar objects. In the progress of society, philosophy or speculation becomes, like every other employment, the principal or sole trade and occupation of a particular class of citizens. Like every other employment too, it is subdivided into a great number of different branches, each of which affords occupation to a peculiar tribe or class of philosophers; and this subdivision of employment in philosophy, as well as in every other business, improves dexterity, and saves time. Each individual becomes more expert in his own peculiar branch, more work is done upon the whole, and the quantity of science is considerably increased by it.

It is the great multiplication of the productions of all

the different arts, in consequence of the division of labour, which occasions, in a well-governed society, that universal opulence which extends itself to the lowest ranks of the people. Every workman has a great quantity of his own work to dispose of beyond what he himself has occasion for; and every other workman being exactly in the same situation, he is enabled to exchange a great quantity of his own goods for a great quantity, or, what comes to the same thing, for the price of a great quantity of theirs. He supplies them abundantly with what they have occasion for, and they accommodate him as amply with what he has occasion for, and a general plenty diffuses itself through all the different ranks of the society.

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woollen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the woolcomber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others who often live in a very distant part of the country! how much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour too is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner,

the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smeltinghouse, the brick-maker, the brick-layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine, in the same manner, all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him perhaps by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employēd in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass-window which lets in the heat and the light and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniencies; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to, what we very falsely imagine, the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accomodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accomodation of an European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accomodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute master of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

AD. SMITH.

7. REMARKS ON READING.

You are sensible we have taken some pains, and with good reason, in the practice of reading with propriety. It is the matter of the last importance in education, though too generally neglected: in public schools it is seldom thought of. Several years are spent in charging the memory with words, while few days are employed in forming the voice and judgment to utter them in a powerful and agreeable manner. A scholar may be such in theory, when his head is stored with languages, and he can interpret the writings of the Greeks and Romans; but he is no scholar in practice, till he can express his own sentiments in a good style, and speak them in a proper manner. A mathematician understands the rationale of musical sounds; but the musician, who charms the ear, and touches the passions, is he who can combine sounds agreeably, according to the rules of art in composition, and perform them well upon an instrument. The dead philosophy of music in the head of a mathematician is like the learning of a Greek and Latin scholar, who can neither write nor read; and there are many such to be found.

There are two great faults in reading which people fall into naturally; and there is another fault which is the work of art, as bad, in my opinion, as either of the former: it is common with those who are untaught, or ill taught, or have a bad ear, to read in a lifeless insipid tone, without any of those artificial turnings of the voice which give force and grace to what is delivered. When a boy takes a book into his hand, he quits his natural speech, and either falls into a whining canting tone, or assumes a stiff and formal manner, which has neither life nor meaning. Observe the same boy when he is at play with his companions, disputing, reasoning, accusing, or applauding, and you will hear him utter all his words with the flexures, which are proper to the occasion, as nature and passion, and the matter dictates. Why does he not read as forcible as he speaks? This he would soon do, if he were to consider, that reading is but another sort of talking. He that reads, talks out of

a book; and he that talks, reads without book; this is all the difference; therefore let a boy consider with himself, how he would talk what he is reading, and then he will drop the formal tone he had assumed, and pronounce easily and naturally.

The sense of a passage depends so much on the emphasis with which it is uttered, that if you read without emphasis, the matter is dead and unaffecting; if you lay it on the wrong word, you alter the sense. Trite examples have been given of sentences which have as many meanings as words when the emphasis is differently placed. Thus, if the question were asked: *Do you ride to London to-day?* Place the accent on the first word, the sense is, *Do you, or do you not?* If you place it on the second, it means: *Do you go yourself, or does somebody else go for you?* Lay it on the third, it means: *Do you go on horseback, or on foot etc.?* On the fourth, it asks, whether you go *so far as London, or only part of the way?* On the fifth, it is: *Do you ride to London or to some other place?* If you lay it on the two last, it asks, whether you go there *to-day, or at some other time?*

This example is sufficient to show, that you must understand the meaning of a sentence before you can pronounce it rightly; and that if you pronounce it wrong, the meaning cannot be understood by another person. To hear any one reading in a single unvaried note or monotone, without expressing the sense, is like looking upon a right line which has no variety of flexure to entertain the eye; and if he reads with a false emphasis, he makes the sense absurd and ridiculous. Many instances have been reported to illustrate this absurdity. They tell us of a reader, who in delivering the passage of Scripture from the reading desk: »He said unto them, saddle the ass, and they saddled him”, unfortunately laid the accent on the last word: by which the sentence was made to signify that the man was saddled instead of his beast.

The want of art and skill, especially in a matter where it is of real consequence, is unpardonable in a person of a liberal education: but it is equally offensive to read with too much art. *Ne quid nimis*, is to be observed here as in other cases. Affectation is disgusting wherever it

is to be found; it betrays a want of judgment in the speaker, and none ever admire it but the illiterate, who are not prepared to make proper distinctions. We are never more justly offended, than when an attempt is made to surprise us with unreasonable rant, with grimace and distortion, and such other emotions as are not justified by the matter delivered, and destroy the effect of it with those who have judgment to see through the artifice. When a speaker seems to expect that I should be surprised, and I am not; when he shows me that he is endeavouring to lead my passions where they cannot follow, it occasions a very disagreeable sensation. Affectation, though it is always out of place, and seldom fails to defeat its own intentions, is never more so than when it appears in the pulpit or the reading desk; where it is shocking to see the airs of the theatre, and to hear a preacher enforcing his observations with the voice of an actress expiring upon the stage.

What is unnatural cannot be just; and nothing can be affecting which is not natural. Therefore, in all reading, we must have regard to the sense, to the matter, and the occasion: then we shall read with propriety, and what we deliver, will have the proper effect.

One rule ought never to be forgotten: that the reader or speaker should seem to feel in himself what he delivers to others. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est ipsi tibi.* The principle is certain, and even mechanical; for in all machines, no part moves another, without being first moved itself. This is the soul of all elocutions, with which a common beggar at a door has the powers of an orator, and without which, all the rules of art are cold and insignificant. A barrel-organ can be made to play a most elaborate piece of music truly and correctly; but the sounds want that animation which they receive from the finger of a living player, who is himself delighted with what he is performing.

For practice in reading, a plain narrative has not variety enough to exercise the different turns of the voice: speeches, reasonings, controversies, and dialogues are more proper; and there is great choice in the scriptures. The speeches of St. Paul to Agrippa, Festus, and the Jews;

his reasonings in the epistle to the Romans; the conversation of the Jews with the man that was born blind — are all excellent to teach propriety and force of expression. Some of the Night Thoughts of Dr. Young are so difficult, that they cannot be expressed without some study and a perfect understanding of the sense; but when understood, they will contribute much to farther improvement. I am cautious of recommending speeches in plays; not only because the matter is too often corrupting, but because there is danger of falling from thence into an affected overstrained manner, which is always to be avoided.

W. JONES.

8. ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

I am not one of those who deem it absolutely necessary that every graduate of a College should fill a place in one of the learned professions — nor can I subscribe to the doctrine that, if destined to commercial, manufacturing or agricultural pursuits, or even to meaner employments his classical education is wholly lost upon him, and the time employed in its acquisition utterly thrown away. I hope it will not be deemed harsh if I say that this doctrine is the suggestion of a sordid and earthly spirit, which looks to pecuniary accumulation as the chief end of man. I have no sympathies in my nature for such a spirit. I have no sympathies for that man's losses, who in losing wealth has gained knowledge. I have no fear that he will, of consequence, be left to starvation or want, because he may have devoted three or four years more than his very prudent friends would have advised to the cultivation of his mind. In our blessed country such a thing as pauperism is scarcely known except under the visitations of Providence. It is the very land of abundance, where the good things of life are strown with a bountiful hand, in every man's path. Let the man of liberal education, no matter how directed — whether by choice, by circumstance, or by necessity — go back from the academic halls, to the ordinary business pursuits of life. He will not degrade his calling, nor will

his calling, however humble, degrade him — nor will it be very essential at the end of his career, that he possesses a few thousands more or less, quite as likely to be more as less, than he might have done had he followed a more sordid economy. It is precisely in the more humble occupations of life, that I wish to see men of education multiplied. This would accord with the genius of our institutions and the constitution of our society. I wish to see the various branches of human industry thrown open to all classes. At present some of them are too exclusive. There can hardly be a worse spirit of aristocracy than that which closes these places against the cultivated, and appropriates them exclusively to the vulgar. I repeat it — let men of education be multiplied, and leave them at liberty to seek the means of subsistence, which is not the whole of life, in just such occupations as may suit their taste or their convenience; and if this object can be but accomplished in the humbler employments I would have them go there. Then might great things be expected with confidence, to come occasionally from these humbler spheres of life. We might look with confidence for the rising of great lights from them — not mere exhalations as from low, damp grounds, but bright luminaries lifting themselves far above the horizon, in whose beams the world should be warmed and illuminated.

It is not true that devotion to business — I care not what it may be — with a spirit subordinate to the claims of man's higher destinies, disqualifies for mental exertions. All experience is against the conclusion. Many a man, who has become greatly eminent for intellectual excellence, has been thus laboriously employed to the end of his life. Solon was a merchant, and became a great poet, a great orator and a great law giver. Gesner, the German, was a poet, a painter, an engraver — and a bookseller. Richardson was a printer, and wrote *Pamela*, which first gave him fame, after he was fifty years of age. George Lillo was a jeweller in London. De Foe was alternately a horse-factor, and a maker of bricks. Robert Burns was a farm laborer. Shakespeare was a provincial actor. It matters not, that men have been thus distin-

guished, without the essential aids of classical learning. I answer, that they would have been more distinguished with them; and that many a man of genius, conscious at once of his power and his helplessness, has sunk, heart-broken, into an obscure grave, just for the want of the essential aids of classical learning. Some have, indeed, been successful, eminently successful, in spite of this difficulty — it was the triumph of genius. But no man, who wants this species of culture, can turn his thoughts to the higher pursuits of literature, or science without deep embarrassment. We know how much it has been felt. Shakespeare quoted and wrote Latin, without probably, understanding a syllable of it. Cato the Censor set himself to learn Greek in his old age. Alfred began to translate Latin when he was about forty years old. And Henry Pitot, the French mathematician learned this language at fifty. Such instances will always be occurring, and they will be greatly multiplied in proportion as the study of the learned languages shall be neglected.

But I repeat that devotion to business does not necessarily disqualify for mental exertions — any more than mental cultivation necessarily disqualifies for business. And if this is true of employment in the more humble branches of human industry, it is especially true of employment in the more elevated and dignified occupations of life. How often has the world been instructed and delighted by the ingenious and spontaneous effort of men, who, for this purpose, have stolen their leisure from the bustle of the camp, or the perplexities of political or professional employment? Cæsar wrote his Commentaries on his battle fields. Cicero was constantly overwhelmed with political and professional business, and was nevertheless a voluminous writer; »Cui fuerit ne otium quidem unquam otiosum." Frederick of Prussia spent the greater portion of his life in camp, and his writings fill twenty-five volumes. Sully too was a soldier and an author. Milton devoted more time to politics than to poetry. Bacon, and Clarendon, and Selden and Hale, found time for the composition of the most valuable works. The present Lord Chancellor of England devotes much of his time to literary composition. And we all know what has

been accomplished in this way, by the present venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

I believe it will not be going too far to say, that the chief contributors in every department of learning, have been those who have been actively and laboriously engaged in business occupations. And for the most part they have made their learned contributions, not because they had been especially educated to do so, but because they discovered, as if by accident, in the course of their career, that they had the capacity and the power. It is material to observe, that the discoveries which authors have made of talent in themselves, for the particular department in which they have become distinguished, seems, indeed, in most cases to have been accidental — just as many of the most important discoveries in science have been accidental — just as the pendulum was discovered by Galileo from the movements of a lamp suspended in the Cathedral of Pisa — just as gravitation and the secret mechanism of the heavens were suggested to Newton by the falling of an apple from a tree. The genius of a man is oftentimes not developed till late in life. The spirit of a man often slumbers through long years of tumult and noise, only to be waked up at last by the small voice of a whisper. Nature must have her own way, she will not be forced. And I apprehend it would be found a hopeless business, if the attempt were made to sustain the interests of literature and science by a decimation of college students for such a purpose — to select this individual and that, and that, out of every class, and separate and consecrate them to this important work. There would be no imparted strength, no energy, no edification. Every thing would be cold and subjects of the deepest interest to humanity, would be wrpped up in dullness, or in mystery. No — I would extend classical learning as far and as wide as possible. And while I would not expect a prodigy in every pupil, I should expect without fear of disappointment, that the interests of literature and science would be safe, by being committed to a body of men: out of numbers, individuals must arise, from time to time, who Atlas-like would sustain these worlds upon their shoulders. And for the

rest, nothing is to be apprehended. They will not be the greater lights in the firmament, but they will be the lesser. Besides the mass is never distinguished in any class of men, and cannot be in the nature of things. It is sufficient that nobody would be injured, while the changes of great results, beneficial to the world, would be multiplied.

Young gentlemen are not sent to college, to be directly fitted for the practical pursuits of life; that is to say, not to be instructed in the mysteries of law, or physic, or divinity, or politics, or commerce; nor to be initiated in the art of husbandry, or in any of the mechanic trades. In short, they are not sent to college to learn how to wield a hammer; or hold a plough; or build a ship; or govern a state; or compose a homily; or reduce a dislocation: or sum up a cause. But they are sent to college, simply to acquire the rudiments of classical learning in all its variety, as the best means of preparing them to enter into the learned professions, or, either directly or eventually, into the walks of literature and science. In the nature of things, only a comparatively small number, will become greatly distinguished for learning or talent — but the chances of multiplying these will be in direct proportion to the whole number originally put into the proper course of training and discipline. None will be injured. All will be benefited. And, in the mean time, the first impulse will be given to some minds — and the more the further the system is extended — who will eventually tower into the higher regions of learning. The world may not know at what precise points the brightest beacon lights will appear, but they will look for them, with most confidence, on those eminences where they know the proper materials have been collected, and to which they know the torch has been sent.

Having taken occasion to insist on the utility of classical learning, let me also say, that no man more cordially approves than I do, the various methods which are resorted to in our day of extending the choice blessings of practical learning in our country. I am not an enemy of what may be called the utilitarian system

any farther than it seeks to interfere with other systems, which I hold to be quite as useful and important. I am deeply impressed not only with the importance but the necessity, of carrying the lights of useful knowledge down into society to the lowest spheres of life, because upon it depends our moral and political prosperity. Although we have in our happy country, no peasantry — no class of persons answering to the peasantry of the European countries — just because there can be no serfs and slaves where there are no masters; and although we have no laws of primogeniture and entails to create artificial distinctions in society, and make the poor and the many toil for the rich and the few, yet even here, where the distribution of property and of all temporal good is more general and equal than in any other portion of the globe, there is, and always must be, a numerous class of persons who must labour for their support with their own hands. It is one of the most beautiful and ingenious devices of the present day to provide for the education, beyond the limits of the common school system, of a portion of this class of the community — they being made to sustain themselves all the while by their personal labour. For my own part, I regard these and the like devices for extending and diffusing the elements of essential, practical and liberal knowledge through the various classes of society, as the means of incalculable benefit to the country, and to the world.

BARNARD.

9. CONTENTMENT.

Contentment produces in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to

act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives a sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. — I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: »Why,” said he, »I have three farms still, and you, have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.” On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost but than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than upon those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as these are none that can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction, which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man’s estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he

does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but he told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, »content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, that »no man has so much care as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

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

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife, who came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: »Every one," says he, »has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Dr. Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had

not both these distempers upon him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay, without observing, that there was never any system, besides true Religion, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us contented with our condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the schemes of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These and the like considerations rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: »It is for that very reason,» said the emperor, »that I do grieve.»

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

ADDISON.

10. THE WAY TO WEALTH.

I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected, at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain clean old man, with white locks, »Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How

shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, »If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short, »for a word to the wise is enough," as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

»Friends," says he, »the taxes are, indeed, very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; »God helps them that help themselves," as poor Richard says.

»I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax the people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. »Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as poor Richard says. »But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting, that »the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as poor Richard says.

»If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as poor Richard says, »the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, »lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough;" let us then be up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. »Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee:

and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as poor Richard says.

»So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. »Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. »He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, »at the working man's house, hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for »industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, »diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. »One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as poor Richard says; and, farther, »never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens, remember, »that the cat in gloves catches no mice," as poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for »constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

»Methinks I hear some of you say, »must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says; »employ thy time well, if thou

meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for »a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. »Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

»II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as poor Richard says,

„I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, »three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, »keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again; »if you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

„He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, »the eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;" and again, »want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, »not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, »in the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable; for, »if you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost, and for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

»III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, »keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;” and

»Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting.
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.”

»If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.”

»Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for »what maintains one vice, would bring up two children.” You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, »many a little makes a mickle.” Beware of little expences; »a small leak will sink a great ship,” as poor Richard says; and again, »who dainties love, shall beggars prove;” and moreover, »fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.”

»Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, »buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.” And again, at a great penny-worth pause a while.” He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, »many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths.” Again, »it is foolish to lay out money in a

pu
eve
Ma
gor
lie:
kit
nee
ver
ma
gar
to
wh
the
»a
his
a s
tin
tha
mir
nev
Ric
kno
wou
som
as
to
Dic

And
grea
fine
be
supp
it;
as f

purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; »silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life, they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that »a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think »it is day, and never will be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but »always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as poor Richard says; and then, »when the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: »if you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," as poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

»Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, »pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one thing fine, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, »it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it; and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox."

»Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however, a folly soon punished; for, as poor Richard says, »pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy, it hastens misfortunes.

»But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor, you will be in fear when you speak to him, you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, »the second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, »lying rides upon debt's back;" whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. »It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." What would you think of that prince or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say, that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, »creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set

days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short; time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. »Those have a short lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

„For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and, »it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel," as poor Richard says: so, »rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

„Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

»IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing from heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

»And now," to conclude, »experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, »we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct:" however, remember this, »they that will not be counselled cannot be helped;" and farther, that »if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been common sermon, for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.

FRANKLIN.

o
o
la
ru
th
si
an
ru
pr
pa
gi
up
th
Bu
the
pe
we
sup
ed,
ene
ter
our
hig
I k
ach
the

VII.

SPEECHES.

I. ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

I cannot, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now, none so poor as to do reverence! The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy; — and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valour: I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.

You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent; — doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty.

But, my lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms, the tomohawk and scalping knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods! — to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; »for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, »to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity! — »That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature, that noble lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the savage, torturing and murdering his unhappy victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of

humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, — upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. To send forth the merciless Indian, thirsting for blood! against whom? — your brethren! — to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these ungovernable savages! — Spain can no longer boast preeminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose those brutal warriors against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

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

W. PITT,

EARL OF CHATHAM.

2. REPLY TO SIR H. WALPOLE.

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining: but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth is not my only crime! — I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised: I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which

wealth and dignity entrench themselves nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman — Mr. Pitt was here interrupted by Mr. Winnington, who called him to order with much bitterness of language, and was himself proceeding in a more violent strain than that which he affected to condemn, when Mr. Pitt is said to have retorted upon him his own accusation in these spirited words: — If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking without any regard to truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passion whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others. Happy would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself. That I may return, in some degree, the favour, which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform.

THE SAME.

3. ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Why ought the slave-trade to be abolished? Because it is incurable injustice. How much stronger then is the argument for immediate than gradual abolition? By allowing it to continue even for one hour, do not my right honourable friends weaken — do not they desert their own argument of its injustice? If on the ground of injustice it ought to be abolished at last, why ought it not now? Why is injustice to be suffered to remain for a single hour? I know of no evil that ever has existed, nor can imagine any evil to exist, worse than the tearing of seventy or eighty thousand persons annually from their native land, by a combination of the most civilized nations, inhabiting, the most enlightened part of the globe, but more especially under the sanction of the laws of that nation which calls herself the most free and the most happy of them all.

Reflect on these eighty thousand persons thus annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it, that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice, yet what an office of humiliation and meanness is it in us to take upon ourselves to carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said, they have gained some knowledge of the principle of justice. What, Sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us!! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them in the study of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity. We give them just enough of European improvements, to enable them the more effectually to turn Africa into a ravaged wilderness. Some evidences say, that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and

children, and, ultimately, themselves. Are these then the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labour of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions, men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us, have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. I feel that there is not time for me to make all the remarks which the subject deserves, and I refrain from attempting to enumerate half the dreadful consequences of this system. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connexions which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships, that are burst asunder? Do you think nothing of the miseries, in consequence, that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement!

There was a time, Sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this Island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And the circumstances, Sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proofs, that Africa labours under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad

to know why it might not also have been *applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain*. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honourable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, *there is a people that will never rise to civilization — there is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world*. Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa? We, Sir, have long since emerged from barbarism — we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians — we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized Africa. There is indeed one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting even to this hour as barbarians: for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, præminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and established in all the blessings of civil society: we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice: we are living under a system of government, which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world. From all these blessings we must for ever

have been shut out, had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very Island now apply to Africa; ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this night the line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture, from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuit of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

WILLIAM PITT.

4. ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS. (*)

Debi Sing and his instruments suspected, and in a few cases they suspected justly, that the country people had purloined from their own estates, and had hidden in secret places in the circumjacent deserts some small reserve of their own grain to maintain themselves during the unproductive months of the year, and to leave some hope for a future season. But the under tyrants knew that the demands of Mr. Hastings would admit no plea for delay, much less for subtraction of his bribe, and that he would not abate a shilling of it to the wants of the whole human race. These hoards, real or supposed, not being discovered by menaces and imprisonment, they fell upon the last resource, the naked bodies of the people. And here, my lords, began such a scene of cruelties and tortures, as I believe no history has ever presented to the indignation of the world; such as I am sure, in the most barbarous ages, no politic tyranny, no fanatic persecution has ever yet exceeded. Mr. Patterson, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of the country, makes his own apology and mine for opening this scene of horrors to you in the following words:

»That the punishments inflicted upon the riots both of Rungpore and Dinagepore for non payment were in many instances of such a nature, that I would rather wish to draw a veil over them than shock your feelings by the detail. But that, however, disagreeable the task may be to myself, it is absolutely necessary for the sake of justice, humanity and the honour of government, that they should be exposed, to be prevented in future."

My lords, they began by winding cords round the fingers of the unhappy freeholders of those provinces,

(*) In 1786, Warren Hastings was impeached by the house of commons for "high crimes and misdemeanors" alleged to have been committed by him as governor-general of India. The leader in the prosecution was Edmund Burke. The following harrowing description of the cruelties perpetrated by Debi Sing, one of Hastings' official servants, is perhaps without parallel in the language.

until they clung to and were almost incorporated with one another; and then they hammered wedges of iron between them, until, regardless of the cries of the sufferers, they had bruised to pieces, and for ever crippled those poor, honest, innocent, laborious hands, which had never been raised to their mouths but with a penurious and scanty proportion of the fruits of their own soil; but those fruits (denied to the wants of their own children) have for more than fifteen years past furnished the investment for our trade with China, and been sent annually out, and without recompense, to purchase for us that delicate meal, with which your lordships, and all this auditory, and all this country have begun every day for these fifteen years, at their expense. To those beneficent hands, that labour for our benefit, the return of the British government has been cords, and wedges. But there is a place where these crippled and disabled hands will act with resistless power. What is it that they will not pull down, when they are lifted to Heaven against their oppressors? Then what can withstand such hands? Can the power that crushed and destroyed them? Powerful in prayer, let us at least deprecate, and thus endeavour to secure ourselves from the vengeance which these mashed and disabled hands may pull down upon us. My lords, it is an awful consideration. Let us think of it.

But to pursue this melancholy but necessary detail, I am next to open to your lordship what I am hereafter to prove, that the most substantial and leading yeomen, the responsible farmers, the parochial magistrates and chiefs of villages, were tied two and two by the legs together; and their tormentors throwing them with their heads downwards over a bar, beat them on the soles of the feet with ratans, until the nails fell from the toes; and then attacking them at their heads, as they hung downward, as before at their feet, they beat them with sticks and other instruments of blind fury, until the blood gushed out at their eyes, mouths, and noses.

Not thinking that the ordinary whips and cudgels, even so administered, were sufficient, to others (and often also to the same, who had suffered as I have stated) they applied, instead of ratan and bamboo, whips made

of the branches of the bale tree, a tree full of sharp and strong thorns, which tear the skin and lacerate the flesh far worse than ordinary scourges.

For others, exploring with a searching and inquisitive malice, stimulated by an insatiate rapacity, all the devious paths of nature for whatever is most unfriendly to man, they made rods of a plant highly caustic and poisonous, called *Bechettea*, every wound of which, festers and gangrenes, adds double and treble to the present torture, leaves a crust of leprous sores upon the body, and often ends in the destruction of life itself.

At night these poor innocent sufferers, those martyrs of avarice and extortion, were brought into dungeons; and in the season when nature takes refuge in insensibility from all the miseries and cares which wait on life, they were three times scourged, and made to reckon the watches of the night by periods and intervals of torment. They were then led out in the severe depth of winter — which there at certain seasons would be severe to any, to the Indians is most severe and almost intolerable — they were led out before break of day, and, stiff, and sore as they were with the bruises and wounds of the night, were plunged into water; and whilst their jaws clung together with the cold, and their bodies were rendered infinitely more sensible, the blows and stripes were renewed upon their backs; and then delivering them over to soldiers, they were sent into their farms and villages to discover where a few handfuls of grain might be found concealed, or to extract some loan from the remnants of compassion and courage not subdued in those who had reason to fear that their own turn of torment would be next, that they should succeed them in the same punishment, and that their very humanity, being taken as a proof of their wealth, would subject them (as it did in many cases subject them) to the same inhuman tortures. After this circuit of the day through their plundered and ruined villages, they were remanded at night to the same prison; whipped as before at their return to the dungeon, and at morning whipped at their leaving it; and then sent as before to purchase, by begging in the day, the reiteration of the torture in the night. Days

of menace, insult and extortion—nights of bolts, fetters, and flagellation — succeeded to each other in the same round, and for a long time made up all the vicissitudes of life to these miserable people.

But there are persons whose fortitude could bear their own suffering, there are men who are hardened by their very pains; and the mind strengthened even by the torments of the body, rises with a strong defiance against its oppressor. They were assaulted on the side of their sympathy. Children were scourged almost to death in the presence of their parents. This was not enough. The son and father were bound close together, face to face, and body to body, and in that situation cruelly lasted together, so that the blow which escaped the father fell upon the son, and the blow which missed the son wound over the back of the parent. The circumstances were combined by so subtle a cruelty, that every stroke which did not excrete the sense should wound and lacerate the sentiments and affections of nature.

Your lordships will not wonder that these monstrous and oppressive demands, exacted with such tortures, threw the whole province into despair. They abandoned their crops on the ground. The people in a body would have fled out of its confines; but bands of soldiers invested the avenues of the province, and making a line of circumvallation, drove back these wretches, who sought exile as a relief, into the prison of their native soil. Not suffered to quit the district, they fled to the many wild thickets which oppression had scattered through it, and sought amongst the jungles and dens of tigers a refuge from the tyranny of Warren Hastings. Not able long to exist here, pressed at once by wild beasts and famine, the same despair drove them back; and seeking their last resource in arms, the most quiet, the most passive, the most timid of the human race rose up in a universal insurrection, and (what will always happen in popular tumults) the effects of the fury of the people fell on the meaner and sometimes the reluctant instruments of the tyranny, who in several places were massacred. The insurrection began in Rungpore; and soon spread its fire to the neighbouring provinces which had been harassed by the same person with the same oppressions. The

English chief in that province had been the silent witness, most probably the abettor and accomplice of all these horrors. He called in first irregular, and then regular troops, who, by dreadful and universal military execution got the better of the impotent resistance of unarmed and undisciplined despair. I am tired with the detail of the cruelties of peace. I spare you those of a cruel and inhuman war, and of the executions which, without law or process, or even the shadow of authority, were ordered by the English revenue chief in that province.

BURKE.

5. SPEECH AGAINST NAPOLEON.

The proposition that we should not interfere with the government of other nations is true, but true with qualifications. If the government of any other country contains an insurrectionary principle, as France did, when she offered to aid the insurrection of her neighbours, your interference is warranted; if the government of another contains the principle of universal empire, as France did, and promulgated, your interference is justifiable. Gentlemen may call this internal government, but I call this conspiracy. If the government of another country maintains a predatory army, such as Buonaparte's, with a view to hostility and conquest, your interference is just. He may call this internal government, but I call this a preparation for war. No doubt he will accompany this with offers of peace, but such offers of peace are nothing more than one of the arts of war, attended, most assuredly, by charging on you the odium of a long and protracted contest, and with much common place, and many good saws and sayings of the miseries of bloodshed, and the savings and good husbandry of peace, and the comforts of a quiet life: but if you listen to this, you will be much deceived; not only deceived, but you will be beaten. Again, if the government of another country covers more ground in Europe, and destroys the balance of power, so as to threaten the independence of other nations, this is a cause of your interference. Such was the principle upon which we acted in the best times;

such was the principle of the grand alliance; such was the triple alliance, and such the quadruple; and by such principles has Europe not only been regulated, but protected. If a foreign government does any of those acts I have mentioned we have a cause of war; but if a foreign power does all of them, — forms a conspiracy for universal empire, keeps up an army for that purpose, employs that army to overturn the balance of power, and attempts the conquest of Europe, — attempts do I say? in a great degree achieves it, (for what else was Buonaparte's dominion before the battle of Leipsic?) — and then receives an overthrow; owes its deliverance to treaties which give that power its life, and these countries their security, (for what did you get from France but security?) — if this power, I say, avails itself of the conditions in the treaties, which give it colonies, prisoners, and deliverance, and breaks those conditions which give you security, and resumes the same situation which renders this power capable of repeating the same atrocity, — has England, or has she not, a right of war?

Having considered the two questions, that of ability and that of right, and having shown that you are justified on either consideration to go to war, let me now suppose that you treat for peace. First, you will have peace upon a war establishment, and then a war without your present allies. It is not certain that you will have any of them, but it is certain that you will not have the same combination, while Buonaparte increases his power by confirmation of his title, and by further preparation; so that you will have a bad peace and a bad war. Were I disposed to treat for peace I would not agree to the amendment, because it disperses your allies and strengthens your enemy, and says to both, we will quit our alliance to confirm Napoleon on the throne of France, that he may hereafter more advantageously fight us, as he did before, for the throne of England.

Gentlemen set forth the pretensions of Buonaparte; gentlemen say, that he has given liberty to the press; he has given liberty to publication, to be afterwards tried and punished according to the present constitution of France, as a military chief pleases; that is to say, he

has given liberty to the French to hang themselves. Gentlemen say, he has in his dominions abolished the slave-trade: I am unwilling to deny him praise for such an act; but if we praise him for giving liberty to the African, let us not assist him in imposing slavery on the European. Gentlemen say, will you make war upon character? but the question is, will you trust a government without one? What will you do if you are conquered, say gentlemen? I answer, the very thing you must do, if you treat, — abandon the Low Countries. But the question is, in which case are you most likely to be conquered, with allies or without them. Either you must abandon the Low Countries, or you must preserve them by arms, for Buonaparte will not be withheld by treaty. If you abandon them, you will lose your situation on the globe; and instead of being a medium of communication and commerce between the new and the old, you will become an anxious station between two fires, — the continent of America, rendered hostile by the intrigues of France, and the continent of Europe, possessed by her arms. It then remains for you to determine, if you do not abandon the Low Countries, in what way you mean to defend them, alone or with allies.

Gentlemen complain of the allies, and say, they have partitioned such a country, and transferred such a country and seized on such a country. What! will they quarrel with their ally, who has possessed himself of a part of Saxony, and shake hands with Buonaparte, who proposes to take possession of England? If a prince takes Venice, we are indignant; but if he seizes on a great part of Europe, and stands covered with the blood of millions and the spoils of half mankind, our indignation ceases; vice becomes gigantic, conquers the understanding, and mankind begin by wonder, and conclude by worship. The character of Buonaparte is admirably calculated for this effect; he invests himself with much theatrical grandeur; he is a great actor in the tragedy of his own government; the fire of his genius precipitates on universal empire, certain to destroy his neighbours or himself; — better formed to acquire empire than to keep it, he is a hero and a calamity, formed to punish France and to perplex Europe.

The authority of Mr. Fox has been alluded to; a great authority, and a great man; his name excites tenderness and wonder. To do justice to that immortal person, you must not limit your view to this country: his genius was not confined to England, it acted three hundred miles off, in breaking the chains of Ireland; it was seen three thousand miles off, in communicating freedom to the Americans; it was visible, I know not how far off, in ameliorating the condition of the Indian; it was discernible on the coast of Africa, in accomplishing the abolition of the slave-trade. You are to measure the magnitude of his mind by parallels of latitude. His heart was as soft as that of a woman, his intellect was adamant; his weaknesses were virtues, — they protected him against the hard habit of a politician, and assisted nature to make him amiable and interesting. The question discussed by Mr. Mox in 1792 was, whether you would treat with a revolutionary government; the present is, whether you will confirm a military and a hostile one. You will observe, that when Mr. Fox was ready to treat, the French, it was understood, were ready to evacuate the Low Countries. If you confirm the present government, you must expect to lose them. Mr. Fox objected to the idea of driving France upon her resources, lest you should make her a military government. The question now is, whether you will make that military government perpetual. I therefore do not think the theory of Mr. Fox can be quoted against us; and the practice of Mr. Fox tends to establish our proposition, for he treated with Buonaparte, and failed. Mr. Fox was tenacious of England, and would never yield an iota of her superiority; but the failure of the attempt to treat was to be found, not in Mr. Fox, but in Buonaparte.

On the French subject, speaking of authority, we cannot forget Mr. Burke, — Mr. Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition! He read every thing, he foresaw every thing. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what

other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and his prophetic fury admonished nations.

Gentlemen speak of the Bourbon family. I have already said, we should not force the Bourbon upon France; but we owe it to departed (I would rather say to interrupted) greatness to observe, that the House of Bourbon was not tyrannical: under her, every thing, except the administration of the country, was open to animadversion; every subject was open to discussion, philosophical, ecclesiastical, and political, so that learning, and arts, and sciences, made progress. Even England consented to borrow not a little from the temperate meridian of that government. Her court stood controlled by opinion, limited by principles of honour, and softened by the influence of manners; and, on the whole, there was an amenity in the condition of France, which rendered the French an amiable, an enlightened, a gallant and accomplished race. Over this gallant race you see imposed an oriental despotism. Their present court (Buonaparte's court) has gotten the idiom of the East as well as her constitution; a fantastic and barbaric expression; an unreality, which leaves in the shade the modesty of truth, and states nothing as it is, and every thing as it is not. The attitude is affected, the taste is corrupted, and the intellect perverted. Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe? A tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government; tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword, and to reduce to paper and parchment Magna Charta and all our civil constitutions? An experiment such as no country ever made, and no good country would ever permit — to relax the moral and religious influences; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another; and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in his creation: an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community, and a frightful lesson of profit and power, vested in those who have pandered their allegiance from king to emperor, and now found their pretensions to domination on the merit of breaking their

oaths and deposing their sovereign. Should you do any thing so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and renown; should you astonish Europe, by quitting your allies to render immortal such a composition; would not the nations exclaim, »You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service, and do you falter now? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and snatched *invincibility* from this standard; if now, confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion, and preach the penitence of Buonaparte and the poverty of England.”

As to her poverty, you must not consider the money you spend in her defence, but the fortune you would lose if you were not defended; and further, you must recollect you will pay less to an immediate war, than to a peace with a war establishment, and a war to follow it. Recollect further, that whatever be your resources, they must outlast those of all your enemies; and further, that your empire cannot be saved by a calculation. Besides, your wealth is only a part of your situation. The name you have established, the deeds you have achieved, and the part you have sustained, preclude you from a second place among nations; and when you cease to be the first, you are nothing.

GRATTAN.

6. ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

I intend, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong, in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit

the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasures; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humor, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you: what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like discretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care? — Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to »take heed of your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.” He hath decreed, that they only »who seek after wisdom, shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted, because of their transgressions; and that who ever refuseth instruction, shall destroy his own soul.” By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that, whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity, or honour. Whether science or business, or public life, be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiment which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is highly honourable, or greatly successful among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever means you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Let not then the season of youth be barren of improvements, so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed-time of life; and according to what you sow, you shall reap". Your character is now, under

Divine Assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to turn; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course, so in human life every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been >vanity", its latter end can scarcely be any other than >vexation of spirit".

I shall finish this address, with calling your attention to that dependence on the blessing of Heaven, which amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers

which await them? Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! »Every good, and every perfect gift, is from above.” Wisdom and virtue, as well as »riches and honour, come from God.” Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a tractless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill founded arrogance. Expect not, that happiness can be independent of Him who made youth. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven. I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: »Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.”

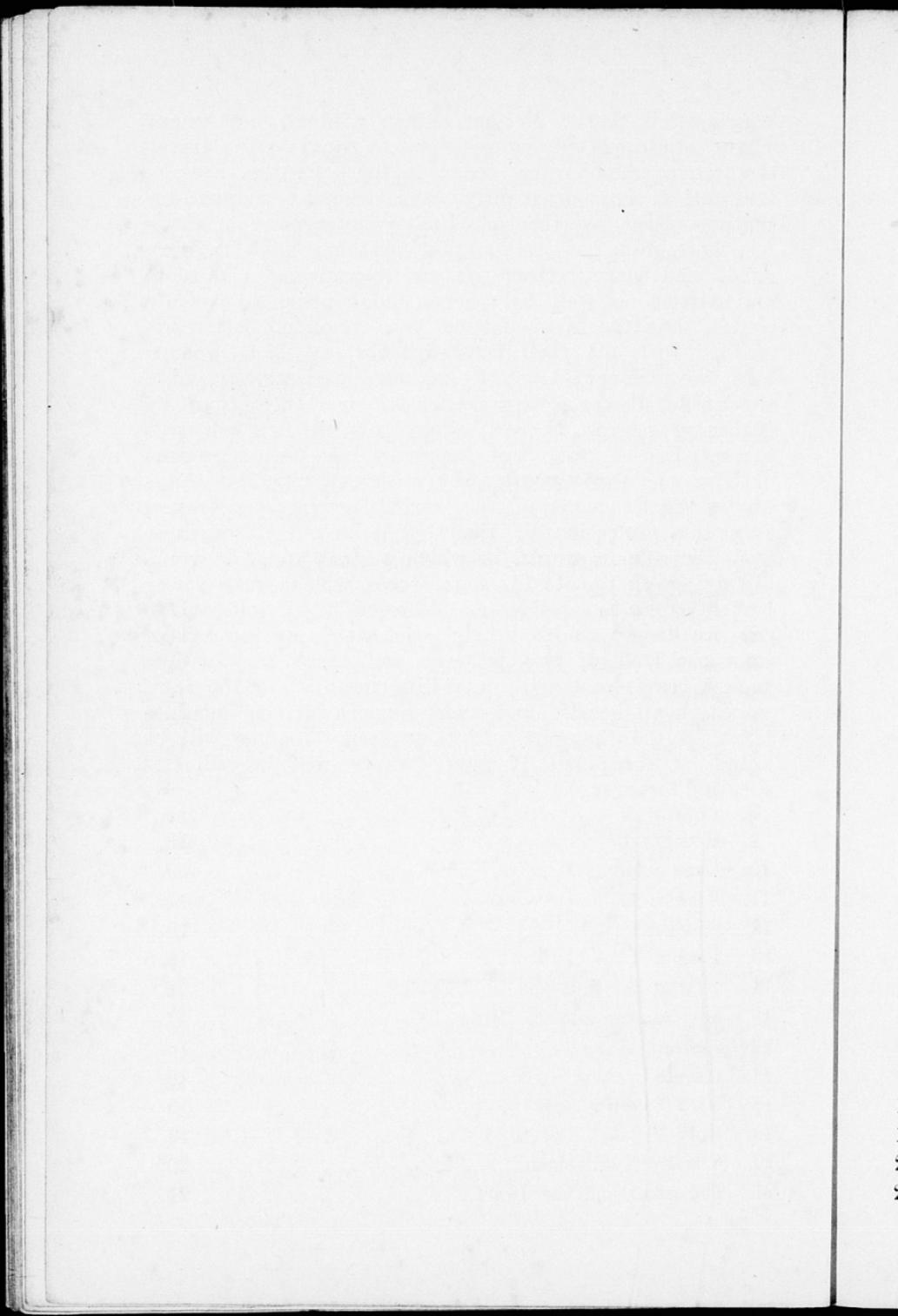
BLAIR.

Divine Assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to turn; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course, so in human life every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been >vanity", its latter end can scarcely be any other than >vexation of spirit".

I shall finish this address, with calling your attention to that dependence on the blessing of Heaven, which amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carrying them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers

which await them? Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk! »Every good, and every perfect gift, is from above.” Wisdom and virtue, as well as »riches and honour, come from God.” Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a tractless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill founded arrogance. Expect not, that happiness can be independent of Him who made youth. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven. I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: »Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.”

BLAIR.



CONTENTS.

I. PROVERBS. SELECT SENTENCES.

Page.
5.

II. ANECDOTES. TALES. FABLES.

1. Eretrius	11.
2. Riches and science	11.
3. Alexander and Parmenio	11.
4. James I	12.
5. The babbler.	12.
6. Fléchier	12.
7. Louis XI.	12.
8. Charles X	13.
9. General Chérin	13.
10. Dean Swift	13.
11. Francis II	14.
12. Fénelon	15.
13. Joseph II.	15.
14. Charles the first and the Robbers	16.
15. Mr. Boulton and the King	17.
16. James I	18.
17. Canute	18.
18. Lord Byron's reply	19.
19. Moly Moluk.	19.
20. A witty Englishman.	20.
21. The giant and the dwarf	21.

	Page.
6. On the division of labour, <i>Ad. Smith</i>	214.
7. Remarks on Reading, <i>W. Jones</i>	223.
8. On classical Education, <i>Barnard</i>	226.
9. Contentment, <i>Addison</i>	231.
10. The way to wealth, <i>Franklin</i>	234.

VII. SPEECHES.

1. On American affairs, <i>W. Pitt. Earl of Chatham</i> .	243.
2. Reply to Sir H. Walpole, <i>The same</i>	246.
3. On the abolition of the Slave-trade, <i>William Pitt</i> .	248.
4. On the impeachment of Warren Hastings, <i>Burke</i> .	252.
5. Speech against Napoleon, <i>Grattan</i>	256.
6. Address to the young, <i>Blair</i>	261.



